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THE
ATHENEUM;
OR,
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL MISCELLANEOUS COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL SUBJECTS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.
MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT PERSONS.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.
ORIGINAL LETTERS.
CURIOUS FRAGMENTS, &c.
INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.
DRAMATIC NOTICES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS WITH CRITICAL REMARKS.
REVIEWS OF THE FINE ARTS.
TRANSACTIONS OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.
ORIGINAL POETRY.
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES; CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. I.

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1817.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

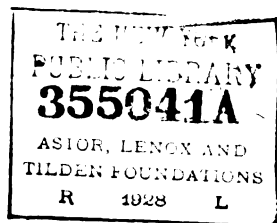
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE various and lively character of the English periodical publications is indisputably unrivalled, not only in America, but in Europe; yet as domestic patronage in England is sufficiently liberal to govern the views of their editors, English Magazines abound with matter, which loses all its interest, out of the United Kingdom. To procure, therefore, what delights and instructs us, on this side of the Atlantic, we have been obliged to purchase much, in which we could not have the most remote concern. This has been an objection, and the *only* objection that has been experienced, in the republication of entire English periodical works in this country; and it is this, that we proposed to obviate by our present plan. Having secured a regular supply of the most popular productions of the Magazine class, issued in London, our first object is to select such of the contents, and such only, as are calculated to interest readers in the United States.

But the exclusion of merely local matter is not the only improvement we have had in view. Notwithstanding the acknowledged merit of the London Magazines, a perusal of any one will satisfy the most ordinary critic, that they contain papers and dissertations of various merit. The *Athenum* has the peculiar and obvious advantage of embracing the most elegant, interesting, and instructive productions of several rival publications, without "their imperfections on their head"... such *select* specimens of genius, erudition and research as must please in any country, where refinement prepares the mind for sound instruction and chaste amusement.

In an experiment on our plan, we have now completed the first volume of our *Excerptæ*, and confess ourselves fully gratified with the candour and encouragement which have attended our exertions. The novelty of the undertaking, and a natural fear of something unpleasant, particularly in controversial politics, subjected us, at first, to the necessity of letting the appearance of the publication establish its claims on public patronage. If this judicious caution rendered our enterprise hazardous, in the commencement, the result has given us better grounds of confidence, than could have proceeded from gratuitous favour. The flattering increase of our Subscribers, we are persuaded, has not been produced by our promises, but by an examination of our successive numbers.

Yet we are not so inflated by the approbation which this compilation has received, as to presume there is not still room for improvement. The abundance of

matter before us gives ample scope for nice discrimination. Progressive familiarity with our duty, we trust, strengthens our capacity to perform it, while our own judgment is aided by an attentive regard to the enlightened taste of our readers. Our middle course, between papers too erudite for general interest, and paragraphs too trivial for the respectability of such a selection, must become more distinct from experience.

By issuing a number, consisting of forty pages, large octavo, in the beginning and middle of each month, we have been enabled to put our subscribers in possession of the work earlier than it could be published in monthly numbers. The satisfaction which we understand has been derived from this prompt circulation determines us to continue the same plan. Eight additional pages of London paragraphs, appended to the last number of each volume, and eight of indices and title-page, will increase the number of pages annually to about one thousand.

To those who are swelling our list of patrons, we take this opportunity to return our cordial thanks ; and not less to those, who by the public expression of their approbation have extended the knowledge that such a publication exists. We can now, without hesitation, announce that it will be permanent, for the sources from which we draw are inexhaustible, the encouragement which we receive is decisive, and the present bright prospects of our country promise an increasing partiality to such literary works, as depend on the views and interests of no party, and are addressed to the good feelings and cultivated taste of the community.

Boston, September 15, 1817.

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

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NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1817.

[VOL. I.

“TALES OF MY LANDLORD.”

By the Author of *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*.

IT is impossible to read the first sheet of this production without a conviction that it is by the author of *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*, though the title-page gives no such information.

The Tales are two in number, and are called “The Black Dwarf” and “Old Mortality.” The scenes of both lie in Scotland, and the design of the author is declared to be, to portray the manners of his countrymen; and they are to be followed by others of the same character, at a future period. The “Black Dwarf” refers to the state of Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne, and “Old Mortality” speaks of its condition during the struggles by the Presbyterians in favour of the “solemn league and covenant,” in the latter end of the reign of Charles II.

The general title of “Tales of my Landlord” is derived from the circumstance, that they are supposed to have been collected from the relations of different persons at the Wallace-Inn at Ganderclough. Mr. Peter Pattieson is supposed to have been the writer and compiler of the tales, who, dying young, left them to the care of Mr. Jedidiah Cleishbotham, the schoolmaster, to whom he had been usher and assistant.

B ATHENÆUM VOL. 1.

“Old Mortality” is a sort of nickname, given by the people of Scotland to an antiquated Presbyterian, who, having engaged and suffered in the struggles of 1679, preserved unshaken his zeal for his party, and, in his declining years, journeyed from burial-ground to burial-ground with his hammer and chisel, renewing the decayed names on the tomb-stones of those who had fought and fallen in the cause he had revered: from the details he supplied, Peter Pattieson is supposed to have framed the novel which bears his title.

The man who forms the principal feature, and who first excites and afterwards heads the Covenanters in the battles of London-Hill and Bothwell-Bridge, is John Balfour, of Burley, who assassinated Dr. Thorpe, archbishop of St. Andrew’s. He is a Highlander, or one “of the hill-folk,” of uncommonly sturdy proportions, and of a mind corresponding with his make—undaunted, fierce, and zealous to the last degree in the holy cause he has espoused. He has fled from the murder he has committed, and is sheltered as a distressed traveller merely, by Henry Morton, the hero of the tale, a young man of benevolence, courage, and handsome proportions, who is in love with Miss Edith Bellen-

ger, the grand-daughter of Lady Margaret Bellenger, and niece to Major Bellenger. The rival of Morton is Lord Evandale, who, though unsuccessful with the lady, is, we apprehend, too successful with the reader, for he attracts even more interest than Morton.

Henry Morton unites himself with the Covenanters, and becomes one of their leaders, his associates besides Balfour, being the fanatical preachers, who put themselves at the head of the rebels to vindicate the cause against the Prelatists, upon whom they denounce, and after execute, the most bloody vengeance.

On the other side, at the head of the royalists is Colonel Grahame, of Claverhouse, afterwards created for his services, Viscount Dundee. At the period embraced by this story, he is the enterprising, courageous, and skilful antagonist of Balfour and his zeal-blinded friends, and is supported principally by Lord Evandale and others.

The person of the heroine, Edith Bellenger, is thus spoken of. Her grand-mother, Lady Margaret, is first mentioned :—

“Near to the enormous leather vehicle* which we have attempted to describe, vindicating her title to precedence over the untitled gentry of the country, might be seen the sober palfrey of Lady Margaret Bellenger, bearing the erect and primitive form of Lady Margaret herself, decked in those widow’s weeds which the good lady had never laid aside since the execution of her husband for his adherence to Montrose.

“Her grand-daughter, and only earthly care, the fair-haired Edith, who was generally allowed to be the prettiest lass in the Upper Ward, appeared beside her aged relative like Spring placed close to Winter. Her black Spanish jennet, which she managed with great grace, her gay riding-dress, and laced side-saddle, had been anxiously prepared to set her forth to the best advantage. But the clustering profusion of ringlets, which, escaping from under her

cap, were only confined by a green ribband from wantoning over her shoulders; her cast of features, soft and feminine, yet not without an expression of playful archness, which redeemed their sweetness from the charge of insipidity, sometimes brought against *blondes* and blue-eyed beauties,—these attracted more admiration from the western youth than either the splendour of her equipment, or the figure of her palfrey.”

The following is a humorous account of an old penurious Scotch laird’s table and family-party dinner about the year 1680 :—

“The Laird of Milnwood kept up all old fashions which were connected with economy. It was, therefore, still the custom of his house, as it had been universal in Scotland about fifty years before, that the domestics, after having placed dinner on the table, sate down at the end of the board, and partook of the share which was assigned to them, in company with their masters. Upon the day, therefore, after Cuddie’s arrival, being the third from the opening of this narrative, old Robin, who was butler, valet-de-chambre, footman, gardener, and what not, in the house of Milnwood, placed on the table an immense charger of broth, thickened with oatmeal and colewort, in which ocean of liquid was indistinctly discovered, by close observers, two or three short ribs of lean mutton sailing to and fro. Two huge baskets, one of bread made of barley and peas and one of oat-cakes, flanked this standing dish. A large boiled salmon would now-a-days have indicated more liberal house-keeping; but, at that period, it was caught in such plenty in the considerable rivers in Scotland, that it was generally applied to feed the servants, who are said sometimes to have stipulated that they should not be required to eat a food so luscious and surfeiting in its quality above five times a week. The large black-jack, filled with very small beer of Milnwood’s own brewing, was indulged to the servants at discretion, as were the bannocks, cakes, and broth; but the mutton was reserved for the heads of the family, Mrs.

* The antique coach of the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Wilson included; and a measure of ale, somewhat deserving the name, was set apart in a silver tankard for their exclusive use. A huge kebbock (a cheese that is made with ewe milk mixed with cow's milk) and a jar of salt butter were in common to the company.

"To enjoy this exquisite cheer, was placed at the head of the table, the old laird himself, with his nephew on the one side, and the favourite house-keeper on the other. At a long interval, and beneath the salt of course, sat old Robin, a meagre, half-starved serving man, rendered cross and cripple by the rheumatism, and a dirty drab of a housemaid, whom use had rendered callous to the daily exertations which her temper underwent at the hands of her master and Mrs. Wilson; a barn-man, a white-headed cow-herd boy, and Cuddie, the new ploughman, and his mother, completed the party.—The other labourers belonging to the property, resided in their own houses, happy at least in this, that if their cheer was not more delicate than that which we have described, they could at least eat their fill, unwatched by the sharp, envious, grey eyes of Milnwood, which seemed to measure the quantity that each of the dependents swallowed, as closely as if their glances attended each mouthful in its progress from the lips to the stomach. This close inspection was unfavourable to Cuddie, who was much prejudiced in his new master's opinion, by the silent celerity with which he caused the victuals to disappear before him. And ever and anon Milnwood turned his eyes from the huge feeder to cast indignant glances upon his nephew, whose repugnance to rustic labour was the principal cause of his needing a ploughman, and who had been the direct means of his hiring this very cormorant."

After Henry Morton had declared his intention to Balfour of Burley to join the Calvinistical Covenanters, the latter introduces him to the council. The manner in which business was conducted at these assemblies, may be judged of from the subsequent extract:—

"We will not, with my consent," said

Burley, "engage in a siege that may consume time. We must forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Poundtext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be, they will give over the place unto our mercy, tho' they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their strong-hold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenger and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids; and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of safe conduct, and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Habbakuk," said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," reiterated this strange and unnatural voice: "is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

"While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such a language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzly hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seem-

ed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven! who is he?" said Morton in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled, at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Habbakuk Mucklewrath," answered Poundtext, in the same tone, "whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath pos-

sessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth."

The insurgents, as most of our readers will recollect, were defeated with great slaughter at Bothwell-bridge; a great number of prisoners are made, and among them Morton and Macbriar, a young, firm, misguided zealot, who had vehemently and unceasingly preached up the doctrine of cutting the throats of the Prelates, for the glory of God. The latter is brought before the privy council, and the torture of *the boots* is inflicted upon him, which he bears with unshrinking firmness, proclaiming his principles to the latest gasp. Morton, at the instance of Col. Grahame and Lord Evandale, is banished, instead of suffering death like the other prisoners.

Concluded page 43.

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

A Pastoral Tale.

IT was during the month when roses deck the bowers, and win many a kiss for rural lovers, that I strayed, in a pensive reverie along the borders of a limpid rivulet. I reached a spot where four weeping willows waved their flexible boughs over the gliding stream and the spreading turf that clothed the shore. A blooming rose-tree grew beneath their shade; its flowers were gently balanced by the foaming breeze. "I will gather one of these roses," I exclaimed; "I will select the finest for my Annette. In adorning her bosom, it will awaken pleasing emotions in her heart, and to present her with this small pledge of my faithful love, will be a new source of delight to my soul."

Already my hand touched the flower destined for my Annette, when I perceived some characters, half hidden by the moss on a stone at my feet. Without gathering the flower, I stooped to read the inscription; it was on a tomb—the tomb of a young shepherdess.

Like a rose, she bloomed the short

space of one day, then drooped her head, and died.

Time had covered the characters with moss; with my hand I pushed it aside, and read the following words:—

"The maid whose dust these stones inclose,
Soon shared her lover's doom;
Death snatch'd them both, and for a rose
They sleep within this tomb."

I remained for some time reflecting on the epitaph, and endeavouring to divine the history of these two lovers, when a young maiden from a neighbouring hamlet approached to draw water from the stream on whose brink I stood. She guessed my thoughts, and anticipated my request. "You are, then, acquainted with their misfortunes," said I.—"Yes," she replied; my "grandmother has told me their melancholy story. Many years have passed since they lived; love like their's no longer exists in our days. Alas! so, it does not," she rejoined, and I thought by her accents she felt but too much the truth of her assertion.

"Will you, my fair maid," said I,

"put down your pitcher, and come under the shade of these weeping willows, beside this rose-tree, and for a few moments rest yourself on this moss-covered stone, and relate to me the history of these lovers who were so tenderly attached."—She willingly assented, and seated herself beside me; leaning on her hand, she bent towards the rose-tree, and looking sorrowfully at the inscription on the stone, one would have imagined she had known those of whom she was going to speak, and that their remembrance caused emotions which almost prevented her relating their history; but soon recovering herself, she began as follows:—

"She who has reposed here for a hundred years was called Helen; she was the handsomest and wisest shepherdess of the hamlet; she had never loved any but Charles. Charles's affections were all centered in Helen. Born at the same time, at the same place, they grew beside each other, and were united by love like two branches of a vine, which meet, entwine, and together live and die. Such true lovers had never been before seen, and notwithstanding, so prudent: all Charles asked was a chaste kiss, and Helen never regretted the kiss she had given—" Here the ingenuous relater paused and blushed.—"I understand you, my fair maid," said I: 'you act like your prudent grandmother.'—The amiable girl blushed still deeper, cast her eyes on the grass her hand had been listlessly gathering, and then continued her relation.

"Who would have thought that jealousy could have entered into two hearts so closely united? Ah! there is much truth in the saying, that happiness lasts but for a moment, and that it is in the finest day that storms surround us, and the thunderbolt deals death. Helen thought Charles was faithless; this gave the mortal blow to her peace, but she would not reproach her guilty lover with his crime. 'I will not change like him,' she exclaimed, 'but I will no longer love.'—Then she assumed an air of indifference; it was only assumed, for her heart was torn with grief.

"Charles, however, who had no suspicion of his misfortune, came on the

morn of a festival, with his usual frankness, to salute his beloved mistress. Alas! love had flown; no tender smile greeted his approach, no friendly appellation. O poor Charles, what were your feelings at that moment!"—Here the young girl turned her head away to wipe off some tears which had escaped from her eyes.

"Never did this faithful lover meet Helen without leaving her some remembrance of his affection: that day he had brought her the finest rose of his garden, still imperaled with the morning dew. 'My dear Helen, my sweet friend,' said he, 'here is the finest rose of my garden.' 'You must keep it Charles,' she coldly answered; 'Helen will never again receive any flowers gathered by your hand.'

"The unhappy lover remained speechless; he perceived he had lost Helen's heart, he had lost her forever. 'Helen,' said he, 'you will no longer, then, receive my flowers; however, I will leave you this rose, you will pick it up—and perhaps you may let a tear fall on it when I am no longer here to offer you another.' In saying these words, he laid the rose on the ground before the cruel Helen, and departed.

"On his way he met a regiment of soldiers who were cheerfully departing for the wars. Charles addressed the commander—"Captain," said he, 'I will become a soldier; give me arms and place me in your ranks.'—"Brave young man," answered the Captain, 'here are arms, come with us and march to glory.'

"As soon as Helen saw her lover depart her heart failed: her; for a long time she gazed at the beautiful rose which Charles had placed at her feet; at last she stooped and took it up: in inhaling its perfume she bathed it with her tears. O unhappy Charles! if thou couldst have seen this tear shining on thy rose, like a fine dew-drop! But he was far off; he never knew that Helen still loved him. Soon the proud shepherdess reproached herself for her assumed indifference, and no longer restrained the tears that weighed heavy on her heart. Her rose was wetted with them. She looked at it more than once; that rose which had been given her by Charles. She now raised the flower

she had disdained to her lips, and afterwards hid it carefully in her bosom. No one would have guessed it was there ; but it rested next her heart, and that was enough. ‘O my beloved Charles !’ she mentally exclaimed, ‘forget my cruelty. To-morrow no more sadness—to-morrow I will give you as much happiness as to-day I have caused vexation.’

“To-morrow ! Ah, poor Helen, why put off till to-morrow the happiness you might have bestowed to-day ? To-morrow you promise yourself much pleasure, but to-morrow will prove a day of tears.

“The next day, almost as soon as the dawn of morning, Helen went to meet her lover ; her heart was gently agitated at the thoughts of seeing him again. Instead of Charles, some young maidens approached her. ‘Helen,’ said they, ‘do you know that Charles has quitted the hamlet ? We saw him yesterday adorned with a cockade, marching in the ranks with the soldiers who are going to battle.’

“‘Charles ! Charles gone !’ cried Helen. Struck with this terrible blow, she fainted and fell ; they ran to her assistance, but it was a considerable time before she returned to life, and the first words she uttered were to ask for Charles. No one answered her inquiries, and poor Helen wept bitterly, then drew the rose from her bosom where it had remained. ‘Here it is,’ she said ; ‘this flower will be the cause of all our misfortunes. Ah, Charles, why were you not informed that after your departure I placed it next my heart ? O my friends, never refuse the gifts of innocence which your lovers may offer you.’

“From that day, the heart-broken Helen withered with grief, like the rose which she always carried in her bosom. She asked of every one news of Charles ; if he would soon return ? and no one could answer her inquiries. At last news arrived, but it was fatal ; Charles had been killed in battle. Before he expired, he said to his best friend and

brother-in arms, ‘If you go to the hamlet where I was born, there you will see the insensible Helen ; tell her that Charles will offer her no more roses from his garden. Charles is dead ! and he loved her. I loved her, my friend,’ added he, almost expiring ; ‘do not forget to tell her I loved her.’

“After these words, life fled, and Helen had no longer a lover. Weep, weep, cruel maid, and endeavour to give life to the rose which died in your bosom, it is all that remains of Charles.

“But no, Helen wept not ; she looked up to Heaven, pressed the dried rose to her heart, died, and ceased to suffer. They doubly are united in the abode where God places the just, when they leave their earthly cares. Helen is at present happy, happy to all eternity, with her faithful and tender lover.

“Those who have survived her, have here deposited her earthly remains : here, beside this stream, is the spot which was once the garden of Charles. It is said that this rose-tree, whose aged root is covered with moss, is that from which Charles had gathered the fatal flower that Helen would not receive. It was placed with her in the tomb, and they both mouldered together ; but each spring the rose-tree produces fresh ones, which shed their leaves to embalm the tomb of Helen.

“If you have loved,” added the young maiden, “if you still love, gather one of these roses ; but for your happiness only present it to your love when you are assured she will accept it, and that she will repay you with a smile.”

Such was the narrative of this young maiden ; she looked once more at the rose-tree, sighed, arose, took up her pitcher, bade me adieu, and disappeared.

Like her, I again looked at the rose-tree, again read the epitaph ; with a religious respect I extended my hand over the rose I had already wished to gather, well convinced that my beloved would receive it with pleasure, and in my presence place it in her bosom.

La Belle Assemblée.

ANECDOTES OF BUONAPARTE,

Previous to his Exile.

THE employment of his confidential secretaries was, of all kinds of slavery, the least supportable. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue, nothing was regarded. A minute's absence would have been a crime. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest, all must be given up. The Baron de Maineval, the Baron de Fain, knew this by hard experience; but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence, the most implicit reliance on their discretion, and a truly loyal liberality. They both deserved his confidence. One day at two o'clock the Emperor went out to hunt: he will probably, as usual, be absent about four hours, Maineval calculates; it is his father's *jour de fête*: he may surely venture to leave the palace for a short time. He has bought a little villa, and is desirous to present it to his beloved father, and to give him the title deeds. He sets out, the whole family is collected, he is warmly greeted, they see him so seldom. The present is given, the joy increases, dinner is ready, and he is pressed to stop: he refuses, "the Emperor may return and ask for me."—"O, he won't be angry, you are never away." The entreaties redouble; at length he yields, and time flies swiftly when we are surrounded by those we love. In the mean time the Emperor returns, and even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.—"Maineval, let him be called."—"They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient—"Well, Maineval!" They fear to tell him that he is absent, but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length Maineval returns.—"The Emperor has inquired for you, he is angry."—"All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He makes up his mind, however, and presents himself: his reception was terrible—"Where do you come from? go about your business. I do not want men who neglect their duty." Maineval trembling, retires: he did not sleep all night; he saw his hopes deceived, his services lost, his fortune misused—it was a dreadful night. Day at

length came; he reflected—"He did not give me a formal dismissal."—He dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet. Some moments after, the Emperor enters, looks at him, does not speak to him, writes a note, rises, and walks about. Maineval continues the task he has in hand, without lifting his eyes. The Emperor, with his hands behind his back, stops before him, and abruptly asks—"What is the matter with you? are you ill?"—"No, sire," timidly replies Maineval, rising up to answer.—"Sit down; you are ill; I don't like people to tell me falsehoods; I insist on knowing."—"Sire, the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty, deprived me of sleep."—"Where were you, then, yesterday?" Maineval told him the motives of his absence.—"I thought this little property would gratify my father."—"And where did you get the money to buy this house?"—"Sire, I had saved it out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me." The Emperor, after having looked at him steadily for a few moments, said, "Take a slip of paper, and write; the treasurer of my civil list will pay to the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs." He took the draft and signed it.—"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set, about our regular business."—*La Belle Assemblée*.

DUC D'ENGHIEN.

THE French papers give circumstantial accounts of the digging up the remains of the unfortunate Duke d'Engghien in the ditch of the Castle of Vincennes, near where he was shot by order of Buonaparte. The peasant who had dug his grave is still living, and pointed out the spot. The different parts of the body were found—the face turned downwards, and the skull fractured by a large stone thrown upon it.—Not a particle of the skeleton was missing, with the single exception of one of his front teeth, which was probably broken by a musket ball. Seventy-three ducats were found upon him, and

all his trinkets—a circumstance which proves that the gens d'armes were not permitted, as usual, to strip their victim. According to the evidence taken before the inquest, the Prince pulled out one of his watches, near the place of execution, and offered it to a bystander to convey to a person whom he named. No person, however, would undertake the commission. The Prince then exclaimed with indignation—"What ! cannot the grandson of the great Condé find a Frenchman to execute his last will ?"—He then steadfastly looked at the hole which was dug for his body, and turning to the gens d'armes, observed with a smile—"I am not afraid to die ; but I am sorry that I am about to receive my death from the hands of Frenchmen."—He then laid his right hand firmly on his breast, and said twice with a loud and manly voice—"Tirez

au cœur."—"Fire at the heart."—All the witnesses concurred in stating that Caulaincourt was present at the execution. It is said, that on the sham trial which took place, the men who composed the Council of War were struck with the intrepidity of his manner, and the firmness and candour of his language. They even hesitated at condemning him to death, and wrote to Buonaparte for his definitive determination. "Condemned to death," was the brief reply of the Usurper. At the Thuilleries, too, even in Buonaparte's presence, one effort was made to save his life. Cambaceres was for saving him. "And how long," said Buonaparte, turning full upon him in a rage, "have you been so saving of the blood of the Bourbons ?" Half an hour after sentence was passed, the Prince was executed.—*Gent. Mag.*

NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS.

An American Sailor, who was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in 1810.

THE ship *Charles*, John Horton, master, of 280 tons, sailed from New York, June 17, 1810, with provisions for Gibraltar. The number of the crew, among which was Adams, was nine ; the cargo was discharged at Gibraltar, another was taken on board with an additional sailor. The Captain steered southward along the African coast, stating that he was bound to the Isle of May. Oct. 11, the vessel struck on a reef of rocks, that extended about three quarters of a mile into the sea. The place, according to the captain's reckoning, was about 400 miles north of Senegal. At day break, they were made prisoners by Moors, who divided the captives among them. Adams, with a youth named Stevens, a Portuguese, was carried inland, across a tedious desert, where these Arabs waylaid a negro village, watching for slaves, but were detected and taken. From hence they were sent to Tombuctoo. It was in this character that Adams, with his fellow prisoner, reached that town.

"Upon their arrival at Tombuctoo, the whole party was immediately taken before the king, who ordered the Moors into prison, but treated Adams and the Portuguese boy as curiosities ; taking them to his house, where they remained during their residence at Tombuctoo.

"For some time after their arrival, the Queen and her female attendants used to sit and look at Adams and his companion for hours together. She treated them with great kindness, and at the first interview offered them some bread baked under ashes.

"The King and Queen, the former of whom was named *Woollo*, the latter *Katimo*, were very old grey-headed people. The Queen was extremely fat. Her dress was of blue nankin, edged with gold lace round the bosom and on the shoulder, and having a belt or stripe of the same material half way down the dress, which came only a few inches below the knees. The dress of the other females of Tombuctoo, though less ornamented than that of the Queen, was in

the same short fashion, so that as they were no close under garments, they might, when sitting on the ground, as far as decency was concerned, as well have had no covering at all. The Queen's head-dress consisted of a blue nankeen turban; but this was worn only upon occasions of ceremony, or when she walked out. Besides the turban, she had her hair stuck full of bone ornaments of a square shape about the size of dice, extremely white; she had large gold hoop ear rings, and many necklaces, some of them of gold, the others made of beads of various colours. She wore no shoes; and, in consequence, her feet appeared to be as hard and dry "as the hoofs of an ass."*

"Besides the blue nankeen dress just described, the Queen sometimes wore an under dress of white muslin; and at other times a red one. This colour was produced by the juice of a red root which grows in the neighbourhood, about a foot and a half long. Adams never saw any silks worn by the Queen or any other inhabitant of Tombuctoo; for, although they have some silks brought by the Moors, they appeared to be used entirely for the purposes of external trade.

"The dress of the King was a blue nankeen frock decorated with gold, having gold epaulettes, and a broad wristband of the same metal. He sometimes wore a turban; but often went bare-headed. When he walked through the town he was generally a little in advance of his party. His subjects saluted him by inclinations of the head and body; or by touching his head with their hands, and then kissing their hands. When he received his subjects in his palace, it was his custom to sit on the ground, and their mode of saluting him on such occasions was by kissing his head.

"The King's house, or palace, which is built of clay and grass, (not whitewashed) consists of eight or ten small rooms on the ground floor; and is surrounded by a wall of the same materials, against part of which the house is built. The space within the wall is about half an acre. Whenever a trader arrives, he

is required to bring his merchandize into this space for the inspection of the King, for the purpose, Adams thinks, (but is not certain,) of duties being charged upon it. The King's attendants, who are with him all the day, generally consist of about thirty persons, several of whom are armed with daggers and bows and arrows. Adams does not know if he had any family.

"In a store-room of the King's house Adams observed about twenty muskets, apparently of French manufacture, one of them double-barreled; but he never saw them made use of.

"For a considerable time after the arrival of Adams and his companion, the people used to come in crowds to stare at them; and he afterwards understood that many persons came several days' journey on purpose. The Moors remained closely confined in prison; but Adams and the Portuguese boy had permission to visit them. At the end of about six months, there arrived a company of trading Moors with tobacco, who after some weeks ransomed the whole party. Adams does not know the precise quantity of tobacco which was paid for them, but it consisted of the lading of five camels, with the exception of about fifty pounds weight received by the Moors. The Moors seemed to be well known at Tombuctoo, which place, he understood, they were accustomed to visit every year during the rainy season."

Tombuctoo has no walls, nor anything resembling a fortification; it is built in a straggling manner; the houses are square boxes, made of sticks, clay and grass; the rooms are all on the ground floor; they have no furniture, except earthen jars, wooden bowls, and grass mats, on which the people sleep. It does not stand on the great river Neele, or the Joliba, but ten or twelve miles distant from it, on a stream that runs into it. •

"The natives of Tombuctoo are a stout, healthy race, and are seldom sick, although they expose themselves by lying out in the sun at mid-day, when the heat is almost insupportable to a white man. It is the universal practice of both sexes

* Adams's expression.

to grease themselves all over with butter produced from goat's milk, which makes the skin smooth, and gives it a shining appearance. This is usually renewed every day; when neglected, the skin becomes rough, greyish, and extremely ugly. They usually sleep under cover at night; but sometimes in the hottest weather, they will lie exposed to the night air with little or no covering notwithstanding that the fog which rises from the river descends like dew, and in fact, at that reason, supplies the want of rain.

"All the males of Tombuctoo have an incision on their faces from the top of the forehead down to the nose, from which proceed other lateral incisions over the eyebrows, into all of which is inserted a blue dye, produced from a kind of ore which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The women have also incisions on their faces, but in a different fashion; the lines being from two to five in number, cut on each cheek bone, from the temple straight downwards; they are also stained with blue. These incisions being made on the faces of both sexes when they are about twelve months old, the dyeing material which is inserted in them becomes scarcely visible as they grow up.

"Except the King and Queen and their companions, who had a change of dress about once a week, the people were in general very dirty, sometimes not washing themselves for twelve or fourteen days together. Besides the Queen, who, as has been already stated, wore a profusion of ivory and bone ornaments in her hair, some of a square shape and others about as thick as a shilling, but rather smaller, (strings of which she also wore about her wrists and ankles) many of the women were decorated in a similar manner; and they seemed to consider hardly any favour too great to be conferred on the person who would make them a present of these precious ornaments. Gold ear-rings were much worn. Some of the women had also rings on their fingers; but these appeared to Adams to be of brass; and as many of the latter had letters upon them (but whether in the Roman or Arabic characters,

Adams cannot tell) he concluded both from this circumstance, and from their workmanship, that they were not made by the Negroes, but obtained from the Moorish traders."

It does not appear that they have any public religion, as they have no house of worship, no priest, and as far as Adams could discover, never meet together to pray. The only ceremony that appeared like an act of prayer was on occasion of the death of any of the inhabitants, when their relatives assembled and sat round the corpse. The burial is unattended with any ceremony. The deceased are buried in the clothes in which they die, at a small distance to the south west of the town.

Adams does not believe that any of the Negroes could write. He can form no idea of the population of Tombuctoo; but thinks that on one occasion, he saw as many as two thousand inhabitants assembled. He did not observe any shops; he never saw the Negroes find any gold; but he understood, that it was procured out of the mountains, and on the banks of rivers to the southward; no doubt, in the manner described by Parke. He saw no rain, except a few drops just before his departure; yet there is rain in winter. He never saw the Joliba; but had heard it mentioned. Moors are not settled in this city; they are only allowed to trade there.

Very different are these particulars from those formerly in circulation; they are not, however, the less entitled to reception.

The route homewards abounds in vicissitudes. A different course from that by which the prisoners arrived, equally led them across deserts; at the distance of thirteen days from Tombuctoo, is Tudenny, distinguished by four wells of excellent water, and large ponds or beds of salt, from which the country round about to a great distance is supplied. A desert of twenty-nine days succeeded; hunger, thirst, exhausted strength, and death. At length a watering place, and a village of tents, afforded relief; and here Adams and his companions were employed in taking

sare of goats and sheep, during eleven months. Here despair of liberty led Adams to revolt, and flight : he reached another village, obtained another master, and, a mistress, too ; but, the intercourse was detected ; and the culprit was again sold, to a purchaser whose residence being at Wadinoon, to the north-

ward, brings him so much nearer home. Here he found three of his fellow sailors in the *Charles*, was ill treated, put in irons, and doomed to death, but at length was ransomed by the British Vice Consul, and brought into his service, whence he gradually proceeded by way of Mogadore and Cadiz, to London.

Concluded in our next.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

Paris, August, 1815.

WE sailed from Dover about one o'clock in the afternoon ; it was like an afternoon's sailing on a lake, so smooth was the sea. Not having ever been in France before, I looked with eagerness towards the shore of the new land, to make out its form and colouring, and now and then turned my eyes back to the coast of England, as if between these opposite shores some difference might be discovered analogous to the great difference between the nations, by which they are inhabited. Nature seemed to favour my fancy ; over France the sky appeared bright and gay, whilst the cliffs of England were shrouded in a dark mantle, through which the sun presented a red, broad, fiery orb, round which the dark clouds alternately closed, and broke into fantastic forms,—a grand, interesting spectacle, which attracted the notice of all the passengers.

Wind and tide having both failed our packet at eight o'clock, four miles from Calais, several muskets were fired, and other signals made by our captain, for boatmen to come to our vessel. At last, when it was almost dark, a large boat came alongside of us. The rowers, when putting their oars into the water, rose from their seats, and fell back upon them as they made the pull. I imagined from the beginning that I saw the lights in the houses of Calais, but soon discovered my mistake. The water, as it was turned up by the oars, emitted a silvery light, which increased in brilliancy, as the night grew darker. I now perceived many such lights in different directions, and was told that they proceeded from the waves along the shore. This phenomenon soon presented itself in all its splendour, as we

neared the land. The waves, as they reached the shore, and were turned, emitted from their edges a brilliant light, just as if a train of gas-lights were instantaneously lighted along a line of several miles, and as suddenly extinguished, to be renewed again as rapidly. The sea continued smooth, and the lights of the South Foreland were seen twinkling like a cluster of stars. Our boatmen now seemed to consult, with great seriousness, about the safest place to put our boat upon the sands, which they always contrive to do in sufficient depth of water, to require the assistance of their townsmen to carry the passengers on shore. Now you might behold through the darkness of the night the forms of men in long procession, advancing with a strange noise towards our boat, whilst streams of light trailed from their naked legs, as they furrowed the water. I was directed by two of them, to place my thighs on their shoulders, but in our passage thro' the water, I found that one of the men was much shorter than the other, which placed me in such a situation, that I could not have endured it a moment longer, when they put me down on the shore. We were now led over the sands to a place where we had to clamber up a broken ladder to get upon the pier, and after stumbling in the dark over the ropes with which the ships were fastened, we arrived at the Custom-house. 'This, by the light of only a lanthorn, appeared like a den of banditti, where several men were lying on sacks on the ground. From among these, one grotesque figure rose yawning, and being informed that we had left our baggage on board, allowed us to proceed.

Who, but those who have had the evidence of their own senses, could believe.

that so great a difference should exist between two shores in sight of each other, as is exhibited here between England and France? The English traveller is surprised at almost every thing, that surrounds him—the lofty ceilings of the bedrooms; bed-curtains fixed at the waist almost at the height of the ceilings, terminating in a covering like the canopy of a throne; stone floors even on the upper stories; immense chimnies yawning at him in an almost circular form, adorned, or rather deformed, by heavy marble scrolls of a sombre colour, having still in them the cinders of last winter; ponderous frames, with bad wavy glass in the lofty windows; antique chests of drawers, or Chinese cabinets out of repair; shallow wash-basins without soap, except in some English hotels; stone stairs with iron balustrades. These, however, together with the stone floors, provide an excellent security against the spreading of a fire, whilst the construction of the generality of the houses in England promotes the conflagration to the annual destruction of so many valuable lives. The modern ornaments in these large rooms consist principally of fine gilt clocks, large pier glasses, paper hangings with landscapes, buildings and figures, and pictures, of which nymphs and cupids generally form the subject.

Dessin's hotel is known to be built upon a considerable scale, forming a large square yard. This yard presents a good epitome of the carriages and positions of most parts of France, and the contrast between them and the English carriages. Here you may see a tall fellow in immense boots (his black hair tied in a dirty queue, with a little powder about it, whilst the whole of the back and collar of his coat is incrustated with it,) standing across one of his small jaded horses, rousing the animals, by the cracking of his whip, to their last effort, to drag, in some degree of style into the yard, a heavy, old, crazy, and jolting vehicle, which has not been cleaned, because, as Swift's groom observed, it would soon grow dirty again. Anon in comes, galloping and cracking his whip, some dapper foreign courier, full of the consequence of the dispatches he has in his wallet. Yonder you see a group of strange figures about an elegant English

carriage, to which a set of poor looking French horses are harnessed with dirty ropes; whilst some tall meagre dark figures in great coats, black stocks, and immense cocked hats are stalking about the yard, like ghosts of departed heroes of former times.

Among the idle spectators in the yard, there was a figure, nothing like to which is to be met with on English ground; between two hollow caverned eyes a large aquiline nose projected from under a cocked hat, so old, so greasy, rusty, and crooked, that no beggar would pick it up in London streets. There was a martial air about this little man, and there might be the soul of another Buonaparte in him, undeveloped by favourable circumstances.

In the harbour of Calais a column has been erected in commemoration of the landing of Louis XVIII. and a brass plate has been fixed in the stones of the quay, with an impression of the form of the king's foot, which he there set on French ground for the first time since his exile.

While taking a solitary evening walk round the ramparts of this place, with the sea and coast of England in view, the mind is naturally led to a recollection of the history of former times; and the fact of some patriotic inhabitants of this place voluntarily offering, after the memorable siege, their lives as a sacrifice for the salvation of their fellow citizens, made me look upon the descendants of such men with respect. In the church of this place I found nothing remarkable, except a whole length figure of our Saviour carved and painted white with the wounds marked with red, lying under an arch, as in a tomb. There were many candles burning before this tomb, which served to make the gloom and dirtiness of it the more visible. The persons who were kneeling before this tomb, and praying from their books, appeared to me only females of an advanced age. I met some of them coming out, after a walk I took about the church: I was struck with the respectable appearance of some of these matrons, their heads in plain cambric caps, the pallid colour of their fine skin setting off the darkness of their eyes, where still might be seen a gleam of their former fires; they now appar-

eatly sought a refuge at this shrine from l'on ne goute plus de cette vie, on la
the illusions of this world. Quand on a trainee.
passé le tems des illusions (says Voltaire)

To be continued.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

SIR,

HEREWITH you have anecdotes of the battle of Waterloo, never before published. It appears plain, that Bonaparte, by dint of his cannon and cavalry, (whose attacks compelled the formation of squares, and prevented an earlier charge of bayonets,) expected that he should so thin the British troops, as to render final resistance unavailing; but he lost so many of his cavalry in this attempt, that his guards were cut to pieces in the final attack of the English by the bayonet and Lord Uxbridge's dragoons.

CLERICUS.

Copy of a Letter from JOHN LEWIS, a private in the 95th Regiment of Rifle Corps, to his Parents at Arminster.

*France, and not only that, but in Paris, thank God,
July 8, 1815.*

Dear Father and Mother,

I make no doubt but you have heard of the glorious news, and I suppose you thought I was killed or wounded, but yesterday is the first day we have halted since the beginning of the battle on the 18th of June, and my hands are swelled so with walking day and night, that I scarce can hold my pen. I do not know what the English Newspapers say about the battle, but, thank God, I am living, and was an eye-witness to the beginning of the battle—to the ending of it; but my pen cannot explain to you, nor twenty sheets of paper would not contain, what I could say about it; for thank God, I had my strength and health more on the days we was engaged than I had in my life; so what I am going to tell you is the real truth; but I think my brother Tom, as he is such a scholar, if he was to look in the Newspapers, he might see what officers was killed and wounded of the 95th regiment; we have but six companions in the country, and after the battle we were only 255 privates; 2 colonels, 1 major, 15 officers, 11 serjeants, and 1 buglar, were killed; my first-rank

man was wounded by part of a shell through his foot, and he dropt as we was advancing; I covered the next man I saw, and had not walked twenty steps before a musket-shot came side-ways and took his nose clean off; and then I covered another man, which was the third; just after that the man that stood next to me on my left hand had his left arm shot off by a nine-pound shot, just above his elbow, and he turned round and caught hold of me with his right hand, and the blood run all over my trowsers; we was advancing, and he dropt directly. After this, was ordered to extend in front of all our large guns, and small arms was firing at the British lines in our rear, and I declare to God, with our guns and the French guns firing over our heads, my pen cannot explain any thing like it; it was not 400 yards from the French lines to our British lines, and we was about 150 yards in front of our's, so we was about 250 yards from the French, and sometimes not 100 yards; so I leave you to judge if I had not a narrow escape of my life: as I just said, we now extended in front; Boney's imperial horse guards, all clothed in armour, made a charge at us; we saw them coming, and we all closed in and formed a square just as they came within ten yards of us, and they found they could do no good with us; they fired with their carbine on us, and came to the right about directly, and at that moment the man on my right hand was shot through the body, and the blood run out at his belly and back like a pig stuck in the throat; he dropt on his side; I spoke to him, he just said, "Lewis, I am done!" and died directly. All this time we kept up a constant fire at the imperial guards as they retreated, but they often came to the right-about and fired; and, as I was loading my rifle, one of their shots came and struck my rifle, not two inches above my left hand,

as I was ramming down the ball with my right hand, and broke the stock, and bent the barrel in such a manner that I could not get the ball down; just at that time we extended again, and my rifle was no use to me; a nine-pound shot came and cut the sergeant of our company right in two, he was not above three file from me, so I threw down my rifle and went and took his rifle, as it was not hurt at the time. We had lost both our colonels, major, and two eldest captains, and only a young captain to take command of us; as for Colonel Wade he was sent to England about three weeks before the battle. Seeing we had lost so many men and all our commanding officers, my heart began to fail, and Boney's guards made another charge on us; but we made them retreat as before, and, while we was in square the second time, the Duke of Wellington and his staff came up to us in all the fire, and saw we had lost all our commanding officers; he, himself, gave the word of command; the words he said to our regiment were this—95th, unfix your swords, left face and extend yourselves once more, we shall soon have them over the other hill;—and then he rode away on our right, and how he escaped being shot God only knows, for all that time the shot was flying like hail-stones. This was about four o'clock on the 18th June, when Lord Wellington rode away from our regiment; and then we advanced like Britons, but we could not go five steps without walking over dead and wounded; and Boney's horses of the imperial guards, that the men was killed, was running loose about in all directions, If our Tom had been a little behind in the rear, he might have caught horses enough to had a troop or two like Sir John Delapole. Lord Wellington declared to us this morning, that it was the hardest battle that he had ever seen fought in his life; but now, thank God, all is over, and we are very comfortable in Paris, and I hope we shall remain here and have our Christmas dinner in Paris, for London cannot compare to it; I hardly know how to spare time to write this, for I want to go out about the

city, for it is four o'clock, and the letters go off at five; but I must say a little more on the other side:—We was all very quiet in quarters till the 15th June, when the orders came all at once, at twelve o'clock at night, for every man to be ready in one hour, and march at one o'clock; there we was all in a bustle, and off we goes, and it was not light, there was no moon: the orders was, that the French was making different movements on our left, about twenty-two leagues from us; mind the day of the month,—I say this day, the 16th, we marched till eleven o'clock that night, which was twenty-two hours march for us the first day, and we walked thirteen leagues in that time, or thirty-nine English miles; being dark, General Clinton ordered us to lie down on the road-side for two hours; so we halted, and every man got half pint of real rum to keep up his spirits; we set off again at ten o'clock in the morning on the 17th June, and marched nine leagues, about four o'clock in the afternoon; then we was in front of the enemy, but the rain fell so hard that the oldest soldiers there never saw the like in their life, I really thought that heaven and earth was coming together. There was a few shots fired on both sides that night, but the guns would not go off. We was on one long high hill, and the French on another, facing us; there was a large wood behind us, and Lord Wellington told us to get wood, and make us large fires and dry ourselves, and get our guns fit by day, as the enemy could not hurt us. So we made large fires, and they was about four miles in length; and when the French saw it, they did the same, and it was one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw; and the next morning, as soon as it was light, we went at it dingdong, and drove all before us, till yesterday, the 7th July, that we entered Paris; but ever since the 15th June, till 7th July, we have only laid down on the ground with our cloaths on; so leave you to judge if I am not fatigued out.

Blucher rode by the side of Lord Wellington yesterday, when we entered Paris. As we was on the advance after

the French army, every town we came to the people was all fled to Paris, and had taken away what they could; and British, Prussian, and Russian army, broke their houses open and plundered what was most good, and set fire to some. Wine was more plentiful than water, for all their cellars was full of wine, the same as Tucker's is full of cyder, and that was the first place the soldiers broke open. I have often been in cellars, and what wine we could not drink and carry

away, broke in the heads of the casks and let it run about. We marched through towns as large as Exeter, and not a person to be seen, but all locked up and window-shutters fastened. There is, at this time, upwards of 700,000 soldiers in Paris and the suburbs: but, as for Boney and his army, it is gone, God knows where; when I have my answer to this, shall write you again. Hope to sleep sound to-night, so no more from your affectionate son,
JOHN LEWIS.

DEFENCE OF BYRON'S POEMS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE works of Lord Byron, Walter Scott, Campbell, Southey, and the other narrative poets of the present day, have formed a new, and, in my opinion, a splendid era in the history of English poetry. The narrative school (if I may use the expression) is distinguished by its rejection of all those rules which have no foundation in nature or in reason, but which owe their celebrity to almost immemorial prescription, and the authority of some great names of antiquity. We have at length, it may be hoped, shaken off our classic buskins, and begun to think and feel for ourselves, without losing any due reverence for the masters of ancient literature. Critical faith, like religious, is best when founded on conviction, not accepted from the authority of others; and, whenever our admiration of former masters impels us to emulate their celebrity, let us remember the aphorism in your last number: "the less we copy the ancients, the more we shall resemble them."

I have been led into these remarks by observing an attack in your last on the poetry of the narrative school in general, and of Lord Byron in particular. Your correspondent W. N. considers the writings of this popular poet as neither natural nor pleasing, abounding with plagiarisms, and being withal "a mere jumble of affectation and common-place." These are bold assertions; and W. N. would have done well, before making them, to have so far overcome his aver-

sion to "long poetical narratives" as to have read the poems he criticised. Nothing can be more captious and idle than the objections which he makes to the characters, introduced in his lordship's poems. Lord Byron paints from nature; and, therefore, critics who seek for those pretty, meek, unspotted characters,

"These faultless monsters which the world
ne'er saw,"

but with which the writings of our novelists and milk-and-water poets abound, will find themselves disappointed. The charge of uniformity, though a trite one, is quite groundless. Nothing can be more dissimilar, for instance, than the characters of the Giaour and Selim, of Lara and Otho; and, even where some similarity may be traced, as in Conrad, the Giaour, and Childe Harold, the uniformity is only in *character*, for the *situations* are totally distinct.

Lord Byron's finest female character is Gulnare. Young, and lovely, and intelligent, irreconcilable in her hatred, but unshaken in her love; she is stained, with crimes of the deepest dye, but they have "left her woman still." Her love is natural, it has its origin in gratitude, it is disinterested, its object is in misfortune and captivity; it is constant, for she procures his release, accompanies him to distant lands, partakes his sorrows, follows him in battle, receives his dying breath, and at length

"———lies by him she loved,
Her tale untold, her truth too dearly proved."

And yet this is one of those who, according to your correspondent, "neither say or do any thing to mark their characters."

The detections which your correspondent thinks he has made of his lordship's plagiarisms are curious. They are in the very spirit of Lander, and will remind your readers of that correspondent of the *Mirror*, who charges him with plagiarism, and informs him that his last number "is to be found, every word of it, in a book called Johnson's Dictionary."

Whether Lord Byron is indebted to "the capricious dominion of fashion" for any part of his present popularity, I shall not enquire; for, if such be the case, it only proves that fashion and good sense are for once, at least, in conjunction. That many pieces of no real merit receive "sudden and tumultuous approbation," is undoubted; but it does

not therefore follow that all pieces which receive sudden and tumultuous approbation are of no real merit. But your correspondent is probably one of those,

"Who so much hate the croud, that, if the
throng
"By chance," go right, they purposely go
wrong."

In my humble opinion, it is long since England has possessed a writer so well entitled to the name of poet, as Lord Byron. He displays a power of language, and a choice of imagery, an intensity of feeling, and a profundity of thought, to which our fashionable poetry had been too long a stranger; and his style I will boldly pronounce to be the most nervous and expressive rhyme in the English language:

"'Tis musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

H. N.

MARTIN GUERRE,

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND.

MA RTIN GUERRE was born in Biscay, and married in his eleventh year, January 1539, to Bertrande de Rols, of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a damsel as young as himself, and equally distinguished for beauty and good sense. This couple lived together, in respect to being fortunate, comfortably enough, though for the first eight or nine years they had no children. However, after the tenth year of her marriage, she brought him a son named Sanxi. Not long after, Martin, having defrauded his father of a quantity of corn, thought fit to withdraw in order to avoid his resentment. At first, in all probability, he did not intend to absent himself long, but being either charmed with the liberty he enjoyed, or having conceived a dislike for his wife, which neither prudence nor beauty can always prevent, he for above eight years together forbore giving the least notice to her or his family, where he was. This might well exasperate a young woman in Bertrande's circumstances; but so exceptionable was her

character, that she never did any thing which deserved blame, nor provoked the tongue even of those who are ready to censure without reason. At the end of eight years she was congratulated by her husband's four sisters, his uncle, and her own relations on his return; she who had sighed deeply for his absence was extremely joyful, and in the space of three years had two children by this renewal of marriage, one of which died as soon as it was born. During this space she and her new restored husband lived with great tranquillity at Artigues, where he transacted several affairs, sold estates there and in Biscay, and signed the contracts in due form.

But after some time, all of a sudden, Bertrande caused him to be apprehended, and presented a bill of complaint against him before the criminal judge of Rieux, praying in the close thereof, "that he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the King for the breach of his laws. To demand pardon of God, the King, and her, in his shirt and a lighted torch

in his hand, declaring that he had falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon her, in assuming the name and pressing himself upon her for Martin Guerre, and that he should be further adjudged to pay her two thousand livres for cost and damages."

This prosecution occasioned various conjectures; many were of opinion that it arose from some distaste the woman had taken to the man, or that it was a piece of revenge on account of a quarrel between them, others considering the good character which she had hitherto borne, and that she was naturally of a mild, complying temper, imagined that she was at first easily prevailed on to believe this man her husband, and again as easily persuaded to give credit to the suggestions of Peter Guerre, her husband's uncle, who with some person in the town pretended to have discovered him to be an impostor, and persuaded her to apply to the magistrate. They concluded thus, because it is no uncommon thing for persons of an indolent disposition to act like mere machines, as they are influenced by others. On the other hand, the man exclaimed against the wicked conspiracy which his relations and his wife had formed against him. He pleaded in his defence before the judge of Rieux, that Peter Guerre, his uncle, had contrived this plot merely with a view to possess himself of his effects, which were of the value of eight thousand livres; that he had drawn in his wife through the weakness of her understanding to be a party in this black affair, and that a more execrable villainy was never heard of.

He related the reasons which induced him to leave his habitation, and his adventures from the time he quitted it; he said that he served the King in his wars between seven and eight years, that afterwards he enlisted himself in the troops of the king of Spain, but that most earnestly desiring to return to his dear wife and family, he quitted that service in a few months, and made the best of his way to Artigues; that on his arrival he had the satisfaction of being received notwithstanding the alteration which time and the cutting off his hair might have made, with the utmost joy

by all his relations and acquaintance, not excepting this very Peter Guerre who has stirred up this present prosecution.

That this man having very frequently differed with him since his coming home, their quarrels had sometimes produced blows, and that once he would have killed him with a bar of iron had not his wife interposed. These particulars he digested into his answer to the bill of complaint preferred by Bertrande de Rols, praying in the close thereof, "that his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe that she was yet so wicked a woman as absolutely to deny the truth; that his calumniators might according to the laws of equity, be condemned to suffer those punishments they would have inflicted upon him; that Bertrande de Rols should be taken out of the power of his enemies, and be hindered from dissipating his effects; in fine, that he should be declared innocent of the crime alledged against him, and the prosecution be dismissed with costs." He submitted to a long examination before the criminal judge, who interrogated him as to matters which happened in Biscay, the place of Marín Guerre's birth, his father, his mother, brothers, sisters, and other relations; as to the year, the month, and the day of his (Martin Guerre's) marriage; his father-in-law, mother-in-law, the persons who were present at the nuptials, those who dined with them, their different dresses, the priest who performed the ceremony, all the little circumstances that happened that day and the next; even naming the people who put them to bed. His answers were clear and distinct to each of these points; and as if he had not been satisfied with performing what the judge required of him, he spoke of his own accord of his son Sanxi, of the day he was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met with on the road, of the towns he had passed through in France and Spain, of the persons he had seen in both kingdoms, and that nothing might be wanting to confirm his innocence, he named many persons who were able to testify the truth of what he had declared.

The court ordered Bertrande de Rols

and several other persons whom the accused had cited to answer upon interrogation, which they did; Bertrande answered in a manner that agreed exactly with all that the accused had advanced, except that she related the length of time they were without children. He was then questioned as to that point, and his replies were such as tallied exactly with what Bertrande had said, and faltered not in the slightest circumstance. He was next confronted with the woman he called his wife, and with all the witnesses, upon which he renewed his demand that she might be kept safely and apart from his enemies, which was granted. He offered certain objections to the credit of the witnesses produced against him, and required that a monitory should be published, exhorting all persons to come in and give what light they could as to the subornation of Bertrande de Rols, and the character of the witnesses he had impeached: this was allowed him. But at the same time it was directed that an inquisition should be taken at the several places following, viz. at Pine, at Sagias, and at Artigues, of all the facts which might concern Martin Guerre, the accused, and Bertrande de Rols, and the reputation of the witnesses. All the discoveries on these proceedings were perfectly favorable to Bertrande, confirming her virtuous character, and proved she had not lost her senses during the absence of her husband, as the pleading suggested. In respect to the accused, of near one hundred and fifty witnesses that were examined, between thirty and forty deposed that he was really Martin Guerre, that they had known him, and conversed with him from his infancy; that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, air, tone of voice, and that they moreover were convinced of the truth of what they asserted by certain scars and secret marks which it was impossible for time to efface. On the other hand, a greater number of witnesses deposed positively he was one Arnold du Tilh, of Sagias, and was commonly called Pansette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with his person, air, and voice. The rest of the witnesses, to the number of sixty and upwards, declared that there was so strong a resemblance between these two

persons, that it was impossible for them to declare whether the accused was Martin Guerre, or Arnold du Tilh. The criminal judge of Rieux ordered two inquiries and reports to be made to him, one with regard to the likeness or unlikeness of Sanxi Guerre to the accused, the other as to the likeness of the same child to the sisters of Martin Guerre. On the first it was found that Sanxi did not resemble the accused at all, and on the second that he was very like his father's sisters. In short, upon these circumstances, this judge thought proper to pronounce definitive sentence as follows—"That (the accused) Arnold du Tilh is guilty and convicted of being an impostor, and for that crime is condemned to lose his head, and further that his body be divided into quarters."

This judgment was by many accounted too quick and too severe, for without arrogating to himself divine inspiration, people were at a loss to know on what ground the judge of Rieux founded his decision: matters appearing to other eyes so perplexed, that those who were well acquainted with the proofs on both sides, knew not what to make of the matter. The public was therefore far from being displeased that the convict appealed to the Parliament of Thoulouse, and this extraordinary cause now making a great noise, every one began to regard it with the utmost attention. That august assembly having received proper information of what had been done below, began to take all the necessary measures for a further inquiry with the utmost caution. In the first place, they ordered Peter Guerre and Bertrande de Rols to be confronted in open court with the person whom they accused, but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations the accused maintained so steady a countenance, spoke with such an air of assurance and truth, and answered every question with such quickness and perspicuity, that the members of that venerable tribunal readily concluded that he was the real Martin Guerre. While on the other hand, the terror and confusion of Peter Guerre and Bertrande de Rols was so great, that they created strong suspicion of their being false accusers. But as these circumstances could not be considered as full

evidence, an inquisition was ordered as to the principal facts in dispute, with this limitation that none but new witnesses should be examined. The wise and prudent ordinance of the Parliament of Thoulouse was so far from procuring new light, that it served only to render this intricate affair still more obscure than it was before. Thirty new witnesses were examined; nine or ten of these were positive this was Martin Guerre, and seven or eight were as positive that he was Arnold du Tilh. The rest having weighed all circumstances, and being afraid of injuring their consciences, declared plainly that they would not swear which he was. The Parliament was now more in doubt than ever; they could not concur with the criminal judge of Rieux, and yet they were afraid of discharging the accused; but in order to put an end to so odd a cause, they summed up the proofs on both sides. On the one hand it appeared that forty-five witnesses had affirmed in terms the most express that he was not Martin Guerre, but Arnold du Tilh, which they said they were better enabled to do, because they had known both persons intimately, ate and drank with them, and conversed constantly with them from their very childhood, nay, some of them went still further, for Carbon Barreau, uncle by the mother's side of Arnold du Tilh, acknowledged he was his nephew, and observing the irons that were upon his legs, bitterly lamented his misfortune in having a relation in such circumstances; he further said, he had at times been concerned in several contracts with his nephew, and he actually produced those writings signed by Arnold du Tilh. Most of these witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre was taller and of a darker complexion, that he was slender in his body and legs, stooping in the shoulders, his chin forked and turned up, his lower lip hanging, his nose large and flat, the mark of an ulcer in his face, and a scar on his right eye-brow; whereas Arnold du Tilh was a squat, well-set man, having thick legs, did not stoop, neither had he a flat nose, but in his face, indeed, he had the same marks with Martin Guerre.

To be continued.

THE END OF THE WORLD!

Mr. Editor,

I WAS in expectation that either yourself or some of your correspondents might have called the attention of your readers to a subject which has lately spread terror and alarm over great part of civilized Europe, and fairly frightened some of our own old women out of their lives—I allude to the notion, that the world was to be at an end on the 18th of July last. Though I have no wish that you should register in your pages the names of all who have cut their throats, or hanged themselves in their garters, to escape the threatened catastrophe, still I am of opinion, that some reference to follies of this kind is not beneath the character of works which profess to be “abstracts and brief chronicles of the times.” With this impression, I transmit to you some observations by a French periodical writer, who has treated the subject in such a humorous manner, that

I trust your readers will derive amusement at least from their insertion.

Of the End of the World.

How courageous we are grown again! Because the world was not destroyed on the 18th of July, we imagine that it will never be at an end, and laugh as if we had never been afraid. Like sailors who sing hymns during a storm, and blaspheme as profanely as ever on the return of fine weather, we are again become philosophers, we ridicule the good women who said their prayers, and ask with a sneer when the end of the world is to happen. Only have patience, gentlemen—it will come I promise you. Yes, the end of the world is nearer than you may imagine. A bran new *Cosmogony*, which appeared in 1815, in only four thick volumes, devotes one of its numerous chapters to *the End of the World*.

That you may be able perfectly to comprehend this *end*, I must give you some idea of the *beginning*.

Before time was, all that constitutes the universe was nothing but caloric. Caloric is the *primary matter*, the *sole matter* of the universe. God created nothing but caloric, and then consigned his work to the influence of secondary causes. Now, in this ocean of caloric, atoms became united from juxta-position, and formed the *primary molecules*: these primary molecules in their turn, formed the *elementary molecules*. The latter, gravitating towards one another, at length formed one single globe, which must have been of tolerable size, since it comprehended the substance of all the suns, all the planets, all the satellites, and all the comets possible and probable.

This pretty globe, justly denominated the *generating sphere*, took fire, and its innumerable volcanoes projected from time to time thousands of suns this way and millions that way. which, though they might be thousands or millions of miles in circumference, were, nevertheless, but atoms compared with the parent sphere. Unluckily for us, this sphere thought fit to launch us into space some thousands of years before our sun, a circumstance which brings us much nearer to the end of the world. Our globe was then a sun; it has since cooled considerably and decreased in bulk. Its rotary motion, which is continually becoming slower, will some day cease entirely; we shall then fall upon the sun, and the sun in its turn growing old and infirm, will tumble upon the generating sphere from which it issued. All the other heavenly bodies will become extinct, and fall in like manner some billions of centuries one after another: the generating sphere itself will grow old like its progeny. I am only surprized that the parent should be the last to feel the effects of age. It will become motionless, useless, incapable of farther generation, and all the extinguished suns, all the planets, all the satellites, all the comets, united into one mass will form in the midst of immensity but one vast scoria, a *caput mortuum*, a huge mass of dross, which will continue in this state to all eternity. A nobler purpose truly could

not have been assigned to the creation. But what particularly interests us in the great catastrophe is this:—the author allows the sun only *some billions of centuries* for refrigeration, and a few more billions of centuries after it has become uninhabitable, till it involves us in its own destruction. These *billions of centuries* had somewhat relieved my apprehensions lest I should witness the end of the world; but, unfortunately, we are older than the sun, and these billions of centuries may possibly be no more than millions of years for us, which consideration renews all my alarm. Add to this, that the moon is to fall upon us; and who can tell whether she is to fall on the tower of Nankin or the towers of Notre Dame?—an uncertainty which ought to make our freethinkers somewhat more circumspect. Here, then, is a very rational *end of the world*! Perhaps you would like to have another—Well! I will try to suit you, for I have a whole collection.

It has been positively demonstrated—for the system-makers are never at a loss for demonstration—that the aqueous fluid of our globe is daily diminishing. The earth, the stones, the marbles, the calcareous mountains, are evidently the products of the digestion of oysters, polypi, and testacea in general. Now these little animals cannot possibly create large stones without employing the aqueous principle in the process; and the water which enters into the composition of these minerals is so much taken from the general reservoir. The ocean, therefore, is daily sinking, and our poor earth is drying up, as the present summer in particular has irrefragably proved. Besides, it is not well known, that the sea is retiring in the gulf of Bothnia, in the Arabian gulf, on the coast of Languedoc, and every where else? There will, therefore, come a day, when not a drop of water will be left on the globe; it will then take fire; the burning minerals will give out in vapour all the water that they contain; this water will rise in the atmosphere as an aëriform fluid; it will there be condensed and descend in tremendous torrents of rain. This will be the thirty or forty thousandth deluge; the surface of the globe will be one vast

sea ; the germs which have withstood the general conflagration will float upon this ocean in the form of organic molecules, or small zoophytes ; in the course of billions of ages these zoophytes will become lobsters, or craw-fish ; these lobsters, tattoos ; these tattoos, apes ; and these apes, men, who, after some more billions of centuries, will build cities, compose operas, and invent cosmogonies. As for the generation now living, we shall all be burned, and our funeral pile will be kindled when there is no more water upon the earth—a consideration which ought to make us tremble now that water is become so scarce.

If my readers are not pleased with these two modes of putting an end to the world, I shall present them with a third, which is more closely connected with the exact sciences, which threatens our globe alone, and even leaves some of us a faint gleam of hope. In 1773, when Lalande announced a Memoir, in which he determined such of the known comets as may approach nearest to the earth, Paris and all France trembled at the idea, and imagined themselves on the eve of being crushed to atoms. A great geometrician who has explained the system of the world in a most complete manner, and whose work gives law on that subject, has kindly relieved us from some of our fears respecting the rude comets of Lalande : but he has by no means removed all cause for apprehension, as may be seen from the following passage :—

“The little probability of such a collision, may, in the course of a long series of ages, *become very great*.”—Now we know that it is a great many ages since any comet struck against our globe.—“It is easy to imagine the effects of such a shock upon our earth. The axis of the rotatory motion changed ; the seas forsaking their ancient beds and rushing towards the new equator ; a great part of the human race and of the animals drowned in this universal deluge, or destroyed by the violent shock given to the terrestrial globe ; whole species annihilated ; all the monuments of human industry swept away—such are the disasters which the collision of a comet must produce. Hence we see why the

ocean has covered the lofty mountains, upon which it has left incontestible marks of its presence ; we see how the animals and plants of the south have been transferred to the climates of the north, where traces and remains of them are discovered ; and finally, we are enabled to account for the newness of the moral world, the monuments of which scarcely date back beyond three thousand years. The human species, reduced to a small number of individuals, and to the most deplorable condition, whose whole attention must, for a very long period, be engaged with the means of their preservation, must necessarily lose all recollection of the arts and sciences ; and when the progress of civilization has again made them feel the want of these, they will have to begin every thing over again, as if men had been but newly placed upon the earth.”—As it is very long since this catastrophe happened, and as the probability of such a disaster is daily increasing, according to the observation of our great geometrician, I think it would be prudent in us to put our affairs in order ; for in three or four thousand years at latest we shall witness a repetition of this great tragedy. Be it remarked, however, that we shall not be all destroyed—we shall only be “reduced to a small number of individuals.” I hope to be one of those who will be left ; my readers too will be of the number, excepting those who shall criticise this paper.

I have scarcely room to enter into the explanation of another end of the world, which chills me to think of, for you must know that it is to be effected by cold. Buffon has told us that the globe is growing colder every day. Ever since the conclusion of the 16th century, spots have been seen on the sun, and at the beginning of the 17th they were counted. These spots, according to some, are scoria adhering to the surface of the luminary ; according to others, they are clouds floating at an elevation of two or three thousand miles ; while others again assert, that they are parts of the sun itself, which the breaking of luminous clouds enables us to perceive. Alas ! fifty of these spots were one day counted ; and Dr. Herschel lately observed a small one

which was not above thirty thousand miles in diameter. All this is very melancholy, and the way in which our globe goes on is not more cheering. Old Greenland, a country that was once habitable, is now so covered with ice as to be quite inaccessible. In Norway, glaciers have recently formed in places where they never before existed; and though Leopold von Buch, in his valuable book of Travels, endeavours to dispel our fears respecting the cooling of the earth, still he admits that this opinion is general in Norway, and that, for fifty years past, the summers have been colder than they were before in that country. Again, Sir George Mackenzie, who visited Iceland in 1810, relates, that the ice has extended its empire over the vast space of sea between that island and the continent. Another proof is, that, in 1803, in the month of June, (take notice of the time of the year,) the Lady Hobart packet was wrecked against a mountain of ice higher than her masts, in the 40th degree of north latitude, that is, under a parallel whose temperature ought to be

warmer than that of Naples and Constantinople. The American ship Jupiter was lost in the same summer, in the same manner. To those who are not satisfied with these proofs of a general refrigeration of the globe, I shall now adduce one more that cannot fail to convince—which is, that I am writing this paper by the fire-side in the month of July. To ascertain what we have to expect, I made a brick red-hot, and observed it whilst cooling; and by a calculation more accurate than Buffon's, I found that in 1543 years we shall be obliged to leave Paris and settle upon the Senegal; and I am already making preparations for the voyage. Fifteen hundred years later the globe will not be habitable, and the world will be at an end for us at least.

I have thus given the *end of the world* with variations, so that amateurs may take their choice; but I hope I have said quite enough to stop the mouths of all who may be disposed to make light of so serious a subject.

H.

New Monthly Mag.

APPEAL FOR RELIEF OF ERRING AND DESERTED FEMALES.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

Dec. 18.

ALTHOUGH your valuable pages are, in a great degree, devoted to the purposes of Literature, yet never did the sacred cause of Humanity want an advocate in Sylvanus Urban.

I lament much that the account of a transaction which took place in May last, at the Police-office in Hatton-Garden, is not upon record in your widely-circulated Miscellany. A father appeared, leading by the hand his infant daughter (for she was little more than ten years of age,) stating that she had, even at that early period of life, already imbibed the most vicious habits, and requesting the advice and assistance of the Magistrates to save her from inevitable and speedy destruction!

Such are the simple outlines of the case; and no heightening of colour is requisite to make the dreadful picture

more impressive! But upon investigation it appeared, that no one of the numerous and excellent Institutions which do honour to the inhabitants of this Metropolis, could receive this unfortunate child; and her very youth operated as a cause of exclusion from the Hospital more expressly appropriated to the relief of the erring and most pitiable part of her sex.

You, Sir, have lived too long in, and mixed too widely with the world, to consider this as a solitary instance; it is not necessary to visit the lobbies of our Theatres, or to explore the distressing scenes of prostitution which nightly disgrace our streets, to be aware of the extent of this increasing evil. The most public thorough fares of this Metropolis exhibit, at noon-day, a train of infants already devoted to Infamy, and bearing the broad mark of Vice upon their

countenances, which have not yet lost the traces of childhood! Let any man walk from the Exchange to Charing-cross, under the glare of the mid-day sun, and the slightest degree of observation will point out to him a multitude of victims to early disgrace, who, in point of age, are hardly yet fit to be emancipated from the restraints of the nursery; and who, it is a melancholy truth, are no less distinguishable by their infantile appearance, than by the unblushing manner in which they force themselves upon the attention of the passenger.

Whatever may be said relative to the causes which seduce those of a more mature age from the paths of Virtue (and I have in general found this most unfortunate description of persons to be far more sinned against than sinning,) we cannot impute to extravagance, to credulity, or to the operation of uncontrolled passions, the fall of these youthful sacrifices to the depravity of the other sex. They are, and from the nature of the case must be, involuntary, passive, unresisting victims upon the altar of Moloch! but whether overawed through the operation of fear, or forced by open and undisguised violence, they are alike plunged into the abyss of destruction, before they are conscious of the ruin they are compelled to suffer.

What then is to be the fate of these unfortunate beings, whose doom appears thus to be fixed, before reason or choice can take any part in the event? Must they perish by misery and disease before the pen of Time has written Woman upon the brow? or will the benevolent stretch out the hand of compassion, and rescue from sorrow, from sin, and from the grave, these hapless daughters of Affliction, who have yet known little of life, except its crimes and its miseries?

A more favourable prospect seems to open upon us: "A Guardian Society for providing an asylum for unfortunate Females," has been formed; and sure I am that the claims of this most pitiable class of sufferers will not be permitted to pass unheeded by the philanthropic characters who conduct the affairs of this excellent Charity.

I will now leave the subject to the consideration of your Readers; requesting those who, at this festive season, behold their own blooming offspring smiling around them in peace and security, to contrast the sufferings of the infant daughters of Sin with these happier prospects, and to shew their gratitude to the Giver of all good things, by uniting to save his fallen and deserted creatures!

Yours, &c.

E. L.

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

OMENS AND CHARMS.

KNIVES, SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c.—It is unlucky, says Grose, in his *Popular Antiquities*, to lay one's knife and fork crosswise. Crosses and misfortunes are likely to follow. Melton, in his *Astrologer*, observes, that "It is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for fear it cut away all love that is between them." Thus Gay, in the *Shepherd's Week*:

"But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,
"For knives, they tell me, always sever love."

It is, says Grose, unlucky to present a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or friend,

as they are apt to cut love or friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense must be taken. To find a knife or razor denotes ill luck or disappointment to the party.

THE HOWLING OF DOGS.—A superstitious opinion prevails, that the howling of a dog by night in a neighbourhood is the presage of death to any that are sick in it. We know not what has given rise to this: dogs have been known to stand and howl over the dead bodies of their masters, when they have been murdered, or died an accidental or sudden death; taking such note of what is past, as an

instance of great sensibility in this faithful animal, without supposing that it has in the smallest degree any prescience of the future. Shakespeare ranks this among omens :

"The owl shriek'd at my birth ; an evil sign !
 "The night-crow cry'd aboding luckless time,
 "Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook
 down trees."

The howling of dogs, says Grose, is a certain sign that some one of the family will very shortly die. The following passage is in the *Merry Devil of Edmontou* :—

-----"I hear the watchful dogs
 "With hollow howling tell of thy approach :"
 and the subsequent is cited in Poole's *English Parnassus* :—

"The air that night was fill'd with dismal
 groans,
 "And people oft awak'd with the howls
 "Of wolves and fatal dogs."

CANDLE OMENS.—The fungus parcels, as Sir Thomas Brown calls them, about the wicks of candles, are commonly thought to foretell strangers. In the north as well as in other parts of England, they are called letters at the candle, as if the forerunners of some strange news. These, says Brown, with his usual pedantry of style, which is well atoned for by his good sense and learning, only indicate a moist and pluvius air, which hinders the evolution of the light and favillous particles whereupon they settle upon the snout. That candles and lights, he observes also, burn blue and dim at the apparition of spirits, may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it happens often in mines. Melton in his *Astrologaster*, says, that "if a candle burne blew, it is a signe that there is a spirit in the house, or not farre from it." A collection of tallow, says Grose, rising up against the wick of a candle, is styled a winding sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family. A spark at the candle, says the same author, denotes that the party opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. A kind of fungus in the candle, observes the same writer, predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, speaking of the waking dreams of his hero's daughter, says, the girls had their omens too, they saw rings in the candle.

AT THE BARS OF GRATES, PURSES, AND COFFINS.—A flake of soot hanging at the bars of the grate, says Grose, denotes the visit of a stranger, like the fungus of the candle, from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar*, among the omens of his hero's daughter, tells us, "purses bounded from the fire." In the north of England, the cinders that bound from the fire are carefully examined by old women, and, according to their respective forms, are called either *coffins* or *purses* ; and consequently thought to be the presages of death or wealth : *aut Cæsar aut nullus*. A coal, says Grose, in the shape of a coffin, flying out of the fire to any particular person, betokens their death not far off.

CHARMS. SALIVA, OR SPITTING.—Spittle, among the ancients, was esteemed a charm against all kinds of fascination : so Theocritus,

"Thrice on my breast I spit, to guard me safe
 "From fascinating charms."

And thus Persius, upon the custom of nurses spitting upon children ;

"See how old Beldams expiation make :
 "To atone the Gods the bantling up they take,
 "His lips are wet with lustral spittle, thus
 "They think to make the gods propitious."

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their barbarous diversion, unless it was originally for luck's sake. Several other vestiges of this superstition, relative to fasting spittle, mentioned also by Pliny, may yet be placed among our vulgar customs.

The boys in the north of England have a custom amongst themselves of spitting their faith (or as they call it in the northern dialect, "their saul," i. e. soul), when required to make asseverations in matters which they think of consequence.

In the combinations of the colliers, &c. about Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy.—Hence the popular saying, when persons are of the party or agree in sentiments, that they "spit upon the same stone."

Fish women generally spit upon their handsels, i. e. the first money they take, for good luck. Grose mentions this as a common practice among the lower class of hucksters, pedlars, and dealers in fruit or fish, on receiving the price of the first goods they sell.

We gather from a collection of the ancient religious customs in North Wales, drawn up by a clergyman deceased, that there, "in the church, they usually spit at the name of the devil, and smite their breasts at the name of Judas. In their ordinary conversation, the first name gives them no salivation, but is too familiar in their mouths."

SHAKSPEARE.

Westfelton, Salop, April 5.

Mr. Urban,

SHAKSPEARE has this present month lived, with increasing warmth and brilliance, in the hearts of his Countrymen exactly two hundred years from his mortal decease; and I have authority to say, the event is likely to be celebrated with cordial rapture, both at the place exulting in the high honour of his nativity, as well as in the Metropolis. For myself, it will be the seventh annual recurrence of the convivial delight, since my residence here, wherewith his birthday has been garlanded, by a few literary friends, who on that occasion have honoured my humble dwelling; where, even should I be unable to resist the impulse of revisiting Stratford-on-Avon this time, I shall take care the day goes not ungraced with its usual garniture. I cannot embrace a fitter time, Mr. Urban, to propose, through your pages, a thought I have long been desirous of extending, with respect to the immortal remains of this "matchless man." Disgusted to see his blossoms of ambrosial and purest bloom loaded, stuffed, and daubed with the trash and trampery of certain creatures calling themselves Commentators, that stick to Authors, as the Remora to the Whale, hoping so to glide down the stream of time, I would recommend that in future his text be always printed without any gloss or comment whatever.

But as among these are several that have made remarks in the highest degree acute, judicious, and elegant; and the others (like an execrable pun) being frequently highly entertaining from their very and extreme absurdity,—might not (in this book-making age) a very useful and interesting book be got up, by printing, in large octavo, with two columns, on a very small type, ALL the Prefaces, Essays, Remarks, Poems, &c. &c. &c. that have ever been written, published with or without, or anywise relating to Shakspeare? This book should be got up uniformly with Miller's edition, 8vo. 1806; a good Family Shakspeare: or Ayscough's Concordance of the Bard. The Prefaces, Essays, Poems, &c. to come first, and the Annotations to follow, regularly distributed under the heads of each Act, Scene, &c. of the particular Plays: so would this book serve for any edition; and people already provided might so have what they would not otherwise procure; and the things themselves become a million times more pleasing and useful than when tacked to the text, ever distracting the attention and interest by "thrusting their farthing candles to the sun." The method of reading recommended by Dr. Johnson in his admirable Preface to the Bard (which it is "useless to praise, and folly to blame,") would then and thus be more readily attained. There can be no doubt of the success of sale to the persons embarking in such an undertaking; and arrangement might be made for incorporating therein whatever the right of copy might otherwise exclude. I merely drop this as a seed into your pages, where I hope to see it ramify and blossom hereafter; and finally be the means of producing the projected fruit. —I cannot more appropriately conclude, than, with the four verses that may be found written on one of the fly-leaves of my first folio of the Bard:

Goode frende, for Shakspeare's sake forbear
To marre one jotte that's written here;
Bless'd bee they that rightlie conn him,
And curs'd they that comment on him.

ILLUSTRATION OF REMARKABLE PROVERBS, &c.

MY EYE BETTY MARTIN.

This is a vulgarism to be met with only in low companies, though it has sometimes been transplanted from thence, and introduced into noble and even princely mansions. It is an expression of contempt and defiance, when a person is not to be convinced or satisfied with any thing that is said in the way of explanation, in opposition to which the indignant sceptic is apt to exclaim : "Tis all my eye Betty Martin." Of these strange and apparently unmeaning words the following appears to be a correct definition. A man going once into a church or chapel of the Romish persuasion on St. Martin's day, heard the Latin Litany chaunted, when the words "Mihi Beate Martin," occurred so often, that upon being asked how he liked the service, he replied it was nothing but nonsense or something worse, as from beginning to end "it was all my eye Betty Martin."

CULPRIT.

It is universally known that our ancient proceedings in the courts were managed in the French language ; and this will lead to an explanation of the word *culprit*, about which there has been a strange difference of opinion among law writers.

After reading the indictment, the prisoner at the bar is asked whether he is guilty or not guilty of the matter charged against him : if he answers not guilty, the clerk of arraigns replies *culprit* ; which is said by some to be derived from *culp prist*, and *culp prit* from *culpabilist* and *presto*, signifying guilty already. This far-fetched interpretation is out of all character, and contrary to the spirit of the law, which supposes a person innocent till his guilt is proved by the evidence of others, or his own confession. The word is clearly a corruption of the French *Qu'il paroît* ? The officer of the court says, "Guilty or not guilty ?" Now if the prisoner replies "guilty," and persists in so doing, his confession is recorded ; but if he answers "not guilty," the officer says "Culprit," when he should rather say "Qu'il paroît ?" i. e. make it appear, or let it appear ; and it

amounts to no more than this, that the prisoner has an opportunity and full liberty of manifesting his innocence.

A CLINCHER.

This word is frequently made use of when some extravagant circumstance is related which it would be an insult to the understanding to believe : but as it is seldom heard except among the lower orders of society, so it entirely derives its origin from thence. Two journey-men mechanics were one day contending for superiority in the art of invention, and at length laid a wager which of them could coin the greatest lie. When the stakes were deposited, he that was to begin swore vehemently that one moonlight night he threw a tenpenny nail with such force, that it went quite through the body of the lunar orb, which was then at full. "That's true," said his opponent ; "for I was on the other side at the very moment, and with my claw hammer I clinched the nail." The last fellow was adjudged the prize, and from that time every outrageous falsehood has been termed a *clinch*.

HE HAS BEEN AT BLARNEY.

Blarney Castle, the ancient seat of the Macarty family, is situated about three miles from Cork ; and adjoining to it is an old ruinous tower on an eminence, with winding stone steps up to the summit. Formerly it was a singular custom for all strangers who ascended to the top of this tower to creep on their hands and knees to the corner stone of the highest pinnacle, and kiss the same, by virtue of which it was pretended that they acquired the singular power of pleasing in conversation. Hence came the expression, in speaking of a fawning, wheedling fellow, that he had been at Blarney.

Right and Wrong. Exhibited in the History of Rosa and Agnes. Written for her Children, by a Mother, Author of "Always Happy ;" "An Introduction to Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons ;" "Key to Knowledge," &c.

In the opposite conduct, in early life, of these Twin Sisters, the Author of his little volume has largely exemplified the consequences of acting "right" and

"wrong," in a variety of instances, which cannot fail of impressing the mind of a young reader. Of the neat simplicity of the Author's language, her description of a Sunday shall serve as a specimen :

"The morning was fine, and was cheerfully ushered in with the enlivening chime of the church bells. The twin-sisters, as usual, rose somewhat earlier on this welcome day, for many were its peculiar privileges and pleasures. Neatly dressed in their best attire, clean, and decent, with fresh-washed cheeks, and eyes beaming with good humour, they joined their parents at the breakfast-table. 'I am always so glad when it is Sunday,' said Agnes; 'for we have so many pleasant things to do, and to talk about; so much variety, and so much comfort!'—'And I love Sunday too, very much,' said the little lisping Edwin, her young brother; *for you know, papa, it is the forgiving day.*' His father smiled at his innocent prattle. 'If you never did wrong, Edwin, there would be no occasion for a forgiving day, as you call it.'—'But, as I do wrong sometimes, papa, I love to be forgiving; and you know you always forgive me, most willingly, on Sunday.' 'Yes, Edwin, because Sunday is a *holy* day, a day set apart by God for peace and comfort.'—'And therefore we ought to forget and forgive, and love every body, and be as happy and as quiet as ever we can,' said Edwin. His sisters laughed at his curious list of Sunday duties, closing with what *he* thought a great virtue, to 'be as quiet as we can.'—'For my part,' said his mother, '*one* of my many Sunday pleasures is, to behold all classes of people enjoying themselves in their several modes. The shopkeepers taking pleasant walks with their wives and children, the poor day-labourers resting from their week's hard service, and dressed in their best garments, playing with their little ones, and having a little harmless chat with their friends and neighbours.'—'And therefore mamma, I am always sorry when the weather is bad on a Sunday,' said Agnes. 'So am I, Agnes; but, even in that case, there are many pleasures

within their reach. The very cessation of labour and exertion, to those who toil hard during six successive days, is no small blessing, and such as the wealthy and the indolent can form no just conception of.'—'There is something pleasant in the very idea, that even the poor beasts enjoy, on this day, rest and freedom from ill-treatment,' said Rosa. 'True, Rosa; and that man, under the most inclement seasons, has still his comforts. The wholesome meal, round which his family assemble, the blazing fire, beaming on many a happy face, the evening hours profitably spent in reading the sacred volume, which confirms our best purposes, and invigorates our highest hopes; or innocently cheered by the soothing notes of sacred melody of prayer and praise, or the social converse that, opening the heart, binds man to man in the strong link of social converse and friendly confidence.'—'You have left me,' said the attentive husband, 'to name one other Sunday blessing; the noblest joy of all.'—'I understand you, papa,' said Agnes; 'you mean the satisfaction of going to church.'—'You are right, Agnes; for, what can be a nobler employment than to offer, to the Great Giver of Good, the thanksgivings of our grateful hearts, to appear in his more immediate presence, and, in his own sacred temple, confess our frailties, entreat his mercy, and adore his power? Oh, my children! what a blessing is this, what a high, what a glorious privilege!'—The little circle listened with reverence to this affecting appeal. Their worthy father continued. 'How soothing to the best affections, to behold our fellow creatures joining with us in this sacred act of piety, to look around us, and view a whole kneeling congregation uniting in the same expression of adoration; one great family, acknowledging their Universal Father! Who can so feel, and leave the house of God with any other feelings than those of pious awe and unbounded charity!'—The bell now proclaimed the hour of worship. The smiling family, with eager haste, prepared to obey the welcome summons; the little ones

walked before, the grateful parents followed, their hearts swelling with unutterable content.—After service, they enjoyed a walk, and met crowds of well-dressed people indulging themselves in strolling through the beautiful fields and lanes that skirted the busy town. On their return home, they found a smoking dinner on the table, and sat down with excellent appetites to the welcome meal. Business, or other claims, sometimes divided the family on other days, but on Sunday they regularly assembled; and these occasional absences made them regard this meeting as a particular gratification. There was always something to be told, something to be described, something to be asked. Even the necessity of asking assistance or advice served only to unite the members of this family, as it proved their dependance on each other, and how little one could stand alone. If there was pleasure in asking assistance or advice, how much greater the satisfaction in bestowing it! and when Lionel, their elder brother, who weekly attended a master in a neighbouring town, begged his sisters would take care his neat supply of clean linen was more regularly forwarded to him, he felt almost as happy in thinking he had such kind sisters to apply to, as they did in promising to oblige him, and thus having the satisfaction of feeling that they could add to the comfort of their dear brother. Thus, obliging and obliged, the happy circle passed the hour of dinner. The tolling bell again called them to church. The twin-sisters, hanging on their brother's arm, attended the cheerful party to the sacred temple. The aisles were crowded with the decent poor, who, standing in rows, listened with reverence to their respected preacher."

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

Among the common inventions of life, there are none which concern our comfort more than candles; I wish some chandler of genius may arise in this generation who will invent *self-consuming wicks*, which will perish at an equal rate

with the candle, and prevent the plague of snuffing. The invention would be by no means difficult, and the advantage prodigious; at present, every ten minutes the consumer of tallow candles is in absolute darkness; or is forced, just as he is finding a rhyme for his poetry, or concluding a period in a sermon, to jump up for the snuffers, which are never where they ought to be, and always scatter their sable grease on the table. And, now we are inventing, let me recommend to the attention of societies who encourage the useful arts, not only the *self-consuming wick*, but the *self-preserving cloth*—the addition of something inodorous in the woollen dye, which will render the cloth distasteful to moths, and not unpleasant to the wearer. Your grave readers may laugh at these humble hints; but great coats and eyes have their advantages; and whatever tends to preserve them is not entirely to be despised.

X.

A QUERY.

A Correspondent of the *New Monthly Magazine* will be thankful to any one who can inform him who is the author of the following lines:

When winds breathe soft along the silent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep;
A stronger gale the troubled wave awakes;
The surface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
More dreadful still, when furious storms arise,
The mounting billows bellow to the skies;
On liquid rocks the tott'ring vessel's tost,
Unnumber'd surges lash the foaming coast;
The raging waves, excited by the blast,
Whiten with wrath, and split the sturdy mast:
When in an instant, he who rules the floods,
Earth, air and fire, Jehovah! God of Gods!
In pleasing accents speaks his sov'reign will,
And bids the waters and the winds be still!
Hush'd are the winds, the waters cease to roar;
Safe are the seas, and silent as the shore.
Now say, what joy elates the sailor's breast,
With prosperous gales so unexpected blest!
What ease, what transport, in each face is seen!
The heav'n's look bright, the air and sea serene;
For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful strain
To him, whose pow'r unbounded rules the main,

BRAVERY AT WATERLOO.

Among recent Gazette appointments is that of Serjeant Ewart, to an ensigncy in the 3d Royal veteran battalion, in consideration of the bravery he displayed on the 18th of June. In the afternoon of that eventful day, the 92d regiment, reduced to 200, charged a column of the Enemy, from 2,000 to 3,000 strong ; they broke into the centre of the column, and the moment they pierced it, the Scotch Greys dashed in to their support, when both these gallant corps cheered and huzzaed "Scotland for ever !" The Enemy to a man were put to the sword, or made prisoners. The Greys afterwards charged the second line, which amounted to 5,000 men : it was in the first that Serjeant Ewart captured the French eagle ; the affair is thus modestly detailed by himself : " I had a hard contest for it ; the officer who carried it thrust for my groin ; I parried it off, and cut him through the head ; after which I was attacked by one of the lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark, by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side, then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth. Next, I was attacked by a footsoldier, who, after firing, charged me with his bayonet, but I parried it off, and cut him through the head—so that finished the contest for the eagle."

CATULLUS.

The elegant translation of Catullus, printed for Johnson in 1795, bears so close a resemblance of style to the poems of Lord Byron, that it seems permitted to suspect the version of having flowed from the juvenile pen of that accomplished nobleman. Wilkes's edition seems to have furnished the text confided in by the interpreter.

BULL AND MOUTH.

Henry the Eighth having taken the town of Boulogne in France, the gates of which he brought to Harde, in Kent, where they are still remaining, the flatterers of that reign highly magnified the action, which in consequence became a popular subject for signs, and the port, or harbour, called Boulogne Mouth, was

accordingly set up at a noted inn in London. The name of this inn long out-living the sign and fame of the conquest, an ignorant painter, employed by a no less ignorant landlord, to paint a new one, represented it by a Bull, and a large gaping Mouth ; answering to the vulgar pronunciation of Bull and Mouth.

BULL AND GATE.

The same event in history gave occasion for the sign of the Bull and Gate, as descriptive of an inn in Holborn, originally meant for Boulogne Gate, and represented by an embattled gate or entrance into a fortified town, but by ignorance converted into a gate, with a bull looking over it.

LAPLANDERS.

Several Laplanders have lately arrived in London with their game, which has been sold by different poulterers in the City. These poor fellows expected when they left Gottenburg, that the packet would land them in London, and that they would have no duties to pay ; whereas they have been obliged to pay upwards of 50*l.* for duties, besides ten guineas for freight from Harwich to London.—The state of preservation in which these birds were is stated to be really surprising, after travelling upwards of 1000 miles. They are preserved by being hung up to freeze as soon as killed, and afterwards being packed in cases, lined with skins to keep out the air. This process so effectually preserves them, that when the packages are opened, the birds are found frozen quite hard : and those packages which are not opened, will continue in this state for some weeks. The mode in which the small birds are dressed in Sweden, is by stewing them in cream with a little butter in it, after being larded, which, it is said, gives them a very excellent flavour : the large ones are roasted, and basted with cream, which is afterwards served up as sauce. These Laplanders wear a kind of great coat, made of rein-deer skin, with caps and gloves of the same, which gives them a very grotesque appearance.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES of 1815-16.

LA MORT.

IN the commencement of the French revolution, death was always the alternative of a demand, "*La liberté, L'égalité, ou la mort, La victoire ou la mort,*" as if death were the only alternative of the greatest blessings. "*La Mort*" passed into every mouth; and on the days of popular executions, "*Vive la Mort!*" echoed from ten thousand lungs. On one occasion, "*La Mort*" made the whole of the National Convention burst into a fit of laughter, though engaged on a most serious subject. It was on the 19th of January, 1793, when the question was agitated whether the defenders of Louis should be heard before the votes were collected, and, consequently, the judgment definitively settled. A M. Seconds made various efforts to be heard on the point, but in vain; at last he cried out, "*La parole ou la Mort!*" His advice was—first condemn the king, and then hear what his counsel have to say!

LE ROCHER DE CANCALE.

The Rocher de Cancale is one of the most celebrated, and the dearest, coffee-house in Paris: it is particularly noted for its oysters. Of its charges, some idea may be formed from this fact:—Three lovers of oysters, wishing to regale themselves, debated whether it would be more economical to make their repast at the Rocher de Cancale, or to take a post-chaise and go to the coast: they made a calculation, and found that the expences of travelling to and from Paris to the sea-side, and the tavern bills there, would not amount to so much, by three guineas, as a similar regale would cost them at the Rocher de Cancale.—A few weeks ago, three Englishmen, who had made a trip to Paris to spend their hoarded cash, tired of dining at *Very's*, in the Palais Royale, and their funds being low, resolved to dine very economically, and give a cheap farewell dinner to those they left behind: accordingly they sought out a decent-looking house in a poor neighbourhood, and, by chance, stumbled on one in a shabby street, near the

Grand Market of the Innocents. It was no other than the Rocher de Cancale. Thither all the guests, amounting to a dozen, repaired. The dinner and wine were delicious, and each resolved to dine daily there during his stay in Paris. At length the fatal moment approached—the bill was called for—it arrived. They had calculated it at half-a-guinea per head, but, alas, they had reckoned without their host—it amounted to sixteen hundred francs—sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, and four-pence. They could not all muster the sum—they called the landlord—an explanation was entered into—"Gentlemen," said he, "it is evident you did not know the reputation of the Rocher de Cancale." They offered him the security of their watches, which he generously refused—"Gentlemen, I should be sorry to be considered worse than the fare with which I regale my friends; the sum is a trifle, pay it when you please."

THE TRICOLOURED COCKADE.

At the commencement of the revolution the national cockade was green, as an emblem of Hope; but the Duke of Orleans joining the people, out of compliment, the cockade was changed to the colour of his liveries. And on the arrival of the Marquis de la Fayette from America, the National Guard changed its uniform to that of the American army, which it has ever since preserved.

HOW TO RECRUIT AN ARMY.

After the Russian campaign, Napoleon made a law that the National Guard should march to the frontiers to defend them from invasion. This being deemed necessary, the measure was willingly submitted to. Under this impression, 100,000 National Guards were marched from different points to the Rhine; they there found the whole army. In two days an order arrived for the whole mass to move forward, and the National Guard had the alternative of marching to battle, or being cut to pieces, in case of refusal, by the regular army; upwards of 70,000 of them perished in the campaign.—*Month. Mag.*

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.

Cornwall, March 3, Sunday.—This evening, as Mr. John Holman, a farmer of Perran, was returning from a place of worship, across a common, to his own house, a heavy mist falling, he mistook his way, and fell into an exposed shaft of a mine, 96 feet deep, besides 9 feet of water in the bottom; and, almost miraculously, reached the water without receiving any serious injury. Being an expert swimmer, he kept himself afloat during the night, occasionally relieving himself by clinging to the projecting points of rock in the sides of the shaft. The return of daylight, on Monday, enabled him to see a kind of ledge, on which he contrived to get, and on which he lay the whole of Monday, calling for assistance; but no person approached the place, and Monday night came on whilst he continued in his perilous situation, where, overcome by fatigue, he fell asleep, and

again fell into the water. The darkness of the night prevented his regaining his resting-place, and he had to support himself as before until Tuesday morning, when he regained the spot from which he fell. He had now become quite hoarse from cold, and almost incessant calling for help; so that the only resource he had for drawing the attention of those whom, he supposed, would be sent to seek for him, was by throwing stones into the water. Tuesday night came without affording him any relief; but the terror of again falling into the water effectually prevented his sleeping. On Wednesday, however, the noise made by the stones which he continued to throw into the water, attracted the attention of some persons whom his distressed family had dispatched in search of his remains, and he was extricated from the dreadful abyss, without sustaining any serious contusion.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

THIS distinguished writer and orator was the son of Thomas and Frances Sheridan, both persons of eminence in the literary world, the former being particularly distinguished as a corrector of English orthoepey, and the latter as a novelist and dramatist of great elegance. The grandfather of Mr. Sheridan was the intimate friend of Swift, in whose works and correspondence many of his fugitive productions and letters may be found. He was a clergyman and schoolmaster at Dublin, equally remarkable for his wit and extravagance, learning and thoughtlessness. Dr. Sheridan died suddenly in 1738, and soon afterwards his son Thomas went upon the stage at Dublin, contrary to the wishes of his friends, who would have had him follow his father's profession as a schoolmaster. The applause with which he was received at his first appearance induced him to persevere in his dramatic course; and at length he imprudently undertook the management of the theatre at Dublin, by which he became involved in disputes and embarrassed with debts. On one

occasion, when he was assailed with brutal fury by some riotous young men of fashion, and the affair produced much discussion in the public prints a volunteer pen took up his vindication with so much zeal and ability as to produce a general interest in his favour. It was natural that Mr. Sheridan should enquire after his generous champion, and to his no small surprize he found that the defence came from the pen of a very young lady, named Chamberlaine. Sentiments of gratitude and admiration were soon altered into others of a softer kind, and the parties were married at St. Mary's Church, Dublin, in 1748. Soon after this, Mr. Sheridan built a house in Dorset-street, in that city, at a considerable distance from the Theatre, and merely to gratify Captain Solomon Whyte, the uncle of his wife, who could not endure to be separated from a beloved niece who had lived with him as his own child till her marriage.

Here their eldest son, Charles Francis, was born in July, 1750; and Richard Brinsley, in October of the

following year, the last being baptised in St. Mary's Church on the fourth of November. The early education of these boys was superintended by their mother, but when the late Mr. Samuel Whyte, who was the first cousin of Mrs. Sheridan, set up his school in Grafton-street, they were placed with him as day scholars; and on the removal of their parents to England, in 1758, they were settled as boarders in his house. It is said that when Mrs. Sheridan first introduced them to her cousin for instruction she observed, "I have brought you my young ones to exercise your patience, as they have done mine; for a couple of more impenetrable dunces my eyes never beheld!" This story seems to be authentic, for when the boys were brought to Windsor, in September, 1759, their mother wrote to Mr. Whyte, as follows, "I can't say they do their preceptor as much credit as George Cunningham does, for their progress has been rather small for eighteen months; but, mistake me not, I don't say this, as is so much the absurd custom of parents, by way of throwing a reflection on the teacher, of whose care and abilities I am perfectly satisfied; it is the interest of the master to do every thing to the best of his power for the advantage of his pupils; my children's backwardness I impute to themselves, owing to their natural slowness, their illness, and long and frequent absences, not to any want of attention in you towards them." They continued at Windsor somewhat more than two years, during which period they were principally taught by their mother, but in January, 1762, at the end of the Christmas vacation, the youngest was sent to Harrow school, while the eldest remained under his father, who formed great expectations from his promising talents. Mrs. Sheridan writing about this time to her friend Mr. Whyte says, "Last Monday evening, Charles, for the first time, exhibited himself as a little orator. He read Eve's Speech to Adam from Milton, beginning, 'O! thou, for whom and from whom I was form'd,' &c. As his father had taken a deal of pains with him, and he has the advantage of a fine ear and a fine voice, he

acquitted himself in such a manner as astonished every body. He purposes in his next course to shew him in all the variety of style that is used in English composition, and hopes in a very little time to make him complete in his own art. Dick has been at Harrow school since Christmas; as he probably may fall into a bustling life, we have a mind to accustom him early to shift for himself." This abandonment of the youth to a public school without any paternal observation and guidance was very injurious to his moral habits and intellectual improvement. He was naturally of a sluggish disposition, and generally appeared alike indifferent to praise or censure. Samuel Parr was then the head boy at Harrow, and he had sufficient judgment to discern superior powers in young Sheridan that only wanted stimulus and friendship to be called into honourable exertion. He set about gaining the confidence of one who was neglected and laughed at by the other scholars; and his advances being met with equal readiness, he shortly succeeded in giving Sheridan's mind a turn for study and the beauties of composition. In the autumn of 1764, the father of Richard took Harrow in his way from Scotland, and remained there about a month, on account of the deranged state of his affairs in London, which becoming worse, he with the rest of the family went away privately to Dover, and from thence to Blois in France, where Mrs. Sheridan died on the 26th of September, 1766. This was an irreparable loss to her children, who were thus deprived of maternal care and counsel at a period when they stood most in need of direction at the opening of life. Richard continued at Harrow till the end of 1767, and was then taken under the tuition of his father, who read lectures in elocution, and gave instructions in the same art to a select number of private pupils. Of the progress of young Sheridan at Harrow little is known, but the following instance of his readiness at repartee has been related by one of his contemporaries in that celebrated seminary. The son of an eminent physician in London, and who has himself risen to distinction in the same

profession, having a dispute with Sheridan on the play-ground, said by way of contempt that he disdained to hold any contention with the son of a player, on which Richard quickly retorted, "My father, 'tis true, lives by amusing people; but your's lives by killing them."

The elder Sheridan having taken a house at Bath, with a prospect of succeeding there as a lecturer and instructor, took his two sons as assistants in this scheme, and thus the youngest became initiated in all the gaieties of that place of fashionable resort. Here Charles, who was now in his twentieth year, became enamoured of the accomplished Miss Elizabeth Linley, who then went by the name of *The Angel*, on account of her enchanting powers of harmony. Her father conducted the musical entertainments at Bath, and his eldest daughter evinced such extraordinary powers in her infancy as to be qualified to sing publicly at the age of twelve years, from which time she rose to the first eminence in her profession. While Charles Sheridan, with a number of other young men, endeavoured to gain the affections of Miss Linley, her charms made an impression upon an old bachelor with about two hundred thousand pounds, whose overtures of marriage met with a very ready acceptance on the part of her parents. This gentleman was Mr. Walter Long, who was at that time past fifty years of age, and of very sordid manners; but the magical influence of wealth preponderated in his favour with all the relations of the young lady, though she resisted their importunities and remonstrances some weeks. At length female resolution gave way to parental intreaty; and to the idea of the brilliant prospects which such a marriage would secure for herself and family; her consent was obtained, the marriage settlements were prepared, and old Mr. Linley was to be indemnified with one thousand pounds for the loss of his daughter's musical services, she being at that time under articles of apprenticeship. While, however, expectation was on the alert at Bath for the celebration of this unequal union, it suddenly came to an end, for which various reasons

were assigned, some ascribing the rupture to the inconstancy of the lover, and others to the caprice of the lady; but the fact was, that Long exacted conditions respecting her future mode of living, which indicated so much brutality, that she very spiritedly refused to proceed any farther; and it was a proof that the fault lay on his side, by the award of the arbitrators employed on this occasion, and who decreed, that Long should pay Mr. Linley one thousand pounds, in trust, for his daughter when she should come of age. This affair made a great noise; and Foote, with his wonted readiness to catch every new adventure, dramatized the story in an admirable comedy, entitled "*The Maid of Bath*." No sooner did the connection with Mr. Long terminate, than the former admirers of Miss Linley returned with avidity to seek her favour, and among the rest Charles Sheridan, who for some time indulged the pleasing hope that his addresses were not unacceptible. In this, however, he happened to be mistaken; for while he was redoubling his attentions to the charmer, she was receiving the vows of his brother, with whom she spent many happy hours at the house of Capt. Matthews, who was the common friend of both the Linley and Sheridan families. When this intercourse became known, Charles gave up the pursuit without manifesting any resentment to the lady or to his brother. But his father was extremely averse to the union, and Miss Linley's friends were no less so, though with much greater reason; for as Sheridan had neither fortune nor profession, such a marriage appeared most preposterous. The young couple had no such serious reflections; and on the departure of old Mr. Sheridan for Ireland upon business, in the spring of 1772, his son Richard and Miss Linley went off early one morning for the sea-coast, where they obtained a passage in a vessel bound for France. Here they were disappointed in getting a priest to marry them, on which it was very prudently settled that the young lady should be admitted into a convent, as a boarder, to prevent any unjust aspersion upon her character. Mr. Lin-

ley, who had followed his daughter as closely as his information would enable him to trace her course, found her at this place and easily persuaded her to return with him to Bath. Hither she was soon followed by Sheridan, who, finding that the most illiberal remarks had been made upon his conduct, lost no time in tracing the original author of the calumny, who proved to be no other than his friend Matthews. This gentleman had been charged by many with having assisted in the elopement which, considering his intimacy with the parties, was a very natural surmise. Not content with denying the accusation, Matthews professed his ignorance of Sheridan's intentions in respect to Miss Linley, and threw out some insinuations equally disrespectful to the lady and her lover. When the latter was convinced of the treachery of Matthews, he endeavoured to get a meeting with him; but the latter, though far from being deficient in personal courage, evaded an interview, and set off privately for London. Mr. Sheridan, accompanied by his brother Charles, immediately followed in pursuit of the captain, who was found at a tavern in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, now a china-shop, at the corner fronting Bedford-street. Here, without much altercation, the parties being mutually exasperated against each other, fought desperately with their swords, and Matthews, after making several fierce attempts upon his antagonist, was disarmed and thrown upon the floor, in which situation he begged his life, confessed the falsehood of what he had circulated, and signed a written paper to the same purport. With this important document Mr. Sheridan and his brother returned to Bath, where the declaration of Matthews was published in the same paper that had given currency to the defamatory reports. The captain, after the disgrace which he had endured, retreated to his estate in Wales, which could not secure him from observation, and he had the mortification to find himself shunned by all his neighbours; for the story of his defeat was not only

generally spread, but his confession printed in the very paper that he had made the vehicle of his scurrility. Upon this he left the country, with a full purpose of wreaking his revenge upon his adversary, of whom, on arriving in Bath, he demanded a second meeting. Mr. Sheridan would have been perfectly justified in refusing such a rencounter after what had happened; and his most intimate friends to whom he imparted the matter, earnestly dissuaded him from the interview. But being apprehensive that this might be reported to his disadvantage, he rejected their counsel, and engaged to give Matthews the meeting at four o'clock in the morning on Kingsdown. Both parties were punctual, and it was agreed that their seconds should by no means nor in any circumstance interfere in the contest, which began with a discharge of pistols without effect, and then the combatants engaged most furiously with their swords. Sheridan made several attempts to disarm his opponent, whose dexterity had improved by practice, and they were obliged to close, in doing which both fell, and Matthews, being uppermost, exultingly commanded him to beg his life, which the other rejected. In this position, their swords being broken, they cut and mangled each other in so shocking a manner that Sheridan fainted at last with the loss of blood, on which Matthews, fearful of the consequences, got into a post-chaise with his friend, and drove off for London. Mr. Sheridan was then placed in another chaise that was in waiting, and conveyed by his second to Bath, where his wounds were dressed, and he was ordered to be kept quiet for some weeks, which injunction was so strictly observed that even Miss Linley was not suffered to visit him, though she intreated it as a wife. Soon after his recovery, which was very slow, he removed to London; on the 6th of April, 1773, he was entered a student of the Middle Temple, and on the 13th of the same month he received the hand of the lady to whom he had been betrothed long before.

To be continued.

POETRY.

THE COSSACK'S GRAVE.*

By MRS. H. ROLLS, *author of "Moscow," a poem, &c. &c.*

O'er yon wild mountain, capt with fleecy
snow,
Appears the rising sun's faint yellow glow;
Slowly its lustre steals along the dale,
And tints with brightening gleam earth's spot-
less veil:
Glittering with ice yon lofty pines ascend,
And 'neath their sparkling load the branches
bend.
Slow o'er the plain a martial train advance,
Solemn their march, and couch'd each beam-
ing lance;
No shout is heard, no wild triumphant cry,
Through their dark plumes the wintry breezes
sigh.
The tramp of steed, that rings against the
ground,
And the deep muffled drum's sad hollow sound;
The trumpet's tone drawn deep with length-
en'd breath
Alone are heard to shake the note of death.
Where yon wide tent's slight sheltering folds
are spread,
On the rough fur that formed his simple bed,
Outstretched in death the youthful warrior
lies!
Pale are those lips, and calmly closed those
eyes
That spake the word to every warrior dear,
That beam'd delighted at each rising spear!
Beauteous and brave, in life's first glowing
morn
He heard his country's wrongs with noble
scorn;
From his brave father caught the patriot's fire,
And proudly burn'd to emulate his sire!
His guardian lance still rais'd that sire to shield,
A valiant leader in his first fought field!
In prudence, valour, strength, and youthful
grace,
The joy, the triumph of his warlike race,
Whilst all around his future glories tell,
In victory's brightest, proudest moment fell!
E'en whilst the anxious father flies to aid,
Deep in his breast is sheath'd the fatal blade!
Prostrate upon his dying child he falls,
His gun of grief the last faint spark recalls!
One moment filial love relumes his eye,
And his sire's lips receive his parting sigh!
His followers cast their dear-bought spoils
away,
And curse the fatal triumphs of that day.
Now round the bed of death, the Chieftains
stand,
Kneeling, by turns they kiss the clay-cold
hand.

* The gallant young Platoff, only son of the Hetman Platoff, the valiant chief of the Cossacks, was the pride and glory of his countrymen: he unhappily fell on the field of battle at Ghorodina, in the evening of the first day in which he had been engaged in active service, but not until he had excited the wonder and admiration of both his friends and foes by prodigies of valour.

The mourning father joins in solemn prayer;
Then sad resigns the relics to their care.
The march begins! along the winding dell,
Is heard no choral lay, no funeral bell—
No reverend priests their sable vestures wave,
They bear a warrior to a warrior's grave!
The snowy steed that joy'd beneath his load,
Now sadly follows to his last abode;
Each faithful soldier swells the lengthen'd
train,
That tread with solemn steps Ghor'dina's
plain.
Abruptly rising from the vale around,
Appears a mount with graceful cypress
crown'd;
There deep in earth is form'd the lowly bed,
The calm, cold mansion of the honour'd dead;
Through the chill air is heard no mournful
sound,
Wrapp'd in deep silence stand the ranks
around;
With point revers'd is fixed each gleaming
lance,
Low on the ground is turn'd each tearful
glance,
No step of steed is heard, nor sudden neigh,
Steady and still the hand they all obey.
Awful the pause! a chosen band then join,
And the lov'd relics to the grave resign,
Wrapp'd in his cloak, the warrior's meekest
pall,
Then sadly sounds the earth's first solemn fall!
Now the loud volley pours its lengthen'd roar,
That rolls in distant thunder down the shore;
The rocks return the trumpet's dying swell,
And the deep drum long echoes down the dell!
Whilst their long lances gleam with sudden
rays,
And o'er the helms the sable plumage plays.
To form their ranks the mourning warriors join,
And slowly round the grave the lengthen'd
line
Rein their proud steeds, with measur'd steps
to tread
The last sad honour of the mighty dead!

Though thus beneath the grassy hillock laid,
Unmark'd, save by the solemn cypress shade;
From the low turf the spotless soul shall rise,
Spread its pure wings, and seek its native skies!
Though rais'd no lofty mausoleum's walls
Blest is the spot on which the patriot falls!
And such was Platoff!—though he early fell,
Long shall the veteran Cossack fondly tell,
"Yon rising sun first saw the warrior's pride,
"Ere sunk his beams, in glory rich he died."

LOVE SONG.

I WOULD not change for cups of gold
This little cup that you behold:
'Tis from the beech that gave a shade
At noon-day to my village maid.

I would not change for Persian loom
The humble matting of my room;

'Tis of those very rushes twined
Of pressed by charming Rosalinde.

I would not change my humble wicket
That opens on her favourite thicket,
For portal proud, or towers that frown,
The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life to live in story.

Yet, in themselves, my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not;
But only as they, one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall.

Bland's Greek Anthol.

MODERATE WISHES.

LET Alexander's discontented soul
Pine for another world's increased con-
troul;
Ill-weaved ambition has no charms for me,
Nor, sordid avarice! am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country-seat on Windermere.
A mistress, kind, and sensible, and fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton—no—I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish,
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Two guineas for my dinner every day.
What though famed Erskine at the bar we
view
As learn'd as Croesus, and as wealthy too,
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To paint like Reynolds, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did,—or any how
Unlike the heroes of the buskin now;
To range like Garnerin through fields of air,
To win like Villiers, England's richest fair,
To vault, like Astley, o'er a horse's back,
To fight like Nelson, and to run like Mack,
Like Pinto fiddle, and with Newton's eye
Pierce through the stars, and count the galaxy;
With Jonas conjure, light as Verstris bound,
Grin broad as Colman, though as Locke pro-
found.

Let heirs unblushing pray for boundless
lands,
And streams that ripple clear o'er golden sands,
I only ask, that all my heart's desire
Come with a wish, and leave me ere it tire;
All arts, all excellence, myself to hold,
Learn'd without labour, without danger bold.
I only ask, these blessings to enjoy,
And every various talent well employ;
Thy life, Methusalem, or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.
Fate heard the wish,—and, smiling, gave me
clear,
Besides a wooden leg, twelve pounds a year.

Ibid.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN LOWE.

*Author of the pathetic and popular Ballad,
"Mary's Dream."*

[John Lowe was born at Kenmore, in Gallo-
way, in the year 1750; he now lies buried
near Fredericksburg, Virginia, under the
shade of two palm-trees; but not a stone is
there on which to write, "Mary weep no
more for me." See *Cromek's Remains of
Nithsdale and Galloway Song.*]

FAR distant retiring, the Muse folds her
pious,
Attuning her lyre to the dictates of woe;
Far distant from Scotia's enlightened do-
minions,
She mourns the sad fate of her favourite
Lowe.
The wild flowers are faded that deck'd the sage
mountain*
On which he delighted at morning to pore,
And sing to the Naiads that guarded the foun-
tain,
Who weep for thine absence, sweet bard of
Kenmore.

The banks of Rapp'hanock his cold clay's im-
muring,
And thither she wanders in sorrow to weep;
Though clouds of oblivion his worth are obscu-
ring,
The sparks of his genius O never shall sleep.
Beneath the tall pine-tree majestic ascending,
Where youthful Vertumnus implanted his
store;
Where blooms the wide climber, its claspers
extending,
She found the lone grave of the bard of
Kenmore.

Now low on the grave-sward, dejectedly mu-
sling,
The Genius of Fancy reclines with her lyre;
Far distant her wailing the mock-bird's diffu-
sing,
And Echo responsive the Dryads inspire;
Who pause from their sporting, and pensively
ponder,
And sigh with the zephyrs that undulate o'er;
Who oft hear the peeling as thither they wan-
der,
Breathe, "Peace to thine ashes, sweet bard
of Kenmore—"

And those that are love-lorn, and strangers to
gladness,
By smooth-flowing Ken, or the murmuring
Der;
Who seek from their lute-strings a balm for
their sadness,
Shall find it in breathing a requiem for thee.
And, Airds, as thy beauties are genially bloom-
ing,
Amidst thy recesses shall Pity deplore.
That mute is her minstrel, with grief unassu-
ming,
While Memory reveres him as bard of Ken-
more.

A. KYNE.

* High on a rock his favourite arbour stood,
Near Ken's fair bank, amid a verdant wood;
Beneath its grateful shade at ease he lay,
And view'd the beauties of the rising day;
Whilst with mellifluous lays the groves aid ring,
He also join'd.

Lowe's Morning.

THOUGHTS IN A BALL ROOM.

Written at Liverpool.

WHAT boots it that pleasure may bloom
 in this hour,
 And care from the heart for a while may
 be driven ;

It blossoms at best but a perishing flower—
 'Twill fade at the first chilling frost-wind of
 heaven.

Those notes that now cheerfully swell on the
 ear,

May soon be succeeded by accents of sorrow ;
 And hearts now so free from suspicion and fear,
 Bewailing may weep o'er some relative's bier,
 Through long-lasting moments of anguish to-
 morrow.

But for me, not one heart in this thoughtless
 throng,

A tear or a sigh of affection would render ;
 Each bright glance of beauty while fitting
 along,

Shines cold as the icicle gem in its splendour :
 Not one of this cheerful and glittering crowd,
 Would sigh at the death of a wandering
 stranger ;

Unnoted, unwept by those beauties so proud,
 A memento might fasten the comfortless shroud,
 And carry the head of a friendless ranger.

Unwept though I here might descend to my
 grave

No friend to bewail me—no bright eye to
 mourn ;

There are o'er the distant and fathomless wave
 Some hearts which would bound at my wel-
 come return ;

And who, should mischance or misfortune befall,
 Would cherish no wish from my bosom to
 sever ;

While tears of affection and sorrow would fall,
 And relatives weep as they follow'd my pall,
 When fled from this dark scene of anguish
 forever.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RICHARD
 REYNOLDS, OF BRISTOL.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, *Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c. &c.*

I.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground ;
 World, with thy cares away !
 Silence and darkness reign around,
 But lo ! the break of day :
 What bright and sudden dawn appears,
 To shine upon this scene of tears ?

[* Mr. Reynolds was a member of the Society of Friends, and formerly an eminent manufacturer of Bristol. This gentleman's charities were unparalleled in Bristol since the days of Colston. But they were not confined to Bristol. He made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. He had agents in different parts of

'Tis not the morning-light,
 That wakes the lark to sing ;
 'Tis not a meteor of the night,
 Nor track of angel's wing :
 It is an uncreated beam,
 Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

Eternity and Time
 Met for a moment here ;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By Death's cold hand led home to God.

He landed in our view,
 Amidst flaming hosts above ;
 Whose ranks stood silent while he drew
 Nigh to the throne of love,
 And meekly took the lowest seat,
 Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
 Entranced our spirits fell,
 And saw—yet wist not what they saw ;
 And heard—no tongue can tell
 What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
 What glory fill'd the eye of thought.

Thus far above the pole,
 On wings of mounting fire,
 Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
 But soon her pinions tire ;
 It is not given to mortal man
 Eternal mysteries to scan.

the country, whose business it was so seek for cases of distress in their respective neighbourhoods, and recommend them to his consideration ; so that thousands, who never heard the name of their benefactor, have partaken of his bounty. It is believed his expenditure in works of mercy, was 10,000l. per ann. In one year it is stated he expended double that sum in acts of benevolence. At the period alluded to, (1795) he addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew in a short time to the extent of 11,000l. ; it appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality, for, in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for 9,000l. more.—A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan ; and after he had given her liberally, she said, ' When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' ' Stop, (said the good man,) thou art mistaken—we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'

He united, in a very remarkable manner, great liberality with just discrimination ; and altho' the sums he distributed were large, yet he never relieved any object without previous investigation. His modesty and humility were perhaps as distinguished features of his character as his liberality. So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, ' My talent is the meanest of all talents,—a little sordid dust : but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable ; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great LORD OF ALL.']

--Behold the bed of death ;
 This pale and lovely clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
 No :—life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.

Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes ;
 Could sighs recal the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love returned this alter'd mien,
 And all the embodied soul were seen.

Bury the dead :—and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead :—in Christ *they* sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image to the skies.

II.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre ;
 Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
 Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
 Sorrow with the song of joy.

Who was He, for whom our tears
 Flow'd, and will not cease to flow ?
 —Full of honours and of years,
 In the dust his head lies low.

Yet resurgent from the dust,
 Springs aloft his mighty name ;
 For the memory of the Just
 Lives in everlasting fame.

He was One, whose open face
 Did his inmost heart reveal ;
 One, who wore with meekest grace,
 On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.

Kindness all his looks express'd,
 Charity was every word ;
 Him the eye beheld, and bless'd ;
 And the ear rejoiced that heard.

Like a patriarchal sage,
 Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
 He could blend the awe of age
 With the sweetness of a child.

As a cedar of the Lord,
 On the height of Lebanon,
 Shade and shelter doth afford,
 From the tempest and the sun :—

While in green luxuriant prime,
 Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
 From its locks it shakes sublime,
 O'er the hills the morning dew.

Thus he flourish'd tall and strong,
 Glorious in perennial health ;
 Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
 All his plenitude of wealth.

Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
 Worth the soul's uncounted cost ;
 Wealth which misers had esteem'd
 Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.

This, with free unsparing hand,
 To the poorest child of need,
 Thus he threw around the land,
 Like the sower's precious seed.

In the world's great harvest day,
 Every grain on every ground,
 Stony, thorny, by the way,
 Shall an hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
 Though he shone from east to west,
 Far withdrawn from public gaze,
 Secret goodness pleased him best.

As the sun, retired from sight,
 Through the purple evening gleams,
 Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
 In the morning's golden beams :

Thus beneath the horizon dim,
 He would hide his radiant head,
 And on eyes that saw not him,
 Light and consolation shed.

Of his silent spirit went,
 Like an angel from the throne,
 On benign commissions bent,
 In the fear of God alone.

Then the widow's heart would sing,
 As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;
 Then the bliss of hope would spring
 On the outcast orphan boy.

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
 To the ignorant and vile,
 Stranger, captive, slave, he came
 With a welcome and a smile.

Help to all he did dispense,
 Gold, instruction, raiment, food ;
 Like the gifts of Providence,
 To the evil and the good.

Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
 Shall eternity record,
 Which he durst not call his own,
 For he did them to the Lord.

As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
 Heaven-ward breathing from below,
 As the clouds descend in showers,
 When the southern breezes blow.

Thus his renovated mind,
 Warm with pure celestial love,
 Shed its influence on mankind,
 While its hopes aspir'd above.

Full of faith at length he died,
 And victorious in the race,
 Won the crown for which he vied,
 —Not of merit, but of grace.

III.

A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

THE pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
 Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
 When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
 And demons dance around the sacrifice.

In savage realms, when tyrants yield their
 breath,
 Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in
 death ;

Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
 Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain ;
 For millions conquer'd and ten thousands slain,
 For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
 Navies annihilated on the flood ;
 —The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
 And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
 The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
 Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,
 And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these;
No blood of widows stains his obsequies;
But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
And foundling voices on their father call:
No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave;
But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined;
And watching angels waited for the day,
When Christ should bid them roll the stone away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life;
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
And left on kindred souls such power impress,
They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
No airy immortality of song;
No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
To make his 'nnaments for ever known
Reynolds requires:—his labours, merits, name,
Demand a monument of surer fame;
Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
But shew them *living*, while the world shall last;

Not to bewail one Reynolds snatch'd from earth,
But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth;
In every age a Reynolds; born to stand
A prince among the worthies of the land.
By Nature's title written in his face:
More than a Prince—a sinner saved by grace,
Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
To prove himself the minister of all.

Bristol! to thee the eye of Albion turns;
At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns;
For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
Are "British minds and British manners"
found:

And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters pour
From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
Thou hast a native mine of worth untold;
Thine heart is not encased in rigid gold,
Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress;
No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to bless

Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
In argent beauty thro' a lovelier land,
And widening, brightening to the western sun,
In floods of glory thro' thy channel run;
Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are hurld

In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world:
Thou flow thine heart-streams, warm and unconfined,

At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
Worthy wert thou of Reynolds;—worthy be
To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
Reynolds is dead;—thy lap receives his dust
Until the resurrection of the just:
Reynolds is dead; but while thy rivers roll,
Immortal in thy bosom live his soul!

Go, build his monument:—and let it be
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
Low in his grave the strong foundations lie,
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
On crystal pillars resting from above,
In sole supporters—*works of faith and love*;
So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
They cast no shadow: all within be light:

No walls divide the area, nor enclose;
Charter the whole to every wind that blows;
Then rage the tempest, flash the lightning blue,
And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
With this, and only this, inscription graced,
The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
"Glory to God! good-will, and peace on earth."

Then be thy dutious sons a tribe of priests,
Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
But with their gifts upon that altar spread;
—Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal.

Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair;
Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
The God of *him*—in whose transcendent mind
Stood such a temple, free to all mankind:
Thy God, thrice-honour'd city! bids thee raise
That fallen temple, to the end of days:
Obey his voice; fulfil thine high intent;
—Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument*!

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THE beam of the mighty is mantled in night,
His glory is set in the blaze of its light;
His bow-string is shaftless, his spear is at rest,
His sabre unwavering, and sighless his breast.

The beauty of Jacob is laid in the dust,
His armour is broken, and canker'd with rust;
His eye is in darkness, a spot on its ray,
His vigour is death, and his bloom is decay.

The hills of Gilboa shall summer no more,
Jehovah's anointed bath stained them with gore;

Their trees shall be leafless, their verdure destroy'd,

Their altar a ruin, and Nature a void.

Philistia shall triumph—the pulse of the brave,
Whose thrill was destruction, is lost in the grave:

One spirit sublim'd them—adversity tried—
They existed in love, and in unity died.

Weep, daughters of Jacob, for Saul and his son;
Attune your bright harps to the deeds they have done;

The arm of the lion, the foot of the roe,
Weep, daughters of Jacob, be mighty in woe.

Oh, Jonathan! Jonathan! ghostless art thou,
There's gore on thy visage, and dust on thy brow:

Yet the angel of Beauty is lingering by,
She revels in rapture and flits to the sky.

Yes, thou art a corse, but thy spirit's above,
Diverging in glory, and beaming in love;
And Friendship is blinshed and saintless her shrine,

My soul has no kindred, and anguish is mine;

Wantage.

J. W.

LONDON

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Miss HOLCROFT's novel, *Fortitude and Fidelity*, will appear in a few weeks.

Dr. BURROWS, of Gower-street, is preparing for publication, *Commentaries on Mental Derangement*.

THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE, by Miss PORTER, author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *Scottish Chiefs* may be expected in a few days.

A new and enlarged edition may be expected, in a few days of the *Letters* and other works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in 5 vols.

Mr. Walker, of Dublin, has nearly ready for publication, *Selections from Lucian*, with a Latin translation and English notes; to which will be subjoined a mythological Index and Lexicon.

A novel called *Pousoyby*, will appear in a few weeks.

Shortly will be published, a work of fancy, entitled *Half-a-dozen Day Dreams*; intended to illustrate the connexion of imagination with character.

Two works in Biography have lately been published in London, *The Private Correspondence of Dr. Franklin*, and *The Memoirs of Sheridan*. The value of the first of these works is undeniable; and it is pleasant at this time of day to contemplate the acknowledged superiority of a man who acted a part so honourable to the cause of general freedom, though partially injurious to the country which pays the homage, and which is therefore doubly honourable for paying it. These letters (which, by-the-by, are published at a price much too high in relation to quantity,) exhibit Franklin to great advantage; as an individual uniting, in an eminent degree, philosophical speculation with practical ability.

The *Memoirs of Sheridan* appear from two quarters; one of them is edited by 'a Constitutional Friend,' and comprises his speeches. The other has been compiled by Dr. Watkins, and presents a curious specimen of bookmaking ingenuity, being advertised as a complete work, and yet ending with an announcement of another volume of the same size.

A *Life of Raphael* has also been given to the world; it appears judicious and faithful; but possibly, at this time of day, should have been written by one who could exclaim, with respect to Raphael, as Corregio did, "I also am a painter."

A new and elaborate attempt has been made to prove that SIR PHILIP FRANCIS wrote the *Letters of Junius*. We conceive that that gentleman set the question at rest by his Letter to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine; but, if any doubt should remain, no better evidence could be adduced than Sir Philip's *Letter Misive to Lord Holland*, published in the summer, which, though able and interesting, is as unlike Junius as Clarendon is unlike Blair. These investigations lead, however, to the development of much curious anecdote, and in that sense the new enquiry merits attention; but, in comparing the pretensions even of De Lolme, as so ingeniously asserted by Dr. Bus-

by, we confess we think the balance of arguments, in regard to these two persons, to be against the hypothesis which ascribes them to Sir Philip Francis.—*Month. Mag.*

In Medicine, or rather Physiology, the public is indebted to the sound science of Dr. Gordon for a work entitled, *Observations on the Structure of the Brain, comprising an estimate of the Claims of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim to discovery in the Anatomy of that Organ*; which seems likely to put an end to that ill-concocted mass of fact and inference known by the term—Craniology; at least as far as taking away the support of loose and inaccurate experiment on the brain can effect it. It is strange how such a jumble of physics and metaphysics can have been sustained on the surface so long.

Under the head of Travels may be noticed, *Legh's Travels beyond the Cataracts of the Nile*,—a work of considerable interest; and *Memoirs of a late Residence in France*, written by a professional gentleman.

Lord Byron has indulged the poetical world with a small collection of minor effusions, published under the title of *The Prisoner of Chillon, and other Poems*. It is to be regretted that they have come out under such a designation, as it led the public to expect an elaborate effort in the Prisoner of Chillon; whereas it is a mere fragment, and by no means either so good or so interesting as some of its companions. Neither had it any direct connexion with the celebrated Castle of Chillon, on the Margin of the Lake of Geneva, from which it is called, being, in fact little more than a rhapsodical description of the effect of merciless captivity in a dungeon on three youthful brothers, supposed to be confined therein on a religious account, at the era of the Reformation. The most beautiful of the other poems, is an *Incantation*, written some years ago for a Witch Drama; and the most curious of them, a nondescript, in blank verse, intitled, *the Dream*, which is allusive, from beginning to end, to his lordship's first amatory attachment, and the fate of the object of it and himself in marriage.

The author of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary, for it is certainly he—has furnished the readers for amusement with another work, entitled, '*Tales of my Landlord*,' which, though extending to four volumes, contains two tales only. The second of these, which takes up three quarters of the work, possesses merit of a very high order, and affords an admirable lesson to bigots of opposing sects, by shewing the existence of a persecuting spirit in every extreme, and its horrible accordance with the dictates of a perverted conscience. The opposing pictures of oppression, and cold-blooded cruelty on the part of the episcopalian leaders of Scotland, under Lauderdale, during the latter part of the reign of Charles II. and its operation on a spirit of fiery and intolerant zeal in the Presbyterians and Cameronians, with the consequent excesses on each side, are painted with great force and genius. These are a kind of fictions which really aid the study of history, and, as such, may be perused with general benefit.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 2.]

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1817.

[VOL. I.

UTILITY OF PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
AMONG the causes which have tended to enlarge the boundaries of science, and promote the general diffusion of knowledge, the rapid circulation of periodical publications claims a distinguished rank. Every department of the arts and sciences is indebted to this source for the discovery and promulgation of valuable facts, and the detection and correction of numerous errors. The peculiar advantages the periodical press possesses over other vehicles of intelligence, and which prove its claims on public patronage, are—

1st. The superior facility it affords a writer to communicate his thoughts to the world; an opportunity is thus given to individuals to make known their discoveries, and to offer their observations, which otherwise must inevitably have remained latent. It is not the reader only who is thus benefitted, but the powers of the writer are called forth; and, to correct his ideas, and to embellish his communication, he is induced to refer to books, which might have been neglected, or, if opened, read in a cursory manner, without reflection: he now studies their contents, and, examining the arguments of the author with attention,

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renders the ideas in some degree his own. A spirit of investigation is excited, and a stimulus is given to intellectual exertion, in order to appear before the public with credit.

2d. The more extensive circulation that a person may obtain for his sentiments, by inserting them in a periodical work, than he could easily obtain by any other medium, has been justly noticed by Dr. Johnson:—"As long as those who write are ambitious of making converts, and of giving their opinions a maximum of influence and celebrity, the most extensively circulated miscellany will repay, with the greatest effect, the curiosity of those who read, whether it be for amusement or for instruction." A third instance is in its allowing a correspondent to express himself with energetic brevity: he is not tempted to spin out his arguments, and dilute his ideas with a tedious circumlocution, in order "to make a book;"—a fault frequently, and with too much justice, complained of in monographic publications.

The validity of these remarks is now sufficiently acknowledged, and the increased number of periodical journals is commensurate with the improvement of the times, and proves that their utility is

duly appreciated and encouraged by an enlightened and discerning public. The motion of literature is constantly progressive; and many of the valuable additions, daily augmenting its stores, are brought into light by the various works of this nature. Who will deny that the present advanced state of chemistry has been greatly owing to this source. In medicine, the complete removal that has taken place may be greatly attributed to the same cause. By this powerful literary engine, the vague theories and absurd hypotheses of the ancients have been overturned, and the science of medicine, enriched by an invaluable mass of practical information, has been constructed on rational and consistent principles. Although it does not seem to have entered into the calculations of statistical writers, I think that to the advancement of medicine as a science, and the greater superiority of the modern *Æsculapii*, together with the more general practice of vaccination,

may be justly assigned the considerable increase in the population of this kingdom during a period when a war, unparalleled in sanguinary destruction of human life, made incessant demands on its most efficient inhabitants.

It has been urged that periodical works too often contain the undigested observations of inexperienced writers. In a great variety of correspondents, there must inevitably and necessarily be different gradations of merit; but of its injustice, as a general maxim, the pages of every Magazine, will bear satisfactory and decisive proof.

It is not in the arts and sciences alone that the advantages of a periodical press are perceptible—but in political and civil affairs its effects are equally beneficial; it keeps a check on the conduct of the ruling authorities, and, by preventing the tyrannical exercise of power, and the intolerant principles of religious persecution, becomes the guardian of the common weal.

“TALES OF MY LANDLORD.”

By the Author of *Waverley*, *Gay Manacring*, and the *Antiquary*.

Continued from p. 8.

HENRY MORTON returns to his native country with the Prince of Orange, and discovers the retreat of Balfour, who had taken refuge in the fastnesses of the Highlands, and who afterwards breaks from his retreat to prosecute revenge against Lord Evandale, who had been a successful opponent of the Covenanters: he is shot by Balfour, who is pursued by some troopers to a river, into which he plunges on horseback: The description of his death is very powerful, and well suited to the character and temper of the man.

“A hasty call to surrender in the name of God and King William, was obeyed by all except Burley, who turned his horse, and attempted to escape. Several soldiers pursued him by command of their officer, but being well mounted, only the two headmost seemed likely to gain on him. He turned deliberately

twice, and discharging first one of his pistols, and then the other, rid himself of the one pursuer by mortally wounding him, and of the other by shooting his horse, and then continued his flight to Bothwell bridge, where, for his misfortune, he found the gates shut and guarded. Turning from thence, he made for a place where the river seemed passable, and plunged into the stream, the bullets from the pistols and carabines of his pursuers whirring around him. Two balls took place when he was past the middle of the stream, and he felt himself dangerously wounded. He reined his horse round in the midst of the river, and returned towards the bank he had left, waving his hand, as if with the purpose of intimating that he surrendered. The troopers ceased firing at him accordingly, and awaited his return, two of them riding a little way into the river to seize and disarm him. But it presently ap-

peared that his purpose was revenge, not safety. As he approached the two soldiers, he collected his remaining strength, and discharged a blow on the head of one which tumbled him from his horse. The other dragoon, a strong muscular man, had, in the meanwhile, laid hands on him. Burley, in requital, grasped his throat, as a dying tyger seizes his prey, and both losing the saddle in the struggle, came headlong into the river, and were swept down the stream. Their course might be traced, by the blood which bubbled up to the surface. They were twice seen to rise, the Dutchman striving to swim, and Burley clinging to him in a manner that showed his desire that both should perish. Their corpses were taken out about a quarter of a mile down the river. As Balfour's grasp could not have been unclenched, without cutting off his hands, both were thrown into a hasty grave, still marked by a rude stone, and a ruder epitaph."

The other story is called "The Black Dwarf." The individual who gives a name to the piece, is a deformed misanthrope, who, having been betrayed in a love affair by his bosom friend, retires in disgust to a wild waste, called Mucklestane Muir, where he builds himself a hut, and from the singularity of his person, dress, and deportment, is taken by ignorant country people for a supernatural being, who holds converse with the devil and familiar spirits, and has unlimited power over the fortunes and fates of all who live in his neighbourhood. Indeed, there are several parts of his conduct that bear a very ambiguous appearance, until they are afterwards explained.

Near to the place where the Dwarf has settled his habitation, resides a Mr. Vere, in a sort of feudal castle, whose beautiful daughter is in love with a young man named Earnscliff: who has a rival in the person of Sir Frederick Longley. Mr. Vere is indeed the friend who had injured the Black Dwarf, whose real name is Sir Edward Mauly; and by his interposition, a midnight match between Sir F. Longley and Miss Vere is prevented. The discovery is made in the chapel; and Vere, who had been

concerned in some treasonable plots, flies to France, while young Earnscliff and Miss Vere are married with his consent, and with the approbation of the Black Dwarf, who, retiring into undiscovered seclusion, bestows upon them the bulk of a very large fortune. The following is taken from that part of the story, in which the Dwarf intercepts the ceremony where Vere is endeavouring to compel his daughter to marry Sir F. Longley.

"The clergyman opened his prayer-book, and looked to Mr. Vere for the signal to commence the service.

"Proceed," said the latter.

"But a voice, as if proceeding from the tomb of his deceased wife, called, in such loud and harsh accents as awakened every echo in the vaulted chapel, 'Forbear!'

"All were mute and motionless, till a distant rustle, and the clash of swords, or something resembling it, was heard from the distant apartments. It ceased almost instantly.

"What new device is this?" said Sir Frederick, fiercely eyeing Ellieslaw and Marychal with a glance of malignant suspicion.

"It can be but the frolic of some intemperate guest," said Ellieslaw, though greatly confounded; "we must make large allowances for the excess of this evening's festivity. Proceed with the service."

"Before the clergyman could obey, the same prohibition which they had before heard, was repeated from the same spot. The female attendants screamed, and fled from the chapel; the gentlemen laid their hands on their swords. Ere the first moment of surprise had passed by, the Dwarf stepped from behind the monument, and placed himself full in front of Mr. Vere. The effect of so strange and hideous an apparition, in such place and circumstances, appalled all present, but seemed to annihilate the Laird of Ellieslaw, who, dropping his daughter's arm, staggered against the nearest pillar, and clasping it with his hands as if for support, laid his brow against the column.

"Who is this fellow," said Sir Fred-

erick ; " and what does he mean by this intrusion ? "

" It is one who comes to tell you," said the Dwarf, with the peculiar ceremony which usually marked his manner, " that in marrying that young lady, you wed neither the heiress of Ellieslaw, nor of Mauley-hall, nor of Polverton, nor of one furrow of land, unless she marries with my consent ; and to thee that consent shall never be given. Down—down on thy knees, and thank heaven that thou art prevented from wedding qualities with which thou hast no concern—portionless, truth, virtue, and innocence.—And thou, base ingrate," he continued, addressing himself to Ellies-

law, " What is thy wretched subterfuge now ? Thou, who wouldst sell thy daughter to relieve thee from danger, as in famine thou wouldst have slain and devoured her to preserve thine own vile life ! Ay, hide thy face with thy hands ; well mayest thou blush to look on him whose body thou didst consign to chains, his hand to guilt, and his soul to misery. Saved once more by the virtue of her who calls thee father, go hence, and may the pardon and benefits I confer on thee prove literal coals of fire, till thy brain is seared and scorched like mine."

Ellieslaw left the chapel with a gesture of mute despair."—*Critical R.*

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS IN MODERN HOLLAND.

From the European Magazine.

WILLIAM FREDERICK the Vith, Sovereign of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange Nassau, was born 24th August, 1772, and married the Princess Sophia Frederica, sister of Frederick William of Prussia, and has issue William Frederick George Ludwig, Hereditary Prince, and General in the British army, born December 6th, 1792, and Wilhelmina Frederica Louisa Paulina Charlotta, born March 1st, 1800. After a long residence in England, he has been restored to his throne and native land by the unanimous consent of the Dutch nation.

The following general view of the customs and manners of the Dutch, is from a very recent work of Mr. Campbell:—The natives of the United Provinces are of good stature, and inclined to be corpulent, but they are remarkable in general for a heavy awkward mien ; their features are regular, and their complexions fair. The better sort of people imitate the French fashions in their dress ; but those addicted to ancient habits never fail to load themselves with an enormous incumbrance of clothes. The hats of these women are nearly as large as tea-boards, projecting forwards, and on each side, so as to overshadow both

face and body : these are chiefly of straw, with two broad ribbons, not tied, but pendant from the sides. Both men and women wear at least two waistcoats, with as many coats, and the former cover their limbs with double trowsers ; but the dress of the young girls is the most singular, especially at any festival or holiday.

The Dutchman, living in continual dread of inundation, is habitually frugal. His foresight is admirable, his perseverance not to be conquered, and his labours, unless seen, cannot be credited. This astonishes the more when the phlegm of his temper and the slowness of his manners are considered. View the minuteness of his economy, the solicitude of his precaution, and the inflexibility of his methodical prudence, who would not pronounce him incapable of great enterprise ? He builds himself a dwelling : it is an hut in size, it is a palace in neatness ; it is necessarily situated among damps, and perhaps behind the banks of a sluggish canal ; yet he writes upon it *Myn-genoege*, my delight ; *Land lust*, country pleasure ; *Land rigt*, country prospect ; or some other inscription that might characterize the Vale of Tempe, or the Garden of Eden !! He still cuts his

trees into fantastic forms, hangs his awnings round with small bells, and decorates his Sunday jacket with dozens of little buttons. Too provident to waste his sweets, he puts a bit of sugar-candy in his mouth, and drinks his tea as it melts.

The Dutch are usually distinguished into five classes: the peasants and farmers, seafaring men, merchants and tradesmen, those who live upon their estates or the interest of their money, and military officers. The peasants are industrious, and only managed by fair language. The seafaring men are a plain, rough, and hardy race, seldom using more words than are necessary about their business.

The trading people, where there is no law to restrain them, will sometimes extort; but in other cases they are the plainest and best dealers in the world. Those who live upon their means in great cities resemble the merchants and tradesmen in the modesty of their dress and their frugal way of living. Among the gentry, or nobility, though they value themselves on their rank, order and frugality in their expenses is not less remarkable; and the furniture of their houses is more regarded by them than keeping great tables and a fine equipage.

In Holland, it is always a general rule for a person to spend less than his annual income; on the other hand, living up to it will bring as much discredit upon him as extravagance, prodigality, and even fraud, in other countries. The following anecdote is said to be illustrative of the supposition that the Dutch are generally plodding upon the means of getting money. "Two English gentlemen being in company with a Dutchman, one of the former not understanding the language, desired his friend to apologize to the Hollander for not being able to enjoy the pleasure of his company. The Dutchman heard the translation with great composure, and then took his pipe from his mouth, and said, it was a consolation for the accident of not understanding one another, 'since,' adds he, 'having no connexions or dealings in trade together, our conversing could not possibly answer any useful purpose.'"

The lower part of the houses in Holland is lined with white Dutch tiles, and their kitchen furniture, consisting of copper, pewter, and iron, are kept exceedingly bright. Their beds and tables are covered with the finest linen, their rooms adorned with pictures, and their yards and gardens with flowers. Their rooms, in winter, are warmed with stoves placed either underneath or round the apartments. With respect to diet, all ranks are said to be addicted to butter; and the inferior classes seldom take a journey without a butter-box in their pocket.

The diversions of the Hollanders are bowls, billiards, chess, and tennis. Shooting wild ducks and geese in winter, and angling in summer, make another part of their pastimes. In the most rigorous seasons of the year, sledges and skates form a great diversion. In summer, even common labourers indulge themselves in the tea-gardens; and on a holiday, or at a fair time in the villages, may be seen peasants sitting in circles round benches, to which children are dancing to the scraping of a French fiddler.

In some of the villages in North Holland, the inside of the houses are richly decorated; but the principal apartments, as with us, are often kept in shew, while the owners live in kitchens and garrets. The furniture in one particular chamber is composed of silken ornaments, which by ancient prescription is bequeathed from father to son, and is preserved as an offering to Hymen. To every house in North Holland there is a door elevated nearly three feet above the level of the ground, and never opened but on two occasions. When any of the family marries, the bride and bridegroom enter the house by this door; and when either of the parties die, the corpse is carried out by the same passage: immediately after which it is fastened up, never more to turn on its hinges again, till some new event of a similar nature demands its services.

To the credit of the Hollanders it has been observed, they will never, either in their societies or in their business, employ their time for a moment in gratifying

malice or indulging envy ; but they will seldom step one inch out of their way, or surrender one moment of their time, to save those they do not know from any inconvenience. A Dutchman, throwing cheeses into a warehouse, or drawing iron along a pathway, will not stop while a lady, or an inferior person, passes, unless he sees somebody inclined to protect them ; a warehouseman, trundling a cask,—a woman, throwing water upon her windows, will leave it entirely to the passengers to take care of their limbs or their clothes.

As a Dutchman is often a miller, a merchant, a waterman, or a sailor, he always wishes to know which way the wind blows : still it is the national economy to which we may attribute the beauty and utility of their public works, that multiplicity of bridges and causeways, which very sensibly alleviate the burdens necessarily imposed by the government. As to the phlegmatic character of the Dutch, nothing can afford strangers a more lively picture of it, than the coolness and the silence with which even the sailors manœuvre. You may see them working their ships up to a shore or a quay, amidst the most provoking obstacles and incumbrances, without uttering a syllable !

Though not so strong as that of the Swiss, the attachment of the Dutch to their own country is very remarkable. The French abandon the flowery banks of the Seine or the Loire, to settle on those of the Spree or the Neva ; not so the Hollander. He is never so happy as when he is near his ships and his canals ; and when obliged to leave his country, he takes with him his habitudes : and it is thus that even *Batavia* makes him forget the immense distance between him and the Texel.

With respect to food, bread is not in Holland, as in France, the principal article ; a whole family here do not consume more bread than some individuals in other countries ; meal and pulse of all sorts are here the principal substances ; as for potatoes, since the late war, they have been grown upon the dunes in various parts of Holland.

The Dutch, it is said, have never

adopted the English custom of eating their meat half dressed ; on the contrary, they make a point of preparing it so as to assist mastication and digestion.

Among the salt provisions which the Dutch prefer, the hams of Guelderland are well known. They also eat a great number of geese and wild ducks ; and yet fish forms the principal part of the nourishment of some families, particularly in summer, and this, with potatoes and butter, constitutes nearly the whole of the food of some of the poorer classes.

Beer is the principal drink ; but since the introduction of tea and coffee, the consumption of it has decreased considerably. Spirituous liquors, particularly brandy and gin, are in great request ; and this practice originates in a great measure from the humidity of the climate. The Dutch, it is said, adopted the use of tea from the same motives as the Chinese, namely, the consciousness of the unwholesome quality of their water. The drinking of tea in Holland, however, is generally confined to the morning : coffee is appropriated to their afternoons. Sage tea and milk chocolate, the latter made very weak, are very much in use as substitutes for tea and coffee. With respect to drinking healths at meals, and out of the same vessel, this custom has long been banished : as for tobacco, as there are few males who do not use it, so in some districts it is commonly used by the women. The seamen and fishermen chew it almost to a man ; and in great towns, it is as common for men to invite each other to smoking parties, as it is for women elsewhere to make parties at tea.

In every thing that relates to domestic economy, the Dutch women may serve as examples to all from their domestic habits ; some of these have obtained the epithet of *Blackster*. Their whole enjoyment is said to concentrate in the interior of their houses. Celibacy also is less frequent in Holland than in any other country ; but the marriage ceremonies vary considerably in different towns, and even in different villages. After the publication of the banns, the families of the parties begin to visit each other, and the party betrothed makes them presents

of bottles of spiced wine, or hypocras : there are vessels fifteen feet long, their bottoms covered with broad plates of iron : their course is accelerated by the assistance of masts and sails. The velocity of their progress is certainly inconceivable to a stranger, being seldom less than twelve miles an hour. In summertime, sailing matches are not unfrequent. In cases of death, public messengers clothed in black, with crape on their hats, are sent to inform the relatives and friends of the deceased. One of these always attends the funeral as a master of the ceremonies. As to interments, as the inconvenience of burying in churches has been generally acknowledged, the practice of interring the dead out of town has been adopted in Holland, as well as in many other parts of the continent.

Another festival generally takes place at the expiration of the first twenty-five years, which is repeated at the expiration of the same period a second time.

Births in Holland are generally announced in the newspapers, but local customs vary much in this respect ; for at Haerlem and Enkhuysen, when a woman is confined, a little plate covered with a piece of rose-coloured silk decorated with lace is attached to the door ; and during this period, no creditor, nor even an officer of justice, is permitted to interrupt the husband on any account whatever.

For theatrical amusements there are very few places where any performances of this kind are exhibited regularly all the year round ; these are confined to Amsterdam and the Hague. Leyden has a theatre, but it is only played in now and then. At Rotterdam also, on account of some religious scruple, no theatre has ever been suffered to be opened within the walls : of course, the one there is without the gates. Several places, on account of these prohibitions, have nevertheless their private companies or dramatic amateurs, as a winter amusement. Skating is undoubtedly carried to greater perfection than in any other part of the world. Every female in the country can skate. Thirty persons at a time holding hands often dart by you on the ice with the quickness of lightning. Others sit in a sledge which is pushed along the ice by a skater. Besides these,

Though all religions, including Jews and Catholics, are known to have been equally tolerated in Holland for a considerable time past, another sect is described as having lately sprung up under M. Canzions, the object of which is to unite all. Hence it is not uncommon to see collected in their temple, Calvinists, Lutherans, Anabaptists, &c. This society admits of no predominating or exclusive system. They have no priests, but only two speakers, who stand near the altar to deliver their discourses. The service is divided into that of worship and instruction. The first has for its object the demonstration of the greatness of God, and the admirable order of nature. They assemble for this purpose every Sunday evening. The worship which is confined to instruction takes place once a fortnight on a Tuesday evening, when the doctrines of revealed religion are discussed. Six times in a year they assemble to receive the sacrament ; but during prayer, and the pronouncement of the blessing, every person is prostrate.

either public or private, I beg you to insert the following answer to it from one of our periodical prints. It is well known, that a living Writer

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

Dec. 4.

HAVING noticed in a French Journal a statement that Literature in England meets with no encouragement.

either public or private, I beg you to insert the following answer to it from one of our periodical prints.

It is well known, that a living Writer

of Poetry has received a sum for his productions which it would startle a Frenchman to name. We believe we may safely state, that his gains, for one year, by mere Literature, have amounted to 6000*l*. In England we know nothing of Government-encouragement of Literature ; with the exception of the Laureate's 200*l*. a year ; we leave the Government to its proper business, and confine the remuneration of our writers to the Booksellers, who very wisely buy nothing that will not sell. What they can afford to give, therefore, and do give to our Authors, is good and faithful proof of the means and intellect of our people ; and hence it affords important information as to our general national condition and character. Mr. Moore's new Poem is eagerly expected ; and the Booksellers, we believe, hold themselves prepared to give 2 or 3000*l*. for it. Madame D'Arblay (late Miss Barney) is now living in France ; she can declare, we apprehend, that for her last Novel, which was not her best, she did not receive less than 1500*l*. Mr. Murray bought the last tragedy (the *Gamesters*) for 400*l*. Mr. Coleridge's *Caprice of Christabel* procured him, we are assured, a Bank Note for 100*l*. The copy-

right of *The Rejected Addresses*, and a few Parodies of Horace, was purchased for 1000*l*. of the Authors ; and 16,000 copies at least have been sold. Lord Byron's Poetical Works have produced, to one person or another, a sum that may fairly be described as forming a considerable fortune. Mr. Southey has amassed a large and most valuable library, and lives in comfort and great respectability, solely by his literary exertions. The *Edinburgh Review* sells nearly 12,000 copies four times a year. It is a splendid property to its Editor and its Publishers ; while 40, 50, 60, and 100*l*. are given for each of the Essays of which it is composed.—We believe we have stated enough to prove our French Author most unlucky in his assertions, for almost each of them admits of a denial as to the matter of fact. Ignorant, indeed, must he be, who represents Literature as neglected and unsupported in England of late years. If he had said, that the popular eagerness and liberality had done mischief in the opposite way to that of starvation, he might have written to the prejudice of the Country, which he hates for its superiority, with some effect."

Yours, &c.

B. N.

NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS,

An American Sailor, who was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, in 1810.

Continued.

THE reception of Adams by the [English] Vice-Consul, Mr. Dupuis, at Mogadore, affords an opportunity of comparing the story he then told, with the accounts he gave when examined in London ; and, indeed, was an occasion of his being discovered in London, in a distressed condition, by a gentleman who had seen him at Cadiz in the service of an English Merchant, there, where his history, as having been at Tombuctoo, was reported, and excited considerable interest. To Mr. Dupuis we are also indebted for many valuable notes, and various infor-

mation ; which, on the whole, confirm the testimony of this wandering sailor, while they assign a proper level to his powers of observation, and his general qualifications. After having received assistance, and told his story, he quitted London for America, as soon as possible ; leaving behind him a large portion of a bounty assigned him by the Lords of the Treasury, which will be increased by the profits of the volume.

The description given by Adams of the milder character of the negroes, and the more ferocious disposition of the Meors, we believe to be strictly just. The proof of the latter rests on a thous-

and facts well authenticated : another is furnished by Mr. Consul Dupuis.

"It is to be remarked that the Christian captives are invariably worse treated than the idolatrous or Pagan slaves whom the Arabs, either by theft or purchase, bring from the interior of Africa, and that religious bigotry is the chief cause of this distinction. The zealous disciples of Mohammad consider the Negroes merely as ignorant unconverted beings, upon whom, by the act of enslaving them they are conferring a benefit, by placing them within reach of instruction in the "true belief;" and the Negroes having no hopes of ransom, and being often enslaved when children, are in general, soon converted to the Mohammedan faith. The Christians, on the contrary, are looked upon as hardened infidels, and as deliberate despisers of the Prophet's call; and as they in general steadfastly reject the Mohammedan creed, and at least never embrace it whilst they have hopes of ransom, the Mooslim, consistently with the spirit of many passages in the Koran, views them with the bitterest hatred, and treats them with every insult and cruelty which a merciless bigotry can suggest.

"It is not to be understood, however, that the Christian slaves, though generally ill-treated and inhumanly worked by their Arab owners, are persecuted by them ostensibly on account of their religion.—They, on the contrary, often encourage the Christians to resist the importunities of those who wish to convert them: for, by embracing Islamism the Christian slave obtains his freedom; and however ardent may be the zeal of the Arab to make proselytes, it seldom blinds him to the calculations of self-interest.

"A curious instance of the struggle thus excited between Mohammedan zeal and worldly interest, was related to me to have occurred at Wed-Noon, in the case of a boy belonging to an English vessel which had been wrecked on the neighbouring coast a short time previous to the "Charles."

"This boy had been persuaded to embrace the Mohammedan faith; but

after a little while, repenting of what he had done, he publicly declared that he had renounced the doctrines of the Koran, and was again a Christian. To punish so atrocious an outrage, the Arabs of Wed-Noon resolved to burn him; and they would no doubt have punctually performed the ceremony, but for the interference of the man from whose service the boy had emancipated himself by his first conversion. This man contended, that, by abjuring the Mohammedan faith, the boy had returned into his former condition of slavery, and was again his property; and in spite of the most opprobrious epithets which were heaped upon him, including even the term "infidel," (the horror and abomination of all true Mooslims) the man insisted that if they would burn the boy, they should first reimburse him for the value of a slave. Reluctant to lose their sacrifice, the Arabs now attempted to raise money by subscription to purchase the boy; and contributions were begged about the town to burn the Christian. But in the end, as they made slow progress towards obtaining by these means a sufficient sum to purchase the boy, they relinquished their project; the owner, however, was shortly afterwards obliged to remove his slave to another part of the country, to secure him from private assassination."

But, not religious zeal alone prompts them to such cruelty: these Moors of Africa take offence but too easily, and when once offended, are with difficulty pacified. They harbour revenge, too, with the most obstinate perseverance, and take a delight in perpetrating it.

"The following anecdote, to the catastrophe of which I was an eye-witness, will exemplify in some degree these traits of their character. A shilluh having murdered one of his countrymen in a quarrel, fled to the Arabs from the vengeance of the relations of his antagonist; but not thinking himself secure even there, he joined a party of pilgrims and went to Mecca.—From this expiatory journey he returned at the end of eight or nine years to Barbary; and proceeding to his native district, he there

sought (under the sanctified name of *El Haje*, the *Pilgrim*,—a title of reverence amongst the Mohammedans) to effect a reconciliation with the friends of the deceased. They, however, upon hearing of his return, attempted to seize him; but owing to the fleetness of his horse he escaped and fled to Mogadore, having been severely wounded by a musket ball in this flight.—His pursuers followed him thither; but the Governor of Mogadore hearing the circumstances of the case, strongly interested himself in behalf of the fugitive, and endeavoured, but in vain, to effect a reconciliation. The man was imprisoned; and his persecutors then hastened to Morocco to seek justice of the Emperor. That prince, it is said, endeavoured to save the prisoner; and to add weight to his recommendation, offered a pecuniary compensation in lieu of the offender's life; which the parties, although persons of mean condition, rejected. They returned triumphant to Mogadore, with the Emperor's order for the delivery of the prisoner into their hands: and having taken him out of prison, they immediately conveyed him without the walls of the town, where one of the party, loading his musket before the face of their victim, placed the muzzle to his breast and shot him through

the body; but as the man did not immediately fall, he drew his dagger and by repeated stabbing put an end to his existence. The calm intrepidity with which this unfortunate Shillab stood to meet his fate, could not be witnessed without the highest admiration; and, however much we must detest the blood-thirstiness of his executioners, we must still acknowledge that there is something closely allied to nobleness of sentiment in the inflexible perseverance with which they pursued the murderer of their friend to punishment, without being diverted from their purpose by the strong inducements of self-interest."

The public mind looks with great anxiety to the expeditions now advancing in Africa: a more favourable point of time for the appearance of this narrative could not occur. It increases our acquaintance with the country and the people, though not so much as might have been hoped for from a better prepared mind. It is equal to those obtained from the Moorish merchants, which were all we had, previously; and it assists to moderate that exaggerated estimate which some had formed of the vast magnitude of that object after which, as well the French nation as ourselves, had been long anxious.—*Lit. Pan.*

BIBLE CARRIED OFF BY JUNOT.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

Hampton-Court,
Nov. 1816.

IT is stated 'That the celebrated Bible which Junot carried off from Portugal was not in the sale of his Library which took place in Pall Mall; and that the Government of Portugal were so anxious to redeem this great curiosity, that they had offered Madame Junot 80,000 livres, but she had required 150,000.'

I am enabled to assure you for a fact, that the munificence and justice of his Majesty Louis XVIII. (to efface, if it were possible, the remembrance of this sacrilegious theft) purchased this celebrated Bible of Junot's widow, and paid her 80,000 francs for it. It was remit-

ted to the Chevalier de Brito, *Chargé d'Affaires de Portugal*, in the month of March 1815, by order of the King, to be restored to the Convent of Baleim, near Lisbon.

I had the opportunity of examining this Bible, unique of its kind, for several successive evenings, in the apartments of that excellent diplomatic character, in the Hotel de Brancas at Paris. It is written entirely with the pen, in nine folio volumes; and is illustrated with engravings, which form pictures in the most expressive and brilliant style.

The Chevalier de Brito had the good fortune to consign this invaluable Work to the care of Capitaine Le Chevalier

Beaurepiere, a few days before the return of Buonaparte from Elba ; and I have been recently informed that it again ornaments the Library of the Convent de Balem, near Lisbon. You will have pleasure in stating to the public a circumstance which reflects so much honour on his Majesty Louis XVIII. ; a King, who, in retirement and on the throne, has been a bright example of every religious duty. H. P.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Continued from p. 26.

August, 1815.

TAKING a walk into Calais market place, I observed in the middle of it, where generally a fountain or column is found, a short, lusty man, standing leaning on his hands and stick placed behind him. The contour and lineaments of his face, and outlines of his shape proved better than the best affidavit could have done, that the man was an Englishman. No sooner did I approach him, than he greeted me with an "how d'ye do Sir : *here is a fine place for an Englishman to come to !*" He proved to be a tradesman of mine in London. The observation of this short fat lover of good beef and porter, certainly went to the reprobation of the whole place ; yet he accompanied it with such looks of good humour, that the words lost half the severity of their satirical meaning. Not so the great man from London, whom I met stepping across the yard at Dessin's, and whom as an acquaintance, I bade welcome in France. With the taciturnity belonging to such a great man, he replied with a pantomimical gesture, which drew his eyes, shoulders, and hands in unison upwards, proclaiming, that he was disappointed and disgusted.

There is no military garrison in this town ; but in the market place I saw the national city guards on duty. They were romping, and making a most indecorous noise. They wore no uniform ; such a set, I am sure, Falstaff would not have marched with thro' Coventry.

Not meeting with any travellers at Calais, whom I might have joined in taking a carriage to Paris for ourselves, I preferred to the common diligence a

seat offered me in the carriage of the commissary of the Post-office, who was going with the London mail to Paris at an hour which suited me exactly. This commissary can take only one passenger ; you are sure of horses on the road, and that the gates of fortified towns will be opened to you in the night. I was standing at the gate of the inn at the appointed hour, when behold the carriage, with Mr. Commissary in it, approached. It was like a tilted cart, completely covered with plain leather, old and dirty, having only two seats in front, all the back part being allotted for baggage and goods. The shafts of this two-wheeled carriage were almost as heavy as those of an English waggon, and were supported by ropes across an old clumsy saddle, laid over a heap of straw upon the back of a very strong horse of the Flanders breed. Two other horses of a slighter make were harnessed to the cart on each side of the shafts. Mr. Commissary, who was to be my sole companion for two days and nights, sat on his seat in front—an old squat short-necked, rosy-faced, and hawk-nosed gentleman, with his head in an old dirty travelling cap. By the side of this being I took my seat in the cart, which was abundantly furnished with old straw emitting a disagreeable smell. I was going to heave a sigh, but succeeded in substituting a smile for it, recollecting the advice of Horace :

"*Amara læto temperare risu !*"

After we had proceeded on the road for some time, I was desirous of commencing a conversation with my companion, who, I was pretty sure, was not likely to annoy me with loquacity. I seized the opportunity afforded me by our meeting

with many soldiers with bundles on sticks upon their shoulders. I asked my companion where all these soldiers might be going to. Monsieur le Commissaire gave me not the least answer; I ascribed this silence to his great knowledge of the world, which would not allow him, in these times, to enter into conversation with a stranger on any subject which bore in the least upon politics. But I soon discovered a more substantial reason of the Commissary's silence—he was deaf.

Our road led through Boulogne;—the country, forming hills and dales of green fields, intersected with hedges, seems still to belong to England, whose shores are here plainly seen with the naked eye. We passed the monument, begun to be erected by the French army in honour of Buonaparte; it seemed as yet only a scaffolding of wood, without any masonry; it may be seen on the beach at Dover. Our clumsy carriage went on tolerably fast, and easily, over the roads, as they were paved in the middle; but, from the uncommon strength of these and other carriages here, one would suppose that in worse seasons they are subject to destructive concussions, which I also understood from my companion to be the case. This it is difficult to conceive upon this and other great paved roads; and I am inclined to suppose that it is from excess of economy that they make their carriages so very strong, to prevent as long as possible the expense of repairs, or of building new ones.

My anxious desire to reach Paris prevented me from regretting that I had not time enough allowed me to take a proper view of the places we travelled through. Mr. Commissary had been well known on this road for the last thirty years; he had been with Buonaparte in Spain: he had a defect in his mouth, yet I think I could understand his politics from an observation of his, somewhat distinct, about Napoleon—*“L'Envie détruit souvent l'Ambition.”*

On approaching certain cabarets on the road, the cracking of the postilion's whip made some matron or damsel appear at the door of the public-house with a glass of brandy for Monsieur le Commissaire, who joked with them familiarly.

After the commissary had taken a certain number of these doses of brandy, and some claret from his own store, he began to sing; but on account of the defect in his mouth, I could not make out a word of it, except now and then *l'amour*! He had told me before that he was 74 years old. So we trotted on, whilst now and then little beggar girls threw bouquets of flowers into our carriage to obtain a few sous. The commissary, to whom I had paid four Napoleons for my passage, had the trouble of paying the postilions, and of quarrelling with them about drink-money, or even balances due from a former journey; one of them threatened Mr. Commissary that he would overturn him the next time he should happen to drive him. We had passed through Montreuil and Abbeville without Mr. Commissary saying any thing about dinner. At —, when he was gone into the place about his business, a young interesting female, with a silk handkerchief tied about her head in the form of a small oyster-barrel, came to the carriage, and asked whether I would not alight and take some refreshment. I inquired what she could give me: she requested me to walk into the house, and she would ask mamma. Mamma, a very respectable-looking old lady, offered a cold leg of mutton roasted, &c. As Mr. Commissary had not communicated to me his plan of foraging, I would not lose this opportunity, and sat down to this cold collation; Mademoiselle standing by me, whom all my persuasions could not induce to be seated. “Is your mother a widow, may I take the liberty to ask?” “Yes, Sir, she has been so for several years.”—“Have you any brothers?” “No, Sir; I am sorry I never had one. I live very happily with my mother; I love my mother more than I love myself, and she loves me *en ne peut plus* (as much as possible); I every morning in my prayers thank God that he has given me so good a mother, and beg that he will spare her life, and not allow me to do any thing to displease her.”—“It is to be hoped that you will soon be married to some worthy young man, who may be deserving of you; for it must be awkward for you and your

good mother to carry on such a concern as yours." "Ah, Monsieur!" she exclaimed, turned her head aside, and it appeared to me as if her eyes became suffused by a tear.—"I am afraid," I said, "that my observation has been intrusive." "Oh no, Sir," she replied; "but—recollections"—she stopped: I durst not inquire; but she soon resumed; "I expected to have been married before this time to a very good young man, the eldest son of a friend of my late father's in ———, (one of the newly-acquired French provinces in Germany.) My father came from the same place. The young man had lived with us here before for two years; every body loved him. The conscription fell upon his younger brother: their mother being a poor widow, was not able to raise the money for the necessities with which the conscript must absolutely be furnished; the elder brother enlisted voluntarily, to obtain a sum of money which is paid to volunteers before they march; out of this money he furnished his younger brother with the requisites for his equipment: they were both marched to the army in Spain, and were there killed."—"Oh the melancholy consequences of these wars!" I exclaimed. "Very true, Monsieur," she replied; "when a young man has not distinguished himself in the army, he is not looked upon here."—Whilst this good creature was talking, I observed her looking twice or thrice through the window, as if something out of doors attracted her notice. This induced me to look through the window myself, and I saw Mr. Commissary putting his red face out of his dirty cart, like a fiery meteor emerging from a dark cloud. He seemed to be swearing like a *musquetaire* at my long stay. I was obliged to take my leave of this amiable dutiful daughter. This little episode consoled me for many hours of the commissary's dull monotonous society.

Picardy, through which this road passes, is exceedingly uninteresting with regard to rural scenery; but the soil is cultivated with the greatest industry. Boundless oceans of corn (if I might use the expression) offered themselves to

view, unbroken by hedges or trees. The corn was ripe, and partly out; but there certainly seemed to be a scarcity of hands for so much work; though among the reapers there did not appear to me a greater, if so great a proportion, of women as in England.

The villages had rather a better appearance than I expected; the cottages were in good repair, and had a clean outside; but the country in general, compared with England, seemed to me to bear evidence, that a good soil and diligent cultivation may give subsistence to a numerous population, but cannot furnish them with many conveniences and comforts, much less with luxuries. No well-built private houses with gardens, no country gentleman's elegant seat and park, no extensive buildings for manufactories, here interrupt the eternal monotony of white stone cottages. The roads are every where destitute of what the roads in England abound with—the neat public-house with a lime-tree and sign before it, a jolly landlord and a comely landlady, a clean fire-side, furniture, and utensils,—aye! and stout politicians too, daring to canvas the measures of the prime minister; not to mention the grand inns which adorn the English roads and villages. The taste of the gentry in France seems to be in this respect the reverse of that which prevails in England; the former establishing their residence in the capital, or in the country towns; which circumstance gives to the French country towns a superiority in appearance to those of England. I met with but one nobleman's seat during the day; it was the *chateau* of Mons. Clermont-Tonnerre. Instead of the lively bustle upon the roads in England, day and night—of handsome stage-coaches with decently-dressed passengers, drawn by fine horses with good harness—post-chaises, and elegant private carriages dashing along,—you are here disgusted with their lumbering, waggon-like diligences, the poor appearance of the generality of their horses, their beggarly harness, and ridiculous postilions; and with the meagre scenery and the little life that is stirring on these roads:—no neatly-raised foot-path &c.

the well-dressed villager to walk along, no village-green, no rosy-faced children, no fair blue-eyed village maids; no green turf, nor shady lanes among beautiful hedges and trees, cheer the drowsy sameness of the wearying straight line of these roads.

At Beauvais I met with the first foreign troops I saw in France; they were English cavalry. I inquired of the mistress of the inn how the Prussians, who had been in this town before, had behaved; she shook her head, and expressed a hope that the English too might soon depart. This was a most intelligent agreeable French woman; she joked me about my entertaining travelling companion, who, as she knew, was deaf and dumb. I told her I should be very happy to exchange his society for hers. "When one cannot possibly lose by a

change," she answered, "one may venture upon any." Understanding that I had never been in Paris, she expatiated on the grandeur and beauty of that place; and on my observing that it was once called (by Voltaire) the capital of Europe, she quickly replied, "*Elle l'est toujours*" (It is so still.) Poor woman! she might have said so, but in another sense of the word, if she had seen it filled with the soldiers of all the sovereigns of Europe.—At this place Mr. Commissary always halted and dined.—The houses here were a great part of Saxon architecture, with gable ends, and the posts among the brick-work painted. The place has a manufacture of common cloth. Near this town I saw the first vineyard: it was small and unproductive, owing to a frost in the spring.

To be continued.

PICTURESQUE SURVEY OF WATER, WOOD, AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

From the New Annual Register.

"**W**HERE a spring rises or a river flows,' says Seneca, 'there should we build altars and offer sacrifices!' In pursuance of this idea, most nations, whether barbarous or refined, mistaking the effects of a deity for the Deity itself, have, at one time or other of their history, personified their rivers, and addressed them as the gods of their idolatry. The Nile, which watered nations that knew not its origin, and kingdoms, which were ignorant whither it flowed, was worshipped by the respective nations that it fertilized.—The Adonis was esteemed sacred by a great portion of western Asia; the Penens, as we are informed by that elegant platonist, Maximus Tyrius, was adored for its beauty, the Danube for its magnitude, and the Achelous for its solemn traditions.—The Phrygians worshipped the Marsyas and Meander; and the Massagetæ paid divine honours to the Palus Mæotus and the Tanais.—The antient Persians never polluted water; considering those who accustomed themselves to

such indecorum, as guilty of sacrilege; while the last wish of an Indian is to die on the banks of the Ganges. The affection of the Hindoos for that river is such, even at the present day, that many hundreds of them have been known to go down, at certain periods of the year, and devote themselves to the shark, the tiger, and the alligator;—thinking themselves happy and their friends fortunate, thus to be permitted to die in sight of that holy stream.

"Rivers, too, have, in all ages, been themes for the poet; and in what esteem they were held by antient writers, may be inferred from the number of authors who wrote of them previous to the time of Plutarch. The Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po, have been celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; Callimæchus has immortalized the beautiful waters of the Inachus; and while the Arno, the Mincio, and the Tagus, boast their Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Camœns, the Severn, the Ouse, and the Trent, the Avon, the Derwent, and the Dec, have been

distinguished by the praises of many an elegant and accomplished poet. Who is not charmed with Spencer's Marriage of the Thames and the Medway? and what personifications in Ovid or Hesiod are more beautiful than the Sabrina of Milton and the Ladona of Pope?

"On the borders of the Cam, Milton enjoyed the happiest moments of his life; on the banks of the Ilyssus, Plato taught his System of Philosophy; and on the shores of the Rocnabad, a river flowing near the chapel of Mosella, the poets and philosophers of Shiraz composed their most celebrated works. Osasian is never weary of comparing rivers to heroes; and so enamoured were Du Bartas and Drayton with river scenery, that the one wrote a poetical catalogue of those which were the most celebrated, and the other composed a voluminous work upon their History, Topography, and Landscapes.

"Many of the rivers in Britain are highly picturesque, and abound in the most captivating scenery.—Who that has traversed the banks of the majestic Thames, and still more noble Severn; who, that has observed the fine sweeps of the Dee, in the vale of Landisilio, and those of the Derwent, near Matlock; who, that has contemplated the waters of the Towy, the graceful meanderings of the Usk, or the admirable features of the Wye, that does not feel himself justified in challenging any of the far-famed rivers of Europe to present objects more various, landscapes more rich, or scenes more graceful and magnificent?

"Without rocks or mountains no country can be sublime; without water no landscape can be perfectly beautiful. Few countries are more mountainous, or exhibit better materials for a landscape painter, than Persia; yet, to the lover of scenery, it loses a considerable portion of interest, from its possessing but few springs, few rivulets, and fewer rivers. What can be more gratifying to a proud and inquisitive spirit than tracing rivers to their sources, and pursuing them through long tracts of country, where sweeps the Don, the Wolga, and the Vistula; the Ebro and the Douro; the Rhine, the Inn, the Rhone and

the Danube? or in travelling on the banks of the Allier, described so beautifully by Madame de Sevigné; or of the Loire—sleeping, winding and rolling, by turns, through several of the finest districts in all France? where the peasants reside, in the midst of their vineyards, in cottages, which, seated upon the sides of the hills, resemble so many birds' nests; and where the peasant girls, with their baskets of grapes, invite the weary traveller to take as many as he desires. 'Take them,' say they, 'and as many as you please:—they shall cost you nothing.'

"What traveller, possessing an elegant taste, but is charmed, even to ecstasy, as he wanders along the banks of the Po, the Adige, and the Brenta; amid the fairy scenes of the Eurotas, peopled with innumerable swans; or of the Tay, the Clyde, and the Teith, where the culture of bees forms a considerable article of rural economy? How is our fancy elevated, when we traverse even in imagination, those wild solitudes and fruitful deserts, enlivened by the humming bird, through which the Oronoco, the Mississippi, and the Amazon, (rivers to which the proudest streams of Europe are but as rivulets,) pour their vast floods, and, as they roll along, experience the vicissitudes of every climate! And, when leaning on the parapet of an arch, bestriding a wide and rapid river, how often do we relapse into profound melancholy, as, following, with implicit obedience, the progressive march of association, the mirror of time and the emblem of eternity are presented to our imagination, till a retrospect of the past and a perspective of future ages, mingling with each other, the mind is lost in the mazes of its own wanderings!

"Not only rivers, but *fountains* have been held sacred by almost every nation:—equally are they beloved by the poets. Who has not perused, with pleasure, Sannazaro's ode to the Fountain of Mergillini; Petrarch's addresses to that of Vaucluse; and Horace's ode to the Fountain of Blandisium, situated among rocks, and surrounded with wood?

"One of the most remarkable fountains, in ancient times, was that of which

Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus have transmitted an account. It was called 'the Fountain of the Sun,' and was situated near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. At the dawn of day this fountain was warm; as the day advanced, it became progressively cool; at noon, it was at the extremity of cold; at which time the Ammonians made use of it to water their gardens and shrubberies.—At the setting of the sun, it again became warm, and continued to increase, as the evening proceeded, till midnight, when it reached the extremity of heat:—as the morning advanced it grew progressively cold:—Silius Italicus thus alludes to it.

*Stet fano vicina, novum et memorabile lympa,
Quas nascente die, quas, deficiente tepescit,
Quasque riget medium cum Sol ascendit Olym-
pum*

Atque eadem rursus nocturnis ferret in umbris.

"In the early ages of popery the common people, where fountains and wells were situated in retired places, were accustomed to honour them with the titles of saints and martyrs. Some were called Jacob's Well; St. John's; St. Mary's; St. Winifred's, and St. Agnes':—some were named after Mary Magdalen, and others derived their appellations from beautiful and pious virgins. Though this custom was forbidden by the canons of St. Anselm, many pilgrimages continued to be made to them; and the Romans long retained a custom of throwing nosegays into fountains, and chaplets into wells. From this practice originated the ceremony of sprinkling the Severn with flowers, so elegantly described by Dyer, in his finely descriptive poem of the Fleece, and so beautifully alluded to by Milton.

—The shepherds at their festivals,
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland-wreaths into her
stream,
Of panzies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Cornus.

A custom also prevailed in the fourteenth century, among the women who resided upon the banks of the Rhine, of assembling, on a particular day of the year, to wash their hands and arms in that river: fondly flattering themselves, that such lustrations would preserve them from

all dangers and misfortunes during the remainder of the year.

"The names of deities were given also to Grottos. The serenity of an Italian sky served to render those occasional retreats peculiarly agreeable to the Roman nobility; hence were they frequently to be found in the shrubberies and gardens of that accomplished people. The poets, at all times willing to celebrate whatever adds to their enjoyments, have left us some elegant descriptions of those delightful recesses, formed in the sides of rocks, at the foot of mountains, or on the banks of rivulets.

"Pausanias gives a remarkable account of a Grotto at Corycium, and Statius describes an elegant one in his third *Sylva*; but that which was the most celebrated in ancient times was the Grotto of Egeria; still existing, though in a state of ruin. When it was first made by Numa, it was formed with such skill, as to appear totally untouched by art: in the reign of one of the emperors, however, it entirely lost its simplicity, and, by being adorned with marble and other splendid ornaments, acquired a magnificence totally foreign to its original character. This provoked the Satire of the indignant Juvenal.

"The Grotto, which Mr. Pope formed at Twickenham, was one of the most celebrated ever erected in this kingdom. In the first instance, it was remarkable for its elegant simplicity: as the owner, however, advanced in years, it became more and more indebted to the refinements of art; but the recollection of its having amused the last years of that illustrious poet, atones to the heart of the philanthropist what it loses to the eye of imagination and taste.

"From rivers, fountains, and grottos, let us turn to lakes.—Those of England and Switzerland present so many features of beauty and grandeur, that an idea of something peculiarly worthy of admiration always presents itself, when we hear them mentioned even in the most casual manner.—What enthusiastic emotions of delight did the lakes of Switzerland generate in Rousseau! And while some of the most agreeable hours of united labour and pleasure were indulged by

Gibbon on their admirable banks, the noble landscapes, around the lake of Zurich, soothed and charmed many an hour of sorrow and chagrin from the bosoms of Haller, Zimmermann, and Lavater!

"For my own part, my Lelius, I am ready to confess, that some of the happiest moments of my life, have been those, which I have, at intervals, past upon the bosom of lakes, and on the banks of wild and rapid rivers.—And never will Colonna wish to forget those hours of rapture, when, reclining in his boat, he has permitted it to glide, at the will of the current, along the transparent surface of a river, or on the picturesque expanse of Bala Lake, in the county of Merioneth:—or when wandering along the banks of those waters, that glide at the feet or stud the sides of the mountains, which rear themselves around the magnificent peaks of Snowdon; lakes equal in beauty and sublimity to those of Laurus, Lucerne, and Pergusa.

"How often have I heard you, my Lelius, descant with rapture on the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; on those of Loch-Lomond, Loch-Leven, and Killarney; and the still more noble and magnificent ones of Switzerland!—With what delighted attention have I listened to your descriptions of the lakes of Tun, Zurich and Nieuſchatel, Brientz, Bienne and Constance: and how has my imagination kept pace with you in your journey, as you have wandered in memory among those enchanting regions; regions abounding in scenes, which Warton might have pictured, as the native residence of poetic fancy.

"From lakes, the transition is natural, that would lead to *waterfalls*, and *cataracts*.—With what rapture does every cultivated mind behold that beautiful waterfall, gliding over a slate rock in two graceful falls, at the extremity of a long, winding, and romantic glen, near Aber, in the county Caernarvon! But if you would see cataracts on a grander scale, visit the falls of the Hepsey, those of the Conway, the Cynfael, and the Black Cataract near the vale of Ffestiniog.—Of the two last, nothing can sur-

pass the beauty of the one, or the bold, the cragged and gigantic character of the other.—By the former of these has Colonna devoted many a captivating hour.—Seated on a rock, adjoining an ivy-arched bridge, stretched over a tremendous chasm, he has listened with rapture, not unmingled with a grateful degree of terror, to the roaring of the waters, and, shaded by a fantastic oak, which overshadows the depth, he has derived the highest satisfaction in comparing the tranquil and innocent delight, in which he was indulging, with the hoisterous humours of the table, the caukered anxiety of the statesman, or the dreadful raptures of that *man*, who has so long insulted all Europe, and stained her glens, her mountains, and her valleys, with blood, with rapine, and with sacrilege!

"But if you would behold one of those waterfalls, which combine the utmost sublimity with the greatest portion of beauty, visit the admirable instance at Nant Mill, on the borders of the Lake Gwellin.—Exercise that fascinating art of which nature and practice have made you such a master; make a faithful representation of it; clothe it in all its rugged horrors of sublimity, in all its graceful charms of exquisite beauty, and let the finest imagination in the world of painting or of poetry tell me, if in all the fairy visions that the finest fancy has created, a scene more perfect can be formed than this?—The far-famed cataract in the Vale of Tempé has nothing to compare with it. In surveying this scene, our feelings resemble those of the missionaries, when viewing the numerous waterfalls of Japan; or those of the celebrated Bruce, when he beheld the third cataract of the Nile; 'a sight,' says he, 'so magnificent, that ages, added to the greatest length of life, could never eradicate from my memory.'

"It objects of this nature exalt the understanding and the fancy of those, who possess habits of reflection, *woods*, those indispensable appendages to landscape, diffuse an equal delight by their coolness, their solemnity, and the charm, which they spread around us, as we wander beneath their arched and sacred

shades.—Akenside finely alludes to the religious awe, with which woods, boldly stretching up the summit of an high mountain, are beheld by persons of a polite imagination.

—————Mark the sable woods,
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow,—

With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps!—as if the reverend form

Of Minos, or of Numa, should forsake
Th' Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade

Move to your pausing eye.

Pleasures of Imagination.

“If to rivers and mountains all nations, at early periods of their history, have conspired to attach the idea of veneration, how much more so have the eminent in all ages delighted in paying honours to woods, groves, and forests.—

Pilgrimages were made to the oaks of Mamre, near Hebron, from the time of Abraham to that of Constantine; and the nations, surrounding the Jews, were accustomed to dedicate trees and groves to their deities, and to sacrifice upon high mountains; customs which were even practised by the Jews themselves, previous to the building of the Temple of Solomon.

“Among the woods of Etruria, Numa, to whom, (as Machiavel justly observes,) Rome was under greater obligations than to Romulus, sought refuge from the cares, that attended the government of an infant and turbulent people: and, amid the groves of the Lyceum, Aristotle and Epicurus taught their systems of religion and politics.

“The oratories of the Jews were surrounded by olives; and the Greeks, who first inhabited Tuscany, consecrated the forests, which rose on the banks of the Cœritis, to their god Sylvanus.—Under those sacred shades they assembled every year to celebrate his anniversary.

Et ingens gelidum lucus prope Cœritis am-
nem,
Religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
Inclusere cavi, et nigra nemus abjete cin-
gunt.—

Sylvano fama est veteres sacrasse pelagos,
Arvorum, pecorisque Deo, lucumque diem-
que,

Qui primi fines aliquando habuere Latinos.
Æneid, lib. viii. l. 597.

A custom, analogous to this, prevails at the present day in some parts of Italy: particularly among the herdsmen and shepherds of Rhegio, who entertain the highest veneration for the wood, called Silva Piana, about three leagues from Parma.

“The Rhapsaans of India selected spots, shaded by the banana and the tamarind, for their kioums; while in the deep recesses of the most intricate forest, the antient Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany, were accustomed to sacrifice to their gods.—Virgil, who describes Elysium as abounding in the most luxuriant gifts of nature, represents it as one of the highest enjoyments of the happy spirits to repose on flowery banks, and to wander among shady groves: while the Icelanders believe, that on the summit of the Boula, a mountain, which no one has hitherto ascended, there is a cavern, which opens to a paradise in perpetual verdure, delightfully shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep.

“The Sicilians had at one time, a great veneration for the chesnut tree, which grew in the region, called La Regione Sylvana: in Otaheite, the weeping willow is permitted to be planted only before the houses of the higher classes of the community: in Pennsylvania, churches are isolated in woods, and pulpits erected beneath the branches of oaks; while, among the Dugores, there are sacred groves, in which every family has its appropriate place for erecting huts and offering sacrifices.—In the Romish church, palms are esteemed sacred even in the present times.

“The temples of the antient Greeks were mostly situated in groves; and the Persians, who esteemed woods and forests the most proper for religious sacrifices, ridiculed their more accomplished neighbours, for building temples to their gods, who had the whole universe for their residence.

“As Antigua is without rivers, so is Morocco almost destitute of woods: hence it arises, that in that state, as in other warm climates, shade is esteemed the most powerful charm in every landscape.—The inconveniences, arising from the want of it, gave occasion to Girolamo Fracastoro to write his curious poem

of Syphilus. The shepherd Syphilus was employed in watching the herds belonging to Alcithous, king of Atlantis.—One season the rays of summer were so intense, that the angry shepherd, impatient under their influence, with many impieties refused to offer up sacrifices to Apollo, and, in revenge, erected an altar to his master, Alcithous.—Stung with the indignity, Apollo infected the air with such noxious vapours, that the shepherd contracted a dangerous and nauseous disease, which affected his whole body.—His various attempts to conquer his malady, constitute the principal argument of the poem.

“It was on account of its shade, that the gardens of Arden, the paradise of the Arabian poets, were so enthusiastically celebrated; and Amytis, daughter of Astyages, and wife of Nebuchodnosor, accustomed to the glens and woods of Media, sighed for their shades in the sandy soil of Babylon: hence were constructed those hanging gardens, which were the boast of Babylonian kings and the wonder of historians. The gardens of the Moors appear to have resembled those of the East, in no considerable degree; their walks were paved with marble; their parterres shaded by orange-trees, and embellished with baths: the whole entirely walled round, and secluded from every eye.—Such is that of Alcazar, at Seville, which, as a specimen of Moorish gardening, is visited by every traveller of information and taste.

“The manners and pursuits of the pastoral Arabs present something peculiarly gratifying to the imagination. The toils and privations which they undergo, in wandering from one province to another, in quest of water and shade, is amply repaid by the festivity that ensues upon the discovery of a well or a fountain in a shady grove. The manners of the Arabians are assimilated, in a striking

degree, with those of the Scythians—the purity of whose morals has been so much celebrated by Horace and by Justin. Though the manners and morals of these wandering nations were so strikingly illustrative of each other, the similarity did not arise from any coincidence in regard to climate or scenery; for, while the one roved from wood to wood, and from fountain to fountain, over pathless and scorching deserts, the others were, at all times, in the reach of shade, and, at intervals, pitched their tents in scenery, the like of which is scarcely to be paralleled in all the globe.—While the Arab sought shade, as one of the most agreeable luxuries of life, the Scythian and the Celt imagined the oak to be the tomb of Jupiter; and the philosophers of Siam, who numbered five elements, added wood to the fourth.

“To a native of Jamaica no luxury is superior to that of walking among the odoriferous groves of Pimentos, that adorn the eminences, which form a barrier to the encroachments of the ocean;—and the Circassians, long and loudly celebrated for the beauty of their women, quit their towns and cities in the summer, and erect their tents among their woods and valleys, after the manner of the neighbouring Tartars. To an Hindoo nothing is more grateful than to walk among the cool recesses and shady vistas, formed by the arms of the Banian tree, which he esteems an emblem of the Deity himself. The Hindoo Bramins, whose placidity of disposition was, in some measure, the natural result of a total abstinence from animal food, reside, for the most part, in their gardens, which they cultivate with their own hands, or occupy their time in reading, in walking, and in reclining beneath the spreading boughs of their Banian trees.”—*Philos. of Nature.*

Continued page 143.

MARTIN GUERRE,

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND.

Continued from p. 38.

THE shoemaker who used to make shoes for Martin Guerre, deposed, that Martin Guerre's foot reached to the

twelfth size, whereas the foot of the accused reached no further than the ninth. Another swore that Martin Guerre was dextrous in fencing and wrestling, where-

as this man knew nothing of the matter. John Espagnol, who kept a public house, declared, that the accused acknowledged to him that he was not Martin Guerre. Valentine Raugia deposed, that the person accused, perceiving that he knew him to be Arnold du Tilh, made a sign to him with his finger that he should say nothing. John de Liberas deposed to the same effect, and added, that the accused gave him two handkerchiefs, with a strict charge to deliver one of them to John du Tilh, his brother: there was also some hearsay evidence produced, which M. Coras says, that although the law does not admit when passing through several mouths, yet is considered when heard from the accused, or the first author. Two persons swore, that a soldier of Rochfort, passing through Artigues, was surprised that the accused called himself Martin Guerre, declaring aloud that he was a notorious impostor, for that Martin Guerre was in Flanders, and had a wooden leg in the room of the one he lost before St. Quintin, in the battle of St. Laurence. They considered also, that the report of Sanxi Guerre did not at all resemble the accused. It was added that Martin Guerre was a Biscayan; where the language is very different not only from the French, but from the Gascon, but the accused could not speak the Basque, though he took pains to mingle a few words with his French, using them with a visible affectation. There was also a number of witnesses who deposed, that Arnold du Tilh had, from his infancy, the most wicked inclinations, and that since, he had been hardened in wickedness, a great piller, and swearer, a defier of God, and a blasphemer; consequently every way capable of the crime laid to his charge, and that an obstinate persisting to act a false part, was exactly suitable to his character: these circumstances bore hard upon him. On the other hand, there were thirty or forty witnesses who swore that he was really Martin Guerre, that they knew him intimately, and remembered him from his childhood: among these were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, who were all brought up with him, and who all had the reputation of

being women of good sense, and two of their husbands, brothers-in-law to Martin Guerre. Such as were present at the nuptials of Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, deposed in favour of the accused. Catharine Boere, in particular, said that when she carried the *mediànoche* (or what we call posset) after they were in bed, she saw Bertrande's spouse, and that the person now accused was the same. The greatest part of these witnesses agreed that Martin Guerre had two scars on his face, that his left eye was blood-shot, the nail of his first finger grown in, that he had three warts on his right hand, and another on his little finger; all which marks the accused had. Other witnesses deposed, that Peter Guerre and his sons-in-law, had laid a plot to ruin the accused: that they had sounded Johan Loze, the Consul of Palhos, to know if he would advance money for that end; that he refused, and told them that Martin Guerre was his kinsman, and that he would rather give money to save than undo him. That Peter Guerre and his cabal prosecuted the accused contrary to the will of his wife, and that many heard them say that the accused was Martin Guerre, his nephew. Almost all of the witnesses declared that when the accused arrived at Artigues, he saluted by name all Martin Guerre's familiar acquaintance, that to those who hardly remembered him, he recalled to mind the places where they had been, the diversions and entertainments they had partaken twenty years back, as if they had newly happened; and what is more remarkable, made himself known to Bertrande de Rols by reviving in her memory several circumstances that happened on the day of her marriage, and also the most secret circumstances: he said also, after the first salute, "Go look for my taffety breeches with the white lining, which I left in a chest." She owned the matter of fact, and said she found the breeches in the chest, not knowing they were there. Pasquier said that the accused told himself, an adventure that Martin Guerre met with in the country where he went with his wife. There were only two beds for Martin, his wife, a brother, and a sister,

the two women lay in one, the two men lay in the other. Add to this the perfect resemblance of the accused to the sisters of Martin Guerre, both in their air and the features of their faces. Moreover, what ought not to leave the least doubt, is the behaviour of Bertrande de Rols, herself, towards the accused at the trial; when she was confronted with him the accused challenged her, upon the solemnity of an oath, to acknowledge him, made her judge in her own cause, told her that he would submit to suffer death if she would swear he was not her husband. But what answer did she make? Why, that she would take no oath, nor yet believe him. As to her behaviour to the accused before prosecution, she lived with him nearly four years without complaining; she behaved herself dutifully as a wife ought towards her husband, and thus it was pleaded in his favour:— Was this because the accused had so perfect a conformity with Martin Guerre that his wife could not perceive the least difference? Was nature so intent on making them resemble one another, that she resolved the wife should not be able to find the mistake? In a body so like, would she lodge a soul of the same character? for Bertrande alledged no difference at all in that respect. When she was told by somebody that the accused was not Martin Guerre, did she not assert the contrary? Did she not declare that she knew him better than any body, and that she would murder those who affirmed the contrary? And to show that it was not possible the accused could be any other than Martin Guerre, did she not say it was he or the devil in his skin? How often did she complain of Peter Guerre and his wife, who is her mother, because they would force her to prosecute the accused for an impostor? Did they not threaten to drive her out of their house if she did not come into their measures? It is plain, therefore, that she is led aside at present, and a slave to the passion of Peter Guerre and her mother.

It was alledged further, that the accused had been imprisoned by the seneschal of Thoulouse at the suit of John d'Escornbeuf, who was privately instigated thereto by Peter Guerre. It was confi-

dently objected to him that he was not Martin Guerre; and Bertrande de Rols complained that Peter Guerre and his wife were continually soliciting her to enter a prosecution against the accused in her own name, to have him convicted of a capital crime. Being acquitted by the seneschal's pronouncing a sentence of disagreement (*une appointment de contrarieties*); and returning home to his wife (as he called her), she received him with all possible kindness, gave him a new shirt, washed his feet, and slept with him as usual, and yet the next morning he was hurried to prison by Peter Guerre, by virtue of a paper signed by her the night before, even the night on which she had expressed all this fondness for him; nay, she had discovered her tenderness since his being in prison, by sending him money and clothes. It would be too tedious to insert at large the pleadings of the lawyers on this very perplexed affair; never were any arguings more eloquent, delivered with greater energy, or more charming than those of the advocates on each side, as they are cited by M. Coras, the original reporter of this case; but after all their harangues the Parliament was still in doubt, and at last, considering the nicety of the case, and the consequence of annulling a marriage and illegitimizing a child, began to incline to the part of the accused, and had thoughts of reversing the decision of the inferior judge. Whilst the Parliament were puzzling themselves what sentence to give, of a sudden, as if he had dropped from the clouds, or rather had been led thither by the interposition of Providence, Martin Guerre himself appeared, having a wooden leg as the soldier related. He set forth in his petition a distinct account of the impostor who had taken his name, and demanded to be heard. The court, hereupon, ordered that he should be kept in close custody, and that he should be confronted with the accused, with Bertrande de Rols, his sisters, and the principal witnesses for the accused. He was interrogated on the same facts as the accused had been, and his answers were true, indeed, but neither so clear nor so particular as those given by the accused. Arnold du Tilh being confronted, beha-

ved in such a manner as struck the whole assembly with amazement ; he treated Martin Guerre as an impostor, as a fellow suborned by Peter Guerre ; nay, he

confidently declared, that he would be content to be hanged if he did not unravel the whole mystery, and prove all his enemies cheats.

Concluded page 145.

INTERVIEW WITH A FAMILY OF GIPSIES.

From the Monthly Magazine.

POLICY so singular, manners so different, and passions so varied, have for so many ages characterized the race of Gipsies, that the incident of meeting with one of their little camps agreeably awoke me from a reverie in my ramble. What can be more strongly marked than the gipsy physiognomy ? Their lively jet-black eyes—their small features—their tawny skins—their small bones—and their shrill voices, bespeak them to be a distinct tribe of the human race, as different from the English nation as the Chinese, the North American Indians, or the woolly-head Africans. These seem, in truth, as distinct in their bodies, and in their instincts, from the inhabitants of England and other countries in which they live, as the spaniel from the greyhound, or as the cart-horse from the Arabian. Our instincts, propensities, or fit and necessary habits, seem to lead us, like the ant, to lay up stores ; their's, like the grasshopper, to depend on the daily bounties of nature ;—we, with the habits of the beaver, build fixed habitations ; and they, like the deer, range from pasture to pasture ;—we, with an instinct all our own, cultivate arts ; they content themselves with picking up our superfluities ; we make laws and arrange governments ; they know no laws but those of personal convenience, and no government beyond that of muscular force growing out of the habits of seniority ; and we cherish passions of ambition and domination, consequent on our other arrangements, to which they are utter strangers. This race appears to possess the natural feebleness and delicacy of man without the power of shielding themselves from the accidents of nature. If they are freed from the torture felt by civilized man, of having the comforts he enjoys torn from him by

the sophistry of law, or the tyranny of governments, they suffer from hour to hour the torments of want, and the apprehension of not meeting with renewed supplies. If they are gayer than civilized man, it is because their wants are fewer, and therefore fewer of them are unsatisfied ; and probably the gaiety which they assume before strangers may result from their constitution, which, under the same circumstances, may render them gayer than others, just as a Frenchman is gayer than an Englishman, or an Englishman than a North-American Indian. In a word, in looking upon this race, and upon the other recorded varieties of our species, from the woolly-head African to the long-haired Asiatic, from the blue-eyed and white-haired Goth to the black-eyed and black-haired North American, and from the gigantic Patagonian to the dwarfish Laplander, we are led to believe, that the human species must radically have been as various as any other species of animated beings ; and it seems as unphilosophical as impious to limit the powers of creation to pairs of one kind, and to ascribe their actual varieties to the operations of chance.

As I proceeded from the stile towards their tents, the apparent chief of the gang advanced with a firm step, holding a large knife in one hand, and some eatables in the other ; and he made many flourishes with his knife, in the apparent hope of intimidating me, if I proved an enemy. I civilly begged his pardon for intruding upon their camp, and assured him that mine was a mere visit of curiosity, that I was not a justice of the peace, and had no desire to disturb them. He then told me I was very welcome, and I advanced to their chief tent. " But," said I to this man, " you have

not the gipsy colour and features?" "O, no," he replied, "I am no gipsy—the people call us all *gipsies*—but I am by trade a tinker—I live in—Court, Shoreditch, in the winter; and during the summer I travel the country, and get my livelihood by my trade." Looking at others of the groupe, who were sitting at the entrance of two tents, I traced two sets of features among them, one plainly English, and the other evidently Gipsy; and, mentioning this circumstance, he replied, "O yes—though I am not a gipsy, my wife is, and so is her old mother there—they are true gipsies, every inch of 'em. This man, my wife's brother, is a gipsy—we are useful to one another in this way of life—and the old woman there is as knowing a gipsy as any in the country, and can tell your fortune, sir, if you like to hear it." His character of the old woman, who resembled Munden's witch in *Macbeth*, produced considerable mirth in the whole party; and the old woman, who was busily smoking her pipe, took it from her mouth, and said, "I ayn't told so many gentlefolks their fortunes to no purpose, and I'll tell your's, sir, if you'll give me something to fill my pipe." I smiled, and told her I thanked her; but, as I was not *in love*, I felt no anxiety to hear my fortune. "Aye, sir," said she, "many's the lover I've made happy, and many's the couple that I've brought together." Recollecting Farquhar's incident in the Recruiting Officer—I remarked—"You tell the ladies what their lovers hire you to tell them, I suppose—and the gentlemen what the ladies request you to tell them?" "Why, yes," said she, "something like it;" and laughing—"aye, sir, I see you're in the secret!" "And then you touch golden fees, I suppose?"—"Yes," interrupted the first man, "I've known her get five or six guineas on a wedding-day, part from the lady, and part from the gentleman; and she never wants a shilling, and a meal's victuals, when she passes many houses that I could name." "Aye," exclaimed the old beldame, "that's all true; and I've made many fine folks happy in my time, and so did my mother before me—

she was known far and near!" I had no occasion to remark on the silly dupes on whom they practised these impositions, for the entire party expressed their sentiments by bursts of laughter while the old woman was speaking—but I could not help exclaiming, that I thought she ought to make the fools pay well who gave credit to her prophecies. "Aye," said she, "I see you don't believe in our art—but we tell all by the *hand*!" I felt of course that the *hand* was as good a key to determine the order of *probable* events as the planets, cards, or tea-sediments; and therefore, concluding that gipsies, like astrologers and other prophets, are imposed on by the doctrine of chances, I dropped the conversation; but felt it my duty to give the old woman a shilling to buy some tobacco for her pipe.

I now surveyed the entire party, and in three tents found there were three men, two women, besides the old woman, four girls, and two boys. One of the tents was placed at a little distance from the others, and in that resided a young married couple. "And pray," said I, "where and how do you marry?" "Why," said the first man, "we marry like other folks—they were married at Shoreditch Church—I was married to my old woman here at Hammersmith Church—and my brother-in-law here was married at Acton Church." "Then," said I, "you call yourselves Christians?" At this question they all laughed; and the first man said, that, "If it depends on our going to church, we can't say much about it; but, as we do nobody any harm, and work for our living, some in one way, and some in another, we suppose we are as good Christians as many other folks."

While this conversation passed, I heard them speaking to each other in a language which had the effect of Irish, but with more shrill tones; and the first man, notwithstanding his English physiognomy, as well as the others, spoke with a foreign accent, not unlike that of half-anglicized Hindoos. I mentioned this peculiarity, but he assured me that neither he nor any of the party had been out of England. I now enquired

about their own language, when one of them said it was *Maltese*, but the other said it was their *cunt* language. I asked their names for various objects which I pointed out; but, after half a dozen words, the first man enquired, if I had "ever heard of one Sir Joseph Banks—for," said he, "that gentleman once paid me a guinea for telling him twenty words in our language." Perceiving, therefore, that he rated this species of information very high, and aware that the subject has been treated at large by many authors, I forbore to press him further.

As I stood conversing with these people, I could not help marvelling that, in the most polished district of the most civilized of nations. I should thus have presented under my eyes a family of eleven persons in no better condition than the Hottentots in their kraals, the Americans in their wigwams, or the Tartars in their equally rude tents. I sighed, however, to think that difference of natural constitution and varied propensities were in England far from being the only causes of the proximity of squalid misery with ostentatious pomp. I felt too that the manners of the gipsies were assimilated to those of the shepherd tribes of the remotest antiquity, and that in truth I saw before me a family of the pastoral ages, as described in the Book of Genesis. They wanted their flocks and herds, but the possession of these neither accorded with their own policy, nor with that of the country in which they reside. Four dogs attached to their tents, and two asses grazing at a short distance, completed such a grouping as a painter would, I have no doubt, have found in the days of Abraham in every part of Western Asia, and is now to be found among the same people, at this day in every country in Europe. They exhibit that state of man in which thousands of years might pass away without record or improvement; and, whether they are Egyptians, Arabs, Hindoos, Tartars, or a peculiar

variety of our species, whether they exhibit man in the rude state which, according to Lord Monboddo, most nearly approximates the Ourang-Outang of the oriental forest, or whether they are considered in their separated character, they form an interesting study for the philosopher, the economist, and the antiquary.

In a few minutes after I had left the gipsy camp, I was overtaken by a girl of fifteen, the quickness of whose breathing indicated excessive alarm. "O, sir," said she, "I'm so glad to come up with you—I'm so frightened—I've been standing this quarter of an hour on the other side of the stile, waiting for somebody to come by." "And what has so frightened you?" said I. "O, sir," said the still-terrified girl, looking behind her, and increasing her pace, "those gipsies and witches—they frighten every body; and I wouldn't have come this way for all the world, if I'd known they'd been there." "But," said I, "what are you frightened at? have you heard that they have done harm to any one?" "O dear, yes, sir, I've heard my mother say they bewitched people; and, one summer, two of them beat my father dreadfully." "But what did he do to them?" "Why, he was a little tipsey, to be sure, but he says he only called them a pack of fortune-tellers." "And are all the children in this neighbourhood as much frightened at them as you?" "O yes, sir; but some of the boys throw stones over the hedge at them, but we girls are afraid they'll bewitch us. Did you see the old hag, sir?" The poor girl asked this question with such simplicity, and with a faith so confirmed, that I had reason once more to feel astonishment at the superstition which infests and disgraces the common people of this generally enlightened nation! Let me hope that the tutors in the schools of Bell and Lancaster will consider it as part of their duties, to destroy the vulgar faith in ghosts, omens, fortune-telling, fatality, and witchcraft.

INQUIRY INTO THE MORAL CHARACTER OF DR. YOUNG.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Abbotts Roding, Nov. 2, 1816.

*Crædellus Pater, magis an puer improbus ille ?
Improbus ille pater, crædellus tu quoque Pater.*

Mr. Urban,

THE impression which was made upon my mind in the earlier days of my life, from reading the *Night Thoughts* of Dr. Young, was such, that I regarded him as an Angel of Light. The solemnity of the subject, and the sublimity of his thoughts, impressed me with so much reverence and veneration for the Author, that the model of his life seemed to have been of the chastest kind, and his morals so pure, that his example might be followed in any stage of life with the greatest safety and security, without any danger of deviating from the standard of Christian perfection. But, upon a nearer approach to the golden image which I had set up, there is a visible alloy, discovering too plainly that all is not gold that glistens.

The Example must be followed with caution: since not only in his earlier but in his later days, there are strong exceptions to be taken against his moral and religious character. How far these severe observations may be justified, are, now to be submitted to candid decision, and to the fair impartiality of judgment.

On perusing, a few mornings ago, the *Life* of Doctor Young, prefixed to a neat and elegant quarto volume of his *Night Thoughts*, my eye was offended with a flaw in the gem, which I wish to be removed by some scientific hand. There seemed to be also some inaccuracies, into which the Editor had fallen; and some obscurities, which stood in need of explanation and elucidation.

An explanatory note is wanted to the *Life* of Young, in which it is said, that in his 19th year he became a Member of New College; and in the same year was removed to Corpus.

It would be satisfactory to know, by what motive he could have been induced to have stood for a scholarship in

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C.C.C. at a time when in the year immediately following he would have succeeded to a Fellowship in his own College. What renders his removal still more inexplicable is, that he thereby gave up his eligibility to the different preferments in the gift of the two St. Mary Winton Colleges—endowments such as no other College in the University is enriched with. So that, in his third removal, to All Souls, he did not regain an equivalent to what he might have remained in possession of.

The Editor of his *Life* having informed us, that he was removed from Corpus by Archbishop Tenison having appointed him to a Law Fellowship in All Souls, it would be highly satisfactory to know whether by an appeal upon an undue election, or on what other occasion, the Archbishop, as Visitor, became invested with such privilege and authority, as to supersede the right of election in the Warden and Fellows of that foundation.

A farther explanation would be desirable respecting the *Law Fellowship*, which, the Editor acquaints us, the Archbishop had put him in possession of.

During my earlier connection with the University, I do not recollect to have heard of a Law Fellowship in any one College throughout Oxford. There are Vinerian Fellowships; which are truly and literally Law Fellowships; but they are appropriate to no peculiar College. In All Souls, New College, and St. John's, there are certain Fellows, who by the statutes of the College are under an obligation of taking their Degrees in Civil Law. But the founder, so far from confining them to the study of jurisprudence, left them at full liberty, as their genius and turn of mind led them, to devote their talents to the study of Physic, Divinity, or law.

But the subject of more important moment is yet untouched.

It being far from the intention of my

mind to take up the ashes of the dead, or to take up the first, or even the last stone, to deface the monument erected to the pious memory of the deceased ; I seek for information only for the cause of truth—to clear up what is obscure—and to throw its proper shade and light upon the character of Dr. Young.

With this view I look to the *Sylvæ Academi*, where the more authentic information may perhaps be obtained respecting some of the particulars attached to the present subject. And I should also hope, that some of the friends or surviving relations of our Author may be able to dispel the dark and heavy cloud, which with *Cimmerian* darkness hangs over his memory.

The fair name and the honest reputation of the Author of the *Night Thoughts* are deeply sullied by the Editor's associating him in friendship with the Duke of Wharton. But, leaving nothing to the uncertainty of imputation, he precludes us from the delusion of hope, and from all misconceived prejudice in his favour, by roundly asserting that his morals were far from being correct. I should be extremely reluctant, as well as unwilling, to give my assent to so heavy a charge, unless the accusation were supported by such evidence as could not be gainsaid.

Should the truth of the charge be found to stand in full force against him, and that his moral character was debased by the contamination of vice—such an aspersion would not only tarnish the lustre and brilliancy of his character, but it would prove also to be a libelous attack upon the Warden and Fellows of All Souls College at that time existing ; for from them he must then have received his Testimonial for Holy Orders. Under what construction of Religion could they have subscribed their names with the solemn assurance, if the scandal and reproach were well-founded of his immorality—that he was qualified, by a moral and religious life, to be a Minister of the Gospel of Christ ?

The different persons, thus brought forward to public notice, are now resting in the grave. In that grave, where all things may be for a season forgotten, though I believe that our prayers for the dead avail nought, I may nevertheless innocently say, without blotting out a single iota from our creed, in *pæce quiescant* !

The Biographer of Dr. Young has not thought fit to particularize the nature of his offence against the law of morality and order. Taking leave of his general charge, in hope that some friend may vindicate the Author of the *Night Thoughts*, and wipe off the foul aspersion from his name, I shall devote the remaining part of this interesting subject to the important consideration—Whether, as a Father to a Son who by some youthful indiscretion had given him offence, he did not exercise a severity too rigid, persevering with inflexible harshness for a long series of years ?

The minor age of the Son ought, in all reason, strongly to have pleaded in his favour against the sternness of the Father, whatever might have been the errors of his conduct. He had scarcely left Winchester school, when he was banished from his father's friendly roof—when he forfeited all his protection, the benefit of his seasonable advice, and the wholesome correction, which might have led to the happy end of regaining that blessing which he had lost.

How unharmoniously does this *rigida virtus* agree with those musical and melancholy sounds, which he breathed in extreme heaviness of grief and affliction, when he bedewed the grave of *Narcissus* with tears, which, in sympathy of sorrow, have since flowed down the cheek from many an eye !

Could the Father of a daughter—not his own—and the Father of a son, legitimately born, discarded and forbidden from all approach to his person, be the same identical being ? Lord, what is Man !

Concluded in our next.

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

(ILLUSTRATION OF PROVERBS, OBSCURE SAYINGS, &c.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
OBSERVING among a few miscellaneous questions in the last number of your magazine, an inquiry into the origin of the saying, "Tenterden Steeple's the cause of Goodwin Sands," I remembered having met with the explanation of it in Mr. Ray's collection of English proverbs, in the provincial selection under the head of "Kent;" but as few of your readers are most likely in possession of that work, or if they are, may not have been fortunate enough to have met with the passage, and as I think it rather curious, I shall subjoin it exactly as it is printed, and if you think it or any part of it worth inserting for the information of your correspondents and other readers, it is at your service.

A. B.

August 20, 1816.

"TENTERDEN STEEPLE'S THE CAUSE OF GOODWIN SANDS."

This proverb is used when an absurd and ridiculous reason is given for any thing in question, an account of the original whereof I find in one of Bishop Latimer's sermons, in these words. Mr. Moore was once sent with commission into Kent, to try out if it might be what was the cause of Goodwin's Sands, and the shelf which stopped up Sandwich Haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore, and calleth all the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best satisfy him of the matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich Haven. Among the rest, came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an 100 years old; when Mr. Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter for being so old a man, it was likely he knew most in that presence, or company; so Mr.

Moore called this old aged man unto him, and said, Father tell me if you can, what is the cause of the great arising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here; you are the oldest man I can espy in all the company, so that if any man can tell me the cause of it, you in all likelihood can say most to it, or at leastwise, more than any man here assembled. Yea! forsooth, good Mr. Moore, quoth this old man, for I am well nigh an 100 years old, and no man here in this company any thing near my age. Well then, (quoth Mr. Moore) how say you to this matter, what think you to be the cause of these shelves and sands which stop up Sandwich Haven? Forsooth Sir, (quoth he) I am an old man; I think Tenterden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin's Sands. For I am an old man, Sir, (quoth he) I may remember the building of Tenterden Steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden Steeple was in building, there was no manner of talking of any flats or sands that stopped up the haven, and therefore, I think, that Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich Haven. Thus far the bishop.

Fuller, however, remarks, "that one story is good, till another is told, and though this be all, whereupon, this proverb is generally founded, I met since," says he, "with a supplement thereto; it is this. Time out of mind, money was constantly collected out of this county to fence the east banks thereof, against the eruptions of the sea, and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester; but, because the sea had been quiet for many years without any encroaching, the bishop commuted this money to the building of a steeple, and endowing a church at Tenderden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks, the sea afterwards brake in upon Goodwin's Sands.

And now the old man had told a rational tale, had he found but the due favour to finish it, and thus, sometimes that is causelessly accounted ignorance of the speaker, which is nothing but impatience in the auditors unwilling to attend to the end of the discourse."

LUKE AND DAMIEN.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URRAN,

Dec. 8.

FROM Boswell's Life of Johnson it appears that line 420 of Goldsmith's Poem of "The Traveller," and the concluding 10 lines, except the following couplet, were furnished by Dr. Johnson.

"The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel."

Of Luke it is stated, that in the "*Respublica Hungarica*" there is an account of a desperate rebellion in 1514, headed by two brothers, Luke and George Zeck. When quelled, George, not Luke, was punished by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron crown."

Damien was a fanatic, who in the year 1756 attempted to assassinate Louis XV. and actually wounded him in the presence of his son and his guards. When put to the torture, he declared it was not his intention to kill the King, but only wound him, that God might touch his heart, and incline him to restore peace to his dominions, which had been much agitated by the disputes between the Parliament and Clergy respecting the Papal Bull *Unigenitus*, which was enforced by the King, in opposition to the Parliament and people, and by which the Jansenists were declared heretical.

Although the insanity of Damien was evident from his expressions, he was put to a most cruel and lingering death by the rack, which is figuratively called a "bed of steel."

As possibly some of your Readers might not have been aware who the persons alluded to were, your insertion of the above will much oblige,

Yours, &c.

J. S.

FRENCH CURIOSITY.

The *Badmuds* of Paris yield not to the *cockneys* of London in staring, and "making a sight" of every thing. A few days ago the footman of Lady P***, who is in deep mourning, made his appearance in the Palais Royal, little supposing that he himself should be, for the moment, the greatest curiosity of the place; the great vulgar and the small flocked round him, watched every motion, and wondered who he could be: at least he was a colonel—this was evident by his "two epaulettes" (shoulder-knots:) but of what nation? his hat and his walk were English; but the French had never seen an English regiment dressed in black: in fact, John was a *rara avis in Terris*—no one could guess to what army he belonged, and none *dared* put the question to him, for such impertinence might be deemed a gross insult to—perhaps a prince! As great curiosity was excited, and ungratified; the appearance of the illustrious stranger was thus announced in the journals of the next day—"A young man, whom, from his face and his walk, we took for an Englishman, attracted, the day before yesterday, at the Palais Royal, the attention of the multitude by the regularity (singularity) of his costume.—dressed in mourning, from head to foot; he wore *two large epaulettes* of black worsted, which, with the round shape of his hat, formed a burlesque contrast. Otherwise, far from having an air of embarrassment, the young man appeared proud of the curiosity of our idlers, and shewed himself to them very complaisantly."—*Journal de Paris*, Sept. 15.

STRIKING CONTRASTS.

The French display, on numerous occasions, the most striking contrasts of splendour and wretchedness, of pride and meanness. In London, the opening of a shop will ruin the character of a whole street in the eye of fashion; in Paris it is different, the most splendid palaces are found in narrow, dark, and dirty streets, filled with shops of the lowest order; even in the good street of the Faubourg St. Honoré it is the same:

for example, the address of the British ambassador is—"His excellency the English ambassador, next door to the coppersmith, Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, à Paris!"

What would you think in England of a noble, marquis calling, in a public coffee-room, for a cup of coffee, of the value of five pence, and very coolly emptying the sugar-bason into his pocket! Yet this is done every day in Paris by all ranks; the argument is this—"what the waiter brings I have a right to use in my coffee, and consequently I have a right to put it in my pocket."—*Mon. Mag.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

DURING a short stay last month at Malvern Wells, I observed in climbing one of the hills, a long bare place, which ran diagonally across a smooth grass walk, which had been made for the accommodation of those who visited the wells. This bare place or path was entirely filled with ants, which were running backwards and forwards, apparently very busy in search of food. The path seemed to be nine or ten feet in length, and about two inches in breadth, and terminated at the lower extremity in a bed of nettles and long grass; and none of the ants deviated at all from the path till they reached this point, when they separated, and went different ways. Those which returned with food in their mouths deposited it in the nest, which was at the other end. I observed many of them returning from the nest with something in their mouths, which, upon closer inspection, I found to be their young, which they were taking out, for the purpose, as I concluded, of exposing them to the air and sun. When they had proceeded about one-third of the way down the path, they deposited their charge upon the grass, and returned to the nest, in all probability to fetch more of their young. I watched several of the ants one by one from the nest, and found that they went an immense way in search of food. I kept my eye upon one in particular for some time, and at length saw

it take up a dead fly, with which it was returning to the nest; but when it had proceeded about half way up the path, it was overtaken by another ant, which seemed also to be returning, but which had not been so successful as that whose motions I had been observing: a contest instantly ensued, in which the one that had made the attack succeeded in getting possession of the dead fly, which it carried triumphantly to the nest, whilst the other returned in search of something else, ashamed to enter the nest without contributing to the general stock. Upon examining the nest closer, I observed several of the ants that appeared to be wandering beyond the nest, a circumstance which I had not before noticed. I followed them with my eye, and found that there was another path, formed by them amongst the loose stones and sand of the hill; and, upon ascending a little higher, I found it was as much thronged with them as the path below. I traced them for about 250 or 300 yards, when, to my great surprise, I discovered an immense nest of about fourteen yards in circumference, in which I beheld such myriads of these little creatures that my eyes were actually dazzled with looking at them. The nest was composed of small bits of dry grass, bark of trees, fern leaves, &c. all of them cut into little shreds of about one quarter of an inch in length. The entrances into it were innumerable, and thronged with the busy tribe. Wishing to ascertain the depth of the nest, I thrust my stick into it, and found that, for about a foot and a half, it was composed of these dry leaves, &c.; and upon turning this up I saw all the young and food deposited amongst the small loose stones of which that part of the hill was composed. I did not dare to remain long near the nest, for I found myself entirely covered from head to foot in the space of two minutes. The next morning I found the breach which I had made the night before completely repaired, and also a dead mole, which I had thrown into the nest, entirely consumed.

There were a great number of ant-hills made by the *Formica rubra*, or red ant, all around this nest, some within ten or twelve feet: but the ants of both species

seemed to keep quite distinct, and never to interfere with each other. I brought several of the ants home with me ; and, upon examination, they appear to me to be the *Formica herculeana*, or horse-ant, of Linnæus ; but I do not conceive they are peculiar to that part of the country in which I saw them.

J. D. S.

Derby, Aug. 12, 1816.

AFFECTION OF THE PARTRIDGE.

Many anecdotes are related to prove the extraordinary affection which partridges have for their young ; and I think the following circumstances, which came this year partly under my own observation, too interesting to remain unknown.

A countryman passing by some furze-ground with his dog, the dog caught a hen-partridge in her nest (which contained fourteen eggs) ; before the man could come to her assistance, the dog had broken her thigh-bone, close to her body, and very much bruised her. The man, however, took care to place the bird near her nest ; and, when he passed by it on the following day, he saw her sitting on her eggs. Two days afterwards the young covey was hatched, and ran away into an adjoining corn-field ; but, within a week, the poor old hen-partridge was found dead near her nest.

Wiveliscombe, Somerset.

J. W.

[*Mon. Mag.*]

SAGACITY OF RATS.

In my second letter on the preservation of grain, I noticed the sagacity of rats ; and perhaps some of your readers will be able to parallel the following authentic facts. In the year 1744, the surgeon of a man-of-war observed the eggs rapidly decreasing from the sick sea-store ; and intimated to his mates, that he suspected they took some unwarrantable liberties. The young gentlemen, conscious of innocence, were highly affronted ; but the eggs were gone, they alone had access where they lay, and they could only deny the charge. One of them said to the other, it might be possible that the sailors had a false key, and they ought to watch for their detection. They provided themselves with a dark lanthorn, and, well armed,

waited the depredators. Soon after midnight a great movement near the cask where the eggs were packed induced them cautiously to turn the lanthorn. They beheld a vast number of rats climbing up, and kept very still to observe the issue ; in a short time they saw the party of rats return, each with an egg under his chin. They next day informed the surgeon ; he had the remaining eggs taken from the cask, and placed in a smaller dish, supported by a table, the feet of which receded so far, that the rats could not get up. He attended with the dark lanthorn, saw the invaders ascend the barrel, and come away disappointed ; they prowled about a few minutes before they discovered the eggs. One of the men employed in their removal had left a spar leaning to the table ; this was soon perceived by the rats, and some got up with alacrity. The surgeon, by a stealthy movement, took away the spar before the whole party effected a lodgment ; but they that had obtained possession, clinging together, made a pathway to the ground, and their comrades passed over their backs to the table ; nor were they long till each retreated in the same way with an egg under his chin, which he would have carried off had not the gentlemen interfered.—*Mon. Mag.* Jan. 1817.

A BLIND JOCKEY.

I saw in a late paper an account of wonderful performances by a blind lady. Within ten miles of my residence, there lived many years a horse-jockey, quite bereft of sight since his second year, when he had the small-pox. He knew the good properties or defects of a horse by feeling all over his frame, and gave a remarkable proof of acuteness, in discovering a fine horse was blind of one eye, a failing never suspected by his purchaser. The gentleman had bought the horse at Edinburgh, and on his way home put up at the inn kept by William M'Gilvray's father. He desired the sightless jockey to go out, and examine his recent bargain, extolling the handsome figure, the mettle, and docility of the animal. M'Gilvray returned in half an hour, saying "the horse was all that could be wished if he could see with both eyes."

‘How do you know he does not see?’ said the gentleman. “I have passed my hand over and over that side of his head (said he,) and his eye-lids never flinch, but on the other side they close instantly.” The horse was found to be really blind of one eye, and a blind man was the first to perceive the imperfection.—*Ibid.*

ALCIBIADES.

Alcibiades, when a young man, had to struggle with a strong nervous terror on entering the assembly of the people. Socrates tried to encourage and animate him: “You do not care much for that cobbler?” said he, naming him. Alcibiades agreed.—“Or that public crier?” resumed Socrates; “or that tent-maker?” The son of Clineas assented.—“And is not the whole Athenian people,” said Socrates, “made up of this sort of persons? If you are indifferent about them singly, you may surely be indifferent about them in the mass.”—*Ibid.*

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

The Scots had a custom (which began in the time of Ewen III.) that the king and his successors should sleep the first night with every woman whose husband held lands immediately from the crown; and the lords and gentlemen with those whose husbands were their tenants and homagers. This was their knight’s service tenure, and continued till the days of Malcolm Connor, who, at the request of his wife Margaret (sister of Edgar Etheling), abolished this law, ordaining that the tenants, by way of commutation, should pay unto their lords a mark in money, which is yet in force, and is called *Marcheta Mulieræ*.—*Ibid.*

EARTHQUAKES IN SPANISH AMERICA.

There is a nice gradation in the several senses, in which an attention to the labours of scientific and capable travellers and voyagers is beneficial. An extended knowledge of physical nature, is probably the first in importance,—of political and social properties and capabilities, the second. But there is also a third kind of instruction, which, if inferior to the two former in primary consequence, is, probably, still more

delightful to the general enquirer. This may be denominated, the light thrown by the works of accomplished travellers on the extensive compatibility of the human mind. How many terrors in the eye of imagination, nay, in the sober contemplation of reason, vanish before daily habit and experience. Who can read of the hideous and slimy reptiles which annoy even the domesticity of Ceylon and Guiana, without shuddering; while, by the natives of these countries they are little regarded; and, as to evils of another kind, we all know with what apathy myriads endure the overwhelming despotism of Asia. But possibly as strong a proof of the adaptation of mind to circumstances as ever was recorded, may be gathered from the personal narrative of Humboldt; it is contained in his account of the earthquakes at Cumana.

“As no record exists at Cumana, and its archives, on account of the continual devastation of the termites, or white ants, which contain no document that goes further than a hundred and fifty years; we are unacquainted with the precise dates of its ancient earthquakes. We only know, that in times nearer our own, the year 1766 was the most fatal to the colonists. On the 21st October, in that year, the city of Cumana was entirely destroyed. The whole of the houses were overturned in the space of a few minutes, and the shocks were hourly repeated for fourteen months. During the years 1766 and 1767, the inhabitants of Cumana encamped in the streets, and they began to build their houses, when the earthquakes took place only once a month.” Again—“Tradition states, that, in the earthquake of 1766, as well as in another very remarkable one in 1794, the shocks were only horizontal variations; it was on the disastrous day of the 14th December, 1797, that, for the first time at Cumana, the motion was felt by the raising up of the ground. More than four-fifths of the city were thus entirely destroyed; but, happily, the most violent shock was preceded by a slight undulating motion; so that the greater part of the inhabitants could escape into the streets, and a small number only of those perished, who had assembled in the churches. It is a gen-

erally received opinion at Cumana, that the most destructive earthquakes are announced by very feeble oscillations, and by a hollow sound, which does not escape the observation of persons habituated to this kind of phenomenon. In this fatal moment, the cries of—*Misericordia*, it trembles! it trembles! are every where heard, and it is very rarely that a false alarm is given by a native."

Once more.—"The earthquakes of Cumana are connected with those of the West-India islands, and it has even been suspected, that they have some connexion with the volcanic phenomena of the Cordilleras of the Andes. On the 4th of November, 1797, the soil of the province of Quito underwent such a destructive commotion, that, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of the population of that country, nearly forty thousand natives perished, buried under the ruins of their houses, swallowed up in the crevices, or drowned in lakes that were suddenly formed."

Such are the facts which may be accommodated to human apprehension, and which, when past, fade from the

recollection like the petty sufferings of hourly experience. It is trite to observe, that extremes meet; but possibly the operation of slight and overwhelming calamity may in some degree resemble. The first demand but little reflection; the second confound all consideration: in either case the attention is more rapidly at liberty, and escapes that pause which is the origin of the profoundest impressions, and the most untwistable associations.—*Ibid.*

NEW BOSOM COMPANION.

While Mr. William Key, a day labourer in Dalry, was engaged in the repair of a road, a few miles from that village, on Friday Oct. 4, an adder crept into his jacket pocket, which he had laid down beside the gravel pit in which he was working; the pocket being slit, it lay around the bottom of his jacket for three days unperceived, until Monday, he found it stirring, when he threw off his jacket, called his neighbours, and, to his great surprise, found it alive, and killed it. It measured 21 inches in length.—*Lit. Pan. for Nov. 1816.*

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Continued from p. 68.

IT was naturally expected by the friends on both sides, no less than by the public, that Mrs. Sheridan would still have continued her professional pursuits, but though the circumstances of her husband were contracted within a very limited sphere, he resolutely resisted every offer that was made on that subject. The last performance of Mrs. Sheridan as a public singer, was for the benefit of the musical meeting of the three choirs at Worcester in the summer after her marriage; but from that time she ceased to appear at the oratorios, in which her place was supplied by her sister, afterwards Mrs. Tickell. The proprietors of the Pantheon, then just erected in Oxford-street, made her a proposal

of two thousand a year for seven years, which was indignantly refused by the husband, who would not even suffer her to sing at a royal concert, which gave great offence to many of the nobility, and to their Majesties. Yet at this time the new married couple could with difficulty provide for their ordinary wants, and Sheridan in after life has been heard to say, that he and his lady were obliged to write for the booksellers to procure the necessary supply for their daily dinner. The law was neglected, though he kept his name on the books of the Temple, and was admitted to commons in Hilary term in 1774, but never was called to the bar.

On the 17th of January, 1775, his comedy of the *Rivals* was performed at

Covent Garden, but met with a very cold reception, at first, through the indifferent acting of Mr. Lee, to whom was entrusted the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Sheridan then withdrew his play for the purpose of making some alterations, after which it was brought forward again, and experienced very different treatment, for which as the author considered himself greatly indebted to Mr. Clinch, who personated the Irish baronet, he generously gave him a farce entitled "Saint Patrick's Day; or the Scheming Lieutenant," which was performed at that gentleman's benefit. At the commencement of the ensuing season, Mr. Sheridan brought out his comic opera of the "Duenna," the music of which, and several of the songs, came from the pen of his ingenious lady. The success of this entertaining piece exceeded that of the Beggars' Opera, having been performed seventy-five nights in the first season, which was ten more than Gay's remarkable production. Mr. Sheridan's fame was now established, and he became a member of several eminent societies, particularly the Literary Club, over which the venerable Johnson presided, and who treated him with distinguished respect. Here he acquired the friendship of Burke, Reynolds, and many other persons of the first rank in the world of genius; but for his intimacy with Fox he was solely indebted to Lord John Townshend, who in a private letter to a common acquaintance just after the funeral of Mrs. Sheridan says, "I am one of his earliest friends; he, I, and poor Tickell, (whose memory, with all his faults will ever be dear to me,) lived together in the closest habits of friendship from earliest life—long before Sheridan's introduction to public life—before the "Duenna's" appearance—before he was known to Fox, to whom I had the pleasure of first introducing him. I made the first dinner party at which they met, having told Fox that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of the Rivals, &c. would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers, which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. This first interview between them (there were very few present, only Tickell, and myself, and one or two more,) I shall never forget. Fox told me, after our breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare (after my uncle Charles Townshend) the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely. And Sheridan the next day told me that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most—his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful, fancy, artless manners, and the benevolence of heart which shewed itself in every word he uttered."

Mr. Garrick having resolved to withdraw from that stage which he had adorned for the space of about forty years, a negotiation was entered into for his share of the patent of Drury Lane, which was purchased at \$5,000l. by Mr. Ford, Mr. Linley, and Mr. Sheridan. The share of the latter was mortgaged upon this occasion, and he was greatly befriended through the business by Garrick, who had such an opinion of his abilities as to recommend him to succeed in the management of the theatre. In this, however, partiality got the better of judgment, for whatever might be the talents of Mr. Sheridan, his habitual indolence and total want of experience in business, rendered him unfit for a situation that required diligence and economy. The season after his appointment, he brought forward an alteration of Vanburgh's licentious but witty comedy of the Relapse, changed into the title of the Trip to Scarborough. This piece was not very well received at first, but afterwards by being more judiciously cast and better acted it became a favourite, and has been since often played to full houses. But the celebrity of Mr. Sheridan, as a dramatic writer, attained its height on the appearance of the School for Scandal, which was first performed on the 8th of May, 1777, and continued to attract, at that late period of the season, uncommonly crowded audiences. Garrick, to whom the manuscript was submitted, became so enraptured with the piece, and

assured of its success, that he attended the rehearsals constantly, spoke with enthusiasm of it in all companies, and wrote for it an admirable prologue. The merits of this celebrated comedy are too fully established to require any observation in this place ; but it is somewhat extraordinary and has excited no little surprise and curiosity, that the author never avowed the production, nor suffered it to appear from the press with his name. What could have occasioned this forbearance, when his other works of minor interest, and some totally unworthy of his pen, have been published, it would be difficult to guess ; but so it is, that his claim to the School for Scandal has been called in question repeatedly, and yet he has never taken any step to secure his right, in the estimation of the public, or to remove any ill impression which such a report accompanied by his silence may make upon posterity. For our parts, we are not competent to decide the question, but the late worthy and intelligent editor of the *Biographica Dramatica* relates a story that was circulated soon after the appearance of the play, in which it was ascribed to a young lady who died of a consumption at the Bristol wells. This we are not inclined to believe, but still it is a pity, for the honour of literature, that such a rumour should be permitted to remain uncontradicted by authority. As to the play itself, little can be said in favour of its moral tendency, and so far from acting as a lash to chastise vice, it seems to have no other effect than that of exposing it to laughter.

On the death of Mr. Garrick, at the beginning of 1779, a monody was written to commemorate his powers and virtues, by Mr. Sheridan, and pronounced at Drury Lane by Mrs. Yates. But though expectation had been roused by repeated announcements of this poem, it gave little satisfaction in the delivery, and still less to the world when it was published. The author wrote with coldness upon a subject that should have animated him with private as well as poetic feeling. The particular excellencies of Garrick in the line of his profession are not characterized ; and of his worth as a man not a word is said.

On the 30th of October, 1779, came out "The Critic ; or a Tragedy Rehearsed ;" an entertainment written expressly upon the mould of the "Rehearsal, the production of the witty but profligate Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Charles II. The object of the Duke was to ridicule Dryden, some of whose tragedies no doubt laid him open fairly enough to the stroke of satire. Mr. Sheridan in a similar view endeavoured to create a laugh against Mr. Cumberland, whose prolific genius in many respects resembled that of Dryden. It must be allowed that Sir Fretful Plagiary, in the Critic, is as strong a likeness as caricature of that kind could exhibit ; and it was impossible that any one who knew the original could be mistaken. But when the excellence of Cumberland as a moral writer is considered, to say nothing of his comedies, some of which have the stamp of immortality, no dispassionate mind will approve of the attempt to hold such a man up to public scorn. Cumberland, it is true, had his eccentricities, among which vanity and irritability were remarkably conspicuous, but with all this he possessed sterling virtue. His learning was extensive, and his genius cannot be called in question. He has left abundant proofs of his literary industry behind, and among them are works both in verse and prose which will delight and improve successive generations. Soon after the appearance of the Critic, the tragedy of the Duke of Milan was brought out with alterations at Covent Garden Theatre, and in the prologue to this revived play of Massinger, some very severe allusions were made against the Drury Lane manager for his illiberality towards individuals, and his endeavour to injure them in the eyes of the world.

At this period the circumstances of Mr. Sheridan were very much embarrassed, and though his wife gave private concerts, which were productive of considerable advantage, neither those returns, nor the profits of the theatre, could keep pace with his extravagance. His establishment was large, and conducted without the slightest regard to economy. He played deep, and was a

constant attendant at all the places of fashionable resort ; so that in a short time the affairs of the theatre fell into disorder through his imprudence. To get out of his difficulties he was persuaded by some of his political friends to get into Parliament ; and accordingly he began to make interest for that purpose, as well as to qualify himself for public speaking by declaiming in the presence of his most intimate acquaintance. Among others who were applied to on this occasion, was the late Duke of Portland ; but though his Grace was then connected with the Opposition, he had little opinion of Mr. Sheridan, and declined in polite terms giving him any encouragement. A general election being now at hand, Sheridan was left to hunt about for some borough, which would not require much exertion or expense. His first essay was at Honiton, in Devonshire, to which place he was recommended by a late ingenious and celebrated artist, who was a native of the town, and well respected by the most respectable inhabitants. But finding here that he had to contend with the weighty purse of a Scotch candidate, he prudently retired before the election, and went to Stafford on the invitation of Mr. Edward Monkton, in conjunction with whom he was chosen after a hard struggle. A petition was presented against the return, on the charges of bribery and corruption, but as it was not supported by competent evidence, the sitting members were declared duly elected. Mr. Sheridan now began to display his talents in the support of his party with some effect in the house, but more out of it through the medium of several public journals, particularly one called "The Englishman," of which he was principal proprietor. At length the ministry of Lord North being no longer able to stand against their formidable opponents, retired from power, and the Rockingham party succeeding in 1782. Mr. Sheridan came in with his friends, and was appointed under secretary of state for the northern department.

Concluded in our next.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Her ladyship, who had been a widow forty-five years, was well known for her religious tenets and her firm support of Methodism. Ardent, romantic, and an enthusiast in love as well as in religion, every sentiment of the former passion lay entombed with the lord of her heart, and the husband of her choice. Her warm affections turned to the great source of life and love, and only an immortal and incomprehensible Being could succeed him to whom her virgin heart and most tender affections had been devoted. The world of wealth, fashion, and flattery, offered their resources in vain ; her heart's most poignant feelings were deposited in the shrine of her loved lord, and her eyes rested on futurity with devotion and hope. The mild and unobtrusive effusions of the church of England's devotion, seemed to her enthusiastic feelings too cold, or at best but lukewarm. Her disposition naturally prompted her to good works ; she thought them insufficient, and she listened eagerly to that faith, which, with a Redeemer for its object, taught her to rely on that solely as the means of salvation. The purity of her life, and her unbounded benevolence, has given favour and reputation to a sect she so long, so ably, and, though no more, she may still be said to support, which, from many combining circumstances, might otherwise have fallen into disrepute.

Constant in love, as in religion, so long as she remained a widow, which was till her death, did her beautiful bust stand placed on the tomb of her departed husband, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the county of Leicester ; where, by her will, she directed that her own remains might be deposited, in as plain a manner as possible, her coffin covered with black, and her corpse habited in the same suit of white silk that she wore at the opening of a chapel in Goodman's Fields.

In the course of her life she had expended above one hundred thousand pounds in public and private acts of charity ; and died at her house in Spa Fields, Islington, on June 17, 1791, at the age of eighty-four.

POETRY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

CHORAL SONG OF THE FAIRIES,
AT THE GRAVE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Written for the Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 1816.

AIR—*Thou soft-flowing Avon*—harmonized
for many Voices.

COME, Spirits of Fancy, green Naiads,
and Fays,
By the soft-flowing Avon sweet strains let us
raise ;
Round the shrine of our Shakspeare bright ivy
we'll braid,
And tear-strew the turf where his ashes are
laid :
And when the spire blushing greets morning
again
They'll be glittering and pure—like the drops
of his pen.

See the Gossamer-Fairy her shuttle untwines,
To shoot like his fancy, and gleam like his
lines ;

And, like her unassuming, he left at the dawn,
His tissue to shine, when to rest he was gone ;
For wherever he wander'd (so playful his
pow'rs.)

In a dew-dropp'd web-lace he link'd all the
flow'rs.

O Minstrel immortal ! of Nature possess'd,
To lift the elated, and soothe the distress'd,
Thy harp on the heart-strings can symphonies
shed,

That may seraph the living and soar with the
dead,

Where imparadis'd Poets with Angels com-
bine

In full choir of such notes as here tinkled in
thine.

JOHN F. M. DOVASTON.

Westfulton, Dec. 1.

From the European Magazine.

DON SEBASTIAN.

MERRILY, merrily urge the mule !
Our long day's toil is done—
The fire-flies dance o'er the waters cool,
And the walls where the rosy friars rule
Look red in the setting sun.
Hast thou no carol, jocund Guide,
To cheat the toil-worn traveller's way ?
Such as at social even-tide
Cheers mountain-feast or vintage gay ?

" With oaten-reed or mandoline
I lov'd to loiter on the green,
When first I rov'd o'er Seville's land :
And many a lass with locks of jet
Hlas-wav'd the chirping cuckoo,
While Pedro tun'd the saraband.

But once o'er Sierra-Ronda's height
I led a noble Matadore,
Who thrice in good King Carlos' sight
Had stretch'd the vanquish'd bull in gore.

His was a voice so rich and clear,
When tales of love or war he sung,
It well the weary way might cheer,
Or tempt thy lovely lady's ear ;
Oft while the blithe guitar he strung,
The fawn his mellow trills to hear,
Would crouch amidst the thicket's gloom,
Unstartled by his waving plume,
And thus in moonlight serenade
He sang, to soothe a dark-ey'd maid.

" Thy beaming eyes I never praise,
Nor on thy lip's vermillion gaze,
For in those eyes' ethereal blue,
And in thy ripe lip's honied dew
Lurks too destructive danger :
'Tis not thy gentle smile I bless,
For he who would his soul possess
Must be to thine a stranger :

But 'tis thy frown ! when first I stray'd,
By hope's elysian dreams betray'd,
Thy timely frown with bland controul
Oft to my tempest-troubled soul
Has peace and safety given ;
Then if thy frown from fatal flames
So soon the erring soul reclains,
Smile next, and promise heaven !"

Now tell me true, thou jocund Guide,
Had that fair maiden smiles to give ?
" She was a noble widow'd bride,
With all the wiles and all the pride
That can in gentle beauty live ;—
And he who lov'd her, lov'd in vain,
Yet one, unthankful and unknown,
Dwelt on her fancy's secret throne,
And bound her in a joyless chain.
For once beneath the golden shade,
By citrons and pomegranates made,
Thus to her silver lute she sang,
While to the bow'r a list'ner sprang.

" Thy gaze and thy approach I shun,
Tho' gladden'd in thy sight,
As lilies shrink before the sun,
Yet live upon his light.

The nightingale in Sharon's bow'r
Is silent when he glows,
Tho' to his life-diffusing pow'r
Her summer-reign she owes.

The palm, Samaria's purple pride,
Unfolds its nectar'd fruit,
But deep in darkness strives to hide
The tendrils of its root :

Thus maiden Beauty shuns the gaze
Which all her triumph brings ;
Thus Love its glowing tribute pays,
But shews not whence it springs.

* * * * *

Shew me that bow'r, my jocund Guide,
While the stars are bright and the moon-
beams play !
Thy russet hood thy brow shall hide,
And thine shall be this palfrey gay !
"Down below yon rocky steep,
Where the orange blooms and melons creep,
Silent and soft, the waters blue
Their mossy covert tinkle through,
And dropping on their marble bed,
Feed the lone elm that bends its head
To drink their ever-falling dew :
Its tangled roots, all rude and bare,
Form for thy feet a lover's stair
To reach the fair dame's crystal door ;
There, beneath the myrtles high,
And the purple roses' canopy,
Thou may'st thy tuneful love-tale pour,
But warily tread that path again,
Ere the laughing morn begins to reign."

It is the hour when night is sweet !
When moon-beams gild the bow'ry vale,
To light the smiling pilgrim's feet,
While doves and painted warblers hail
Hearts that with hope and rapture beat.
It is the hour !—and all is still,
Save, dimpling in its sleep, the rill
Which spreads a tell-tale mirror near,
While the soft echoes of the hill
The lady lifts her veil to hear.—
Faintly her lips' sweet breathings stir
That veil of woven gossamer,
Light as the filmy cloud which steals
Tints from the brightness it conceals.

There is no topaz in the mine
Beneath Morena's yellow rocks
So shining as those burnish'd locks ;
There is no marble in the halls
Within Alhambra's royal walls
So spotless as that brow benign ;
Her lips might mock the scarlet gem
In Abdoulrahman's diadem ;
Or th' tufts of coralline that curl
Round rich Bassora's purest pearl.

The moon is gone—the way is dark—
There is but the wandering fire-fly's spark
To guide the muffled listener on :
Yet he has climb'd the soundless gates—
Beneath their arch a taper waits—
It moves—it rises, and is gone !
But there is a bold and faithful hand
Which beckons still with mute command.

"Come on !—the painted curtain lift,
And take this lute—a lover's gift—
Thou seest her lattic'd casement near :
And bark !—her magic hands begin
Speech from the living lyre to win—
Haste !—and her lonely vigil cheer !"

"Stay yet, my true and joyous guide !
If from this rosy bow'r I lead
The beauteous dame to be my bride,
Yon sequins and this gem are thine ;
Now swiftly urge my gallant steed,
And seek the priest of Jago's shrine.
But knows thy faithful heart on whom
This golden moment's treasures fall ?
A soldier sunk in fortune's gloom,
An exile from his father's hall !
For once in boyhood's sullen pride
I shunn'd a rich and noble bride,
Whose beauty—but I durst not gaze
On loveliness I scorn'd to praise."

"Noble Sebastian, joy to thee !
Thou with a lover's eye hast seen
Thy proffer'd bride, thy Imogen ;
Her faith is thine, thy love is free,
And thy father's curse, thy father's ire,
Shall on this blissful night expire !"

The Guide his russet cloak withdrew—
It is the noble Matadore
Who thrice the wolves of Mercia slew,
And steep'd the vanquish'd bull in gore !
"Sebastian, well thou know'st the day,
When, by thy timely jav'lin quell'd,
Thy grasp the howling savage held,
While nerveless at his feet I lay :—
Then by my rescued life I swore
To urge my rival-love no more,
And serve thee with a Spaniard's soul ;
For well I new thy Imogen
Had smiles thy rebel heart to win,
And melt thy pride to Love's controul.
Not mine the form, nor mine the face,
Which highborn Beauty deigns to grace ;
Yet once I woo'd her oft and long,
With quaint device and midnight song ;
And in a gallant page's garb
Tam'd for her hand the snow-white barb :
But quaint device and song were vain,
The sunbeam of her smile to gain,
Until thy well-won praise I sung,
And told thy deeds with friendship's tongue :
Then I have seen the shading lawn
Around her silver treillis drawn,
Swell'd by a softer—kinder sigh :
And when thy noble name I rais'd,
On mine her kindling eye has gaz'd,
Bright as the flash of summer's sky !
Noble Sebastian, take thy prize !
Love in a transient summer dies,
But gratitude has life from heaven !
And more than Beauty's lap bestows,
More than triumphant Pleasure knows,
Is to remembered Friendship given,
Love for himself his feast prepares,
But Friendship keeps the bliss it shares !

* * * * *

The feast in Seville's bow'rs was gay
On brave Sebastian's bridal day ;
Yet seven times thrice the winter-rose
Grow red where golden Tinto flows,
Ere the noble Guide was seen again :
Then resting in our lone abode,
Scars on his wrinkled brow he show'd,
And told of many a battle-plain ;
Oft when our ample bowls supplied
The balm, old Xeres' sparkling pride,
He own'd a banish'd lover's pain ;
But well we rosy Hermits know
How he heal'd his love and forgot his woe !

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

BROODING, the shades of darkness hang,
O'er the still sullen house of death ;
Nature is hush'd ; no zephyr's breath
Disturbs the dull and heavy scene.

The moon appears, the light returns,
But not the cheering light of day ;
'Tis a cold light of transient stay,
No warmth the borrow'd moon-ray yields.

Its silver beams rest on the tombs,
But enter not the grave's confines ;
There neither sun nor moonlight shines,
But blackest night for ever dwells.

The joy and grief of ages past,
The father's hope, the widow's stay,
The fear, and hopes of former day,
Are mingled in one common mass.

Why are the dead reserv'd with care ?
I see each narrow house confin'd
Or with the briar or willow bind,
Or marble monument inscrib'd !

'Tis the bright hope the Bible gives,
That Death shall render back his slain,
And all the dead shall live again,
That teaches thus to guard their dust.

This storehouse of the dead shall ope,
And all that sleep in dust shall wake ;
When the archangel's trump shall shake
The deep foundations of the earth.

DANIEL COPSEY.

Brantree ; May 29, 1816.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

RETIREMENT.

By the late ALFRED POINTS SANDERSON.

[The following lines are the production of a young gentleman now no more ! Though written before he had attained his twentieth year, they discover a correct taste, united with a fine imagination. We find in them none of those laboured ornaments—none of those pompous and fantastic epithets which usually load juvenile performances. A chaste simplicity, every where supported by elegance, is (if my prejudices do not mislead me) their distinguishing character. They address the heart by the tenderness of their sentiments and recommend themselves to the taste by the purity of their style. The youth who has given this early display of genius was a native of North-leach, in Gloucestershire, and received a part of his education at the Free School there, of which his father was head-master. About the age of thirteen, he had the misfortune to lose his father, who died of an apoplexy, soon after he had obtained some church preferment. The destitute situation of the family, occasioned by this event, drew upon them the benevolent attention of the late Dowager Lady Spencer, who adorned high life by the lustre of her virtues. Under her patronage, the subject of this brief memoir was sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he pursued his studies with an ardour and activity of mind which difficulties could not check. The Greek and Roman Classics were his particular favourites ; and he acquired a skill in them which older scholars seldom attain, of which a version of Pope's Messiah into Latin poetry (the product of some of his leisure hours in college) is a sufficient evidence. It shows a mind well acquainted with the felicities of style and expression, with the versification, and idiomatical elegancies of the Roman Poets. But his literary career, though brilliant, was short. The rupture

of a blood-vessel, occasioned by too violent exercise, closed the earthly scene of this amiable and ingenious young man, at the age of twenty-two.—CRITO.]

SWEET ev'ning star ! whose placid ray
With soft sensations moves my heart,
Indulge thy vot'ry's pensive lay ;
O hear a song devoid of art !

Hush'd are the woods, the groves, the vales,
A sacred stillness breathes o'er all ;
While soft o'er hills and dewy dales
The mellow beams of moon-light fall.

Calm'd are my thoughts, no wild'ring woes
Within my tranquil bosom rage ;
Might I enjoy such sweet repose,
From life's gay morn to closing age !

No fame I wish, no wealth require,
No sigh for grandeur heaves my breast ;
RETIREMENT'S shade's my sole desire,
My only wish domestic rest !

Do they who climb AMBITRION'S height,
Who eager grasp at scepter'd power,
Feel that still flow of fix'd delight,
That soothes the swain's untroubled hour ?

Safe in life's vale, from harsh alarms,
He turns to bliss whate'er he sees ;
Him NATURE'S sweetly simple charms,
And all her varying scenes can please.

Dear to my heart the village green,
Whence drest in EV'NING'S pensive beams,
O may I there, unknown, unseen,
Feel sorrow but in FANCY'S dreams !

Yes ! may my life there glide away,
Smooth as the stream that murmur's near ;
And from my home, if e'er I stray,
May all I see that home endear !

When death shall close my wearied eyes,
And friends around my bed shall weep,
May I ('tis all I then shall prize,)
Beneath the hallow'd church-yard sleep !

And may the morn my lonesome grave
Gem with the sparkling dews of heaven ;
And may the breeze the green grass wave,
And o'er it beam the sun of even !

And nought he heard near my low cell,
Save village-sounds at daylight's close ;
Then may the softly pensive bell
Soothe, sweetly soothe, my last repose !

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

SONG.

By Lord THURLOW.

NOW the pled April shows her blossom'd
thorn,
And saffron cowslips the green meads adorn ;
Wood-loving primroses their stars display,
And wheaten fields are in their prime array ;
Now hedge-rows bud with green ; the beechen
tree
And household elder of their leaves are free ;
And PROCE'GINS to sing, and frequent show'rs
Augment the floods, and swell the chafed
flow'rs.

* Curfew.

Let us, my Silvia, to the woods begone,
And make the birth-day of the year our own.
Thou art as sweet as Spring; as dear to me
As is the golden honey of the bee;
And Ocean shall be parted from the strand,
Ere I forsake thee or thy lov'd command.

THE PRISONERS OF CHILLON.

A FABLE.

By Lord BYRON.

I.

MY hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air,
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake,
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast—
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,—
There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,—
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and vivid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech.
And each turn comfortor to each.

With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distrust
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
10 A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but other's ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhor'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank.
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
30 Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
49 Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky;
50 And then the very rock bath rock'd, 121
And I have felt it shake unshock'd,
Because I could have smit'd to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loath'd and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,

For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captive's tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den:
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of the mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side:
 But why delay the truth?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlocked his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower
 Most cherished since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired,
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was withered on the stalk away.
 O God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood.

130 I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
 Strive with a awful convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread:
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow;
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so meekly weak,
 So fearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 140 While all the while, a cheek whose bloom 190
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray—
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur—not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 150 A little hope, my own to raise, 300
 For I was sunk in silence—lost
 In this last loss of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listened, but I could not hear—
 I called, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished:
 I called, and thought I heard a sound—
 160 I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
 And rushed to him:—I found him not,
 I only stirred on this black spot,
 I only lived—I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last—the sole—the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
 170 I took that hand which lay so still, 221
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why,
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

Concluded in our next.

LONDON INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Mr. NICHOLS has nearly completed at the press Two Volumes of "Illustrations of Literature, consisting of Genuine Memoirs and Original Letters of Eminent Persons, who flourished in the Eighteenth Century;" and intended as a Sequel to the "Literary Anecdotes."

He has also nearly ready for publication, a Third Quarto Volume of the Biographical Memoirs of WILLIAM HOGARTH; with illustrative Essays, and 50 Plates not in the two former Volumes.

Shortly will appear a new work, comprising The State Lottery, a Dream: by Sam. Roberts.—Also Thoughts on Wheels, a Poem: By James Montgomery, Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c. In one vol. Duodecimo.

The Round Table, a collection of Essays, on Literature, Men, and Manners. By LEIGH HUNT and WILLIAM HAZLITT. 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. W. SAVAGE is making great progress in his work on Decorative Printing; which promises to form a new era in Printing, by enabling us to represent subjects in their proper colours, so as to imitate Drawings, at the common press, and by the usual process.

Mr. Coke, of Holkham, was the purchaser, at Mr. Roscoe's sale, of the fine portrait of Leo the Tenth, for 500 guineas.—The library sold for £5150; the prints for £1880; and the drawings £738.

Mr. Campbell, the Poet, has determined to proceed with his Critical Lives of the Poets, with Specimens, which will certainly appear in the course of the winter.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 3.]

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1817.

[VOL. I.

MUSIC.

From the European Magazine.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell !
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And wond'ring on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound :
Less than a God they thought there could not
dwell

Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well :
What passion cannot Music raise and quell !
DRYDEN.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low ;
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds :
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms, and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

Pope.

THE value of any science, says Tytler, is to be estimated according to its tendency to promote improvement ; either in private virtue, or in those qualities which render man extensively useful to society. Some objects of pursuit have a secondary utility ; in furnishing

M Eng. Mag. Vol. I.

rational amusement, which, relieving the mind at intervals from the fatigue of serious occupation, invigorates and prepares it for fresh exertion. It is the perfection of any science to unite these advantages, to promote the advancement of public and private virtue, and to supply such a degree of amusement, as to supersede the necessity of recurrence to frivolous pursuits for the sake of relaxation—and of this nature, in a peculiar degree, is the science of Music.

The sister of Mirth and friend of Sorrow, it is this which recreates our spirits when fatigued with care, that banishes our melancholy when oppressed with sorrow, that augments our pleasures when inclined for mirth ; as seasonable in grief as in joy ; as properly employed in ceremonies of the greatest solemnity, as in those of mirth and pleasure ; as much relished when we are in solitude as when we are in company ; it is this alone which, at once calculated to delight the young and old, the joyful and the sad, is equally suited to all ages and capacities, all times and places.

To a science like this, then, possessed of such great and varied advantages, we should imagine it impossible for any to find objection ; and though it is not en-

tirely the case, yet its opponents, as it is natural to suppose, are comparatively and fortunately few.

The chief and only arguments, however, that seem to be urged against its cultivation are, the immoral effects which it is believed to produce in female minds, by the employment of their thoughts too much upon the subject of love; the time which it occupies, that might be devoted to better purposes; and its tendency to effeminate the soul and banish the manly virtues.

The first argument against the study of music, the immoral impression it is apt to produce by employing the mind too much upon the subject of love, is certainly a false one. The same objection might be made with equal force, to the cultivation of letters. We know that there are works of an immoral tendency, as well as those of an opposite nature; but it would be absurd, on this account, to condemn the cultivation of literature in general. In respectable families, neither books nor songs of an immoral or improper description are, of course, admitted; and, where it is otherwise, the fault must not be attributed to letters or the science of music, which in the hands of the well-intentioned will ever be wielded in a good cause, as instruments to suppress vice and encourage virtue.

The next objection, that is urged against music, is the time that it occupies—but what is this? rather a reflection upon the person than the science; an argument that may be equally applied to every thing else that is excellent as this; for what is there good and useful, in moderation, that is not at the same time hurtful and pernicious, in the extreme? as well might we, for the same reason, argue against food, because there are some who are intemperate in feasting; food in itself is beneficial; it is only in excess that it becomes injurious; it is not this, therefore, that deserves censure when we suffer from the effects of its abuse; the reproof must fall upon ourselves; and it is the same with music; if we allow it to engross too much of our time, it is our own error, and cannot, in justice, be produced as an objection to the science. —But the time that is occupied in this

might be applied to better purposes? And might it not, as is too frequently the case, be applied to worse? Might not the mind that is thus engaged, be otherwise vacant and misemployed; exercised upon thoughts that are frivolous and useless, or, what would be still worse, upon such as are vicious and improper? might not the hours we devote to this be otherwise consumed in the doing of nothing, or, what would be still worse, in the doing of harm; frittered and fooled away in the shuffling and cutting of cards, the perusal of novels, or an over-attention to the fopperies of dress, and the frivolities of fashion.

The third argument, adduced by way of objection to this art, is the tendency it is said to possess in effeminating the soul, and banishing the manly virtues; but the truth of this assertion must be denied; on the contrary, there is nothing, when properly directed, so well calculated to exalt the mind, or ameliorate the heart.

The man that hath not music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how rugged is that heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt,
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn;
The sophist's robe of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or
mourn
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine,
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with
glutton swine.

BEATTIE.

But there are no greater testimonies in favour of this science than the respect which it has received from the first characters of all ages and nations, sacred and profane. Omitting, however, to speak of its divine sanction;* the share it possessed in the Jewish service;† and the place it still holds in the religious ceremonies of the present day; we only ob-

* 2 Chron. xxix. 25, &c.

† *Vide* Lightfoot's Description of the Temple of Solomon, and Capel's Templi Hierosolymitani triplex delineatio ex Villalpando Josepho, Maimonide et Talmude, prefixed to Walton's Polyglot, &c.

serve the estimation in which it was held among the profane nations.

And first, with the Athenians, we find that it was considered as an indispensable part of education ; and they believed it could not only calm the passions, and soften the manners, but even humanize the savage ; and Polybius, a discerning and impartial historian, attributes the extreme difference that existed between the people of Arcadia, the one remarkable for the elegance of their manners, the benevolence of their inclinations, their humanity to strangers, and their piety to the gods ; the other, on the contrary, notorious for their malignity, their brutality, and irreligion ; Polybius attributes this to the study of music, industriously cultivated by the one, and absolutely neglected by the other. It is not surprising, then, that the Greeks should consider it as an essential part of education. It was applied by them to almost all purposes. To raise the spirits of the rowers when weary with labour ; at their feasts, and at their funerals ; in the most august ceremonies of religion, and in the field ; where they, as well as the Lacedemonians, are stated to have marched to battle to its sound : a plain proof that, by these at least, it was neither thought to banish the manly virtues, or effeminate the mind.

And it was at the same time encouraged by the approval and example of men of the highest virtue and the deepest wisdom : it was the great Pythagoras who, bestowing his attention on this subject, ascertained the proportion between musical sounds. Even Plato, the most grave philosopher of antiquity, considered it as the most refined and rational recreation. Socrates, too, the wise Socrates, in a very advanced age, was not ashamed of instructing himself in this art ; and Themistocles, however otherwise esteemed, was thought to be wanting in point of merit, because at an entertainment he could not play upon a lyre like the rest of the company. An ignorance in this respect was even deemed a defect in education, and, on the contrary, a proficien-

cy in it did credit to the greatest men ; nor was it ranked amongst the least honours of Epaminondas, that he played well upon the flute.

The cultivation, however, of this science, was by no means peculiar to the Greeks. The Romans had their Odeum, or Theatre of Music, as well as the Athenians ; and no people ever made more use of it, either at their feasts, or in the hour of battle. At funerals, also, they had their musicians, to increase the solemnity ; which customs, indeed, seem to have been practised in most parts of the world from the most distant periods.

But taking our leave of antient times, let us consider the modern ; and have we not ever found the nations in which this science has been most cultivated, have we not ever found them, at the same time the most enlightened ? and is it not still the case ? Have we not also found its admirers among men of the first virtues, amongst our philosophers and our heroes ? Is this a proof, then, of its tendency to effeminate the mind, or banish the manly virtues ? When it has been patronized and cultivated not only by the first monarchs of England and of Europe, but even by Frederick the Great, who, so far from thinking it a recreation beneath his notice, is said to have prosecuted it not only with application, but with zeal, and performed not only successfully, but even scientifically.

From what, then, has been said, it will appear, those who have objected to the study of this science, and amongst the rest a lady of distinguished talents, and one whose name cannot be mentioned in the cause of virtue without admiration,* must have argued from the abuse. If cultivated to the exclusion or neglect of more important qualifications, it ought, most assuredly, to be condemned ; but, resorted to merely as a recreation, it cannot be too much approved and encouraged ; many an hour being thus employed which might otherwise be spent in idle or pernicious habits, at the gaming-table or the bottle.

* Hannah More.

TRAVELS OF ALI BEY.

From La Belle Assemblée.

IN these voyages we find nothing more curious than the traveller himself. We wish to know who is this mysterious personage who, in the empire of Morocco, styles himself the subject of the Grand Seignior ! and, when in the dominions of the Grand Seignior, passes for an officer belonging to the Emperor of Morocco. It is requisite to say something of him, before we enter into a detail relative to his travels.

An *incognito* arrives at the port of Tangier, and says he is a native of Aleppo, and that he has come from London by the way of Cadiz. He meets every where with the most flattering reception, is presented to the Emperor, who tells him he is delighted to see him ; while every body felicitates him, and says, "You are brother to the Sultan, and the Sultan calls you brother." This Ali Bey prognosticates an eclipse, and the eclipse takes place at the time specified, consequently his reputation and fame increase. He travels with a splendid retinue, and carries with him various instruments, destined to make every curious observation. This Mussulman from Aleppo, is a walking encyclopædia, a philosopher, though one of the faithful, a naturalist, a geometer, an astronomer, a chemist, a physician, a geographer, and a botanist ; giving up also much of his time and talents to genealogical undertakings and conjectures. Neither does he stop at the discovery of the longitude, and has a perfect knowledge of barometrical science. He is master of all the dead languages, and speaks French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic fluently.

What renders his voyage peculiarly interesting to an European, is its being originally written in French, and all his quotations are taken from the learned works of the French, and even from striking passages of French plays ; indeed, all his most interesting comparisons have France for their object : here he sees a village which exactly resembles Lunagne,

in Auvergne ; there, are a range of houses which recal to his mind the villages of Beauce. Wherever he goes he makes presents ; one of these presents consists of twenty English muskets, twenty pair of pistols, a whole hunting equipage, a barrel of the best powder, different pieces of costly muslin, specimens of jewelry, confectionary, essences, &c.

In order to give an idea of the retinue with which he travels, it suffices to say that, in going from Cairo to Suez, he had only fourteen camels and two horses, because he had left almost all his possessions in Egypt. Thus under the mingled cover of opulence, and the desire of instruction, Sidi Ali Bey el Abassi, son of Othman Bey, becomes such a traveller as is seldom to be met with, and we may venture to say, never was such ever known who was a Turk.

When he arrives near the city of Fez, he sends forward two soldiers to request that the gates may not be closed until he has made his entry. He is obeyed immediately, and every person of distinction pays the most assiduous court to him. In the mean time he awakens their suspicions, and the people belonging to his suite undergo many interrogatories concerning him ; but he so well and so skillfully draws himself out of these perils, that they kiss his beard one hundred times, and regard it as the highest favour if he will honour them so far as to rank them amongst his friends.

Here, again, he foretels two more eclipses, but, however, he will not take upon himself to say the precise day on which they will happen. A courtier of Morocco lays a diabolical plan to ruin him, but Ali Bey triumphs over him, and then his favour and credit become unbounded. At length the Emperor sends him the inestimable present of two wives, one white and the other black ; which the traveller thinks proper to refuse, although this refusal is considered by the courtiers as an insult to the Emperor de-

serving the punishment of death. He departs for Tripoli during a violent storm. In this city he receives a thousand civilities from the Pacha, who makes him sit on a chair, although the letters from the Emperor of Morocco had given notice to the barbarous despot to be on his guard against Ali Bey.

At Modon, in the Morea, he is respected, and even cherished, by a kind of chief belonging to a banditti, named Mustapha Schapoux, who is a terror to the whole world. Near the port of Alexandria he experiences a second tempest which drives our traveller into the island of Cyprus. At Limasol, at Nicosia, on the ruins of Cytherea, of Idalia, Paphos, and Amathanta, the Turks and the Greeks vie with each other in testifying their politeness towards the fortunate Ali Bey. The Greek Archbishop, who in this island is a rich and powerful nobleman, happens to be too much indisposed to go himself in person to pay his respects to our hero, but he compliments him by a Bishop *in partibus*, which must greatly edify a good Mussulman, who is preparing to perform his devotions at Mecca! In Egypt, he shines with added splendour; he is there invested with the title Bey Scheriff, son of the Sultan, and he is received and held in consideration as a great officer from the court of Morocco.

At Cairo he meets with many friends and receives the visits of Sheid Omar, a Sheich and Emir, of the Sheich Solomon-Trayoumi, of the Sheich Sadak, and of other great men belonging to the city. On the Red Sea he experienced a third tempest. At Djedda he has a quarrel with a villainous negro Governor, but it was written in heaven, that Ali Bey should always come off conqueror. At Mecca an insurrection breaks out amongst thirty thousand Whehabis; every body is put to the rout; but Ali Bey remains alone, and looks tranquilly on the defiles of that army which speaks to him not a single word.

In this holy city he gains a very powerful protector, for it is no less than him who administers poisons, in virtue of his office, under the Scheriff of Mecca; and, according to the saying of the old woman, who, when she lighted a taper

before St. Michael, lighted one also before the devil, "it is best to have friends every where."

Ali Bey speaks of his intention to visit Medina; he is informed that it is forbidden for any one to approach that city, and that the undertaking such a voyage will be attended with manifest danger. Ali Bey pays no regard to this injunction; he commences his journey, but this once he is prevented, and can get no farther than Djidécada. The Whehabis stop him, and threaten to massacre him. The intrepid traveller beholds the glitter of their drawn scimitars without one emotion of fear. He speaks to them in a manner at once calm and dignified, and he receives no other punishment for his temerity than the loss of his watch and of a few piastres. At his return he experienced a fourth tempest, followed by a shipwreck, but during which Ali Bey makes his geological observations. In order to escape a fifth tempest he travels by land from Gadiyaha to Suez. In this town he learns the new troubles sustained in Egypt by the revolt of the Arnanto, which prevents his joining a caravan that is taking its course towards Cairo. As he crosses the desert he experiences a heat of thirty-seven degrees above the thermometer of Reaumur, even at sunset, and he is not the least incommoded by it. In a narrow pass his ears are assailed by the cry of "The brigands! the brigands!" he rushes forward, sword in hand, and immediately puts the brigands to flight.

At a short distance from Cairo he beholds a number of friends coming to meet him, with all the great men and Doctors of the city at their head, an escort of Mamalukes on horseback, twenty foot soldiers, and a troop of domestics and Arabs well armed. With this splendid retinue he makes a truly triumphant entry, by the gate *El Fatah*, and which entry he has found worthy of ornamenting his work by in a fine print. At Gaza, Jerusalem, and Damas, he again receives a thousand civilities from the Turkish Governor. When near Carmania he meets a troop of Bedouins, who seem very desirous of robbing him; but he calls out to them with a loud

voice—"Away with ye," and the robbers only salute him, with the greatest politeness.

This learned traveller, who has done his readers the honour of describing, in a particular manner, every little miserable village, does not say a single word of Aleppo, which he pretends to be the place of his nativity: he rapidly passes over it, and knows not one of the natives, though he finds friends in every country that he passes through, and amongst cities which, for the first time in his life, he visits. All these circumstances add much to the mystery which envelopes this extraordinary personage. At Constantinople we have a renewal of these politenesses and marks of friendship received by Ali Bey; and he is overwhelmed by the civilities of the Spanish Ambassador. The Sultan embraces

him, and what is almost incredible, the Kaimacan smiles on him! In Moldavia he receives unnumbered acts of politeness from the Officers of Russia and their Generals, and this politeness brings us to the conclusion of these travels, which are to be followed, it is said, by several important works by the same author.

This hasty sketch is surely sufficient to prove that Ali Bey is a traveller of no common stamp. His work is no romance, the voyages are real, the observations of Ali Bey are curious, and often interspersed with several witty allusions. Whether really the work of a Mussulman remains yet to be proved: it is certainly that of a well informed and learned man, who has amused himself in multiplying prodigies, dangers, and catastrophes, in order to see how far he could play on the credulity of the European reader.

CRANIOLOGY!

.....and vainly hope
Of incoherent sand to form a rope.

*Persuadere cupis—credat Judæas Appella,
Non ego—* HORAT.

DINING with a friend a few days ago, the conversation turned upon Craniology. The majority of the company were decidedly of opinion, that the pretended discoveries on this subject had no foundation whatever in nature but were merely the production of a luxuriant fancy.

Perception, judgment, memory, and every other faculty (or, as the craniologists are pleased to term it, power) of the brain, result, as the company believed, from the general structure and functions of that organ; belonging to it as a whole, and by no means being exclusively restricted to particular parts; just as the regular notation of time by a clock is produced not by any separate wheel, but by the combined action of the whole mechanism. Accordingly, they thought it absurd to assign to one spot of the brain the intellectual faculties—to another, the sensual appetites; to place judgment in one corner of the head, and love in another; thus giving to each attribute

of a sentient and rational being, a distinct and circumscribed locality.

But, absurd as this *map-like* division of the brain must appear to persons of much reflection, there are numbers who, captivated by novelty, eagerly embrace a system, which, it must be confessed, possesses some ingenuity, and is at least amusing, if it be not true.

I have been informed of a gentleman who is so well convinced of the validity of this new craniological system, that he is preparing for parliamentary consideration, a plan for eradicating by surgical treatment all that is morally vicious in the structure of the human brain; thus rendering the punishment of death in the case of convicts totally unnecessary. Knowing, to the exactness of a pin's point, the particular spot of the brain in which each faculty and passion resides, he proposes to amend the heads of criminals, by cutting out that portion of the brain in which the vicious propensity is seated, and thereby annulling and extinguishing for ever the power of doing evil—Thus forming out of the quondam robber or murderer, a harmless, and perhaps amiable member of society !!!

Nor is this all—the ingenious gentleman to whom I allude flatters himself he shall be able so to mould and alter the heads of infants, without having recourse to surgical operation employed in the case of adults, as to produce the most astonishing effects in regard to their future intellectual and moral character. For instance:—if a child only a month old be brought to this gentleman, he will be able, according to the craniological system, to tell, by examining the shape and appearance of the head, what is defective in those parts of the brain in which the faculties of perception and judgment reside; and what is excessive in those portions of this organ where the passions of love, avarice, or revenge, are seated; and, having ascertained this, will be able, by mechanically compressing the cranium in that place where the vicious portion, in regard to moral propensity, of the brain is excessive; and, on the other hand, by favouring the development and expansion of that part in which the intellectual power is seated, to cause the child to become a very different man from what he would otherwise have been—making, in one instance, the naturally dull individual quick and clever, and, in another instance, the naturally vicious individual, good and virtuous!

What amazing ingenuity! Thus, either by means of trepanning and excision in the adult-subject, or by means of compression in the infant-subject, we shall bring our species to a most wonderful degree of perfection—the vice-possessing portion of the brain will be crushed or annihilated—the virtue-possessing portion will be allowed to thrive and expand; and man, like a plant under the gardener's hand, trained and cultured according to this new system,

will yield an intellectual and moral produce, far beyond what it is possible for us at present to form any idea of.

For such transcendent improvements what reward can be too great? How astonishingly perfect must be that portion of the brain in which the faculty of invention is said to reside in the instance of such discoverers!

P.S. Might not the ingenious gentleman before mentioned establish a *Craniological Institution*, where parents might bring their sons and daughters to have their heads examined? when the subjects are sufficiently young, to have their heads moulded and ameliorated according to the new method. On the other hand, if the skulls are completely formed, and will not yield to the process of compression, such an institution might, even in these cases, be of great use, by giving an opinion as to the degree of talent and peculiar turn of mind, so as to point out the profession or line of business to which they appear especially suited; in this manner preparing the way for excellence in every department of art and science. To this institution might also apply ladies and gentlemen about to enter into the marriage-state, in order to be informed whether the objects of their choice possess a sufficiency of the amorous and benevolent qualities—so that, according to the information received, the engagements might either proceed or be broken off; and thus all that disappointment and misery which we so often see in married life be, for the future, prevented—There will then be an end to scolding and jealous wives, drunken and intriguing husbands; which, of itself, will be an inestimable blessing, and cannot be too highly appreciated.—*Euro. Mag.*

FALL OF THE RHINE.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

BUT to return to the Rhine; the numerous waters of this river have been ever since rushing after, and ever resounding over the steep above mentioned. While we were yet at some distance, we could distinguish a mist rising

up as if it had been from so many boiling springs; these announce the cascade to your eyes—as its din long before does to your ears, like a hundred forges all blowing at once. We hurried to the bank, and stood by the mill behind the

fall. Here, in a wilderness of waves, we saw throngs of currents shocking against or undermining each other; these joining and shot like battering-rams against the crags; those again followed close by others—and all with irresistible sway rapt down. There is an ample reservoir formed by Nature for the waters after their descent; for their impetuosity carries them straight-forward, a great way, to a rock on which a tower stands. This divides them in two: one part recoils off to the left, and pursues its course—the other part is turned round to the right in a prodigious whirlpool, slowly but irresistibly kept in motion by the column of water which darts for ever from the fall. This whirlpool would be fatal to any boat, for the upper current is drawn round again under the lesser falls: the force of which, equal to many pile-engines, jars the waves, so that in their re-action they rise up, and beat against the shores at that part like a furious surf of the sea. In the mean while, as the reservoir is fresh supplied, it communicates with the lower channel by an under-current, and pursues its way.

In front there is a view of the Rhine for some way *before*, and for a considerable way *after* its fall, when it bends off in a sharp angle to the left by Lauffen-Castle; and enters into a forest. Here, indeed, I saw Sir William Chambers's fiction realized. "In one place a whole river is precipitated from the summits into the valley beneath; where it foams and whirls among rocks till it falls down other precipices, and buries itself in the gloom of impenetrable forest. In another place the waters burst out with violence from many parts, spouting a great number of cascades in different directions; which, through various impediments, at last unite, and form one grand expanse of water. Sometimes the view of the cascade is in a great measure intercepted by the branches which hang over it. Sometimes its passage is obstructed by trees, and heaps of enormous stones, that seem to have been brought down by the fury of the torrents. And frequently rough wooden-bridges are thrown from one rock to another over the steepest part of the cataract. Narrow winding paths are carried along the edge of the preci-

pice; and mills and huts are suspended over the waters; the seeming danger of which adds to the horror of the scene."

On the opposite side of the river is a pavilion on the Lauffen bank, that appears, in that distance, of the exact size and shape of a ship-lantern. From this pavilion there is a bird's-eye view of the river. You see it after its descent sliding swiftly forward, brushing along the edges of that whirlpool, and overtopping it at the same time: it is diffused along in continued boughs that blossom the sea-green deeps with foam. The eye broods with a pleasure that nothing can glut, on the rich and sparkling sea-green shuffled among the foam and smoke that half-smother it; as well as on the globes and pyramids of mists spun up perpetually from the smaller masses. In some parts the water springs and bubbles up in jets, from the smaller masses only; the main one being hid ever in impenetrable gloom.—The paintings, that one sees commonly, do not express any thing of this; but still less the colours, whose freshness, to say nothing of their incessant shifting, surpasses any pencil. The artist ordinarily confuses them together, as if he had flung a sponge upon the picture from incapacity and despair; so clumsily is it done.

At first the waters, standing high above the precipice, lap over it, smooth as a piece of blue marble. In a moment they are snatched down—then begin the veins of foam, over which, if the sun shines, is dropped a rainbow. They do not in any part drop plumb down: but are fretted over an obliquely-winding precipice full of gulphs. And, at the very point where they begin to shelve down, they are divided by immense crags into three principal masses (one of these masses is larger than the two others together—this next the Lauffen side.) The dividing crags are covered on this side with moss and shrubs; they have evidently been refit asunder by the currents. They do not stand in a line—and one has been hewn across, so that a transverse passage is afforded to a part of the stream. Another of these crags has been bored thro' and hollowed out, serving as a muzzle to a column of the torrent that bursts thro' it like a cannon-ball.

So that there are several smaller members of the cataract, besides the three main ones ; all together putting you in mind of Virgil's *Æolic cavern*, through the crevices and doors of which, the winds rush in every direction. But the lodge (at the bottom of the Lauffen bank) is advanced out and held close to the principal cataract, which rushes by it like a mountain-blast ! flinging off eternal clouds, whose impetuosity, not yet spent, bears them up a long time forward in the air, in a deep-moving body. The eyes and ears are incapable of following any thing distinctly—you pant for breath—while the lodge beats and rocks violently to and fro under you.—In a word, this fall is a combination of all the cascades and falls in Switzerland, and is well worthy of the time and fatigue it cost us of making a journey of four days to see it and nothing more. “It is probable,” says Coxe, “that the space between the banks was once a level rock, and considerably higher ; that the river has insensibly undermined those parts on which it broke with the most violence : for, within the memory of several inhabitants of this town, a large rock has given way, which has greatly altered the scene. The fall is diminished every year by the continual friction of so large and rapid a body of water ; and there is no doubt that the wo crags in the midst of the river will in

time be undermined and carried away. The Rhine, for some way below the fall, dashes upon a rocky bottom, and renders the navigation impossible for any kind of vessel : the whole bottom indeed of the river is rock as far as Schaffhausen.”

After having mused upon it for a considerable time, giving ourselves up to a pleasing sensation of amazement and terror, we returned to Schaffhausen by a private path, along the bank of the river :—recalling to our imagination the stupendous scene we had just witnessed, our ears still ringing with the roar of waters, and our eyes still figuring them in their thousand forms : just as the senses, when strongly impressed with any object, retain the appearance of it, and hold it up to the mind, for a considerable time after it is removed from view.—*General Outline of Swiss Landscapes.*

German papers state, that the fall of the Rhine continues to excite admiration, and to present a most magnificent scene. The height of the river is at Schaffhausen almost equal to that in 1770, when people traversed in boats the plain of Rorschach. In Appenzel, the mountains are covered with snow at the season when the flocks usually cover the rich summer pastures. At Geneva, the waters of the Lake and of the Rhone have not been so high for these fifty years.—*Eur. Mag. Jan. 1817.*

FRENCH ANECDOTES, 1815—16.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PROVINCIAL MANNERS.

IT is ever matter of especial wonder among the generality of readers and enquirers, that such anomalous and even opposite accounts should be given of the same people, upon equal authority ; but admiration is often a superficial thing, and recourse to a certain ancient axiom will materially help to solve the difficulty—*nothing is, but which also is not.* No country or people upon the face of the earth furnish a more apt exemplification of this truth than France, the grand theatre of ne-plussage, of ultra-ism, of extremes of every kind—of philosoph-

ical light and natural barbarism ; of the softest humanity and every social feeling, and of the most revolting indifference and savage hardness of heart ; of the most exalted and universal sense and perception of political liberty and personal independence, that have ever possessed the heads and hearts of any people, ancient or modern, amid the most debasing voluntary humiliation and vivid affection for tyranny ; of the most splendid and effectual efforts in the cause of luxurious accommodation, and miserable failure in the ordinary conveniences of life : as an attempt at some kind of

finish to a picture yet incomplete, the French are scientifically the cleanliest, and, practically, among the easiest, of all civilized people ; and have had more genuine nonsense written concerning them, both in visits and revisits, than any other ; to the mass of which, I, at any rate, shall make but a small addition. It is a hopeful scheme, no doubt, to form an estimate of the French *morale*, by the standard of English affection and prejudice ; and a fair comparative statement of national demoralization (such is the modish phrase) in the aggregate, might occasion a strange and unlooked-for discovery.

SHEEP.

Merino sheep seem not to have extended much to the northern departments of France, where the climate is said not to be favourable to them ; their price, so high previously to the invasion of Spain, has since accommodated itself to the ordinary price of sheep. In the above departments, the sheep are of the long and coarse-woolled breed, are housed every night, and fed upon straw and cut artificial grasses, green or dry. The mode of shepherding in France, where the whole country is open field, forms a curious instance of primitive simplicity and ingenuity, and, perhaps, of the superior docility of the continental dog : sheep are depastured in the lanes and ditches, and upon the partition banks, the flock being always attended by a shepherd and three or four dogs ; the duty to which these dogs have been especially trained is to prevent the sheep from straying out of their bounds, and trespassing upon the corn ; to this end, two dogs are stationed, one at each extremity of the boundary upon which the sheep feed, the dogs parading continually at a double quick march between the sheep and the corn, meeting each other half way, and never failing to seize the straying sheep.

CURIOSITIES.

Of curiosities, to which I was before a stranger, I find the following—a breed of tail-less fowls of beautiful plumage, the cocks of which are crowned with a large and bright red turban. Another breed of fowls which will not eat corn,

and a breed of granivorous dogs. An orphan bitch, rescued from the field of Waterloo, has since produced a litter of milk without puppies ; and has, at the suggestion of nature, obviated the danger of inflammation, by sucking herself night and day.

FARM-HOUSES.

The superior classes of the French people not being particularly nice on the score of lodging, much delicacy on that head cannot be expected among the ordinary inhabitants of the country ; nor is that land of taste and refinement overladen with a scrupulous personal fastidiousness. The common farmhouses are mean and inconvenient hovels, having no upper-story, but a suite of four or five rooms, with earth or brick-floors, like a range of stabling. It would be an English or a Dutch idea, not a French, to suppose these floors are ever washed. The stoves in common use, do not say much in favour of French skill in the conveniences and comforts of life. When any article of cookery is to be placed upon the fire, it is necessary as a preliminary, to take off the whole top of the stove, when out rushes flame, smoke, and ashes, as from a volcano, covering the whole room. The French generally contrive to crowd all their beds into one room, each bed being placed in a close recess in the wall,—a description of lodging with which they ought to have no asthmatic patients. As a characteristic anecdote of these children of Nature,—in the same room and adjoining beds, were lodged the father and mother, and twin sons of five-and-twenty years of age.

The dress of these people is said to be very well represented upon the English stage ; they have little variety in their habiliments, wearing no stockings but on holidays, when women, who have the means, put on a cotton gown and a cap full of large staring flowers, having beneath, a caul of pink glazed cotton to flash them. According to ancient French usage, young children are still bedizened in the adult fashion, female infants being put into a burlesque full dress of gowns, caps, and aprons ; but that which is far more to be regretted, the children are generally found rude and untaught,

and too often troublesome, spiteful, and cruel, as young demons.

The diet of a French farm-house would be thought any thing rather than luxurious in an English one. Indeed of tea and coffee, the French will stop down their primitive throats, as a breakfast, a *bouilli* of cabbage and all kinds of vegetables, well larded with a large dab of fat pork; and beyond that there seems little variety in any other meat, fat pork being their standard flesh viand, only that they are far more economical of it than we of this country. The women wearing no stays, and living chiefly on soup and a loose vegetable diet, their form, as may be expected, is usually of a full Grecian size; and some of them are said to be as coarse and uncouth in their manners as in their persons. French women, I find, characterized generally—fascinating as angels, and artful as devils; the wives holding an absolute dominion over their husbands, and having very few ideas in common with the English ones, on the subject of decorum. The manners and language of the stage at Cambrai, it is presumed, would not be tolerated, for a moment, at any play-house in England.

INHUMANITY TO BRUTES.

Justice towards brute animals, with compassion and solicitude for the happiness of every living thing, being a vital part of the religion of me and mine, who, sooth to say, are not overburdened with the common-places and artificial kind, induced me to request a strict inquiry into the treatment of animals in France. I had been accustomed to see much kindness in the French emigrants towards beasts; but a French writer on Egypt, whose name hangs at my pen's point, I recollected, gave a distressing account of the unfeeling and barbarous usage of cats in his country; and Miss Williams has denounced the torture of calves in France, inflicted by two-legged beasts, who, unfortunately, have never themselves experienced what it is to be dragged for hours together in a cart, over a stoney and jolting road, with their heads hanging down. I regret to say, that the enquiry has not proved altogether favourable to the character of my old favourites, the French people; I yet

console myself, that the following cannot be a general specimen of the vulgar mind in France. My friend had a mare beating herself to pieces, under the tortures of the disease, vulgarly called the mad-staggers. Unable to endure the sight of such an extremity of animal misery, he sent for a proper person to put a period to the poor creature's sufferings, by cutting its throat. It was nearly night, and the man used a thousand plausible arguments for deferring the business until the next morning; but what were the astonishment and indignation of my friend to find, that the motive for delay of this insensible hell-hound, was, the expectation that the mare would live until the morning, and that her skin would be taken off with less labour while she was yet hot! Thus the Spanish hunters in South America, according to the writer of Anson's Voyage, suffer the cattle which they have succeeded to perish in agonies, which betrays the fleshy fibres and loosens the hide.

FRENCH GRENADIERS.

Theophilus Male Carres de la Tour d'Auvergne made the campaign of Savoy in 1792, at the head of the grenadiers of the regiment of Angoumois. In the army of the Western Pyrennees he commanded all the companies of the grenadiers who formed the advanced guard of the army, and this column, surnamed the *Infernal*, generally gained the victory before the body of the army came up. In 1793, he commanded a reconnoitering party; on a sudden they found themselves before 10,000 Spaniards; fearless, they instantly began a destructive fire, but, ammunition failing, he ordered them to cease firing and halt. Some instantly cried out, "He is an old royalist and will betray us." "Soldiers," he instantly exclaimed, "you know me, I am your comrade and your friend, despise these foolish cries, I will bring you off." He waited till the enemy came within pistol-shot, as they fancied he had surrendered; he then ordered his men to fire and instantly charge; the Spaniards were dispersed, and several prisoners taken. After the affair they begged him to punish the seditious; "I neither know them, nor wish to know them," he exclaimed, "this lesson will be a warning to them,

they will be more docile and have more confidence another time."

The government informed of this, and several other heroic acts, gave him the rank of colonel of another regiment. On receiving it, he assembled the grenadiers; "My comrades, (said he) I want your advice and counsel:" they smiled. "It is very true" (said he) "I have often given you good advice, and I now ask it of you. The government has sent me the brevet of a colonel, shall I accept it, my lads, what think you?" Melancholy sate on every countenance; at length one said, "Certainly, captain, for even a higher rank is due to your merit; but pardon our tears, we shall lose our father!" "Then, my boys, you are satisfied with me?" "Satisfied is too weak a word," was the reply.—"And I, too, my brave lads, I love you like my own children; I wanted to have your opinion, I know it, I will send back my commission." "But, captain—," "Not a word, I will do it; you must all dine with me to-day." After the frugal dinner, "Now (said he) let us swear never to quit each other." The oath was repeated with the most tumultuous joy.

He was modest as he was brave; the first consul specially created the title for him of first grenadier of the French army. He alone was afflicted at the event; the word "considering," in the brevet, shocked him. "I am only proud (said he) of serving my country; I care not a straw for praise or honours; and thus to be praised to my face, I don't like it; this 'considering' will be the torment of my life."

On the cessation of hostilities he re-

tired to Passy; but, the son of one of his friends being drawn as a conscript, (the son of M. Lebrigant,) he insisted on supplying his place, and as a private grenadier carried his ruskett and knapsack, carefully concealing who he was. On the 21st June, 1800, at the head of the 46th demi-brigade of grenadiers, he charged the enemy on the hill of Oberhausen; and, rushing before the rest to cut down a Hhulan, who bore the colours, another stabbed him through the heart. For three days the drums were covered with crape, and on the 1st Vendimiaire his sword of honour was suspended in the church of the Invalids, and the 46th demi-brigade carry his heart in a little leaden box, suspended to the colours of the regiment; and on every muster his name is re-called in these terms—*La Tour d'Auvergne, mort au Champ d'Honneur.*—[Mon. Mag.]

PROPORTION OF PARISIAN MORALITY.

The small Almanack of the Board of Longitude presents this year much additional interesting matter. Besides a short and curious treatise on Finances, it contains tables of population which may furnish matter for singular remark. That entitled *Progress of the Population of Paris during the year 1815*, is a small treatise on morals;—a balance-book of morals for 1815, and gives a sketch of morality with a sort of mathematical precision. Of 22,612 children born that year, 13,630 were born in wedlock, and 8,982 out of wedlock; which proves by simple arithmetical proportion that morals are to corruption in the ratio of about 13 to 8, or that there are nearly two honest women for one loose one.—*Lit. Pan. Jan. 1817.*

PICTURESQUE SURVEY OF WATER, WOOD, AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

From the New Annual Register, continued.

"THE use, which the poets have made of trees, by way of illustration, are moral and important.—Homer frequently embellishes his subjects with references to them, and no passage in the Iliad is more beautiful than the one, where, in imitation of Musæus, he compares the falling of leaves and shrubs to the fall

and renovation of great and ancient families.

"Illustrations of this sort are frequent in the sacred writings.—'I am exalted like a cedar in Libanus,' says the author of Ecclesiastes, 'and as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm tree in Engeddi, and

as a rose plant in Jericho ; as a fair olive in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water ; as a turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace ; as a vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruits of honour and victory.—In the Psalms, in a fine vein of allegory, the vine tree is made to represent the people of Israel : ‘Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt ; thou hast cut out the heathen, and planted it. Thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with its shadow, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. Why hast thou broken down her hedges, so that all do pluck her ? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of Hosts ; look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard thy right hand hath planted.’

“In *Ossian*, how beautiful is the following passage of *Malvina’s* lamentation for *Oscar* :—‘I was a lovely tree in thy presence, *Oscar*, with all my branches round me ; but thy death came, like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low ; the spring returned with its showers, but no green leaf of mine arose.’ Again, where old and weary, blind and almost destitute of friends, he compares himself to a tree, that is withered and decayed :—‘But *Ossian* is a tree that is withered ; its branches are blasted and bare ; no green leaf covers its boughs :—from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring ; the breeze whistles in its grey moss ; the blast shakes its head of age ; the storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its dry branches with thee, oh *Dermid*, and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding vale of *Cona*.’

“That traveller esteemed himself happy, who first carried into Palestine the rose of Jericho from the plains of Arabia ; and many of the Roman nobility were gratified, in a high degree, with having transplanted exotic plants and trees into the orchards of Italy. *Pompey* introduced the ebony, on the day of his triumph over *Mithridates* ; *Vespasian* transplanted the balm of Syria, and

Lucullus the Pontian cherry. *Auger de Busbeck* brought the lilac from Constantinople ; *Hercules* introduced the orange into Spain ; *Verton* the mulberry into England :—and so great is the love of nations for particular trees, that a traveller never fails to celebrate those, by which his native province is distinguished. Thus, the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks ; the Burgundian boasts of his vines, and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples. —Normandy is proud of her pears ; Provence of her olives ; and Dauphiné of her mulberries ; while the Maltese are in love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines.—Syria her palms ; and, since they have few other trees of, which they can boast, Lincoln celebrates her elders, and Cambridge her willows ! The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines : Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rosetrees ; Idumea of her balsams ; Media of her citrons, and India of her ebony.—The Druses boast of their mulberries ; Gaza of her dates and pomegranates ; Switzerland of her lüne trees ; Bairout of her figs and bananas ; Damascus of her plums ; *Inchannaigan* of its birch, and *Iachaelaig* of its yews. The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their maunchenillas ; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas. The natives of Madeira, whose spring and autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons ; those of Antigua of their tamarinds, whilst they esteem their mammeesappoter to be equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangoes to be superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the Plains of Tahiti to their peculiar species of fan palm ; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees, towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet !—Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their logwood to be superior to any trees in the world ; while the

Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees.

"So natural is this love of mankind, that the ancients conceived even their gods to be partial to one tree more than any other. For this reason the statues of Diana, at Ephesus, were made of cedar and ebony; that of Apollo, at Sicyon, of box; while in the temple of Mercury, on Mount Cyllenes his image was formed of citron, a tree which he was supposed to hold in high estimation.

"England may well take pride in her oaks!—To them is she indebted for her existence as a nation; and, were we an idolatrous people, I should be almost tempted to recommend, (in imitation of our Druidical ancestors, who paid divine honours to the mistletoe,) that the oak be received in the number of our gods.—It is a curious circumstance, my Lelius, and not generally known, that most of those oaks, which are called spontaneous, are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English navy.—Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy-house, in the county of Monmouth, Colonna's attention was diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions. In a few minutes the squirrel darted, like lightning, to the top of a tree, beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down, with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his hands. After digging a small hole he stooped down, and deposited the acorn: then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do, as long as Colonna thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in the winter; and, as it is probable, that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree!—Thus

is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel, for her pride, her glory, and her very existence!

"Not only woods, fountains, and rivers, but *mountains*, have had a sacred character attached to them.—Upon their summits the Jews, the Persians, the Bithynians, the infidel nations around Palestine, and the Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany were accustomed to sacrifice: and, while the Celts conceived, that the spirits of their heroes resided among the clefts of the rocks, and on the tops and sides of the mountains, the natives of Greenland believed them to be the immediate residence of their deities.

"The Greeks coincided, in a great degree, with this idea; and it was an opinion sanctioned by many of their poets and philosophers, among whom we may instance Plato, Homer, and Strabo, that, after the deluge of Deucalion, the inhabitants of the earth resided, for a long time, on the tops of the mountains, whence they gradually descended into the vales and valleys below: grounding their preference, not more upon their comparative security from future inundations, than upon the sacred character of those lofty eminences. Of those mountains, three had the honour of giving general names to the Muses;—and Mount Athos still retains such an imposing aspect, that the Greeks of modern ages have erected upon it a vast number of churches, monasteries, and hermitages, which are frequented by devotees of both sexes without number. Hence it has acquired the title of the *Holy Mountain*, an appellation which has been also given to the Skirrid, in the county of Monmouth, by religious catholics in the west of England, most of whom entertain an ardent desire of having a few moulds from that craggy eminence sprinkled over their coffins: while great numbers of pilgrims resort to the promontory near Gaeta, a small piece of which Italian seamen wear constantly in their pockets to preserve them from drowning.

"What has been observed of Mount Athos, is equally applicable to Mount Tabor, near the city of Tiberias; a great

number of churches and monasteries having been built upon it. This is the mountain, on which St. Peter said to Christ, 'It is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee; and one for Moses; and one for Elias.' The view from this fine summit is represented to be so exceedingly various and magnificent, that the spectator experiences all those sensations, which are produced by a mixture and rapid succession of varied and gay, gloomy and majestic objects. What a contrast does this fine eminence exhibit to that of the Norwegian mountain of Filefield, covered with eternal snow; where neither a house, nor a cottage, nor a hut, nor a tree; neither a shrub, nor a flower, nor a human being, are ever to be seen!

"The Jews were accustomed to bury their dead on the sides of mountains; Moses received the Law on the top of Sinai; and so holy was that mountain esteemed, that no one but himself was permitted to touch it.

"The Messiah frequently took his disciples up to the top of a high mountain to pray; there it was he was transfigured before them, and many of the incidents recorded in Scripture took place in the garden and on the Mountain of Olives.

"A country, destitute of mountains, may be rich, well cultivated, elegant and beautiful, but it can in no instance be grand, sublime, or transporting; and to what a degree boldness of scenery has the power of elevating the fancy may be, in some measure, conceived from an anecdote, recorded of an epic and descriptive poet. When Thomson heard of Glover's intention of writing an epic poem, the subject of which should be Leonidas of Sparta, "Impossible!" said he, 'Glover can never be idle enough to attempt an epic!—He never saw a mountain in his life!'

"Petrarch had long wished to climb the summit of *Mount Venoux*, a mountain presenting a wider range of prospect, than any among the Alps or Pyrenees. With much difficulty he ascended. Arrived at its summit, the scene presented to his sight was unequalled!—After taking a long view of the various objects, which lay stretched below, he took from

his pocket a volume of St. Augustine's Confessions: and, opening the leaves at random, the first period that caught his eye was the following passage:—'*Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the sources of rivers—but they neglect themselves.*' Admirable reasoning! conveying as admirable a lesson! Instantly applying the passage to himself, Petrarch closed the book, and falling into profound meditation,—'If,' thought he, 'I have undergone so much labour in climbing this mountain, that my body might be nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, in order that my soul may be received in those immortal regions!' Let us, my Lelius, while climbing any of our British Alps, be visited by similar reflections, and be actuated by similar resolutions!

"Though the view of mountains serve to elevate the mind, the inhabitants of those regions are, undoubtedly, more prone to rapine and to warlike enterprise, than the inhabitants of vales. This arises from the austerity of their climate and the comparative poverty of their soil; but this remark, though true, when generally applied, is not always so in particular. For though, in the time of Cesar, the Helvetii, inhabiting that part of Switzerland, lying round the Lake of Geneva, were the most warlike people of Gaul; yet they were not more so than the Parthians, who were natives of unexplored deserts. The Assyrians and the Chaldees, both originally descended from the mountains of Atouria, with the Persians, inhabiting a country abounding in hills, were those people the most remarkable for having established extensive empires; yet we must not infer from thence, that their conquests arose from that severe energy, which is imbibed from the keen air of mountainous regions, since we find people, residing in plains, acquiring empires equally extensive. The Arabians, for instance, so remarkable for their conquests during the middle ages; the Egyptians, in more remote times; the Tartars, who subjected China; and the Romans, who conquered not so much by the sword, as by the arts: for it was the severity of their discipline, and not the severity of the

Apennines, which subdued the world ; of all these numerous legions, not one-tenth, in the time of Augustus or of Trajan, had ever breathed the air of Italy.

“The most picturesque parts of Asia Tartary are those in the neighbourhood of the Armenian and Ararat mountains, on which the ark is said to have rested. This celebrated eminence, on the top of which stand several ruins, rises in the form of a pyramid, in the midst of a long extended plain. It is always covered with snow from its girdle to the summit, and for several months of the year is totally enveloped by clouds.

“What scenes in Russia are comparable to those in the neighbourhood of the Oural and Riphean mountains ? which the inhabitants, in all the simplicity of ignorance, believe to encompass the earth ; in the same manner, as the Malabars imagine the sun to revolve round the largest of theirs. Where does the Spaniard behold nobler landscapes, than at the feet and between the sides of the Blue Ridge, that back the Escorial ; among the wilds of the Asturias, or among the vast solitudes of the Sierra Morena ? With what feelings of awe does the Hungarian approach the Carpathian Mountains, that separate him from Galicia ! and with what joy and admiration does an African traveller, long lost among deserts and continents of sand, hail the first peak that greets his sight, among the Mountains of the Moon ! Can the American painter rest on finer scenes than those, which are exhibited among the Glens of the Laurel, the Blue Ridge, the Cumberland and Allegany Mountains ? And where, in all the vast continent of the western world, shall the mind acquire a wider range of idea, more comprehensive notions of vastness and infinity, than on the tops of the Cordilleras and the Andes ; or on those uninhabitable ranges of mountains, which stretch from the river of the west to within a few degrees of the northern circle ?

“What a sensible gratification, and what interesting reflections were awakened in the mind of the celebrated Cook,

when standing upon one of the mountains, that commanded almost the whole of the beautiful island of Eooa, in the southern ocean !—This view is one of the most delightful that can possibly be imagined : ‘While I was surveying this prospect, (says the benevolent navigator), I could not help flattering myself with the pleasing idea, that some future voyager may, from the same station, behold these meadows stocked with cattle, brought to these islands by the ships of England ; and that the completion of this single benevolent purpose, independent of all other considerations, would sufficiently mark to posterity, that our voyages had not been useless to the general interests of humanity.’

“No one mounts a towering eminence, but feels his soul elevated : the whole frame acquires unwonted elasticity, and the spirits flow, as it were, in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight : for what can be more animating than, from one spot, to behold the pomp of man and the pride of nature lying at our feet ? Who can refrain from being charmed, when observing those innumerable intersections, which divide a long extent of country into mountains and vales ; and which, in their turn, subdivide into fields, glens, and dingles, containing trees of every height, cottages of the humble, and mansions of the rich : here, groups of cattle ; there, shepherds tending their flocks ; and, at intervals, viewing, with admiration, a broad, expansive river, sweeping its course along an extended vale ; now encircling a mountain, and now overflowing a valley ; here gliding beneath large boughs of trees, and there rolling over rough ledges of rocks : in one place concealing itself in the heart of a forest, under huge massy cliffs, which impend over it ; and in another, washing the walls of some ivied ruin, bosomed in wood !

“How beautiful are the reflections of Fitz-James, upon gaining the top of a precipice, whence he threw his eyes below, and beheld the crags, knolls, and mounds of Ben-Venue, the bare point of Ben-An, and the creek, promontory, and islands of Loch-Katrine !

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptur'd and amaz'd;
 And 'what a scene were here,' he cried,
 'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gay;
 How blithely might the bugle horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
 How sweet at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
 And when the midnight moon did lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum;
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell--

And bugle, lute, and bell and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast and lighted hall.

"Scenes, similar to those, which gave rise to these reflections, whether observed at the rising or the setting of the sun, never fail to inspire us with feelings, which it were grateful to indulge and cultivate.—If seen in the morning, they give a vigorous tone to the nerves, and prepare the mind to a willing and active discharge of its various duties; if in the evening, every object being mellowed by the declining rays of light, the soul acquires a softened dignity, and the imagination delights in pointing, with grateful anticipation, towards that mysterious world to which the sun appears to travel in all its glory!"

MARTIN GUERRE,

Or, THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND, CONCLUDED.

From La Belle Assemblée.

HE then, with the same assurance, asked Martin Guerre abundance of questions as to several transactions in his family, to which Martin answered but faintly, and with some confusion. The commissioners directed Arnold to withdraw, put several questions to Martin that were new, and his answers were full and satisfactory; they then called for Arnold du Tilh again, and questioned him as to the same points, and he answered with the same exactness; so that some began to think there was witchcraft in the case. The court resolving entirely to clear up the truth, directed that, now both the persons were present, the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the husbands of two of them, Peter Guerre, the brothers of Arnold du Tilh, and the chief of those witnesses who were obstinate in owning him for Martin Guerre, should be called in and obliged to fix on the true Martin.

Accordingly all these persons appeared, except the brothers of Martin du Tilh, whom neither injunctions nor threatnings could force into court, which being reported they were excused, it seeming an act of inhumanity to oblige them to depose against so near a rela-

tion. The first who drew near was the eldest of the sisters, who, after she had looked a moment, ran to Martin Guerre, embraced him with tears, and cried, "Oh, my brother, Martin Guerre! I acknowledge the error into which this abominable traitor (pointing to Arnold) drew me and all the inhabitants of Artigues." Martin mingled his tears with his sister's, receiving her embraces with the utmost affection. All the rest likewise knew him, even the witnesses who had been most positive. At last his wife Bertrand de Rols was called in; she had no sooner cast her eyes on Martin Guerre, but, bursting into tears, and trembling, she ran to embrace him, and begged pardon for suffering herself to be seduced by the artifices of a wretch.

She then pleaded for herself in the most innocent and artless manner, that she had been led away by his credulous sisters, who had owned the impostor; that the strong regard she had for him, and her ardent desire to see him again, helped on the cheat, in which she was confirmed by the token that traitor had given, and the recital of so many particularities, which could be known only to her husband; that, as soon as her eyes

were open, she wished that the horrors of death might hide those of her fault, and that she had laid violent hands on herself, if the fear of God had not withheld her ; that, not being able to bear the dreadful thought of having lost her honour and reputation, she had recourse to vengeance, and put the impostor in the hands of justice, and prosecuted him so rigorously that he had been condemned to lose his head, &c. ; and that she had not in the least relented in her zeal to prosecute him since his appeal from that sentence.

Martin Guerre, who had been so sensible of the testimonies of the love, friendship, and tenderness given him by his sisters, remained wholly unmoved at these excuses of his wife : he heard her, indeed, without interruption ; but when she had done, with an air of contempt and resentment he said, " You may cease weeping ; my heart can never be moved by your tears. In vain you pretend to justify yourself from the conduct of my sisters and uncle. A wife has more ways of knowing a husband than a father, a mother, and all his relations put together ; nor is it possible she should be imposed on unless she had an inclination to be deceived. You are the sole cause of the misfortunes of my family, and I shall never impute my disgrace to any but you."

The commissioners endeavoured to enforce what the unfortunate Bertrande de Rols had said, in order to make her husband comprehend her innocence ; but he persisting in a sullen air of indifference, shewed plainly enough that his anger was such as time only could efface. We are not told how Arnold du Tilh behaved on this discovery, but it is most probable that he stood it out with his usual impudence ; since it is certain he did not confess the truth of what was laid to his charge until his return to Artigues.

All doubts being now cleared, the court, after mature deliberation, pronounced the following sentence :—

" Upon reviewing the process before the Criminal Judge of Rieux, against Arnold du Tilh, called Pausette, but asserting himself to be Martin Guerre, at present in the Conciergerie, and appealing from the judgment, &c. which ap-

peal being received and heard, and the said Arnold du Tilh appearing to be guilty, this court hath thought fit to declare the same, and for the punishment and reparation of the imposture, fraud, assumption of a false name and person, adultery, sacrilege, plagiarism, theft, and other crimes of the said Du Tilh set forth in the said process.—The court hath condemned and do condemn him to make the *amende honorable* in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted waxen torch, to demand pardon of God, the King, and the justice of the nation, of the said Martin Guerre and Du Rols his wife ; and this being done, the said Du Tilh shall be delivered into the hands of the capital executioner : who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places in the said town of Artigues with a rope about his neck, at last shall bring him before the house of Martin Guerre ; where, on a gallows set up for that purpose, he shall be hanged, &c. And for certain causes and considerations thereunto moving, the court has ordered, and does hereby ordain, that all the effects of the said Du Tilh shall belong to, and be the property of, the daughter of his by Bertrande de Rols under colour of a marriage by him falsely pretended, in assuming and taking upon himself to be the said Martin Guerre, by means thereof he deceived the said De Rols, and broke through all the laws of equity and justice. And the said court has discharged, and doth hereby discharge their further attendance thereon the said Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, and also Peter Guerre, uncle of the said Martin. And has returned, and does hereby return the said Du Tilh into the hands of the said Judge of Rieux, that he may cause to be put into execution this sentence according to the form and tenor thereof.—Pronounced judicially the 12th day of September, 1560."

Mons. de Coras, the reporter observes, that the sentence of the Criminal Judge of Rieux was invalid, by reason of the punishment therein inflicted. Because by decapitation, or beheading, to which he condemned Arnold du Tilh, only persons of distinction are to be put to

death, nay, a theft, or a treachery of such a nature as deserves a capital punishment when committed by a person of noble extraction, requires no better instrument than the gallows, only the gibbet is to be raised a little higher than ordinary. In this sentence of Arnold du Tilh it is remarkable that so many very high and enormous crimes, including plagiarism, are mentioned; the latter is constituted by the civil law, and is committed when one detains a person who is the property of, or belongs to a brother; as also when a person disposes of a freeman, and either buys or sells him for a slave. It is remarkable that the effects of Arnold du Tilh are adjudged to his daughter by Bertrande de Rols, on account of the mother's upright meaning; and the French lawyers have reported various cases of the like nature. As for example, where a man married a second wife, the first being alive, and being ignorant thereof, in failure of issue by the first match the inheritance was given to the children by the latter, though the marriage was not strictly legal. M. de Coras says, that the court in drawing up this sentence was chiefly embarrassed on this head, viz. how far Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, his wife, were guilty of breaking the laws and thereby liable to censure? As to Martin Guerre, it was said that his abandoning his wife was the original cause of all this mischief; but what bore hardest upon him, was his having carried arms against his Prince at the battle of Laurance, where he lost his leg by a cannon shot. As to the first, the court was of opinion that as Martin acted rather from levity than malice; and as the mischief complained of flowed from a mixture of other causes, his leaving his wife, if it was a crime, deserved not to be inquired into by any court on this side the grave, but ought to be left to the decision of that great day whereon all hearts shall be open and all secrets known! As to the second, it did not appear that his serving against his Prince was a voluntary act; for going into Spain he entered into the service of the Cardinal de Burgos, and afterwards into that of the Cardinal's brother, who carried him into Flanders, where he was obliged to go, whether he would or not,

with his master into the army; and as in the battle he lost his leg, it seemed to them a sufficient punishment for his committing an offence against his will.

In regard to Bertrande de Rols, her guilt was thought more apparent; that a woman should be deceived in her husband was a proposition few could digest. It appeared very odd and unaccountable that the notice those so strictly united usually take of each other's person should not furnish her with marks whereby to know the impostor from her spouse; and that she should never discover in their secret conversations any ignorance in him or want of remembrance as to material points which might have happened in their family affairs. Yet the character of the woman in point of modesty and prudence, the acquiescing of the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the rest of his relations, besides a multitude of other persons in the town of Artigues, who were all deceived as well as she; the surprising likeness between her husband and this man assuming his name, and the wonderful agreement of the several marks on each of their bodies, joined to the standing maxim in the law, that in a doubtful case innocence is to be presumed, at last determined the court to acquit and discharge her.

In order to the execution of the sentence Arnold du Tilh was carried back to Artigues; he was there examined in prison by the Criminal Judge of Rieux, who first condemned him, and made a very long and exact confession. He acknowledged that he was determined to commit this crime by an accident. Coming from the camp in Picardy, he was taken for Martin Guerre by some of Martin's friends; from them he learned abundance of circumstances concerning Martin's father, wife, sister, and other relations, and of every thing he had done before he had left that country. These new lights, added to the materials he had obtained from Martin Guerre himself in a multitude of conversations, put it fully in his power to carry on the cheat he had projected in the artful manner he did. He denied, however, his making use of charms or any magical tricks for the furtherance of his designs. He owned a great many other crimes which he had

committed, and persisted in every point of his confession when it was read over to him. At the foot of the gallows, erected over against the house of Martin Guerre, he in the most humble manner

asked pardon of him and of his wife, appearing a most hearty and sincere penitent, and testified the most lively grief for the offences he had committed.

MR. KEAN,

THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. KEAN has not appeared, since our last, in the parts we intended to have noticed this month (Bajazet and the Duke Aranza); and as we wish to say something, as occasion offers, on each of his performances, we shall take this opportunity of speaking of his Othello; first, however, endeavouring to remove an error which appears to exist as to the personal qualifications required in a representative of the Moor. From the days of Garrick to the present time, the name of Othello has conjured up a being endowed with every thing that is noble in feature, every thing that is graceful in demeanour, every thing that is grand and dignified in person; in short, bating his colour, "he looks an angel, and he moves a god." What triumph would Shakspeare have achieved for his favourite passion in making his Desdemona love such a being?—Shakspeare had a loftier object in view. He delighted to honour the female character; and was it ever, before or since, so highly honoured as in his own Desdemona?—Did fiction—even the fiction of Shakspeare itself,—ever embody a more perfect being?—the perfection however, of nature, not of art.

Admitting then the face and person of Mr. Kean to be deficient in dignity, he is not thereby disqualified, in the slightest degree, as a representative of *Shakspeare's* Othello. The faults in his performance of that character—(we like to get rid of them first, that we may afterwards dwell with unmingled delight on its beauties)—the faults are a slight tincture of the mock heroic in what is called the level-speaking of the part; (a fault, by the bye, which exists more or less in almost all his tragedy;) and in his reproaches to Desdemona he sometimes assumes a cutting and sarcastic manner, which the words them-

selves do not warrant, and which is, besides, totally out of keeping with the rest of his conception of the part.

In the first and second acts there is nothing particularly striking; for there is no necessity to make Othello "a hero to his valet-de-chambre." Except from this, however, the words "if it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy, &c.:" mingled with the most soul-felt happiness, there is a beautiful expression of pathos which seems almost to forbode the misery that awaits him.—Of the third act it will be difficult to speak as we feel without incurring the imputation of extravagance. After having witnessed all the principal efforts of the histrionic art that have delighted the town for the last seven or eight years, not excepting those of Mrs. Siddons, we do not hesitate to say that for purity, delicacy, and high poetical beauty of conception—for truth, and depth, and variety of expression,—nothing has been exhibited which equals the whole of the third act of Mr. Kean's Othello. Never were the workings of the human heart more successfully laid open. During the first scene, in which Iago excites his jealousy, in every tone of the voice, in every movement of the face and body, may be seen the accumulated agonies of unbounded love, struggling with, and at length yielding to doubt. When the simple exclamation, "And so she did," bursts from him, in reply to Iago's suggestion that Desdemona had "deceived her father,"—in an instant the tumult of thoughts that has been passing across his mind during the long pause that preceded it is manifest.—The next scene where he enters after having been meditating on his supposed wrongs begins with a burst of mingled agony and rage: the intenseness of expression

thrown into the words "I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips," has never been surpassed. Then comes the utter heart-sinking and helplessness which inevitably succeeds to the protracted operation of powerful passion: the beautiful speech beginning—"Oh! now for ever farewell, &c." is given in a tone of the most melting pathos—it is the quiet despair of a man who has for a moment cast his miseries behind him, and contemplates them as having happened in years past—it is the death-dirge of departed bliss: mournful music, but yet "music." To this calm succeeds a storm of contending passions—rage, hatred, intervening doubts,—until at length the whole of his already excited energies are yielded up to revenge: the look and action accompanying the words—"O blood! Iago—blood!" were most appalling. We repeat that the third act of Mr. Kean's Othello is the noblest performance on the English stage.

There is a quietness about the last scenes of it which is beautifully consistent with the manner of giving the speech—"Oh now for ever, &c." All is the dead calm of a midnight sea;—passion seems to have "raved itself to rest;" even when Othello learns too late that his wife was guiltless, it scarcely moves him: one imagines that he had before determined not to live, and that the only change wrought by this certainty of her innocence is, that whereas before he would have sought death as a refuge from utter despair—now "tis happiness to die," for amid the surrounding gloom there is one bright spot to which he can turn—she *did* love him, and the devotion of his heart was not cast away.

On the 20th (June) we witnessed the representation of Othello, by Kean, with renewed delight. Our sentiments upon his personation of the "ensnared" Moor, have been before fully stated. We have remarked on the pathos that this great actor often diffuses in a single word. In addition to the examples already noticed, we cannot forbear advertising to the manner in which after Iago has infused the poison of jealousy into his mind, and, perceiving his agitation—observes, "I see this hath dashed your spirits,"—Othello replies, "Not a jot,

not a jot!" The look of anguish, the closing of the eyes, as if to restrain the tears wrung from his tortured soul, and the affected carelessness of tone must be witnessed by those who would appreciate their effect. In the line, "I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips," the pause which is introduced before the word *kisses*, as if his tongue revolted from the task of expressing the odious thought, is another of those beautiful touches which render the whole of the third act of this tragedy, in Mr. Kean's hands, one of the most horribly beautiful, and impressive exhibitions that the histrionic art can boast of. Neither do we know of any actor, whose countenance is capable of such expression as Kean's. He has been censured for want of dignity; but we apprehend that whatever degree his features might gain of the latter quality, they would lose in a like ratio of the former, which gives such powerful effect to the portraiture of this performer. The want of this expression, in our idea, renders Pope an unsuitable representative of the wily and dangerous Iago. On this subject our great poet proved his knowledge of nature, when he put into Cæsar's mouth this wish:—

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous.

Massinger's admirable comedy of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, has been revived at this theatre. Mr. Kean played Sir Giles Overreach.* This character is drawn with great power and originality. It begins in avarice—reckless, remorseless avarice; which at length becomes merged and extinguished in intense personal vanity. He first gluts himself with wealth till his very wishes can compass no more; and then, by dint of gazing at himself—as the creator of his boundless stores, his avarice changes into self-admiration; and he thenceforth lavishes as eagerly to gratify the new passion, as he

* The character of Sir Giles Mompesson, who lived in the time of Massinger, probably suggested to him the hint of his Sir Giles Overreach; though it is certainly not drawn from that person.—For some account of him, see Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I.* 1621.

had amassed to gratify the old one. To the unmingled wickedness of this character we have a pleasing and a needful contrast, in the simple loves of Allworth and Margaret; and Wellborn is drawn with great freedom and spirit.

But to speak of Mr. Kean's inimitable performance of Sir Giles Overreach. If it is not his very best, (for we still think his Othello and his Richard II. exhibit powers of a loftier description,) yet we cannot call it *second* to any; because these performances, as well as his Richard III. have faults: but this is absolutely perfect. We could scarcely look at it as a stage representation. In the first part of the play nothing can be more true to nature, and at the same time more refined and original, than the mixture of gloom and vulgarity which Mr. Kean casts over the looks, tone, and action of the fearless and successful villain. The fine scene with his daughter in the third act was most exquisitely performed; particularly the fiend-like expression with which he tells her to "trample on" the Lady Downfallen; and the savage energy with which he gives the speech, "How! forsake thee!" &c. Then comes his feigned humility with "the Lord," as he calls him,—always in a tone of half contempt, even when speaking to him. Indeed all through the play his half-contemptuous and sarcastic manner of pronouncing "lord," and "honourable, right honourable daughter," is peculiarly striking.

The last act is from beginning to end a storm of the most intense and various passion, occasionally hushed for a mo-

ment into a calm not less dreadful; as when all his energies seem at once to crack, and hardly leave him strength to articulate "My brain turns;" and again when he is about to rush among his enemies, but stops short as if struck with death—"Ha! I am feeble," &c. We must not neglect to notice his exquisite manner of calling Marall to him, after he discovers the blank parchment instead of the deed which secured Wellborn's property to him. He first calls him in his usual tone, as if speaking to his slave, "Marall!" but he instantly recollects the stake that depends on Marall's services at the moment, and he again calls him—"Marall!" but with an expression of face and voice that we should scarcely have thought possible to throw into a single word. This is wholly Mr. Kean's own, the name being only given once in Massinger. To describe the awful and terrific appearance of his countenance when borne off the stage is impossible. To be appreciated it must be seen—the effects of it manifested in hysteric sobs, were not confined to the audience alone; Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Horn were so much affected that the former actually sunk into a chair on the stage. So deeply indeed were the performers impressed with the transcendent merit which Mr. Kean had displayed in this character, that, after the first representation, before they separated, they resolved to raise a subscription for a piece of plate to be presented to him, as a token of their admiration. Lord Byron, with his usual liberality, contributed 25 guineas to the fund destined for this purpose. July, 1816.

INQUIRY INTO THE MORAL CHARACTER OF DR. YOUNG.

Concluded.

WHETHER the melting melancholy strains which flowed from the pen of our author, so deeply lamenting the death of Narcissa with a pathos sublimely great—overwhelmed with indignant sorrow at the cruel decree of the Romish Church denying his daughter the rites of Christian burial—whether those affecting strains were the genuine feelings of his heart; or caught from so fair a subject

to move the passions of the reader, would be a kind of sacrilegious doubt. But, allowing those deep tones of grief to have proceeded from the bottom of his soul, his daughter felt not the difference between consecrated ground and the garden of flowers where her last remains were deposited; and, with respect to himself, he had the Christian philosophy to resort to, to support his mind under the Divine consolation, that her spirit had returned

unto God who gave it—whilst his only son, the son of a Protestant Minister, a beneficed Clergyman, was wandering in this country, unprotected, unrelieved, and unforgiven. I remember him an unhappy wanderer, friendless, and often, full often, I believe, almost penniless, but certainly *deficiente crumena*.

It would be a melancholy discovery to retrace the different distressing scenes and occurrences which he passed through, without any of the gifts of fortune, without any profession, and without any employment. He was possessed of superior talents, and a well-cultivated understanding, enriched with a lively imagination, and a vein of poetical fancy, not inferior, time and circumstances considered, to that of his father. But the want of academical education left him to struggle under the frowns of adversity in the prime of life. The Editor of Young's Life, boldly, but ignorantly, affirms, that he was sent from Winchester, to New College. But this he wrote by dashing through a cloud before his eyes, without any knowledge of his subject, and wilfully mistaking his way; for, had he made inquiry at the corner of New College-lane, he would not have fallen into so gross and palpable an error.

If the writer was not a mere copyist, he was working up the compilation of a Life with materials of which he neither knew the consistency, or the propriety of using them. He would not otherwise have committed to the press this incoherent and contradictory account of Young's admission into the University. His words are these:—"He was sent to New College, in Oxford; but there being no vacancy, though the Society waited for one not less than two years, he was admitted in the mean time in Baliol." If he was sent to New College, for what reason was he admitted in Baliol? And if in the mean time he was admitted to Baliol, consequently he could not have been sent to New College. How could he possibly have been sent, when there was no vacancy for his admission? It cannot with any propriety of language be said, that the Society were thus waiting; though it was strictly true of Young. But so far from his having been sent to the College, to which

by a chapter of uncommon ill fortune, with all the chances in his favour, he never succeeded; he was during one of those two years the senior of the school at Winchester College, waiting for the chance of the election in his last year, when he became a Superannuate.

But to digress no farther. Let it be granted that Mr. Frederick Young in the heyday of his blood had given his father just cause for resentment; should he have pursued the vengeance of his anger and displeasure to such a degree, and to such an unwarrantable length of time? Had he offended him beyond all hopes of forgiveness? Whatever faults the son had committed, so as to complete his ruin, should not the immoral habits of the father during his intimacy with the Duke of Wharton, have risen up in his own judgment against himself, so as to have had compassion on the child of his bosom? The recollection of his having lived in friendship with a licentious and profligate Nobleman ought in reason to have induced him to have weighed in an even balance the demerits of the one with the evil habits of the other.

I am at a loss to conceive how a Clergyman like Dr. Young, so frequently laying open his heart in the confession of his sins with the rest of his congregation, should so long have indulged a spirit of resentment, at the hazard of his own forgiveness from his Heavenly Father. With how much delusion of mind must he have daily offered up to Heaven the daily incense of his devotions in the Lord's Prayer without reducing to practice one of the most positive duties comprehended in our most holy Religion! Equally surprising is it, that, as a priest of the Temple, he should repeatedly have administered the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ to his people, without regarding it as a Sacrament of Love, a Sacrament of universal forgiveness.

It is difficult to reconcile the principles of pure and undefiled Religion with the theory of his religious knowledge, and the practice of his religious duty. The question had often met his eye—"How often shall my brother trespass against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" With the decision of the question he

could not have been otherwise than well acquainted. Jesus said unto him, "I say not until seven times; but until seventy times seven." Yet for several years he lived in irreconcilable variance with his son.

Let me add one more recollection, obvious to his memory, frequently reminding him of the obligation of his duty as a father. Not a stranger to the tender and pathetic tale of the Prodigal, should he not have followed the Divine example set us in that parable? should he not have made the Rectorial house a

scene of filial and parental joy—at the same time making the village of Welwyn, whose innocent amusements he had often promoted, to ring with joy at the glad tidings, that his son, who was dead, was alive again; and was lost, and was found?

It is true, that this happy reconciliation, so long delayed, did at length take place. But it was at so late an hour in life, that he had lived beyond the age of man; and was sinking fast into the grave.

WILLIAM-CHARLES DYER.

KOSTER'S TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.

From the *Panorama*.

WHAT can we expect from settlers seated on their farms respectively, at great distances from each other? with little or no intercourse, because each family endeavours to supply its own wants from resources within itself, and because the wants of its neighbours, being exactly similar to its own, no variety is to be looked for, in any useful or desirable form. If the land produces freely, the inhabitant lounges away life, in lazy enjoyment of the sunshine or the shade; he has nothing to rouse his faculties, nothing on which his talent or strength may exert themselves. Hence he contracts habits of indolence, he becomes inert, and almost incapable of activity, and all that can be said of him when he quits this mortal scene is, he has lived, and is dead. Where less fertile spots bewilder the occupant, either he sinks into absolute poverty, and is destitute of all things, or he becomes the driver of herds, scarcely more wild than himself, and he roams with his unruly property over a domain extensive, indeed, but unproductive. In either case, the mind, which is the nobler part of man, continues barren: the highest powers of intellect, supposing them to be bestowed on such individuals, are completely lost, and rendered nothing worth. Ingenuity has no object on which to exert itself, no purpose, or end in view, by which to be influenced or guided. Nor is this the worst: for establishments, thus isolated, separated

from all the world, become the prey of the most unworthy prejudices. They scarcely acknowledge the existence of other *men* on the earth; and instances are not wanting—in fact, these travels afford several—of their excessive credulity, in believing strangers to be rather *animals* than men. To say truth, a general reluctance prevails among all mankind, to admit the existence of fellow mortals superior to themselves: the whole race conceive readily, and pronounce decisively on foreigners as their inferiors—as *below* them in the most valuable attainments; and those who are themselves the lowest, on the scale of existence as men, attribute to others not a few of the properties of brutes, in order to preserve the gradation. The advantages of intercourse between country and country consist in no inconsiderable degree in counteracting these prejudices. A nation of mere shepherds, must be ignorant and rude; but rudeness certainly wears off by the collision of sentiments, the interchange of thoughts and opinions, the judgments of the well-informed, and even the caprices of the fickle and fastidious. Whatever tends to excite a desire after excellence, tends at the same time, to promote civilization; and generally, whatever tends to promote civilization, tends by some means or other, to urge to excellence.

The difficulties under which mental improvement lies will be understood from the following observations. We,

who have pretty correct information of the state of things in the back settlements of North America, know, that could a tolerable regular supply of itinerant clergy be established, it would be to their infinite advantage. At present, they hear and know so little about religion, that they might almost envy the Pernambucan settlers.

"I heard of a strange custom existing in these parts of the country that are so thinly inhabited, which arises from this state of things. Certain priests obtain a licence from the bishop (of Pernambuco,) and travel through these regions with a small altar constructed for the purpose; of a size to be placed upon one side of a pack-saddle, and they have with them all their apparatus for saying mass. Thus with a horse conveying the necessary paraphernalia, and a boy to drive it, who likewise assists in saying mass, and another horse on which the priest himself rides, and carries his own small portmanteau, these men make in the course of the year between 150 and 200*l.*—a large income in Brazil, but hardly earned, if the inconvenience and privations which they must undergo to obtain it are taken into consideration.—They stop and erect the altar wherever a sufficient number of persons who are willing to pay for the mass is collected. This will sometimes be said for three or four shillings, but at other times, if a rich man takes a fancy to a priest, or has a fit of extreme devotion upon him, he will give eight or ten *mil reis*, two or three pounds, and it does happen, that one hundred *mil reis* are received for saying a mass, but this is very rare;—at times an ox or an horse, or two or three, are given.—These men have their use in the world; if this custom did not exist, all form of worship would be completely out of the reach of the inhabitants of many districts, or at any rate they would not be able to attend more than once or twice in the course of the year, for it must be remembered that there is no church within twenty or thirty leagues of some parts; besides, where there is no law, nor real, rational religion, anything is better than nothing. They christen

and marry, and thus preserve these necessary forms of religion, and prevent a total forgetfulness of the established rules of civilized society; a sufficient link is kept up to make any of these people, if they removed into more populous districts, conform to received ideas."

Where employment is wanting, the mind not unfrequently turns to religion, and what passes for religion, by way of amusement. Hence, perhaps, the processions, shows, and other diversions, which attract crowds in countries, understood to be but thinly peopled. The inhabitants have nothing to do, and one sight is as good as another. Their time has no value: they cannot lose by indulging their dispositions to enjoy themselves, and seeing the world, as it appears around them.

As an instance of one of these religious spectacles, we quote part of an entertainment given towards the end of November, on occasion of the festival of our Lady of Conception. We are to consider the whole town, as being in gala for nine evenings successively: the colours hoisted, the bonfires blazing, the houses illuminated with lamps (made of half the rind of an orange, each containing a small quantity of oil and cotton,) large crosses were also lighted up in the square: music, violins and violincellos playing, band after band, and, in short, all possible gaiety in all possible variety of forms. "I was praised, says Mr. Koster, for my superior piety, in giving so splendid a night in honour of our Lady."

"On the following morning every arrangement was made for the *fundangos*. A spacious platform was erected, in the middle of the area of the town, and in front of the vicar's dwelling, raised about three feet from the ground. In the evening four bonfires were lighted, two being on each side of the stage, and soon afterwards the performers made their appearance. The story which forms the basis of this amusement is invariably the same; the parts, however, are not written, and are to be supplied by the actors; but these from practice,

know more or less what they are to say. The scene is a ship at sea, which, during part of the time is sailing regularly and gently along; but in the latter part of the voyage she is in distress. The cause of the badness of the weather remains for a long time unknown; but at last the persons who are on board discover that it has arisen from the devil, who is in the ship, under the disguise of the mizen-topmast-man. The persons represented, are

The Captain,	The Pilot or Mate,	
The Master,	The Boatswain,	
The Chaplain,		
The <i>Raçam</i> , or distributor		
of the Rations,		
The <i>Vasoura</i> , or sweeper		Two clowns;
the decks,		

The *Gageiro da Gata*, or mizen-topmast-man, *alias* the Devil.

"Twelve men and boys, who are dancers and singers, stand on the stage, six of them being on each side of it; and the leader of the chorus sits at the back of the stage with a guitar, with which he keeps the time, and this person is sometimes assisted by a second guitar player. A ship is made for the occasion; and when the performers stepped on to the platform, the vessel appeared at a distance under full sail, coming towards us upon wheels, which were concealed. As soon as the ship arrived near to the stage it stopped, and the performance commenced. The men and boys, who were to sing and dance, were dressed in white jackets and trowsers; they had ribbons tied round their ancles and arms, and upon their heads they wore long paper caps, painted of various colours. The guitar player commenced with one of the favourite airs of the country, and the chorus followed him, dancing at the same time. The number of voices being considerable, and the evening extremely calm, the open air was rather advantageous than the contrary. The scene was striking, for the bonfires threw sufficient light to allow of our seeing the persons of the performers distinctly; but all beyond was dark, and they seemed to be inclosed by a spacious, dome; the crowd of persons who were near to the stage was great, and as the fires were stirred and the flame became brighter, more persons were seen beyond

on every side; and at intervals the horses, which were standing still farther off, waiting for their masters.

"When the chorus retired, the captain and other superior officers came forward, and a long and serious conversation ensued upon the state of the ship and the weather. These actors were dressed in old uniforms of the irregular troops of the country. They were succeeded by the boatswain and the two clowns; the former gave his orders, to which the two latter made so many objections that the officer was provoked to strike one of them, and much coarse wit passed between the three. Soon afterwards came the chaplain in his gown, and his breviary in his hand; and he was as much the butt of the clowns, as they were of the rest of the performers. The most scurrilous language was used by them to him; he was abused, and was taxed with almost every irregularity possible. The jokes became at last so very indecent, as to make the vicar order his doors to be shut. The dancers came on at each change of scene, if I may so say. I went home soon after the vicar's doors were closed, and did not see the conclusion; but the matter ended by throwing the Devil overboard, and reaching the port in safety. The performers do not expect payment, but rather consider themselves complimented in being sent for. They were tradesmen of several descriptions residing at Pasmado, and they attend on these occasions to act the *fandangos*, if requested so to do; but if not, many of them would most probably go to enjoy any other sport which the festival affords. We paid their expences, and gave them their food during their stay; they were accompanied by their families, which were all treated in the same manner, to the number of about forty persons."

Mr. Koster has not been an inattentive observer of Natural History.—We conjecture, indeed, that some acquaintance with this science is absolutely necessary. An Englishman accustomed to the *safeties* of his own country, would be completely taken by surprise, by an incident like the following, which certainly is not singular in the deserts of Pernambuco.

"Our friend, the saddler, among other stories, mentioned having passed over the same ground which we had traversed from St. Luzia, only a short time before us. He was in company with another man and a boy, and had also a dog with him; they had put up for the night under shelter of one of the rocks, in the vicinity of the lake of which I have spoken. His companion had taken the horses to some little distance to graze; the boy and the dog remained with him; he had made a fire, and was in the act of preparing some dried meat to be cooked, when the boy called out "where is the dog?"—the man answered "here he is, why what is the matter?" the boy said, "what eyes, then, are those?" pointing, at the same time, to the corner of the rock; the man looked, and saw the eyes, for nothing else was to be seen; he called to the dog, took up his fowling-piece, and fired, whilst the dog started up, and darted towards the spot. A jaguar rushed out, and made off; it had been partly concealed under the rock, which, with the dazzle of the fire had prevented its body from being seen; it had crouched, and was ready for a spring, when every thing was quiet, and unprepared."

But, not the deserts only, nor wild beasts of strength and size, are among the enemies of man in Brazil; at home he is visited by a class of insects, which being more persevering, as well as insidious, tease and molest him. Mr. Koster describes at length, the species of ants which destroy and devour the labours of human industry. If we should transcribe Mr. K.'s account of their exploits, by which not only roofs of houses, beams of timber, and other solid substances were consumed, but houses themselves were undermined and endangered, it might almost pass for fabulous, were it not beyond all possibility of doubt or hesitation. They also destroy growing vegetables; and recourse must be had to a "bonfire" of leaves, in order to expel them. The different species of ants (black and red) are enemies to each other;—the black is sought after, and encouraged to build upon orange and other fruit trees, which are liable to destruction from the large red ant: and they effectually defend

their appointed posts, if time has been allowed for their numbers to be equal to the task. They sometimes also attack the citadels of the red ants, and the field of battle is covered with the slain of both parties; but chiefly of the red. Some kinds of timber are more acceptable to them than others. The choice of timber in building a house is therefore of the utmost importance to the duration of the building. We have already said that fire of smoking leaves (or brimstone) is the most effectual remedy known, against the increase of these insects: not that all die; but that the colony, generally speaking, becomes stupified, and may easily be destroyed.

A curious incident occurred to Mr. Koster, while engaged on one of these slaughtering expeditions.

"In laying open the ant-hill which I have above-mentioned, we discovered a couple of the *cobras de duas cabeças*, or two headed snakes or worms; each of them was rolled up in one of the nests. These snakes are about eighteen inches in length, and about the thickness of the little finger of a child of four or five years of age. Both extremities of the snake appear to be exactly similar to each other; and when the reptile is touched, both of these are raised, and form a circle or hoop to strike that which has molested it. They appear to be perfectly blind, for they never alter their course to avoid any object until they come in contact with it, and then without turning about they crawl away in an opposite direction. The colour is grey inclining to white, and they are said to be venomous. This species of snake is often found in ant-hills, and I have likewise killed them in my house; they frequent dung-hills and places in which vegetable matter has been allowed to remain for a length of time unremoved."

We desire better acquaintance with the manners of this snake, and its species. It has been objected to the figure of the Centaur, half man half horse, that his internal structure violated all the rules of anatomy; he must have two sets of lungs, two hearts, two stomachs, &c.; have these double-headed snakes really all these, in consequence of having two heads?

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE Duke of Ripperda being a prominent character in the new novel called "The Pastor's Fire-side," I think a genuine account of him may not be unacceptable to your readers. B.

London, Feb. 13, 1817.

JOHN WILLIAM, Duke de Ripperda, of a noble family in Groningen, served the States-General sometime as a colonel of infantry; he was invested with this rank after he had been appointed ambassador from Holland to the Court of Spain. His ready and insinuating genius having pleased Philip V. he fixed himself at the Court of Madrid, and there attained great distinction. In the year 1725, he concluded at Luxembourg a treaty of peace and commerce between the Emperor and the Catholic King. On his return to Madrid he was made a Duke and Grandee of Spain; the direction of the War, Marine and Finance departments, were entrusted to him: in fact, he obtained the power of prime minister without the title; but it was shortly discovered that he was charged with a burden above his powers. The King of Spain was obliged to remove him from the court and public affairs in 1726. Through this disgrace he nearly lost his reason, already weakened by his rapid elevation. He was obliged to seek an asylum with the English ambassador, Stanhope, from whom he was carried away by force, to be imprisoned in the castle of Segovia. He remained there till the 2d of September, 1728, when he found means of escaping into Portugal. From thence he went into England, and afterwards into Holland, where he formed an acquaintance with the ambassador of Morocco, who engaged to present him to his sovereign, Muley Abdallah. He was received by him with distinction, and acquired great credit, as great there as that which he had before obtained in Spain. The Duke de Ripperda passed some time in Morocco, without thinking

of changing his religion; but two reasons induced him to take the turban: the first was, the fear that the courtiers would seek to destroy him on account of his professing Christianity; and the second was, the desire he had of enjoying the privileges of the country he was in. He was, therefore, circumcised, and took the name of Osman. Those who were envious of him at last succeeded in accomplishing his disgrace. But after two months' imprisonment he obtained his liberty, with a prohibition of appearing at court till permitted. With a view of again getting into favour, he affected a great zeal for the Mahometan religion; and nevertheless meditated a new system of religion, which he thought would be acceptable to the people. However, the credit of the Duke de Ripperda standing upon weak foundations, was quickly overturned. Obligated to quit Morocco, he retired, in 1734, to the port of Tetuan, where he remained till his death, in 1737, equally despised by Mahometans and Christians. His death was occasioned by a languid disease, the effect of chagrin arising from his situation. The Bashaw of Tetuan took possession of his small property, conformably to the established custom in all the states of the sovereign of Morocco. He left two sons, who were drowned near the coast of Biscay, in going from Spain to England.

THE PIG OF BREST.

A writer in the *Journal de Paris*, recommends the following circumstance, which lately happened in the neighbourhood of Brest, to the attention of dramatists of his country. A man coveted a farmer's pig; broke in the night into the humble abode of the unsuspecting animal; knocked him on the head; threw the carcase across his shoulder, and carried it off. Punishment often follows closely at the heels of guilt. The robber came to a ditch in his way; in crossing it, he fell with his load, and next morning the murderer and robber was found lifeless by the side of his victim.

"Here is a subject!" exclaims the narrator, "here is a moral *denouement*, if ever there was one! Ah! gentlemen of the *Mugpie*, the *Rassens*, the *Dog of Montargis*, &c. &c. allow a place in your menagerie for the *Pig of Brest*! Consider what an effect will be produced by a title of this kind on a play-bill: '*The Pig, the Avenger of Guilt, or the Robber Punished by Himself*.' I would lay any wager that it runs a hundred nights, and eclipses all the animals that are now the rage."

TREATMENT OF SCALDS AND BURNS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,—Being a constant reader of your excellent miscellany, and observing in the one for August, p. 81, the fatal result of a scald, and the censure passed on the present state of medical science, as applicable to that peculiar branch of it, I have been induced to trouble you with the following remarks. I confess I do not feel much surprised at the want of success of what I deem the improper treatment of that case, as it is now generally understood that, where any extraordinary action has been excited in any part of the system, the same stimulus, though in a less degree, should be persevered in, until the parts gradually assume their healthy action; as, for instance, where heat has been the cause of diseased action, heat should be continued; and, where it has been produced by excessive cold, as more particularly in the northern climates, cold applications should be used until the parts act in unison with each other, or by natural common stimuli. I therefore feel no hesitation in saying, from my own experience, that there might have been more probability of a favourable issue in applying the stimulating than the antiphlogistic remedies, as it appears to me, the constitution, having sustained a severe shock by the unnatural stimulus of heat, it is only aggravated by the extreme frigidity of the applications, which certainly produces a contrariety of effects. When applied to a patient who, a few minutes before, had been complaining of excessive heat and thirst, I have seen it immediately produce that cold shivering which, in my opinion, is so fatal a symptom of the case, as it is generally the precursor of violent sym-

pathetic fever. My plan of treating these cases, and which I have successfully practised some years, is immediately to apply a lotion made of equal parts of spirits of turpentine, and cold-drawn linseed oil, heated (by standing in hot water) to a degree which the sound parts would bear without injury, afterwards plasters, of the yellow Basilicon ointment, spread on fine old linen rags. I then give a proportionate dose of laudanum in warm brandy-and-water, and put my patient in a warm bed; thus, as Mr. Kentish, in his *Essays on Burns*, remarks, keeping up a unity of intention by both the external and internal means, which leads to the restoration of the unity of action, and thus is the cure performed. I then repeat this mode of treatment twelve hours after its first application, with the exception of using them cold. Afterwards the parts are to be dressed with emollient ointments, or, according as their appearance may indicate, until suppuration commences, when the symptoms will point out the ordinary mode of cure. As far as relates to internal remedies, as I before observed, it is as essential they should be of the stimulating kind as the external; and, certainly, active purgatives, as recommended in your paragraph, are, in my opinion, highly improper, as they generally bring on that weakness and languor which inevitably retard the healing process, while the administration of opium generally allays that peculiar irritability produced by a destruction of the cuticle, and consequently prevents any disposition of the nervous system that may exist, likely to produce convulsions, the occurrence of which, in cases of this kind, generally proves fatal.

The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., F.R.S. &c. Vol. II. Now first published from the original, by his Grandson, Wm. Temple Franklin. 1817.

The following extract from this work is a sort of confession of faith with respect to which the Doctor enjoined secrecy to the Rev. President Stiles, to whom it was addressed:—

"You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot

take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed : I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is like to see ; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity ; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed ; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss by distinguishing the believers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure. I shall only add respecting myself, that having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness."—*Crit. Rev.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. BEN. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin was once in company with Dr. Priestley, with whom he was very intimate, and with a number of other scientific men, who made up a party ; they were mostly members of the Royal Society, and known to each other. The conversation turned on the progress of Arts, and on the discoveries favourable to human life, *which remained to be made*. Franklin regretted much that no method had yet been found out to spin *two threads* of cotton, or wool,

at the same moment. Each of the company lifted up his eyes in wonder, first at the thought, itself, and secondly, at the impossibility of executing it. Franklin, however, insisted that the thing was practicable, and not only so, but would not long remain a mystery. He lived long enough not only to see his notion reduced to practice, but, to see as many as *forty threads* spun by the same motion. Had he lived till now, he would have seen a *hundred* spun, at the same instant, by a single female, with only the help of a child.

MISDOINGS FORMERLY AMONG THE ROYAL ATTENDANTS.

To the Editor of the *Panorama*.

SIR,—The insertion of the following will very much oblige A FRIEND.

Extracts from a curious Manuscript, containing Directions for the Household of Henry VIII.

His highness' baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same ; and if detected he shall be put in the stocks.

His highness' attendants are not to steal any locks, or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses where he goes to visit.

Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as goe about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

The officers of his majesty's privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime.

The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person.

There shall be no romping with the maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are broken.

Coals only to be used by the king's, queen's, and lady Mary's chambers.

The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

Twenty four loaves a day allowed for his highness' greyhounds.

ROBERT FREEBAIRN.

We insert the melancholy death of a son of this artist from a sincere wish that

it may prevent others from falling martyrs to the inconsiderate foolishness of persons who ought to know better. This artist's son (Samuel) died in 1813 at the age 14. His death was occasioned by a silly trick, which was at one time prevalent, of pulling children up from the ground by the head, in order "to shew them London." About two months before his death he complained to a young friend of a stiff neck, for which the other suspended him in the manner mentioned above. It appeared at an investigation after his death, that the second vertebra was wrenched from the others nearly an inch, by which the head was pressed forward; the ligaments being torn, and an abscess formed between them and the windpipe.—*N. Mon.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A lioness only eight days old was purchased in 1815, at the Cape of Good Hope, by Capt. Waddington, of the City of Edinburgh East Indiaman. The animal was fed with milk and bread, and suffered to roll about on the floor of Capt. W.'s bed-room. A terrier bitch, kept in the same house had littered a few days previously to the purchase, and her pups had been destroyed. A servant accidentally going into the bed-room found the bitch suckling the whelp. Astonished at the spectacle, he soon communicated the circumstance to the family, and crowds flocked into the house to witness so extraordinary a sight. It was resolved not to separate the new companions; they were placed in a large kennel in the yard; and the bitch conceived a maternal attachment to the whelp, which the latter seemed to return with great affection. A commodious cage being made for them, they were conveyed on board the ship, which proceeded to England. During the voyage their friendship increased daily; the lioness grew prodigiously, but appeared unconscious of her superior strength, or unwilling to use it to the detriment of her foster-mother. The latter having acquired the ascendant, preserved it: at her meals she invariably satisfied herself before she permitted the lioness to taste a morsel; and

if the latter became refractory, she would bite her severely, and drive her into a corner of the den: in short, she kept her completely under control.

Capt. Waddington shortly after his arrival in England disposed of the lioness and her foster-mother to Mr. Cross, the spirited proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter 'Change, where the two friends are to be seen, inhabiting the same cage, and exhibiting a most extraordinary instance of affection between two females!

Chapter Coffee-house, Feb. 25.

ILLUSTRATION OF PROVERBS, OBSCURE SAYINGS, &c.

SPICK AND SPAN.

THIS is a very common expression, applied to any thing quite new, but the words appear to want explanation. The most obvious derivation is from the Italian, *spicata de la spanna*, fresh from the hand, or, as we say in another proverbial phrase of our own, "fresh from the mint." There are numerous Italian words in our language, which were brought in before the Reformation, when it was not only customary for our young men of family to complete their studies in that country, but many Italians resided here as collectors of the papal imposts, or as holders of our best benefices. This certainly is a more rational etymology than that which derives the phrase from a spear, because the head of that weapon was formerly called a spike, and the staff a span; thereby meaning that every part is new.—*New Mon. Mag.*

HE IS A DAB AT IT.

This is very commonly said of a clever person in any profession: but the word *dab* is neither Saxon nor British; whence then does it come? The answer is, that it is nothing more than a corruption of *adept*, which in former times denoted a professor of the occult sciences, especially alchymy. The Rosicrucians, who affected the art of making gold and of prolonging life, maintained that there were twelve enlightened brethren of that mystical community who possessed the highest secrets of the order; these select members were called adepts; and when any one of them died, his place was filled up by another to keep the body perfect. To be an adept, therefore, denotes

that the person so complimented is extraordinarily qualified.—*Ibid.*

ORIGIN OF CROSS BUNS.

Mr. Urban,

Mr. Bryant, in his *Antient Mythology*, informs us that the offerings which people in antient times used to present to the Gods, were generally purchased at the entrance of the Temple, especially every piece of consecrated bread, which was denominanted accordingly. One species of sacred bread, which used to be offered to the Gods, was of great antiquity, and called *Boun*. Hieronymus speaks of the *Boun*, and describes it as a kind of cake with a representation of two horns. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering, describes the chief ingredients of which it was composed. "He offered one of the sacred cakes called a *Boun*, which was made of fine flour and honey."

The Prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering when he is speaking of the Jewish women at Pathros in Egypt, and of their base idolatry. "When we burnt incense to the Queen of Heaven, and poured out drink offerings to her, did we make cakes to worship her." Jer. xiv. "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven." Jer. vii.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.
SIR—It has been remarked, that seasons similar to the present have occurred at intervals of sixteen or seventeen years; not having the means of ascertaining the fact, by reference to many authorities, I submit the enquiry to your pages, as a curious subject of scientific speculation; annexing a list of years nearly corresponding to the above intervals, in which I have been able to ascertain the fact of any severity of season or deficiency of produce—

1816	1683	1389
1799	1459	1338
1783	1426	1551
1764	1406	1234

Jan. 1817.

A. Y.

A 'MOUSING' HEN.

A gentleman residing on Stoke Hill, has in his possession a hen, which answers the purpose of a cat in destroying mice. She is constantly seen watching close to a corn rick, and the moment a mouse appears, she seizes him in her beak; and carries him to a meadow adjoining, where she amuses herself by playing with her victim until he is dead; she then leaves him, repairs to her post, and is frequently known to catch four or five a day.—*Lit. Pan. Jan. 1817.*

DRAMATIC.

Manuel; a Tragedy. By the Rev. R. C. Maturin, author of "*Bertram*," "*Wild Irish Boy*," &c.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—The promise of a new Tragedy is ever an object of interest: but our expectations are highly enhanced when it is announced from the pen of an author, whose histrionic genius has been hailed by popular applause, and whose merit has been stamped with public approbation. The first effort of Mr. Maturin's dramatic Muse, was still recent in our remembrance, and we anticipated an increase of the celebrity he had acquired, by his forcible delineation of *Bertram*. This hope, if not realized to its full extent, has not been altogether disappointed. The brief outline of the story is this:—Alonzo, son of Manuel Count Valdi (Mr. Kean) having distinguished himself at the battle of Tolosa, and rescued Cordova from the Moors, is expected at his father's mansion, where a festival is prepared. His page first arrives, hoping to find his master already there, who had proceeded alone by a forest road. This excites alarm, and, soon after, his war-steed coming with bloody stains, and his broken lance, raise dreadful surmises of his murder. The forest is searched in vain, and Manuel, mad with an-

guish, accuses De Zelos, (Mr. Rae) his needy kinsman, who is next heir to him after Alonzo, tho' without proof. Manuel madly demands a trial: there he persists, unsupported, in the accusation, under the strongest conviction of his kinsman's guilt. De Zelos at length clears himself by oath; but Manuel, unsatisfied, dares him to swear upon the bier, on which a band of warriors are carrying Alonzo's armour, to deposit on some holy shrine. De Zelos hesitates, and his son Torrismond, (Mr. Wallack) agonized by a doubt of his father's innocence, rushes in, and prevents him from sealing the damning asseveration. De Zelos had already demanded the combat, and the Spanish nobles who support him, determine to banish Manuel if its issue fails him. Torrismond is with difficulty convinced of his father's innocence, and therefore, unmoved by the entreaties of Victoria (Miss Somerville) by whom he is beloved, appears in the lists as his father's champion. Manuel has no champion—but an unknown warrior comes in his behalf, and is mortally wounded—ere he is borne off, he uncloses his vizor to De Zelos, and shews himself to be a Moor (Mr. P. Cooke) who had mysteriously appeared in a former scene. Manuel is then banished to an ancient castle of his ancestry,

and his daughter, who attends him in his frantic state, accompanies him. Thither also Ximena (Mrs. Knight) who had been betrothed to Alonzo, and hopelessly pines for his loss, wanders and meets Manuel at Alonzo's cenotaph. In the same vault she finds the Moor expiring, who confesses he had been hired to murder Alonzo, and gives her a dagger which he had received for the purpose, and the blade of which bears his employer's name, blinding her by an oath to commit it undrawn into the hands of justice; this she, dying, delivers to Torrismond. De Zelos arrives at Manuel's castle, in search of his daughter, and Torrismond rushes in, glorying in his father's innocence; Mendisabel, the justiza (Mr. Holland) desires him to unsheath the dagger—he does so, and, discovering his father's name, stabs himself. De Zelos sinks, oppressed with guilt;—and Manuel, before frantic, dies, madly glorying in the thought that De Zelos is childless as himself.

In the 1st act, the description of the battle, as traced upon the memory of the aged and enfeebled warrior, was a master-piece of acting. Fancy might have viewed Mr. Kean as an aged

Nestor reciting the deeds of past times to the youthful heroes of another generation: he was extremely impassioned in this scene: he was equally great when at the end of the first act, he points out the murderer of his son. If, says Torrismond, “on earth the murderer can be found!” “There!” exclaims Manuel, pointing to De Zelos. The effect was very striking, and our praise is not confined to Mr. Kean, for Mr. Rae and Mr. Wallack were eminently successful in their efforts.

The scenery is magnificent.

The lists prepared for the single combat of the Champions of Manuel and De Zelos are grand and splendid, perfectly characteristic—and, doubtless, accurately portrayed all the pompous forms and gorgeous ceremonies of those appeals to Heaven. Having thus far expressed ourselves, we cannot avoid expressing our doubts, whether this Tragedy will glide unobstructed down the tide of time. Repetitious, we fear, will damp the admiration of those who may be at first prompted to applaud it. In fact, it does not in any one passage carry the mind to a very high pitch of elevation.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MR. JAMES HUDDLESTONE WYNNE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. JAMES HUDDLESTONE WYNNE was of a very respectable family in South Wales, and related to the Wynnes of Wynnstay, in North Wales. His father from misfortune having reduced his circumstances, wisely resolved on a profession for young James, and that of a compositor was determined on, at which he worked with that great and worthy man Benjamin Franklin; but he became disgusted with his profession, and obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment about to set out for India. The irascibility of Mr. Wynne's temper was such, that it for ever kept him in hot water: he had not proceeded far on his voyage before he quarrelled with his brother officers, who would not mess with him, and actually left him behind when the ship arrived at the Cape; from whence he returned to England, and meeting with a young lady of property, entered into the state of matrimony. It was about this time that Mr. Wynne thought of commencing author, and his first application in that way was to Mr. Geo. Kearsley, bookseller, Fleet-street, whose liberality enabled him to support his family. He had two other employers: one

in Paternoster-row, the other in May-fair. For the first he was doomed periodically to write rebuses and enigmas; for the other, petty fables, children's lessons in verse, or to devise new-fangled modes of playing the game of goose. As these two pillars of literature lived at so great distance apart, our poor poet, who had suffered a total derangement of the muscles of his right leg, was almost reduced to a skeleton by his attendance on them. When he had written a dozen lines for a child's play-card, or half a page of a monthly magazine, our poet was obliged to go with his stock of commodity from Bloomsbury, where he occupied an attic, first to May-fair, and then to Paternoster-row; and the remuneration he received for the effusions of his brain was frequently insufficient to procure him the means of existence. Mr. Wynne would often complain in the most severe terms of the want of generosity in his employers. The literary productions of Mr. Wynne are numerous; and, some written for his amusement, full of merit, strongly evincing flights of true genius. His *History of Ireland* the critics of his day belaboured with Herculean clubs—

but critics are often more ill-natured than candid; his *Miseries of Authorship* does his feelings much credit—alas! he was able to give a faithful picture of those “miseries;” and his poem of the *Prostitute* is full of moral and tender sentiments, the offspring of a good heart. Many others of his pieces have much to recommend them, and would not disgrace men of greater celebrity.

Mr. Wynne’s eccentricities were numerous, and some of them so tinctured with pride as make their possessor appear truly ridiculous. The noblest minds are ever hardest in distress; but Mr. W. was insolent in rags, turbulent when in want of a meal, and would insult his best friend for doing him an act of kindness unsolicited; of which the following anecdote is an instance.

Mr. Wynne’s figure was below the middle stature; his face thin and pale; his head scantily covered with black hair, collected in a tail about the thickness of a tobacco-pipe; his emaciated right leg was sustained by an unpolished iron:—he wore his gloves without fingers, and his clothes in tatters. In such a trim he one day entered the shop of Mr. Kearsley, the bookseller, who possessed a heart susceptible of every good, and a hand, ever ready to relieve distress. Mr. K.’s shop was the lounge for gentlemen of literary attachment, who stopped to inquire the occurrences of the day; and several persons of fashion were present when Wynne entered, and began to talk in a way that shewed want of good-breeding. His shabby appearance, together with his unbridled loquacity, threw Kearsley into a fever until he got rid of them; after which, moved at the indelicacy of his appearance, Mr. K. from the purest motives, took a suit of his clothes, almost new, and with other appendages, bundled them together in a handkerchief, and, with a polite note, sent them after Mr. W. to his lodgings. As this was done without the knowledge of a third person, and in so polite a way, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Wynne received the gift with thankfulness, at least with good manners; but the result proved otherwise. He stormed like a madman, and in a rage returned the bundle, though he was cov-

ered with rags like a pauper; writing by the porter, that “the pity he had experienced was brutality; the officiousness to serve him insolence; and if ever Mr. K. did the like again till he was requested, he would chastise him in another way.” This would have been a wren pouncing upon an eagle; for Mr. Kearsley was a tall stout man—a Colossus to Wynne.

Notwithstanding the preceding, Mr. Wynne was not without his attachment to dress and fashion. A short time previous to his publishing his *History of Ireland*, he expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who was just returned from being lord-lieutenant of that country. For this purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The duke was made acquainted with his wishes, and Dr. Percy went as the messenger of good tidings to the author. But there was more to be done than a formal introduction; the poor writer intimated this to the good doctor; who in the most delicate terms begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This, the doctor urged, would be best, as there was not time to provide a new suit and other things necessary for his *debut*, as the duke had appointed Monday in the next week to give, the historian an audience. Mr. Wynne approved of the plan in all respects, and in the mean time had prepared himself with a set speech and a manuscript of the dedication. But, to digress a little, it must be understood that Dr. Percy was considerably in stature above Mr. W. and his coat sufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him.—The morning came for the author’s public entry at Northumberland-house; but alas! one grand mistake had been made: in the hurry of business no application had been made to the tailor for the necessary alterations of his clothes; however, great minds are not cast down with ordinary occurrences; Mr. Wynne dressed himself in Dr. Percy’s friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm of great antiquity; then taking leave of his trembling wife, he set out for

the great house. True to the moment, he arrived—Dr. Percy attended—and the duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on a hedge-stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole. On his introduction, Mr. Wynne began his formal address; and the noble duke was so tickled at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that, in spite of his gravity, he burst the bonds of good manners: and at length, agitated by an endeavour to restrain risibility, he leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynne's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

In the year 1780, Mr. Wynne addressed an ode to her Majesty on her birth-day, which was well received; it began thus:

"Heard ye the welcome sound of joy?
Heard ye the swelling notes of praise?
What theme like virtue can employ
The lyre, or wake the poet's lays?"

Mr. Wynne now began to extend his fame, and several periodical booksellers with great eagerness solicited his literary assistance. The Rev. Dr. Madan had just written and published a very singular book in vindication of polygamy, called *Thelyphthora*. It was composed purposely to extenuate the conduct

of a rich merchant in the thorough, a friend of Dr. Madan's, who had married two wives, and (what must appear extraordinary) lived in tolerable harmony with both under the same roof. This book Mr. Wynne borrowed, and returned it again with the following epigram written on one of the leaves in red ink:

"If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and John!
But if John weds a score—O what claws and what scratches!
It can't be a match, but a bundle of matches."

A hundred more instances might be produced of Mr. Wynne's ready wit and humour, but, as they still live in the memory of his friends, we shall conclude with observing, that his only faults were, negligence with respect to exterior appearance, and obstinacy in refusing to accept obligations, tendered, from the purest motives, by many who were desirous of serving him in distress. His whole garb at times was not worth a crown.—His morals were noble; and those who had the advantage of his friendship, received him with a smile of respect, and always left him with regret. At length nature began to decay, his limbs and intellect forsook him; but the affection of his children threw a veil over his infirmities. Upon the great stage of action he acted well his part; and here we drop the curtain.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Continued.

THE death of the Marquis of Rockingham in the summer of 1782, occasioned such a breach in the cabinet, that Mr. Fox with his nearest friends seceded from administration. Thus thrown again into opposition, Mr. Sheridan exerted himself with great zeal in attacking Lord Shelburne not only in the house, through the medium of the press, and in the formation of political associations or clubs, where his oratorical powers were of singular efficacy.

The first time he came into contact with Mr. Pitt was on the discussion of the preliminaries of peace, on which occasion, he directed some strange language against ministers, and amongst

other things observed, that if Mr. Fox had concluded such a treaty he would have lost his friendship.

To this flight and the sarcasms with which it was accompanied, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of returning a cool answer, made a direct and contemptuous allusion to the professional pursuits of Sheridan, saying that "if his talents were exercised in their proper sphere, they would receive the plaudits of the audience, and it would be his fortune *sui plausu gaudere theatri*." Mr. Sheridan gladly caught at this advantage, and in his reply, after animadverting on the personality, said that "if ever he again engaged in dramatic composition, he should probably be led, from the ex-

ample just shewn, to improve upon one of Ben Jonson's last characters, that of the Angry Boy in the Alchymist." This felicitous application of theatrical knowledge occasioned much laughter at the time, and had the effect of fixing upon Mr. Pitt the appellation of the Angry Boy, which continued many years.

On the resignation of Lord Shelburne, and the accession of the coalition ministry, Mr. Sheridan was nominated one of the Under Secretaries of State in the office of Mr. Fox, but the contention occasioned by the famous India Bill of that eminent statesman, produced another change in a very few months, and Mr. Sheridan with his friends resumed their seats on the opposition bench, where they became fixtures for a series of years.

From this period, Mr. Sheridan distinguished himself as the vigilant assailant of all the measures of Mr. Pitt without a single exception, and it is remarkable, that while Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox commended the sinking fund bill, and that for the consolidation of the custom and excise duties, our orator alone, constantly and pertinaciously found fault with these acts. But his greatest display of eloquence, as a member of the House of Commons, was on bringing up the third charge against Mr. Hastings "on the resumption of the Jaghires and the confiscation of the treasures of the Princesses of Oude." The speech which

he delivered on that subject February 7, 1787, lasted five hours and forty minutes, and had such an electrifying effect upon the house, that the debate was adjourned till the next day, to give the members time for reflection, after being so long under the influence of the magician's wand. Nor was his speech on the seventh charge, respecting bribes and presents corruptly received by Mr. Hastings, less admired as an eloquent composition, though unfortunately the beauties of both are lost to posterity, for the want of a correct and minute report. The same year Mr. Sheridan displayed great energy in the service of the Prince of Wales, when the debts of his Royal Highness came under the consideration of parliament, and his zeal on this occasion, completely established him in the confidence of his illustrious patron, whose friendship he enjoyed to the close of his life.

When the impeachment of Mr. Hastings was determined upon, and the charges concluded, Mr. Sheridan was nominated the third on the list of managers, and, very judiciously, the principal part allotted to him, was that which related to the Princesses of Oude: in summing up the evidence on which subject he astonished and delighted the numerous hearers in Westminster Hall for four days successively.

To be concluded in our next.

POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

[It has been observed of Mr. Rogers, the excellent Author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, &c. that the production of a Poet from a Banking-house was an extraordinary occurrence; but the following extracts from the *Juvenile Poems of a Youth in a Bank-house at Canterbury*, afford an additional proof that that situation is not so unfavourable to the growth of the "tender blossoms of the Muse" as may hitherto have been supposed.]

TO *****

THERE is an eye whose shaded light
A liquid lustre throws;
There is a cheek whose soft'ned white
Would shame the gaudy rose.
The pert, the bright, black, sparkling eye
The brow of Mirth may grace;
And Health may lend its deepest dye
To deck a rustic's face:

But 't is not there that Love would seek
For Feeling's favourite shrine;
Oh no! 't is on thy pure pale cheek,
'T is in such eyes as thine.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

OH! why did you bid me awake
My song from its amorous dream?
Oh! why do you wish me to make
The beauties of nature my theme?

That the purest emotions I know
At the brightness of morning, believe;
And dearer, still dearer, the glow
Of the summer's voluptuous eve.

Yet the landscape may pall on the sight,
Its hues as you gaze melt away,
They are veiled in the gloom of the night,
At the cold touch of winter decay.

What charm like Affection's first sigh,
Can the soft breath of summer impart?
What light like the beam of the eye,
When confessing the warmth of the heart?
No, Mira, the bloom of the soul
Is nipped by no change of the weather;
Unheeded the seasons may roll,
Till we sink to Elysium together!

STANZAS.

BENEATH the main a coral cave
Is oft the shipwreck'd sailor's grave,
Where gems of purest beauty bright
Pour round the place their lonely light,
And seem a silent watch to keep
Over the wretch's endless sleep.
In the dark horrors of a tomb,
I've seen a simple flow'ret bloom,
And from its virgin bosom shed
A pious fragrance o'er the dead,
As if it hoped its dulcet breath
Might wake the sullen sense of death.
Thus, buried in my joyless breast,
Affection's fondest feelings rest;
Though Fancy lend her playful beam,
And Hope its ineffectual gleam,
The light is false—the hope is vain—
They ne'er shall spring to life again.

A FAIRY scene, with sportive hand,
At noon upon the shore I traced;
The billows rushing to the land,
At evening every print effaced.
Soft falling through the silent night,
On earth a snowy mantle lay;
But, shrinking at the dawn of light,
Dissolved into a dew away.
Thus smiling Fancy spread of late
Her treasures to my youthful mind;
Thus, melting at the touch of fate,
They fled, nor left a trace behind.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE AT ———, KENT.

THE orb of light descending gave
Its splendour to the western wave,
And proudly every billow roll'd,
As glorying in its garb of gold.
Soft Twilight stole its glowing hue,
And spread her veil of misty blue,
Whilst many a sportive green-haired maid
Dim glancing o'er the surface play'd.
Night, frowning, closes round, and all
Envelopes in her darkest pall,
Nor leaves amid the gloomy scene
A trace to shew where light had been.
To-morrow's sun shall gild again
The bosom of the bounding main;
At eve the nymphs again shall lave
Their tresses in the purple wave.
But oh! the night that Sorrow spread
Around this lone despairing head,
That wraps the heart—that shrouds the brain—
Shall know no dawn of joy again!

SIGHS.

From "the Home of Love," a poem; by Mrs.
Henry Rolls.

THERE is a sigh—that, half suppress'd,
Seems scarce to heave the bosom fair;
It rises from the spotless breast,
The first faint dawn of tender care.

There is a sigh—to soft, so sweet,
It breathes not from the lip of woe;
'Tis heard where conscious lovers meet,
Whilst, yet untold, young passions glow.

There is a sigh—short, deep and strong,
That on the lip of rapture dies;
It floats mild Evening's shade along,
When meet the fond consenting eyes.

There is a sigh—that speaks regret,
Yet seems scarce conscious of its pain;
It tells of bliss remembered yet,
Of bliss that ne'er must wake again.

There is a sigh—that deeply breath'd,
Bespeaks the bosom's secret woe;
It says the flowers that Love had wreath'd,
Are wither'd ne'er again to blow.

There is a sigh—that slowly swells,
Then deeply breathes its load of care;
It speaks, that in that bosom dwells
That last worst pang, fond Love's despair,
(Lit. Pan. March 1817.)

From the Monthly Magazine.

LINES

BY A MOTHER, ON BEING URGED TO MOD-
ERATE HER GRIEF FOR THE SUDDEN LOSS
OF AN ADORED CHILD.

YOU bid me hope—you say I yet may
know
Peace and contentment in this world below;
That other children claim my fast'ring care,
That 'tis unjust to them to court despair!
These truths I own—yet painfully I find
'T is vain to reason with a wounded mind;
Feeling usurps the seat where reason reign'd,
And, joined by memory, keeps the throne she
gain'd;

For memory, grief's first and truest friend,
Forbids each torturing scene to have an end—
Now shews my child in beauty's blaze dis-
play'd,

Now on the bed of death it shews her laid!
Now lisps her accents to my list'ning ear:
Her last sad accents—when she murmured
"DEAR!"

Now in the mazy dance it shews her form;
Now playing on the daisy-spangled lawn:
These, and a thousand others, memory shews,
Till nature sinks exhausted to repose;
But e'en in sleep my eyes the vision trace,
And gaze with rapture on her beauteous face
—That face and form which might with zeal
inspire

The painter's pencil, or the minstrel's lyre!
Oh, could my pen her lovely form portray,
And shew her smile, sweet as the opening
day,—

You sure would own that I have cause for
grief,
And that 'tis time alone can bring relief.

To thee, O God! my heart in prayer I bend,
For thou art still the wretched mourner's
friend;

Thou can'st restore my wounded soul to peace,
Or take me to that Heaven—where sorrows
cease!

E. P.
Halloway; July 8, 1816.

* The fond appellation by which she always
addressed her mother, and the last word she
uttered.

THE PRISONERS OF CHILLON.

Concluded from p. 120.

IX.

WHAT next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
 It was not night—it was not day,
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place ;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track,
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None liv'd to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which bade me both to weep and smile ;
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me :
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of Heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate,

I knew not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was :—my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profan'd their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all,
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view ;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing.
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as if a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came and set me free—
 I ask'd not why, I reck'd not where ;
 It was, at length, the same to me
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.

And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage---and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill---yet strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell---
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

THE FISHER'S GRAVE.

THE day has pass'd,---and with it flown
The brightness of the sunny beam,
Pale Evening throws her sable zone
Around the calm and quiet scene:---
The woods upon the mountain's brow
By the breeze majestic wave,
And calmly sleeps the stream below
O'er the Fisher's lonely grave.
Long has wept the silver tide,
Stealing on its pebbly shore,
Since it bathed his wherry side,
Dashing to the feather'd oar.
'Twas at night:---and homeward sped
The Fisher to his home afar,
The cold moon shone above his head,
Lofty beam'd each dancing star;
He thought upon his cottage fire
With rosy children circled round,
And sweet the dreams those thoughts inspire,
Dreams with peace and pleasure crown'd!
And, as he row'd his boat along,
Cheerily his voice arose,
The woods re-echoed to his song,
And sigh'd at ev'ry murmur close.
The boat glides on;---obscure and dark
Lurks beneath the sunken rock:---
Whirls around the fragile bark,
It shivers with the sudden shock!
The dying cry, the plunge was heard;
The peasants gathered on the shore,
And unavailing prayers prefer'd
For him who can awake no more.
In vain beside her cottage fire,
His widow'd partner mourns his stay,
His children ask their absent sire,
But he, alas! is far away.
They laid him in a humble grave;
The green and blossoms on his breast,
Calmly flows the silver wave,
Soothing his unbroken rest,
And there the lonely bird of night
Pours her softest, wildest note,
And upon the brow of night
Tunefully the echoes float.

(*Lit. Pan. Feb. 1817.*)

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

IN vain I court refreshing sleep,
For me no vision's near;
By Night's sad shades unseen I weep,
Unheard by Pity's ear.

How fleeting is each earthly joy,
Each earthly wish how vain!
No pleasures spring without alloy,
"No joy without its pain."
In buxom health to-day I rose,
Mid verdant fields to stray;
I little thought the scene would close,
And Sickness choke my way!
How great a change! while here I lay
And muse upon the past,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, to pain a prey,
Each hope it seems to blast.

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O hear, great God! a sinner's prayers,
Nor let thy love decrease;
Take me this night into thy care,
And let me rest in peace.
But, if no more on me shall shine
The sun's meridian rays,
"Thy will be done"---that will be mine---
For just are all thy ways!

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Forbid e'en Friendship's tears to flow
Around my youthful bier;
Nor swell those hearts with bitter woe,
I e'er have lov'd so dear.
To thee, my God! I suppliant cry,
O listen to my prayer:
Accept, accept, Contrition's sigh,
And take me to thy care. (*Mon. Mag.*)

THE ABSENT SOLDIER RECOLLECTED BY HIS FAMILY.

From the "School-Boy," a late poem, by Thomas Cromwell.

AH! long by the hearth of the warrior's
home
His children shall listen, and wish he were
come;
And long shall that wish to each bosom be dear,
And long in each eye shall it combat the tear,
Perhaps that same night, when, by death's
arms embraced,
Her soldier lay stiffened and prone on the
waste,
The wife might look out, and contemplate the
sky;
Survey the mild moonbeam, and think, with
a sigh,
That it shone on his tent; while he wakeful
might lay,
Or be dreaming of her and his home far away.
Then, turning to join the gay ring round the
fire,
She would smile with her children, and talk
of their sire:
Should she weep for his boldness, or tell of
his might,
Each stripling youth glow'd to be with him
in fight;
While with fervour more mild the soft daughter
would burn,
As she pictured the joys of her father's return!
Fond maiden, ah! no: thy loved father no
more
The threshold shall tread of his own humble
door:
Go, comfort thy mother; for, desolate now,
A lone widow is she, and an orphan art thou.
And, oh! with what anguish your bosoms will
wail,
When, all rudely perchance ye shall hear the
sad tale:
Bereft of the soldier, whose arm was your stay,
What sorrows may press on the future's dark
way!

What tears of affliction may languidly flow!
 What nights of despair, bringing mornings of
 woe!
 Should poverty all but deny the raw shed,
 And pale want and disease ghastly glare
 round your bed;
 And the part rise, in contrast, all gay with
 delight,

Say, what will ye think of the "glorious fight?"
 Will ye too exult with the Conqueror?—No!
 For his laurels are cypress, his victory woe:
 And the trophies ambition so joyous would
 rear,
 Are the widow's lament, and the orphan's
 lone tear. (*Lit. Pan. March 1817.*)

LONDON

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Miss EDGEMORTH has in the press a volume of Comic Dramas.

Mr. JOHN SCOTT is printing *The House of Mourning*, a Poem, with some smaller pieces.

Mr. JAMESON has completed the translation of Madame de GENLIS's last novel "*Les Battuecas*."

Melincourt, a Novel, in 3 vols. by the Author of *Headlong Hall*, is published.

Brief Remarks on Mr. WARDEN's Letters from St. Helena respecting the Conduct of Buonaparte and his Suite, are in the press.

THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, esq. late lieutenant-governor of Java, has in the press, an Account of the Island of Java: containing a General Description of the Country and of its Inhabitants—the State of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce—the Nature of the Government and Institutions—and the Customs and Usages peculiar to the People; together with an Account of the Languages, Literature, and Antiquities of the Country, and the Native History of the Island, principally from Native Authorities. The work will be printed, in one volume, 4to.; and accompanied by a Map of Java, reduced from the best Survey; many of them made during the Administration of the British Government; and will be further illustrated by numerous plates, executed principally by DANIELL; exhibiting the Costume of the different Classes of Society, the Implements of Agriculture, &c., and the Remains of the Arts (which appear to have risen, at one period, to a very high pitch in the island,) consisting of various Idols, and Temples sacred to the Ancient Worship of the Country.

Mr. BURCHELL, who has been for several years engaged in exploring that part of the African continent bordering on the Cape of Good Hope has lately returned to this country. He industriously investigated the natural productions of the countries which he traversed, and has brought with him a numerous collection of undescribed and rare quadrupeds, among which are a male and female *cameleopardalis*; 540 birds; about 2,500 insects; an herbarium of about 40,500 subjects in fine preservation, and numerous geological and mineralogical specimens—the produce of the labour of nearly four years.

At press, the Second Volume of the History of Brazil, By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. In 4to.

A Reprint of *Morte d'Arthur*. The Text of this Edition is a faithful Transcript from the Caxton Edition, in the possession of Earl Spencer, with an Introduction and Notes, tending to elucidate the History and Bibliography of the Work; as well as the Fictions of the Round Table Chivalry in general. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate. The impression is strictly limited to 250 on post 4to. and 50 large paper.

Mr. J. M. KINNEIR is preparing a journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Kurdistan, in 1813 and 1814, with remarks on the marches of Alexander, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand.

In a few weeks will be published, a new work, intitled "Boarding School Correspondence; or, a Series of Letters between a Mother and her Daughter at School," being a joint production of Mrs. Taylor, author of "*Maternal Solicitude*," "*Practical Hints to Young Females*," &c. and Miss Taylor, author of "*Display*," and "*Essays in Rhyme*."

At press, *The Second Volume of an Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects*. By the Rev. Wm. Kirby, B.A. F.L.S. Author of *Monographia Apum Angliæ*; and William Spence, Esq. Illustrated by coloured Engravings.

Miss MANT has in the press, *Montague Newburg*, a tale, in two volumes.

Mr. GODWIN has in the press a new novel entitled *Mandeville*, a domestic story of the 17th century, in three vols.

Mrs. REV. ROLLS, authoress of *Sacred Sketches*, *Moscow*, An Address to Lord Byron, and other poems, has published *The Home of Love*, a poem.

The new novel of *Les Battuecas*, by Madame de GENLIS, is the most popular literary work at the present moment. It is interesting, like every other production of that celebrated writer.

In the press, a sixth edition of *Curiosities of Literature*; and at the same time will appear an additional third volume, which will be published separately, for the convenience of those who may be desirous of completing their sets.

THE SAME AUTHOR has also nearly ready for the press, a *History of Men of Genius*; being his Essay on the Literary Character, which has been out of print many years, considerably enlarged.

The transport which carried MAJOR PERRIS and his companion CAPT. CAMPBELL to Africa, has arrived after a tedious passage, at Goree; but the death of the surgeon who was to have accompanied them, and the troops which were to have arrived from Sierra Leone in December, not joining till too late, the departure of the expedition from the coast is deferred till next season. This delay has enabled Capt. Campbell to make a great number of observations of distances of the sun and moon, and moon and stars, from which he found the longitude of Senegal different from what is given in the tables, and the latitude he fixes at 16° 2' 30" N.

In the press, *Purity of Heart*, or the Antient Costume, a tale, in one volume; addressed to the author of *Glenarvon*: by an old wife of twenty years.

A work on *Female Scripture Biography*; with an Essay, shewing what Christianity has done for Women. By the Rev. F. A. Cox.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 4.]

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1817.

[VOL. I.

"THE PASTOR'S FIRE-SIDE."

From the European Magazine.

THE Pastor's Fire-side is not, as its unassuming title should seem to announce, a simple rural tale, but an historical novel, worthy to be associated with the Thaddeus and the Scottish Chiefs of its admired author. The subject of the present work is happily chosen from a period too near the days of our fathers, not to harmonize with our own in custom, sentiment, and language; yet, by a rare felicity of invention, it is far enough removed from our diurnal sphere of observation to lend to the brilliant creations of romance those mellow twilight tints, those solemn shadowy illusions, which consecrate to fancy and reflection the grove of a departed age. For the mere ground-work of her story, Miss Porter is indebted to the Memoirs of Baron de Ripperda, that celebrated political adventurer—equally remarkable for versatile talents, and the vicissitudes of fortune. Originally a protestant and a republican, his first step to distinction was achieved in the character of envoy from the States General to Spain. At Madrid he abjured the errors of heresy, and was immediately invited to the court of Philip the Vth, who in recompense of certain diplomatic services performed at Vienna, created him a duke and grandee, and with the office of prime minister bestowed on him almost supreme authority. Such transcendent prosperity could not long be unalloyed. Detestable to the jealous nobles, suspected by the discontented people, he was suddenly accused, arrested, and imprisoned; but having deceived the vigilance of his guards, found means to escape to Barbary—where, by a second apostacy, he again acquired power and fortune, and finally closed his career a *Bashaw* and a *Musulman*. On this narrow scite of history has Miss Porter erected a magnificent fiction, which may challenge comparison with any other work of the same order. The fable is skilfully constructed; the interest, constant and progressive; the dramatis personæ are all life and energy; the eccentric Wharton is well sustained; and the hero Louis, though, like Berkeley, "endowed with every virtue under heaven," is sufficiently a human being to subdue the heart even of a critical reader—but it is the masterly portraiture of Ripperda, which gives to this work its decided tone of superiority, and would alone be sufficient to establish its future fame. It is not our intention to abridge a story so exquisitely told; but, to furnish a key to the following extracts, it may be necessary to observe, that

R. Eng. Mag. Vol. IV.

Louis, the son of Ripperda, has been confided to the care of his maternal relations, from whom he has received, with the education, the principles of a Briton. At the Pastor's fire-side he is permitted to remain till he has completed his twentieth year, a stranger to his father's person, but impressed with idolatrous enthusiasm for his character, and ambitious of emulating him in talents, in enterprize, and in fame. At this period he is suddenly summoned to attend his father : he obeys with ardour ; and, after a journey conducted with much mystery and precaution, arrives in Vienna—not, however, to be introduced to Ripperda, or even to be admitted to any mansion within that brilliant capital—he is conveyed to a gloomy chateau beyond the suburbs, where he is to meet some confidential friend of the Baron Ripperda, to whom he has delegated the paternal authority, and whom Louis is taught to reverence as the arbiter of his future destiny.

“Louis started at so dismal a reception, so different from the cordial comforts of Morewick Hall—so different from the social welcome of Athelstone manor, so widely different from the anticipated magnificence of a palace at Vienna, and the hospitable greeting of his father's friend : he paused at the threshold ; then smiling at the effeminacy of his disgust, entered light of foot and of heart, saying to himself, ‘Do I shrink at so poor a trial of my spirit? My father has guessed the sin of my breeding, and thus disciplines the spoiled boy.’—Louis might have been weary in body and mind ; he had travelled since the moment of his landing without other sleep than that he had caught by snatches in his indefatigable vehicle ; he might have been hungry, for he had tasted nothing since the break of day—but he felt none of those wants of nature, in his eagerness to meet, if not his father, his father's representative, and to receive from him that father's commands. At length, this awful personage appears—a man of a commanding stature, with much majesty of deportment. The interview is brief, but solemn. The stranger announces himself as the Sieur Ignatius—but defers to the next

day to enter on an explanation of his mission. Louis retires to his dreary chamber, and soon sinks to profound repose. In the morning, he discovers a new and attractive scene on the Banks of the Danube, and is still engaged in observing the gay spectacle of the Train-eaux rolling along the ice, when he is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of his mysterious visitor : he wore the same enveloping dress as before, and as before shook aside the overhanging plumes of his hat as he advanced into the room. Louis was recovered from the amazement into which his new guardian's address had thrown him on their first interview ; but he did not attempt to dispel the awe impressed by his deportment, and his relation as the Baron de Ripperda's friend ; and therefore he greeted his reappearance with a collected, but a profoundly respectful, demeanour.

“The Sieur Ignatius approached him—‘I need not inquire of your health this morning ; you look well and cheerful, and these are signs of a constitution indispensable to the fulfilment of your future duties.’ Louis answered, with a grateful smile, that he had to thank Heaven for a vigorous frame, and for a destiny which hitherto had not afforded him an excuse for being otherwise than cheerful. ‘The cheerfulness of a life passed in retirement,’ observed Ignatius, ‘being the effect of active amusements, rather than of active duties, is habit and not principle, and must be remoulded with stouter materials to stand the buffets of the world. Louis, you are called from the happiness of self enjoyment to that of self neglect. You are called upon to toil for mankind.’—‘Point out the way, Sir,’ cried Louis, ‘in a subdued but earnest voice, and I trust you shall not find me turn from it.’—‘It is in all respects different from the one you have left—fond old age, and female partiality have hitherto smoothed your path. In the midst of this effeminacy, I know you have meditated on a manly life, on the career of fame, its triumphs, and its crown—but between the starting-point and the goal there is a wide abyss—the imagination of visionary youth overleaps it ; but, in fact, it must be trod with strong unwearied feet, with

weariness, privation, and danger.' The eyes of Louis flashing the brave ardours of his heart, gave the only answer to the *Sieur's* remarks, but it was eloquence of the high expectations he had raised.—'Young man,' continued his austere monitor, 'I come to lay open this momentous pass to you—and once entered, you are no longer your own, you belong to mankind, you are devoted to labour for them, and, above all, to sacrifice the daintiness of a pampered body, the passions of your soul, the affections of your heart, to the service of the country which was that of your ancestors, and to which your father is now restored.'—'I am ready, Sir,' exclaimed Louis, 'to take my post, be it where it may, and I trust that I shall maintain it as becomes my father's son.'—'At present,' replied the *Sieur*, 'it is within these walls.'—Louis looked aghast—the animation of hope springing forward to military distinction, faded from his countenance: 'Within these walls—how? What can be done here? I believed—I thought the army.'—This incoherent reply was suddenly arrested by the steady fixure of Ignatius' eyes; a pause ensued—doubly painful to Louis on account of the shock his expectations had received, and because he had so weakly betrayed it. With the tint of shame displacing the paleness of disappointment, he stood before his father's friend, looking on the ground—at last the *Sieur* spoke: 'What army do you speak of?'—With increased embarrassment, Louis replied, 'The Spanish army; that which the Marquis Santa Cruz gave my uncle to understand was soon to march against Austria, to compel the emperor to fulfil his broken treaties.'—'And to meet that army in the heart of the Austrian capital,' said Ignatius, 'you thought was the object of your present summons.'—Unable to speak, from a humiliating consciousness of absurdity, Louis coloured a deeper scarlet, and again cast his eyes to the ground.—'No,' continued the *Sieur*, 'there are ways of forcing sovereigns to do their duties, besides that which the sword commands—if it will sooth your disappointment to think that you labour in one of them,

believe what you wish—and rest satisfied.'—'I am satisfied,' returned Louis, 'and ready to be confined within these walls, at whatever employment, and for whatever time, my father may choose to dictate.'—'Follow me.'"

After the formality of a solemn oath never to betray the confidence reposed in his fidelity, the *Sieur* prepares to initiate his pupil into the duties of his new office.

"Now, Louis," said he, 'your task is easy—Will is a conquering sword.'—As he spoke, a smile played for a moment on his stern lip—but, like a sunbeam on a dark cloud, it suddenly disappeared, and all was gloom again: he opened the *escritoir*, and took from the shelves two thick scrolls in strange characters. Louis continued to gaze on the face of this mysterious man as he arranged the sheets on the table. The smile which had just lit up those lurid features with the nameless splendors of mental beauty, was passed away—but the impression remained on his pupil's heart—Ignatius placed the papers before his attentive pupil—telling him they comprised his duty for the day—that he must copy them stroke by stroke—for the inaccuracy of a single curve might produce consequences to burthen his soul for ever. The *Sieur* then sat down to give minute instruction respecting the execution of these momentous documents—the task was complicated, and of a nature totally different from any thing Louis had ever practised, or could possibly have anticipated. However he cheerfully engaged in its performance; and his employer having seen the precision of his commencement, rose to withdraw.—Before he quitted the room, he turned, and said, that he supposed it was hardly necessary to enjoin the propriety of always keeping that chamber locked, both when it was occupied and when it was vacant."

In the progress of the story, Louis is called to trials of fortitude, of endurance, and privation, more arduous and severe than the scrutiny, the solitude, and mystery, which haunt the chateau of Pfaffenberg. In the following scene, which is subsequent to the disgrace of Ripperda, the author exhibits the char-

characteristic feelings of the father and the son with admirable force and pathos. With infinite difficulty Louis has tracked Ripperda's course to Barbary, and at length reaches the spot, in which he remains concealed. But the fallen minister had learnt to distrust the fidelity of his only son, to whom he reluctantly accords the favour of an interview.

"It was a cold welcome, but Louis thought not of the words since the permission was granted. He hastened through the Arcades to a large curtained door. Martini drew it back, and Louis beheld the honoured object of his long and filial pilgrimage. The Duke was standing with his back to him, reading a scroll of paper. Nothing that was not purely the son was then in his labouring heart, and he was advancing to throw himself at his father's feet, when Martini spoke—'My Lord, the Marquis de Montemar.' Ripperda turned his head, 'Let him wait my leisure ;' and looking on the paper again, sternly resumed his reading. Louis stood. The face of deadly paleness, the eye's vivid flash, and the deep emaciated lines furrowed with every trace of the burning volcano within, filled him with a dismay even more terrible than the fierce estrangement this reception announced. But it was only for a moment that his astounded faculties were transfixed by the direful apprehension, he was his father still—his noble, injured, suffering father—and rushing forward, he flung himself on his knees before him, and covered his face in his robe, for the hand he would have grasped was withheld. Ripperda's breast was locked.—'What is it you require of me,' said he—'The minion of two queens must have some reason for bending thus low to the man, the one has dishonoured, and the other betrayed.'—Louis looked upon that implacable countenance—he attempted to speak, but no sound obeyed—he struggled for his father's hand, and wrung it to his heart. Ripperda stood cold and collected. 'What would you yet seek of me ? I have no longer fame, nor riches, nor power to bestow—these were your idols, deny it not—they were my own—I found their food ashes, but the drought that turned my blood to

poison was the desertion of my son.'—'Hear me, my father !' at last burst from the lips of De Montemar.—Louis is heard in silence—at length he receives this answer, 'Tis well, and the tale is marvellously told—but I have no connexion with its truth nor falsehood.'—'Yes, my father,' returned Louis, 'it contains your justification, the acquittal of your son, and the atonement of your repentant sovereigns.'—'My justification is here !' exclaimed the Duke, proudly striking his breast, and starting from his seat—'and for atonement, Heaven and earth cannot atone for my injuries—tell your queen, that William de Ripperda was not born to quail to any man—nor to hold his honours by flattery to a woman. I served the country of my ancestors for its own sake, neither in homage to her nor to the king. I devoted myself to the peace and prosperity of the world—but they rejected peace, and they shall find a sword. All have spurned me ! I am thrust out of Europe—and when I have found a land of refuge, they would ensnare me to return—and I will return—return with desolation and death—for Christendom, ungrateful Christendom, has sinned beyond my wish to pardon.'—'How am I to comprehend you, my father ?'—'You cannot comprehend me—I would no be comprehended by a Spaniard—you were once my son—and you have satisfied me you meant to be loyal to me—but you cannot serve two masters.'—'What master would oppose my serving my father ? If you mean the King of Spain, your own *inexpugnable* honour would not raise an arm against him, and he will not, cannot, prevent me dedicating my life to you.'—'My honour, Louis !—*Christian* knights have honour, the King of Spain has honour, his ministers and those of Austria have a thousand honours ; but where were they all, when my *inexpugnable* honour was calumniated and betrayed—where, when the man they durst not bring to an open trial was committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, to be silently and securely murdered ?'

Louis attempts to combat and to soften these vindictive feelings, but he is still ignorant of his father's object.

"Ripperda walked several times up and down the apartment; several times he glanced suspiciously toward his son, and stopped opposite to him, as if he were going to speak; then turned away, and resumed his perturbed pace—a consuming impatience inflamed every feature—and once or twice he took out his watch, and looking at it muttered to himself. At last, abruptly drawing near his son, he snatched the cross of the Amaranth, and scornfully exclaimed, 'If you would belong to me, forswear all of which this is the emblem.'—Louis was dumb: the Duke resumed with wild solemnity—'One night in the Alcazar, when my gaolers had left me no other light than my injuries, I bethought me who raised those walls—In the black darkness of my prison I saw a host—they who fell in the passes of Grenada—and from that hour the soul of Aben Humeya passed into my heart—Yon is

my ensign.'—He pointed to a crescent on a standard in a far corner of the room—Louis still gazed on him without speaking—but the apprehension of his mind was in his looks—'Do not mistake me,' rejoined the Duke—'my injuries have not made me mad, but they have driven me to a desperation that will prove you to the heart—Are you now willing to go where I shall go, to lodge where I shall lodge—shall my God be your God, and my enemies your enemies—or am I cast out like Ismael to find my revenge on those who mock me alone.'"

These extracts sufficiently convey an eulogium of the work—but we cannot dismiss it without observing, that it will be little to the credit of that reader who does not derive something more than mere amusement from the perusal of these interesting volumes.

VISIT TO PETRARCH'S VILLA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BETWEEN the Euganean Hills, a few leagues from Padua, is situated the village of Arquà, where travellers continue to visit the residence of Petrarch to this very day. A more beautiful country than this could scarcely be found in Italy, where Nature has been so universally profuse of her bounty. The hills are every where covered with vines, corn, and fruit-trees. A romantic lake and a fine stream cool the air, which is otherwise very pure and salubrious. Fish and fowl abound in these parts, and the mountains, which are lost in the distance, present views of the most picturesque character. Here Petrarch, after a turbulent life, divided between business, love, and study, resolved to seek repose, and to devote himself solely to the enjoyment of books and the beauties of nature. The favour of the Prince of Carrara, the then ruler of Padua, and the property which he had honourably acquired, assured to him an old age free from the cares of life. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the execution of his design, and during his residence near the

cathedral, at Padua, he had a convenient villa at Arquà, in the most beautiful situation that he could select, not far from what is called the Castello. This house is still standing, and in tolerable preservation. It is simple, but yet worthy of a man of fortune and a lover of the arts: it consists of an entrance hall, a saloon, five rooms of different dimensions, and the offices usually attached to such a habitation. The door is in the rustic style; the hall is painted, and represents the triumphs celebrated by the poet. A back door opposite to the entrance leads into the garden and to the neighbouring hills. On the left, a passage conducts to the *Room of the Visions*, as it is called, and the latter to the saloon, which is adorned with paintings of various mythological subjects, from the charming pastorals of the founder. A broad flight of stone steps leads out of this saloon into the court-yard; it is covered at the top with a small portico, supported by pillars—an accessory frequently met with in Italian villages. Adjoining to the saloon there is another room, the chim-

ney-piece of which is painted in a variegated manner, and where foreigners of all nations have inscribed their names. In a contiguous closet is preserved an embalmed cat, which was Petrarch's constant companion: she is kept in a glazed niche, and is likely to furnish travellers for a long time to come with an evidence of the great poet's attachment to her. Petrarch enjoyed but four years the wished-for repose in this villa: he was one morning found dead in his cabinet, before his writing-desk: an apoplexy had surprized him during the night in the midst of his studies. His death was deeply regretted by all the friends of the fine arts. The Prince of Carrara, who had always entertained a high esteem for him, repaired with his whole court to Arqua, to attend his funeral; and his example was followed by the nobility, the military officers, the clergy, and the university. Sixteen doctors of laws, in their appropriate habits, carried the bier, which was covered with cloth of gold, enriched with ermine. The procession moved from Petrarch's house to the parochial church of the village, where Bonaventura di Peraga delivered an oration upon the celebrated writer; and after the funeral service, his remains were deposited, agreeably to his last will, in the chapel of the Madonna, which he had founded. His chief heir, Francesco di Borsano, caused a marble monument to be erected to him near the church, with the following inscription, from the pen of Petrarch himself:—

Frīgida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarcae:
 Suscipe, Virgo parens, animam! sate Virgine, parce,
 Fessaque jam terris coeli requiescat in arce.
 MCCCLXXIV, xviii Julii.

Besides the above, there are two other inscriptions on this monument. Paolo Valdezorco, a subsequent proprietor of Petrarch's villa, caused a brass effigy of the poet to be placed upon it, with a new inscription. This effigy was afterwards mutilated by a mischievous soldier, and at a later period the tomb itself was broken open by some villains, who carried off part of the bones which it contained. The plunderers, however, were taken and executed, in 1532. Of this

transaction Tommasini has given a circumstantial history in his *Petrarchæ Redivivus*. Patav. 1601. 4to.

Petrarch's chair, and a half-decayed chest are also preserved as well as his cat, in this villa: both would have been completely destroyed long since, from the desire of travellers to possess a piece of them as a curiosity, for which reason it was found necessary to secure them by a grating from farther injury. Soon after the death of the poet, indeed, such was the veneration testified by travellers for this his last abode, that the walls were covered with names and sentiments in prose and verse. To give a better direction to this mania, the owners of the house provided an Album, in which strangers might express their feelings on visiting the habitation of Petrarch. This book was unfortunately lost; it must have contained a great number of remarkable names and effusions. In 1787 a new Album was procured for the use of travellers; it is called *Il Codice di Arqua*. That it might not wholly experience the fate of the former *Codice*, Bettoni, the bookseller, extracted the best pieces that it contains, and published them in 1810, in a neat octavo volume. The whole of these compositions, to be sure, are upon one and the same subject, namely, praise of Petrarch, and veneration for this his last abode: but the feelings of the writers are so variously expressed, that the whole volume may be read through with pleasure. Some of them, indeed, possess considerable poetic merit. Those by English and German travellers are but few, and unworthy of notice: the French are more numerous, and of a better order; all the others are in Latin or Italian, and by Italian travellers. It is these last that give value to the collection; and it is but natural that the praises of the celebrated poet should be more worthily expressed by his own countrymen than by strangers. The Album has the following title—

Tu che devoto al sacro albergo arrivi,
 Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale
 Di chi un dì vi depose il corpo frale,
 La patria, il nome, li sensi tuoi qui scrivi.
 In Arqua, Anno MDCCLXXXVI., della
 morte del Petrarca, CCCXIV.

This Codex has existed too short a time for us to expect much: that is very

excellent from it, but at the end of two or three centuries it will certainly present a collection, interesting in various respects. Is it not to be wished that similar books were kept near the graves of the great men of other countries? They would contain a permanent eulogy of their merits, and certainly form a monument as remarkable as a statue or a tomb-stone.

Petrarch's house devolved, after his decease, to Francesco di Borsano, who as I have already observed, was the principal heir. In the 17th century it was the property of the family of Gabrielli; in the 18th, of the Dottori; and the present proprietor is Mr. Joseph Bernardi, of Modena.

J. B. DEPPING.

[*New Mon. Mag.* Feb. 1817.]

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From the European Magazine.

THE sudden revolution produced in the customs of the natives of the Sandwich islands, from their intercourse with the Europeans, gives a peculiar interest to any recent accounts of them, from which we may be enabled to trace the progress of society in one of its earliest stages. These islands, from their situation, midway between the continents of Asia and America, the fertility of their soil, and the natural talents and industry of the natives, are rendered by far the most interesting of the recent discoveries in the Pacific ocean, and so were considered by Captain Cook.

When Captain Cook, in 1778, discovered the Sandwich islands, Tereoboo was King of Owwhyhee; Teteree, of Moratai; and Pedeoranne, of Wahoo, and the islands to the leeward. Tamaahmaah, the present king, is known in Cook's Voyage under the name of Maiha-maiha, and was present at the death of that illustrious navigator: he was only brother to Tereoboo.

From the departure of the Resolution till the year 1787, no ship visited these islands. In 1788, Captain Douglas, in the *Iphigenia*, touched at Owwhyhee. Tamaahmaah at this time having obtained the assistance of Boyd, a ship carpenter, built a small tender, and it was at this period that Young and Davis, the persons subsequently noticed, became resident at Owwhyhee. After the arrival of Captain Vancouver, the king, with the assistance of the ship's carpenters, constructed his first decked vessel; and in order to ensure the good will of the English, a formal surrender of the

sovereignty of these islands was made by the king, reserving, however, freedom in all matters of religion, internal government, and domestic economy. Tamaahmaah, after various successes, had, in 1810 reduced all the islands in this group under his dominions, except Atooi and Onehooi.

Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the period of the discovery of these islands; and we already find a chief who has made rapid progress towards civilization, and who on all occasions has availed himself of every opportunity of intercourse with the Europeans, surrounded by artificers, with guards, regularly trained to the use of fire arms, and a navy of 60 sail of decked vessels, built on the island; almost every vessel that navigates the Pacific, finds shelter, provisions, or trade in his harbour. Much is to be ascribed to the natural ingenuity and unwearied industry of the inhabitants; but added to this, they have received all the benefits which are conferred on rising communities, by the appearance of their chief Tamaahmaah, "one of those great men who go before their age."

The death of Captain Cook, and the frequent murders by the natives, of the subsequent navigators, gave such ideas of the savage nature of the inhabitants, that for many years few ships ventured to touch there. But since the present chief has established his power, his conduct has been marked with such justice, that strangers are as safe in his ports as in those of any other nation. He is known in this country, from the accounts

of Turnbull, Lisianski, and Langsdorf, and much interest has been excited respecting him; but none of these navigators ever saw him. From a volume recently published, "*A Voyage round the World, by Archibald Campbell,*" we have some further account of Tamaahmaah, and from one who, by residing with him, had every opportunity of personal observation. Campbell was a native of a village near Glasgow, and having escaped from an English man of war, entered himself on board an Indiaman. Whilst at Canton, he was enticed from his ship by the commander of an American vessel, bound to the north-west coast of America, on which coast the vessel was afterwards wrecked. Before they reached Kodiak, his feet becoming mortified from the extreme cold, were both amputated at Kodiak, by a Russian surgeon; here he remained some time, employed to teach the children of the natives English. In the hope, however, of meeting with an American vessel at the Sandwich islands, in which he might return home, he was induced to leave Kodiak, in the *Neva* (the ship commanded by Captain Lisianski, in Captain Krusenstern's expedition.) From Kodiak they proceeded to the island of Wahoo, being the one of the Sandwich islands now chosen by Tamaahmaah for his residence. Campbell's appearance having excited the compassion of the queen, he was invited to reside in her house, and being recommended by the Russian captain to the king, was employed as a sail-maker in the royal arsenal. After remaining in the king's establishment for several months, he removed to the house of Isaac Davis, a Welchman, who had been on the island about 20 years. Soon afterwards a tract of land of about 60 acres, on which 15 families resided, was granted to him by the king. After having overhauled all the sails of the fleet, he managed to construct a loom, and began to weave sail cloth, and being by trade a weaver, he succeeded in making some before he quitted the island. But in July 1810, a South Sea Whaler, bound for England, having touched there, the desire of revisiting his native country, and the hopes that his wounds, (which had

never healed since amputation) might be cured, he was tempted to abandon his possessions, and leave his situation of ease, for one which in his helpless situation must at least be precarious. On applying to Tamaahmaah for permission to depart, he said, "if his belly told him to go he was at liberty to do so," sending by him his compliments to King George; expressing, however, much astonishment at hearing, that Campbell, together with many thousands of others, his subjects, had never seen their sovereign. By the captain of the ship he sent a present to the king, of a feather cloak, accompanied by a letter, which he dictated, reminding him of Captain Vancouver's promise of sending a Man of War, and regretting that the distance prevented his assisting him in his wars. From Wahoo, Campbell went to Rio Janeiro, and after a residence there of two years returned to Scotland. On his return he procured admission to the infirmary at Edinburgh; but was at length discharged as incurable. He was noticed by Mr. Smith on board one of the steam boats on the Clyde, playing on the violin for the amusement of the steerage passengers. Mr. Smith took him home, and, struck with the intelligent manner and the interesting nature of the incidents he related, was induced to become the editor of his narration, and to publish it for his benefit. "Few" (says Mr. Smith) "in the same situations of life, are possessed of more intelligence or information, and with the advantages common to his countrymen, he seems to have neglected no means of improvement." The greater portion of this book is occupied in a narrative of what occurred during Campbell's stay at the Sandwich islands, and a description of them and of the manners of the inhabitants. This is by far the most interesting, and we shall conclude by a few extracts from that part of it.

"The king's residence is built close on the shore, and is distinguished by the British colours, and a battery of 16 guns belonging to his ship, the "*Lilly Bird*," then unrigged in the harbour; there was also a guard-house and powder ma-

gamine, and two extensive store-houses, built of stone, for the reception of European goods. His mode of life is very simple, breakfasting at eight, dining at noon, and supping at sun-set. His principal chiefs are always about his person. On concluding his meal he drinks half a glass of rum, but the bottle is immediately taken away, the liquor being interdicted to the guests. At one period, it is said, he was much addicted to the use of spirits, but foreseeing the baneful effects arising from indulging in their use, he made a resolution to abstain from them, and which he has since religiously maintained. The greatest respect is paid to his person by all; even when his meat and drink passes by, his subjects uncover themselves, and stoop down by way of reverence. The white people, however, on the island, are not required to pay these honours. Davis and Young, the two persons before noticed, are much favoured by the king, and are raised to the rank of chiefs, and have extensive grants of land. The lands are in the highest state of cultivation. The island of Wahoo, though only secondary in size, is one of the most important on account of its fertility; and because it possesses the only secure harbour to be met with in the group. During the thirteen months Campbell was at Wahoo, about 12 ships touched there. The navy in 1809, was about 60 vessels; these were then all hauled on shore, and preserved with great care, it being time of peace; they were chiefly sloops and schooners under 40 tons, built by native carpenters under the direction of Boyd. The "Lilly Bird," is however about 200 tons; but this vessel was bought from the Americans. Indian corn and many garden vegetables are cultivated with success; and in a short time the breed of cattle, horses, and sheep, left there by Captain Vancouver, will be abundant. The king has several horses, and is fond of riding. Many individuals have large flocks of sheep; and in some of the large islands there are considerable herds of wild cattle. The chiefs are proprietors of the soil, and let the land in small farms to the lower orders, who pay rent in kind; the

chiefs pay a rent and other subsidies to the sovereign. There were at Wahoo at one time during Campbell's stay, about 60 whites, chiefly English, left by American vessels; several amongst them were convicts who had escaped from New South Wales. Many inducements are held out to sailors to remain; if they conduct themselves with propriety, they rank as chiefs, and are at all events certain of being maintained, as the chiefs are always anxious to have white men about them. Many artificers are in the king's employ; all that are industrious are well rewarded by him; many, however, are idle and dissolute, particularly the convicts; the latter have introduced distillation into the island, and give themselves up to drinking. Davis, a Welchman, who was very industrious, so puzzled the natives that they could only account for his singularity, by supposing him one of their own countrymen, who had gone to Cahiete, or England, and after his death had returned to his native land. Most of the whites have married native women, by whom they have families, but no attention is paid by them to their education or religious instruction. The chiefs about the king have each a separate office assigned to them, as treasurer, &c. The king is entirely absolute.

"Though the people are under the dominion of some chief, for whom they work or cultivate the ground, and by whom they are supported in old age, they are by no means to be considered as slaves attached to the soil, but are at liberty to change masters when they think fit. The principal duty of the executive is entrusted to the priests, and by them the revenue is collected and the laws enforced. They believe in a future state, when they will be rewarded or punished for their conduct in this world. There were no missionaries on the islands.

"The use of *awa* is now giving way to that of ardent spirits; they are very fond of smoking tobacco, which grows in great abundance. Many of the natives who are employed as carpenters, coopers, blacksmiths, and tailors, do their work as skilfully as Europeans;

and at the king's forge none but natives were employed. All dealings are conducted by barter; they know, however, the value of dollars, and take them in exchange; but these are rarely brought out again into circulation: vessels are supplied with fresh provisions, live stock, and other articles of outfit, giving in return, fire arms and all other European articles. Sandal wood, pearls and mother of pearl, the produce of these islands, are frequently purchased for the China market. It is probable that the Russians will, in future, derive from hence the principal supplies for their settlements on the Fox islands and north-west coast of America, and even Kamschatka. Whilst the author was with the Russians, it seems it was in contemplation to establish a settlement at one of these islands, though this project was afterwards abandoned, and it is obvious that at no very distant period, these islands must become objects of great importance to America. Provisions, from the frequent arrival of ships, are not cheap.

"There is no regular armed force, except about fifty men of the guard, who constantly do duty about the king's residence: twenty mounting guard each day, armed with muskets and bayonets; in their exercises, rapidity is more regarded than precision. All the natives are trained to arms, and are bound to attend the king's person in his wars. Although he is anxious to induce white people to remain, no encouragement is given to deserters; nor are those who wish to depart detained. In 1809, says

Campbell, the king seemed about 50, stout and well made; the expression of his countenance agreeable; mild and affable in his manners, and appeared to possess great warmth of feeling, and, though a conqueror, is very popular amongst his subjects; he has amassed by trade a considerable store of goods, and treasure in dollars. He encourages his subjects to make voyages in the ships which touch at the island, and many have been to China, and even to the United States, and has amongst the natives many good sailors. His residence was built in the European style. He had two wives, and was about to take a third."

We shall conclude our extracts from this book, with the following description of the author's journey to take possession of his farm: "We passed by foot-paths winding through an extensive and fertile plain, the whole of which is in the highest state of cultivation; every stream was carefully embanked to supply water for the taro beds; where there was no water, the land was under crops of yams and sweet potatoes; the roads and numerous houses are shaded by cocoa nut trees, and the sides of the mountains covered with woods to a great height; we halted two or three times, and were treated by the natives with the utmost hospitality. Fifteen persons with their families resided on my farm, and they cultivated the ground as my servants; there were three houses on the property, but I found it more agreeable to live with one of my neighbours, &c. get what I wanted from my own land."

STRICTURES ON NEELE'S POEMS.

From the *Panorama*.

THAT our young men should amuse their vacant hours with poetry none can refuse; but, from the subjects on which they display the powers of their imagination, it might be thought that the present was a day of mere melancholy, or of absolute dismals. Fashion leads them; and of this we complain. Many a young gentleman who never knew what it was to sleep out of his own bed, indulges his fancy in depicting the distresses of

the sailor, the hard fare, and difficult operations of the soldier. He never knew sickness; but if the plague of Marseilles or of Athens strikes him as a pathetic subject he turns to a few authors, makes himself master of the principal facts, and his harp is immediately tuned to woe.

We do not mean to deny the sympathetic power of the poetical mind. Genius is not confined to one view of a

subject, nor to the description of that only which has passed under observation. Genius personates as well as personifies, at pleasure; and feels as well as personates, sometimes powerfully. But this requires caution; for it may be strongly suspected, that over-exertion of the mental faculties, sympathy among them, may occasionally induce disease. It is well known, that, after the conclusion of his *Clarissa*, Richardson could hardly stand without the assistance of his cane, which he concealed with one hand under his coat. His sympathy with imaginary distress had affected his nervous system, which realized it to strongly.

We are unwilling to allude to Kirk White, as an instance of the same power, but are not unwilling to caution the poetical youth of our day, generally against following the fashion too far. If they will not take advice from experienced but confessedly, in this respect unfashionable critics, they must take the consequences, we have discharged our duty.

Mr. Neele, who is a young gentleman of great promise, has comprized in his first book, an Ode to Time,—to Hope,—to Memory,—to Horror,—to Despair,—to the Moon. What possible scenes of horror can float before his eyes, exceeds our surmise;—and as to Despair—leave that to worn-out age, and perishing inability: here it must be the work of imagination alone.

With Time a young man has as much to do as an elder one; with Hope much more. We insert as a specimen of Mr. N's. poetical powers the first of these Odes. It speaks, at once, to the heart, and is creditable to his abilities.

ODE TO TIME.

Inexorable King! thy sway
Is fix'd on firm but cruel night;
It rolls indeed the radiant day,
But sinks it soon in deepest night;
It bids the little flow' ret spring,
But while it waves its elsin wing,
Its fleeting glories go;
It suffers hope to dance a while,
Nursing the fondling's fatal smile,
That tears may faster flow:
And only bids fair beauty bloom,
At last to blast it in the tomb.

II.

Tyrant! he changes every scene,
While he himself remains the same;
Old grow the young, and grey the green,
And cold and cheerless the flame.

With arrow keen he pierces all,
Nor stays to see the sufferer fall,
But wings his way alone:
Oft too he questions fierce and high,
And while we pause to make reply,
The visitor is flown:
We only mark the change he brings,
And hear the rushing of his wings.

III.

Oh! he has many borne away,
Who seemed not meant to go so soon,
Who might have hop'd for closing day,
But fell before th' approach of noon.
Scarcely had their fame been whisper'd round
Before its shrill and mournful sound
Was whistling o'er their tomb:
Scarcely did the laurel 'gin to grow
Around each early honoured brow,
Before its grateful bloom
Was changed to cypress sear and brown,
Whose garlands mock the head they crown.

IV.

Some linger on forlorn, till life
Becomes a load they long to leave;
The aged finds its folly rife,
That flatters only to deceive.
The tree beneath whose cooling shade
His youthful limbs were blithely laid,
Sinks with the weight of years:
The friends he lov'd, the tales he told,
The very fields are growing old,
And cheerless all appears;
While he himself is fading fast,
And death (deliverer!) comes at last.

V.

A few more lays be sung and o'er,
The hand is cold, the harp unstrung;
The hand that swept shall sweep no more,
The harp that rang no more be rung.
The sun that warm'd the minstrel's heart,
And kindred fervour would impart,
Then gleams upon his sod;
The breeze that us'd around him wave,
Shakes the lorn thistle o'er his grave,
But cannot wake the clod:
Tir'd nature nestles in the shroud,
Tho' requiem winds are piping loud.

From among the minor poems, we select one, the turn of which is pretty enough.

LOVE OF FAME.

Why do we love thee, Fame? thou art not sweet,
If sweetness dwell with softness and repose;
Thou art not fair, if beauty be replete
With peace and tenderness, and ease from woes;
Thou art not faithful, for thy power and flame
To fierce extremes the maddening votary urge,
And oft the winds that should his bliss proclaim,
Swell but the chorus of his funeral dirge:
Yet we do love thee—love thee till the blood
Wasted for thee, forsakes the heart, thy shrine;
Till happiness is past, and toil withstood,
And life itself pour'd idly forth—for thine
Is that mysterious witchery that beguiles
The soul it stabs, and murders while it smiles.

[Feb. 1817.]

ON LITERARY CRITICISM.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

IN considering this subject, I shall not designedly introduce any remarks on the fine arts, nor yet on what is termed "philosophical criticism," but confine myself solely to that which respects literature, and shall first mention the necessary mental qualifications of a literary critic, then very briefly show how the works of an author ought to be reviewed, and, lastly, point out some of the principal uses of literary criticism.

To be a proper critic on new publications in modern times, requires, 1. *An extensive knowledge of books.* Besides being well acquainted with the standard old books, a critical censor ought to be well read in those which have been published within the last thirty years, and especially such of them as are on the subject which he is reviewing. For this purpose his memory must be good, and either his own library should be large, or he should have access to some library which is so.—2. *Skill in languages.* Such as are appointed to review books written either wholly or in part, in the living or dead languages, must have a grammatical knowledge of them. Much skill in mathematics is also necessary in those who take that department in a literary journal, as well as an acquaintance with medicine, in such as have that part assigned them; and in every department a critical knowledge of the English language is indispensable.—3. *A habit of close and correct thinking.* Without this, even recondite learning and extensive reading will not be sufficient; but when the subject, passing under review, is surveyed in all points of view, and the thinking upon it close, correct, and discriminative, it is not always necessary that the reviewer should be a profound scholar. As to new theological publications, a critical censor of that department should not only be well acquainted with the Bible and ecclesiastical history, but know all the peculiarities of doctrinal and experimental divinity, and be of a candid disposition, without any sectarian bias,—4. *A cool and discriminate judg-*

ment. Some men of deep learning and fine taste have strong passions, which often are so much indulged, that they do not see, or will not acknowledge, the real merits of an author. But a just and candid critic will deliberately examine the whole contents of the publication he reviews, and readily point out excellencies as well as defects.

With respect to the proper manner of reviewing books in order to do justice to authors and the public, their contents should be considered, 1st, *In an impartial and explicit manner.* Only truth and justice should guide a periodical critic, and not the least partiality ought to be shown to a writer on account of his rank, his riches, or former productions, nor yet for his honorary title. No work ought to be condemned by wholesale; and literary censors when they disapprove of any part of a publication, should explicitly assign their reasons for so doing. Many have thought that every important article ought to have the reviewer's name affixed. I have considered this subject for many years, and, notwithstanding all the outcry of disappointed authors against anonymous critics, I think it is best to be so; because, if the name appeared, then authors, whose works were censured, or not praised, might have a grudge against the reviewer, and perhaps would injure or put him to trouble. On the other hand, a needy or covetous critic might be tempted to praise the works of a rich author in hopes of some reward. In short, I am apprehensive that if the review of no important publications appeared without the critic's name, we might after a time have no review at all.—2. *In a concise and satisfactory way.* Whatever may be pleaded for the present long and circumlocutory manner of reviewing books, I humbly conceive it is a bad one, as it respects the readers. They ought to be speedily brought acquainted with what the new publication contains, in as few words as may be proper, according to the size of the work. But instead of this, very fre-

quently the introduction to a very important publication is as long as the whole review of it ought to be, and often has many irrelevant remarks in it. The table of contents ought always to be copied, but is often omitted, and the book sometimes reviewed in such a desultory way, that even a very judicious reader is quite at a loss to form any correct idea of it. Besides this, such a tedious way of reviewing takes up so much room, that very few standard publications can pass under review in a month; and some are near two years after publication before they are reviewed.—Lastly, *In a lively and entertaining manner.* On grave subjects, no doubt the review of them should be grave, but others ought not to be dull. When interspersed with short appropriate anecdotes, or striking quotations, they are rendered more pleasing; and strokes of humour are sometimes very agreeable when they are not personal and malicious.

As to the *standard* of literary criticism, it is certain that no one author in any language, ancient or modern, can be said to be an infallible criterion. But Dr. Knox expresses himself very well on this subject in the following words: "What, then, it will be asked, is criticism to be left forever vague and indeterminate, and is there no standard?" I answer, that the *feelings* of the majority of men of taste, coinciding for a number of years in giving approbation to the best of authors, constitute a standard sufficiently certain and uniform. And indeed it is totally impossible to fix upon any writer, however celebrated, as a *general* standard; not only because that writer has his faults, but because he cannot equally excel in every species of composition. But those literary works which have pleased the greater part of literary persons for a number of years, will most likely please others after them; and as to differences of opinion, they are only the irregularities which attend every thing sublunary, and do not invalidate the justness of the general decision.

Let us now point out some of the chief uses of literary criticism to the republic of letters, and to scholars in particular:—

1. *It deters some bad writers from publishing.* Every learned person is not necessarily qualified to become an au-

thor, much less are those who have only a smattering of learning. He who prepares for the press, besides a competent knowledge of the subject on which he writes, should understand the rules of composition, have a taste for good language, and be accustomed to compose. Now as nothing is more likely to deter unqualified persons from writing than a fear of being exposed by the critics, therefore periodical criticism is highly useful; indeed, this is become quite necessary since the liberty of the press has been so extensive in Great Britain, because these literary journals are now almost the only public means of curbing the abuse of it.—2. *It admonishes accredited authors to continue to write well.* It is to be lamented that some authors of note, who have formerly used good language, have afterwards become rather careless; if, therefore, such inattention were not to be reproved by reviewers, we should soon degenerate. Some indeed affect to despise verbal criticism; but as words represent ideas of the most important things, every judicious person must know that a proper choice and arrangement of them is of great consequence. All authors should also consider that a correct, flowing, and elegant style, is much more likely to be useful in communicating knowledge, than that which is defective. It is true, indeed, that reviewers are sometimes splenetic and fastidious in their remarks on the diction of a writer, yet all but conceited authors may make a good use of their strictures. Liberal criticisms are therefore useful to humble writers, which occasioned a living author thus to write in his preface: "Every good-tempered critic, is my friend; and as I wish to be improved, I rather invite than deprecate criticism."

3. *It saves readers time, trouble, and expence.* Very few readers can fully judge for themselves, and, if capable, modern standard books are so dear, that readers wish to consult a literary journal before they make a purchase. Title-pages have become of late years so deceiving that nothing decisive is to be concluded from them; it is, therefore, truly desirable to be able to consult a review. But perhaps some will say that reviewers are connected with certain

publishing bookellers, and therefore praise such books as they publish, whether good or bad. However this may be, it is certain that their productions may be made use of in some measure to guide in the choice of books.—Lastly, *Critics spread the fame of authors and diffuse knowledge.* If it were not for periodical literary journals the works of authors could not be very extensively known, and literature would be confined to but few, comparatively speaking. But now, besides their review of elaborate treatises in various arts and sciences every month, even their incidental remarks and hints are very beneficial to intelligent readers. We have now more English reviews than ever we had; the number of readers have greatly increased; and consequently mental knowledge is much more diffused. I shall conclude with the following quotation from an able writer, which contains some additional remarks on the subject:—"A carping or fastidious critic in reviewing a publication is chiefly delighted in pointing out blemishes; whereas one who is liberal-minded not only dwells on obvious excellencies, but takes a pleasure in discovering such as are concealed. The former often censures, not because there is any real fault, but through pride to shew his assumed superiority; but the latter, when the work upon the whole is excellent, thinks it unjust and illiberal to dwell upon small faults. However, it is very proper that imperfections and errors in publications should be mentioned, otherwise there would be but few correct authors, and little improvement in the arts and sciences. The learned ought to consider themselves much indebted to Mr. Harris, Bishop Hurd, and Lord Kames, for their improvements in the arts and criticism; and in the lectures of Dr. Blair there are also many just strictures. Men of erudition and candour are a sort of masters of the ceremony in the court of letters, by whom the literati are introduced into the best company, and thereby greatly improved and entertained." G. G. SCRAGGS.

THE LADIES' LIBRARY.

From the European Magazine.

THE greatest part of the pleasure derived from reading, springs from the train of recollections and ideas to which the passage before us gives rise, rather than from what is actually contained in the passage itself. This train runs rapidly throughout what the mind has previously collected or conceived, and thus presents to the mental vision a long perspective of views, rich in imagery, and connected with the fore-ground by the countless links of association. This will account for different opinions being entertained relative to the pleasantness of a particular work, when there is no difference of judgment relative to the import of an author's remarks. The sound of a drum is the same to all ears; but what dissimilar feelings does it excite in the breasts of those who hear it! You widow has her anguish, for the loss of him who was dearest to her, revived in all its first bitterness, by the noise: that handsome girl, peeping from the window, is thinking of the smart ensign with

whom she lately danced at Willis's rooms;—the young fellow who is neglecting a customer to catch, over the shop-table, a glimpse of the passing parade, burns with mortification as he feels himself grasping a yard-measure, and sees the air which a sword gives to the hand in which it is brandished:—his master bites his lips as he turns to his ledger to look at the total of a half-pay captain's account.

The feelings excited by a book differ as widely and on the same principle, and therefore it is, that the contents of the bookshelves in the parlour may generally be depended upon as a pretty certain index to the dispositions of its inmates. I remember going up with much anxiety to the handsomely gilt and painted case, suspended with ribbons, in which a young lady held her favourite volumes. I trembled lest I should be shocked by my first glance resting on the Sorrows of Werter or the New Heloise; and I cannot tell how

delighted I felt, when I was greeted by a set of Doctor Aikin's *Spencer*, in blue morocco, and saw the *Spectator* standing hard by. Looking a little further, I must confess I detected *Mrs. Robinson's Poems*, and one of *Charlotte Smith's Novels*, but I excused them for the sake of *Metastasio*, who stood between them, and which the young lady took care to open, that I might see it was not a translation. Soon afterwards she angrily called to her brother, a lad of fifteen, and severely scolded him for putting some of his books amongst her's, although she had often forbidden him to do so. As she pushed indignantly into his hands what she had hastily taken down, I just caught a glimpse of the back of one of the volumes, which inclined me to believe that it was *Tom Jones* who was thus roughly dismissed. It was impossible to say what female curiosity might have been about during the period of this intrusion; but I remember I derived at the time pleasure from my very suspicions, when I marked the beautiful kindling in the eyes and on the cheeks of her who stood by my side, attempting, in the prettiest way imaginable, to draw my attention from the circumstance to a graceful myrtle, which she told me she had been fortunate enough to preserve alive through the winter, and which was now thanking her for her care, by extending its leaves towards the face of its benefactress in the earliest of the spring.

If I were to disclose all the consequences of this affair, I flatter myself that the young ladies would derive from them strong inducements to be select in their libraries: but I beg to observe, that my appeal is to their sound and delicate tastes, and not to the watchfulness of mothers and aunts. A girl's mind naturally acquires a bias to the elegant and the pure, if the habits and conversation of the elders about her are discreet and refined; but the liveliness and susceptibility of youth receive all sorts of evil impressions from severe regulations and ungraceful prohibitions. What is a command not to do, but instruction as to something which ought not to be done? Nor do I think, with many, that a girl's mind must be crippled

that it may not stray; that she is not for an instant to be trusted with an image which may suggest a thought, which may, under certain circumstances of indulgence, reach to impropriety. The timid maintainers of this doctrine are the grossest insulters and destroyers of that which they profess to respect and preserve. They would treat one who is soon mainly to support the dignity and welfare of a family, as if she were a greedy child that must not be trusted to a cupboard where it might steal jelly and make itself sick;—they would shut her out from all the rich and graceful enjoyments of the world, as they form the themes of genius, and the solace of nature, lest she should pursue every native instinct which they excite, till she converts what has been given her by Providence as blessings to herself and others, into sources of misery and of guilt. This abominable system of management they carry so far in France, that a girl is never suffered to stir any where but with a female guardian at her side: in fact, they consider the power to do wrong as tantamount to the practice of crime. English young women, however, thank God, are induced to appreciate their own value, and therefore may be in a great measure entrusted to their own care. The most hateful personage I know, is a miserable fellow who seems to have no sense but for the existence of improprieties; who would make his sister walk hood-winked, lest she should be rendered profligate by the coarseness of the streets. Such a creature as this is the most despicable of created beings—he is a compound of cowardice and baseness; the first keeps him in perpetual alarm, the latter gives him the best ground for perpetual suspicion. The most virtuous of poets furnishes a noble lesson on this point—

“I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness begets ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm
thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.”
Comas.

ANCIENT TIMES.

It has been no unusual thing to make a comparison between the ladies of the

present day, and those who lived a century past. If we go but a little further back, to the days of Anne Bullen, the contrast seems to present the greatest possible burlesque. In that time very few ladies went to court; the great officers of state left their spouses at their magnificent mansions in the country, to entertain their sporting neighbours. Good madam was then delighted to have a snug party dance in the parlour with the squire's wife, the parson of the parish and his wife, and perhaps the butler and a couple of chairs to make up the set. She always rose at five o'clock, to see breakfast served in the great hall, which was then a principal meal. Master,

mistress, and servants, all feasted in the same room, not omitting to relate their dreams of the night.

The men after breakfast went to the cellar to drink; the lady to her poultry and dairy; and the young ladies to their usual occupations of making their clothes and stockings, weaving and knitting not being then known. At twelve they dined in a room neatly strewed with rushes, and supped at six, which was their greatest entertainment; they then amused themselves with tales, or sports, till eight, and were all in bed before nine o'clock. With this mode of life compare that of a modern lady of fashion!

PREDILECTIONS OF THE SCOTCH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

LOOKING over some of your late numbers, the following passage from a well written paper on the preservation of health, caught my attention: "Puffendorf would not have died from the effect of a corn, had it been customary for people to carry their shoes as well as their hats under their arms."

It is not my intention to enter into an elaborate account of the diseases to which the human foot is liable, which of them would be prevented, or what new ones might be generated by the disuse of shoes; nor will I be so foolish as to attempt to convince a single individual who has been accustomed to walk with shoes, that it would be better for him on many accounts to accustom himself to walk without them. But I shall mention a circumstance, of which many of your readers must be ignorant, that a great proportion of a whole people, in the northern part of this island, *prefer* walking on their bare feet to walking with shoes; and what may surprise, the women are distinguished for their liking to this peculiarity. Now, Sir, I am quite prepared for the sneers which a certain class of English readers, in common with most English tourists, usually lavish on such occasions; closely following in the steps of their great prototype Dr.

Johnson—by the bye, the rudest great man, aye, and the greatest rude man, that ever was: whose manner and prejudices, to be sure, they usually censure, but on that account seem to think themselves the more at liberty to imitate. They will talk to each other in commiseration of the poverty of the Scotch; gently hint that necessity has no law; and that they can never feel the want of conveniencies and comforts of which they never were possessed, any more than the Otaheites or any other Savages! All this might be submitted to in silence, were it true, but it is not so.

The people of Scotland, I mean of course that class to which these remarks apply, are as sober and industrious, better educated, more religious, and better dressed, than, I shall venture to say, any other peasantry in Europe. They are distinguished for their loyalty; their steadiness, application, and perseverance; their more than ordinary intelligence and information; for all the virtues which adorn the social life; and for a never-failing attachment to the land which gave them birth. Their superior intelligence and information are of course consequent on their extensive reading, and on that greatest of blessings a religious education, which is secured, I may say, to every individual of this favoured people. On the

importance and utility of such acquirements, even for the lowest classes of the people, it were needless to enlarge: they dignify the possessor by elevating and expanding the mind; they fit him for rising in the world; for acquitting himself in whatever situation he may be destined to fill; they are a foundation on which any superstructure may be reared, and they render him in one sense independent, by supplying an inexhaustible fund of amusement. In Scotland every village has its library and its debating society. The lower classes, instead of frequenting the ale-house, or rather the *gin shop*, meet on the Saturday evenings in their village library; the magazines and reviews for the period are laid before them; the interests of literature and of science are canvassed; powers and faculties which would have lain dormant are called into action; their ideas are enlarged, their minds improved—they are in short “raised in the scale of thinking beings.” Not a man among them but has read the controversies, examined the arguments *pro* and *con*, and taken a side on the doubtful questions of the guilt of Queen Mary and of the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian.

But I have wandered wonderfully from my object. All I meant to do in this letter, was to inform your readers that if the Scotch walk bare-footed, they do not so from necessity, but from choice. If we see a man walking with his hat under his arm, we surely would say that it is from choice he walks bareheaded. Now what is true of a hat, will I apprehend be true of any other piece of dress; and we need not hesitate to pronounce that man unreasonable, who, seeing a woman walk barefooted, would say she does so from necessity, that is from poverty, while she carries her shoes and stockings in her hand. Such is the fact. The people of Scotland seem to feel shoes as an incumbrance, yet they conform to the existing custom of the civilized world. On a Sunday you may see crowds of well dressed people hastening from all directions to their parish church, footing it along firmly and nervously, their feet unincumbered with the habiliments of modern refinement, yet their shoes and stockings in their hands, till they reach

the well known spot, beyond which they cannot proceed unseen. This is generally some downy bank, conveniently situated by a clear running brook, just before they make the last turn of the road, which screens the church from their view; for it is held quite *contra bones mores* to come in such *dishabille* even within sight of the church. Here they sit down; their feet are washed; their unfolded stockings and little worn shoes receive their brawny sinews; the silk gowns of the women, which had been carefully turned up to preserve them from the effects of the dusty road, are now let loose; all things are made neat and *tosh*, to use a word of their own; the family advances in sober procession, and thus makes what is called a respectable appearance at the kirk.

Let us hear no more, then, of the poverty of the Scotch. As to the practice of walking bare-footed, I shall not say much; it may be defensible. Perhaps a reflecting native might tell you, in imitation of Addison, that when a pair of new shoes were brought home to him, it made him shudder, and that he could not help thinking that he saw corns, and blisters, and other diseases of the feet, lying in ambush in the corners.

I complain of the ignorance which exists among the great mass of the people of England, regarding Scotland, and every thing Scotch. This is well illustrated by a native author in his amusing novel *Humphrey Clinker*.

DUTH-MARUNO.

EDUCATION OF THE SCOTCH.

There is no part of Europe, in which education has been a subject of more general attention, or produced more important effects than in Scotland. During little more than a century, a system of public instruction, established in that country, has not only had the most beneficial influence upon industry and private morals, but has been the principal cause of one of the most remarkable changes of national character that has ever yet taken place during so short a period. At a time when the public attention in this country is so laudably directed towards providing means of instruction for the poor, a few remarks on the effects of a system of general educa-

tion in Scotland may not be thought unreasonable. The following facts and observations relative to this important subject are principally extracted from the interesting *Life of Burns*, the poet, written by the late amiable and excellent Currie.

The system of education in Scotland, though closely connected with its ecclesiastical establishment, owes its first legal existence to a statute passed in the year 1646 by the Parliament of that Kingdom for establishing schools in every parish, at the expense of the landholders, for the express purpose of teaching the poor. On the Restoration in 1660, this excellent statute was repealed; and nothing farther was done or attempted for the instruction of the people during the reigns of Charles and James, which were chiefly occupied in religious persecution. But in the year 1696, some years after the Revolution, the statute of 1646 was re-enacted nearly in the same terms, and continues to be the law of Scotland at the present time. Connected with this legislative provision are many acts passed by the general assemblies of the church of Scotland, which are binding as to matters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and the whole together forms a code of regulations, which is eminently distinguished for the reasonableness and practical good sense of its particular provisions, and which experience has shown to be perfectly effectual for the important purpose intended. So much convinced indeed are the lower classes in Scotland of the benefits attending this system, that, where the parishes are large, they often form subscriptions and establish private schools of their own, in addition to the parochial semiparies.

In the year 1698, about the time when this system was established, Fletcher, of Saltoun, in one of his 'Discourses concerning the Affairs of Scotland,' describes the lower classes of that kingdom as being in a state of the most abject poverty and savage ignorance; and subsisting partly by mere beggary, but chiefly by violence and rapine, "without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or to those of God and nature." Some of the instances given by this writer of the disorder and violence of that period may remind us of the effects pro-

duced by a similar state of things during our own times, upon the Irish peasantry in the disturbed parts of that unhappy country. "In years of plenty," says Fletcher, "many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, *burials*, and other public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together." Such was the state of Scotland at the time when the present system of education was established.

It is justly stated that, at the present day, there is perhaps no country in Europe, in which, in proportion to its population, so small a number of crimes fall under the chastisement of the criminal law, as in Scotland; and he adds, upon undoubted authority, that on an average of thirty years preceding the year 1797, the executions in that division of the island did not amount to six annually, and that more felons had been convicted and sentenced to transportation at one quarter sessions for the town of Manchester only, than the average number of persons sentenced to a similar punishment during a whole year by all the Judges of Scotland.

But the influence of education in Scotland has not been merely negative or confined to the diminution of criminal offences; it has produced in a very eminent degree those habits of industry and frugality, upon which all civilization and improvement ultimately depend. In no age or country have these excellent qualities, the cardinal virtues of the lower orders of society, been more prevalent than among the peasantry and common people of Scotland during modern times: in none have the instances been more frequent of individuals who, by a course of meritorious exertions, have raised themselves from an inferior condition in life to ease and competence, and sometimes to riches and distinction.

It is impossible to conceive any situation more happy and respectable than that of the parent of a well educated family*

* Such as was the father of Mungo Park, the traveller, and such as there are now many others among the farmers and peasantry of Scotland. App. to Park's Last Travels.

was surprised by a strong corps of Turkish troops, and after an obstinate conflict and the loss of many lives, compelled to surrender. According to the Turkish custom, the prisoners taken were sold as slaves, and dispersed over the whole country; some of them being sent as far as Upper Egypt. Great exertions were naturally made by the British government to redeem those unfortunate persons from captivity; and this was happily effected as to all the prisoners, except a few who could not be traced, by the assistance of Signor Petrucci, the Swedish consul at Alexandria.

From the authentic documents relating to this transaction, it appears that the ransoms paid for the redemption of the captives differed very considerably; the prices varying from between twenty and thirty pounds to more than one hundred

pounds sterling for each man. But it is observable, on comparing the different rates, that the highest ransoms were paid for those, who must be considered, from their names, to have been natives of Scotland; and who, it may be presumed, were more *valuable* than the rest from being more orderly and intelligent. It could not have been easily anticipated that a soldier, brought up in a Scotch parish school, was likely, when enslaved by the Turks and a captive in Egypt, to derive much advantage from his *education*. Yet it is probable from this circumstance that the intelligence and habits of good conduct, which he acquired from early instruction, might recommend him to his master, and, as domestic slavery admits of many mitigations, might procure him kinder and better treatment.—*Ann. Reg.*

SAGACITY OF BRUTE ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT is my intention to offer your readers some well authenticated anecdotes of sagacity in brute animals, or of singular changes in their natural propensities; and I shall beg leave to conclude the facts by inferences that enforce the dictates of humanity to every creature that can be gratified by kindness, or affected by pain.

About five-and-twenty years ago, a cat, that had been robbed of all her young, conceived a wonderful tenderness for a chicken, which lay among some wool in a basket, to recover of a broken leg. Puss crept into the same warm retreat, cherished the little sufferer in her breast, and, when it recovered, followed wherever it went, and protected it from two playful kittens belonging to another of her own kind.

About twenty miles distant from the place where the cat adopted a feathered nursling, a lamb that lost its dam was nourished with milk; and three young puppies, whose mother was killed by an erring shot, were fed by the dairy who took charge of the lamb. He was

older and stronger than the canine orphans, and sometimes invaded their portion of milk, but no other spoiler dared to approach their tub. When they grew up, so great was the attachment of the young ram, that he attended the companions of his early days to the kennel, and actually kept the whole pack of bounds in great awe. If any individual became unruly, *Willie*, the ram, sprung up, and butted, the offender with his horns. The huntsmen said, they found no trouble in managing the most refractory if *Willie* but shook his head.

Captain Mc. N——, of D——, had a very sagacious Newfoundland bitch, and at the time she was suckling two whelps, her master's boatmen caught two young seals; by dint of threats and caresses, he prevailed with *Coaxer* to nurse the amphibious strangers. Her own young were sent to a neighbouring gentleman's house, and in a few days she became quite reconciled to the seals. They lived six weeks, but never seemed to thrive; their nurse moaned over the first that died, and redoubled her anxiety about the other. When

deprived of it, she pined till her master took her some weeks from home.

A common sea-gull, in the possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Elgin, in Morayshire, has this season laid three eggs, from which were produced two birds; the female has been domesticated nearly ten years, and the male which paired with her has been resident near five years. Both parents are extremely sedulous in feeding their young, and will allow no one to approach them.

A gentleman had a grey-hound, that made a practice of going out unattended in search of hares, and never would deliver the game, except to him or one of his children. One day returning home after an absence of a week, he stopped at the door of a friend who lived near, when the dog, rushing from an adjoining field, presented herself with a hare in her mouth. The gentleman who had come out to receive Mr. M. seeing the dog, and aware of her purpose, hastened to the dining-room, and returned with a piece of meat to entice the dog to give him the hare; but hunger could not overcome her fidelity, her master had remained on horseback to try how she would behave; and, rejecting all the offers made by her tempter, she put up her fore-feet on the horse's flank, holding out the hare to her master.

A gentleman, attended by an aged she-dog, took up his quarters at a crowded inn, where he could get no bed but in the same room with another traveller. Both the gentlemen had saddle-bags, and each laid his own property near his bed; they were entirely unknown to each other, and being very tired hardly exchanged a word, when

they fell asleep. Early in the morning Mr. K. was awoken by his companion, who begged him to call off his dog: the faithful guard would not suffer the stranger to depart till his master ordered him to stand back from the door.

A gentleman who had many years rode the same horse, coming home late one night, fell fast asleep; his horse came to the door and neighed repeatedly; but the family, believing it must be some strayed animal, did not get up. Next morning early, when the servants went out, they found the horse quietly pasturing, and their master still in profound sleep on his back.

Geese have been branded with the imputation of stupidity; but the writer knows a gentleman who has a gander that punctually attends him some miles when he goes from home, and as he returns meets him near the same spot. Another gentleman's servant was very liberal in feeding the poultry; an old gander shewed his gratitude by following the ploughman even to church; and he spoiled the gravity of a procession at a burial, by solemnly marching beside his friend. After two years' absence he recognized the object of his attachment.

A pair of carriage-horses that had been six years driven together, became so inseparable, that, if the gentleman drove himself in a garden-chair with one of the comrades, the other invariably attended, and kept exact pace by the side of his associate; one of them, when at grass, sunk in a swamp, the other found a firm footing on the brink, held up his friend's head above the marsh, and by his neighing brought assistance just in time to save him. TH. N. R.

FRENCH ANECDOTES, &c.

VILLEMAM.

I MUST return for a few moments to the public meeting of the *French Academy*, on the festival of St. Louis, in order to introduce to your readers a person of whom they have perhaps never yet heard, and who will in all probability become one of the first writers and ora-

tors of France. His name is **VILLEMAM**, and the prize was adjudged to him at that meeting for the best eulogy on Montesquieu. This was announced by Suard in his report, nearly in the following terms: "A young man who, at the early age of 22 years, weighed with such skill the merits of Montaigne; who at 24 re-

presented with such impartiality the advantages and disadvantages of criticism ; this day appears at 27 as the panegyrist of the most profound writer of our nation ; and his eulogy possesses such pre-eminent merit that the Academy has not hesitated a moment to adjudge the prize to him." It should be observed, that this is the third prize obtained by M. Villemain from the Institute. The second was adjudged to him at the remarkable meeting in April, 1814, soon after the entry of the Allies. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia attended it, and heard his essay read. After the sitting, both sovereigns congratulated him on his extraordinary talents, and the Prussian monarch presented him as a model to his sons. Villemain's mother, who was present, wept for joy, and she too received the congratulations of the sovereigns. At the age of 20 Villemain was professor in one of the lyceums of Paris ; he was soon afterwards professor of eloquence in the faculty of Belles Lettres, and has lately been appointed a director of the book trade. He will most likely advance still higher, and it is already apprehended that his appointments will divert him from the cultivation of literature. His lectures on eloquence are always so crowded by persons of the higher classes, that it was often difficult to obtain a seat. The word *Lectures* is indeed an improper term for this course ; for he merely notes down a few facts and the longer quotations, repeating all the shorter most correctly from memory. In this course he often discourses for an hour and half on the subject of French literature with reference to eloquence, in the most florid and interesting style ; and what he says is not trite, but the fruit of profound study and meditation. At the same time he combines literature, philosophy, and morality in such an astonishing manner that all his auditors are filled with admiration. He prepares the ground-work and outline of his discourse, but all the rest springs forth from him with a fluency that is truly extraordinary. I have often attended his course, and to me this talent has always appeared incomprehensible. On one occasion he treated of the influence which the study of the Fathers had had upon Bossuet,

and so profoundly did he penetrate into the spirit of those Fathers, that each of his auditors must have supposed that he had never studied any other works. Another time, he analysed Bossuet's funeral oration on Henrietta of England, and as the delineation of Cromwell's character forms a principal feature of this masterly discourse, he drew a complete picture of the political situation of England at that time, to demonstrate to his auditors the correctness of every trait in that character. It is a pity that this course cannot be taken down with the rapidity with which M. Villemain speaks. It would form a work unique in its kind, far surpassing in solidity Laharpe's *Cours de Littérature*, as his prize essay, which has been printed, will serve to convince all who have never heard him. The merits of Montesquieu have employed the pens of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Laharpe, but none has appreciated them so profoundly and so philosophically as M. Villemain.—*New Mon.* Feb. 1817.

THE BARON LARREY ON THE ORIGIN OF AMBER.

On our return to Königsberg, after the Treaty of Tilsit, I had time to examine the Admiralty and the other establishments of the port of that city, which are equally remarkable for the beauty of their construction, as for their commodious distribution ; and I made an excursion, by sea, with delight along all the western coast of Frischhafen to Pillan, where the great amber fishery is established. The fishermen sold us a collection of rough pieces of this yellow amber, *succinum*, in each of which we discovered various insects, as bees, beetles, ants, &c. We did not see them fish this kind of bitumen, but we learnt from the fishermen that this substance was thrown on the shore during great storms, under the form of a liquid froth, which hardened quickly on exposure to the air.

Writers are not agreed on the nature of amber, and the principles which compose it ; but, reflecting on the variety of insects found in the concrete morsels, and on the little analogy there is between this substance and the bitumens, the resins, and the gums, I am

inclined to believe that it is as much the product of those masses of honey and wax which accumulated in great quantity in the trunks of old trees of the immense forests of Western Europe, as of those found on the shores of the seas of the old Continent, where there is ordinarily a vast number of bees. The injuries of the air and tempests overturn the trees, or they fall from age, when they are imbedded in the turf and remain there, continuing to be saturated with the gases and the mineral acids which it contains, and thus changes the nature of the honey, until the rain, storms, the melting of the snows, sweep them in torrents to the rivers, and thus to the sea, the honey being still in a liquid state; there the conflicting waves detach the masses, impregnate them with the chemical principles of the sea-water, throw them on the surface in pieces sufficiently small for their tenacity to overcome the power of the waves. Thus exposed to the air, they perhaps imbibe new principles, acquire a greater consistency, and are thrown by the action of the waves on the coast; the insects we find in them are caught either in the flowing of the honey on the fall of a tree, or perhaps in their passage to the sea, which envelopes them in the mae; this, becoming concrete, preserves them in their natural forms and colours.

These pieces of yellow amber are cut at Konigsberg into all kinds of ornaments. The Egyptian physicians strongly recommend their use for women and children; according to them, a necklace and bracelet of yellow amber, which is a very pretty ornament, prevents vapours and nervous affections: they pretend also, that yellow amber for children removes disorders of worms, &c.; and, when they wear much, protects them from the electrical current, which, in great storms, might strike them. This reasoning sufficiently agrees with the observations afforded by experience; for my own part, I am of opinion that ladies cannot make choice of ornaments so useful, under many respects, as those of amber, which are beautiful without being too expensive. D. J. LARRET.

Paris; Nov. 2, 1816.

FRENCH ROBBERS.

Dec. 22, 1816.—The Court of Assizes this day, after four hours' deliberation, pronounced judgment on the affair relative to a great number of robbers, viz. eleven men and five women. One of the prisoners, named Goethier, was aged only fifteen years six months; the rest had hardly passed thirty years. Almost all of them manifested at the trial a surprising effrontery. One of them, named Jardinaud, the elder, who was called, as a *nom de guerre*, Piedde-Celleri, said, "How! Mr. President, do you desire me to avow myself guilty, to destroy my mistress? Promise me that she shall be safe, and I will acknowledge every thing." Another, named Gurgy, pleaded his own cause; he dissembled nothing, and sought only to affect the Judges by stating the misfortunes, true or false, which according to him, left him no alternative, since the age of thirteen years, but to become a robber. One of the complaints against Jardinaud the elder, the Chief of this band, was, that he had introduced himself, in the month of January last, into the apartments of the Countess of Caraman, Rue Saint Dominique, and of having carried off a gold watch, suspended at the head of the bed, without disturbing her Ladyship's repose.

CAUTION TO EXPERIMENTALISTS.

Mr. J. Welner, a German chymist, retired last summer to his house in the country, there to devote himself, without being disturbed, to the study and examination of poisonous substances. Mr. Welner tried his poisons upon himself, and appeared insensible to the great alterations which such dangerous trials produced upon his health. At the latter end of the month of October he invented some unknown poisonous mixture, and wished to assure himself of its effect. The following is the account which he gives of it in the last page of his manuscript:—"A potion composed of (here the substances are named, and the doses indicated) is mortal: and the proof of it is—that I am dying!"—*Panorama*, Feb. 1817.

BARON LARREY.

It is principally to Baron Larrey that military surgery owes its present state of perfection: before his time, the wounded were never thought of until the battle was over, the surgeons wisely keeping their stations, at least a league in the rear of the army: the humanity of Napoleon, aided by the Baron, suggested the mode of dressing their wounds on the field of battle, when the cases required it; he also invented cars for transporting the wounded the moment they fell, by which he has saved many thousand valuable lives, which may easily be conceived, when it is known that he was Napoleon's principal military surgeon in all his campaigns, from the commencement of his career to the battle of Waterloo, where the Baron's usual intrepidity and zeal was nearly fatal to him; for he received a severe wound in the head, fell, and remained two days on the field of battle, and, when discovered, was taken for Napoleon, being very like him, when he again ran the risk of his life from ignoble vengeance. On his return to Paris, the King stripped him of all in his power; but it would have had the appearance of injustice to entirely lay aside the first military surgeon in the world; therefore his most Christian Majesty has most graciously pleased to suffer him to continue his functions as surgeon-in-chief of the military hospital of the Royal Guard. His loss, besides his practice, from the paternal regulations of his most Christian Majesty, is 1200*l.* per annum.—*Month. Mag.* Mar. 1817.

THE NAPOLEON MEDALS.

Of the numerous means employed to commemorate the achievements of Buonaparte, the public buildings and monuments of France bear ample witness. Some of the latter are exclusively devoted to this object; and the new government seem, very wisely, to think the erasure of the memorials from the former, would be a mutilation ill compensated by an occasional suspension of the recollection of his previous power. Indeed, Buonaparte's name and fame are so engrafted with the arts and literature of France, during the period of his domin-

ion, that it would be idle to employ force in subduing whatever of estimation may remain for him with the French people.

A *Series of Medals in bronze*, nearly 130 in number, struck at different epochs of his career, have been seen, each is celebration of some great and daring act of his government; a victory, a successful aggression, the conquest of a nation, the establishment of a new state, the elevation of some of his family, or his own personal aggrandisement. These medals are not more illustrative of his deeds than of his impatience to record them, and the peculiar temper of mind in which he caused his injuries upon the world to be "written in brass." Those about to be particularised are chiefly remarkable for this indication of feeling.

The medal commemorative of the Battle of Marengo bears, on one side, a large bunch of keys, environed by two laurel branches; and, on the reverse, Buonaparte, as a winged genius standing on dismounted cannon, to which four horses are attached, upon the summit of Mount St. Bernard, urges their rapid speed, with a laurel branch in one hand, whilst he directs the reins with the other.

That on the Peace of Luneville is two inches and a quarter in diameter, with the head of the First Consul in uncommonly bold relief; the device is the Sun arising in splendor upon that part of the globe which represents France, and which is overshadowed by laurels, whilst a cloud descends and obscures Great Britain—not the only mistaken anticipations of Buonaparte.

The commencement of hostilities by England, after the peace of Amiens, is designated by the English leopard tearing a scroll, with the inscription, *Le Traité d'Amiens rompu par l'Angleterre en Mai de l'An 1803*; on the reverse, a winged female figure in breathless haste forcing on a horse at full speed, and holding a laurel crown, inscribed, *L'Hanovre occupé par l'Armée Française en Juin de l'An 1803*; and beneath *Fruppée avec l'Argent des Mines d'Hanovre l'An 4, de Bonaparte*.—His medal, on assuming the purple, has his portrait, *Napoleon Empereur*, by Andrieu, who

has executed nearly all the portraits on his medals; on the reverse, he is in his imperial robes, elevated by two figures, one armed, inscribed, *Le Senat et le Peuple*.

The Battle of Austerlitz has, on the reverse, simply a thunderbolt, with a small figure of Buonaparte, enrobed and enthroned on the upper end of the shaft of the thunder.

In 1804, he struck a medal with a Herculean figure on the reverse, confining the head of the English leopard between his knees, whilst preparing a cord to strangle him, inscribed, *En l'An XII. 2000 barques sont construites*:—this was in contemplation of the invasion and conquest of England.

The reverse of the medal on the Battle of Jena, presents Buonaparte on an eagle in the clouds, as warring with giants on the earth, whom he blasts with thunderbolts.

The medal on the Confederation of the Rhine has, for its reverse, numerous warriors in ancient armour, swearing, with their right hands on an altar, formed of an immense fasces, with the Imperial eagle projecting from it.

Not the least characteristic is a medal, with the usual head, *Napoleon Emp. et Roi*, on the exergue, with this remarkable reverse, a throne, with the Imperial robes over the back and across the sceptre which is in the chair; before the throne is a table, with several crowns, differing in shape and dignity, and some sceptres with them lying upon it; three crowns are on the ground, one broken and two upside down; an eagle with a fasces hovers in the air; the inscription is, *Souverainetés donnés M.DCCCVI*.

The reverses of the last four in succession, struck during the reign of Napoleon, are, 1. The Wolga, rising with astonishment from his bed at the sight of the French eagle; 2. A representation of *le Bataille de la Moskova, 7 Septembre, 1812*; 3. A view of Moscow, with the French flag flying on the Kremlin, and an ensign of the French eagle, bearing the letter N, loftily elevated above its towers and minarets, dated 14th September, 1812; 4. A figure in the air, directing a furious storm against an armed warrior resembling Napoleon,

who, unable to resist the attack, is sternly looking back, whilst compelled to fly before it—a dead horse, cannon dismounted, and a waggon full of troops standing still, perishing in fields of snow; the inscription is, *Retraite de l'Armée, Novembre, 1812*.

The next national medals struck were in honour of the Emperor Alexander, who entered Paris with the other Allied Sovereigns, and the name of Andrieu, whose portraits of Buonaparte are exquisitely beautiful, next appears on a medal, with a reverse, representing France crowned, eagerly welcoming the arrival of a ship, inscribed above, *Il porte la paix du Monde, 1814*; bearing on the exergue a portrait of Louis XVIII.

The workmanship of the preceding medals is admirable, but most of them are surpassed in that respect by some to which we can do little more than allude.

A finely-executed medal, two inches and five-eighths in diameter, represents Napoleon enthroned in his full imperial costume, holding a laurel wreath; on the reverse is a head of *Minerva*, surrounded by laurel and various trophies of the fine arts, with this inscription—*Ecole Française des Beaux Arts a Rome, rétablie et augmentée par Napoleon en 1803*. The reverses—of the Cathedral of Paris—a warrior sheathing his sword (on the battle of Jena)—and Buonaparte holding up the King of Rome, and presenting him to the people—are amongst the most highly finished and most inestimable specimens of art.

Unquestionably, the worst in the collection is the Consular medal, which, on that account, deserves description: it is, in size, about a half-crown-piece; on the exergue, over a small head of Buonaparte, is inscribed, *Bonaparte premier consul*; beneath it, *Cambacères, second consul, le Brun troisième consul de la republique Française*; on the reverse, *Le peuple Française a ses défenseurs première pierre de la colonne nationale, posée par Lucien Bonaparte, ministre de l'intérieur, 25 Messidore, An 8, 14 Juillet, 1800*.—One other medal

only appears with the name of Lucien Buonaparte ; it is that struck in honour of Marshal Turenne, upon the *Translation du corps de Turenne au Temple de Mars par les ordres du premiere Consul Bonaparte* ; and is of a large size, bearing the head of Turenne, with, beneath it, *Sa glorie apport ent au peuple Francaise*. Several are in honour of General Desaix, whose memory Buonaparte appears to have held in great esteem. Those on his marriage with the lovely and ill-fated Maria Louisa, bear her head beside his own ; and a small one on that occasion has, for its reverse, a Cupid, carrying with difficulty a thunderbolt. Those on the birth of their child bear the same heads on the exergue, with the head of an infant on the reverse, inscribed, *Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles, Roi de Rome, xx. Mars M.DCCCXI.*

These grand medals offer a memento appalling to rulers, and truly beneficial to mankind. They will shew posterity, that though daring enterprize may at-

tain to vast dominion, it cannot be preserved at the expense of the rights and feelings of the vanquished ; and that though the oppressor, in the day of his prosperity, and in the confidence of his might, scorn the voice of the oppressed, yet power never can be maintained, by violence alone, against public opinion, publicly expressed.

However much we may be disposed to admire Buonaparte for having left such fine monuments of art and taste to the admiration of posterity, we must not forget, that, with such means, and better propensities, he might have left more. With greater opportunity to confer happiness than ever before fell to the lot of one man, he prosecuted a selfish career of wild ambition, and preferred the imitation of Alexander and Cæsar at all times, to that of Trajan or Antoninus at any time. Hence only a very few of this fine series of medals commemorate the exercise of those charities that emanate from true greatness.—*Euro. Mag.*

RICHTER'S TRAVELS.

From the *Panorama*.

THE untimely death of the learned and inquisitive traveller, Otto Von Richter, is a most afflicting circumstance for the scientific world, as well as his numerous friends in Germany and Russia. In company with the accomplished Swedish Traveller, Lindman, he had travelled in 1815 through all Egypt and Nubia, and discovered beyond Philoe, on the spot where the ancient state of Meroe was situated, considerable remains of ancient Architecture which had hitherto escaped notice. The Grand Signori firman procured him protection every where as far as Nubia ; and, according to a letter from him dated Dami-etta, August 14, 1815, he met with a most friendly reception from Aly Bey, Governor of Damanhur. The Governor of Syene accompanied him in person, through the desert as far as Ell Heiff, (Philoe). Near Assuan, (Syene), the Eastern arm of the Nile being unusually low, the traveller was able to wade through it, to get to the island of Elephantine. By the care of Ibrahim, Governor of Upper Egypt, he was enabled to continue his journey up the Nile, to Idrim, the capital of Nubia, which belongs to the Turks. Though he was much pleased with the mode of living of the inhabitants, a handsome race of people, which in many of the conveniences of life resembles that of the Europeans, he found it advisable to set out upon his return to Cairo on the 9th of June, 1815. In fact, immediately after his departure from Turkish Nubia, a destructive civil war broke out between three brothers, who, nominally dependent on the Pacha of Egypt, govern Nubia to the farther side of the great Cataracts, and as far as Dongola. When Richter and Lindman returned to Cairo at the end of July, and were ready at the beginning of August to traverse the Delta in all directions, a mutiny broke out among the Arnauts, who are now

the only infantry of Mehmed Aly, Pacha of Egypt. The travellers now changed their plan, and proceeded by sea from Damietta to Jaffa. At Acre, Lindman parted from Richter. The latter having taken a cursory survey of the deserts of Tyre and Sidon, proceeded to Balbec, (Heliopolis), whither the Pacha of Acre had given him letters to one of the principal chiefs. The sight of the highly ornamented remains of Balbec was much more pleasing to our traveller than that of the immense masses of ruins at Luxor and Carnac. Afterwards, he travelled in safety through Syria to the top of

Lebanon, examined the principal monasteries, and the road of Antonine over the mountains, and visited Aleppo, Damascus, and even Tadmor, (Palmyra) in the desert. While exploring the site of the Ancient Ephesus, which neither Choiseul Gouffier nor the modern English travellers have rightly indicated, he caught an infectious fever in the morasses and wildernesses of that desolate country, which in a few days terminated his life. He has left papers and drawings of the greatest importance to the arts and sciences, which have been happily preserved.—*Lit. Gaz.*

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MEASUREMENT OF THE KUMAON MOUNTAINS.

ALLOW me to call the attention of your readers to the importance of the information communicated by Lieut. Webb, respecting the altitudes of the principal mountains of the province of Kumaon, in Nepaul. In order to place it in a more striking point of view, I shall beg leave to repeat the table which contains the results of that officer's observations on 27 peaks:—

Number of Peaks.	Altitude above the Sea. Feet.
1	22,346
2	22,058
3	22,840
4	21,611
5	19,106
6	22,498
7	22,578
8	23,164
9	21,311
10	15,733
11	20,686
12	23,263
13	22,313
14	25,669
15	22,419
16	17,994
17	19,153
18	21,439
19	22,635
20	20,407

21	19,099
22	19,497
23	22,727
24	22,238
25	22,277
26	21,045
27	20,923

On referring to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I find the heights of most of the mountains of the Old or New World, hitherto ascertained, to be as follows:—

	Feet.
Ætna, in Sicily,	10,032
Mont Perdu, in the Pyrennees	11,000
Peak of Teneriffe	11,424
Finsterahorn, in the Swiss Alps	12,000
Schreckhorn, ditto	13,000
Mont Blanc	15,662
Tonguras, South America	16,170
Cotopaxi	18,600
Chimborasso, by the barometer	20,910

Now upon reference to the preceding table, it will be seen that out of the 27 peaks, measured by Lieut. Webb, the very lowest (No. 10) surpasses Mont Blanc, the highest point of the European continent by 71 feet; that 19 out of the 27 exceed the Chimborasso, hitherto considered the most elevated point of the globe; and that the highest of these Asiatic peaks (No. 14) towers to the prodigious elevation of 4,759 feet above that giant of the Andes!

It may be interesting to your readers to know that when the table communi-

cating this new and important fact in geographical science was transmitted to the Principal of the University of Edinburgh, it was received with an enthusiasm of surprise by the learned of that city, and immediately submitted to the Society of Natural History there, who intend to introduce it into the next volume of their Memoirs.

London ; Jan. 2, 1817.

ST. CECILIA AND ST. CATHERINE.

To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

Wm. Retlas, in answer to his queries, is informed that St. Cecilia was the patroness of music, which had been the occasion of painters and sculptors frequently representing her as playing on the organ, and sometimes on the harp. By Raphael she has been represented as singing, with a regal in her hands ; and by Dominichino and Mignard, singing and playing on the harp. She has been honoured as a martyr ever since the fifth century, and her story, as transcribed from the Notaries of the Romish Church into the Golden Legend, and other books of that kind, is very curious. The tradition that she excelled in music, and that an angel was enamoured of her melody, is beautifully expressed by two of our finest poets : Dryden in his *Alexander's Feast*, and Pope in his *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* ; viz.

"At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and art unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

DRYDEN.

"Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given ;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heaven."

POPE.

Saint Catherine is related to have suffered martyrdom on a wheel armed with spikes and traversed with a sword, which accounts for her being represented in pictures as leaning on a wheel. A sign called the *Catherine Wheel* is still in being over some public-houses, with the above representation.

OPENING OF THE SEVEN SEALS.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. West is painting on an extensive scale from his much admired sketch of the *Opening of the Seven Seals*, or *Death on the Pale Horse*. The figures are larger than life. The subject belongs to the terrible sublime ; the head of Death, nearly finished, is most expressive of that character, and forms the key to the whole picture. From the arrangement adopted by this great artist we have every reason to anticipate a work equal in sublimity and energy to any of his former productions.

Mr. West is likewise engaged upon a composition which is intended to be painted upon glass for the beautiful new church of Mary-le-bone. The subject is the angel announcing the birth of our Saviour, and the heavenly host singing, *Glory to God in the highest*, &c. This composition is equally beautiful and appropriate, and when finished cannot fail to prove uncommonly attractive.—*Ibid.*

APELLES.

Alexander went to see his portrait at Ephesus, painted by Apelles, but did not commend the piece as it deserved. A horse was introduced, and neighed to the horse in the picture, as if it was a living one. "My prince," said Apelles, "the horse seems a better connoisseur than yourself."—*Mon. Mag. Feb. 1817.*

MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ.

This unfortunate amateur of the arts was Adjutant-general to his Majesty's forces in North America. Love, who has created many a poet, caused André to attempt the art of design ; he painted a portrait of his mistress, a Miss Honora Sneyd, a protégée of the Sewards ; and however inferior it might be considered as a work of art, it was looked upon by Miss Seward as the most correct resemblance of her friend, as may be seen in this lady's will. Miss Sneyd had exchanged eternal vows of fidelity with Major André, but thought proper to marry another, whose ill-usage soon broke her heart. She died of a consumption a few months before her unfortunate lover suffered an ignominious death. He had entered the army in order to

overcome his unfortunate attachment by exertion, and was discovered by the Americans as a spy, and hung by the command of Gen. Washington.

"Major André," says Miss Seward in her life of him, "possessed numberless good qualities; he was a poet, a musician, and a painter. On the union of his faithless mistress with another, he left the counting-house of his uncle, and stimulated by despair entered the English army. Careless of his existence he formed a plan of obtaining intelligence of the American army by visiting their lines in disguise; when being thrown off his guard he offered his watch as a bribe to the sentinels who suspected him: he was found guilty, and suffered October 20, 1780, aged 29."—"I have been taken prisoner" (says he in a letter) "by the Americans, and stript of every thing save my picture of *Honora*, which I concealed in my mouth: preserving this I yet think myself fortunate." At his death this picture was found round his neck. There is a portrait of Major André engraved by Sherwin, after a drawing by this unfortunate gentleman.

EXPERIMENT OF THE BOTTLE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

Having seen some remarks in your Magazine for December 1815, p. 392, respecting the sinking of an empty bottle closely corked, to the depth of 100 fathoms, I am induced to hope you will not deem the following account of six experiments, made on board the *Prince Leopold*, near the Bay of Biscay, on the 10th of October last, as unworthy of insertion.

First, we let down an empty bottle well corked (which was sunk by the aid of lead,) about, fifty fathoms; when drawn up, it was filled with water, the cork inverted, and forced about half way out of the bottle. The bottle was filled with fresh water, closely corked, and let down again; when drawn up, the cork was inverted as before, and the bottle full of water, which was brackish.

The third time, the captain put a piece of twine under the cork, and tied it round the neck of the bottle, so that, if the cork went in, the twine must break. It was again sunk to the same depth,

and, when taken up, the cord was much forced, but not broken, and the bottle was about half full of water.

A piece of twine was again put under the cork, and a thick coat of sealing-wax on the top of it. It was sunk this time ninety-eight fathoms; when raised the twine and seal were both broken, and the cork inverted.

We then tied a piece of twine under the cork, forced a strong stocking-needle through the top of it, which rested on each side of the bottle's neck, and dipped it in boiling pitch. It was let down the same depth as the last, and, when taken up, the cork was turned as before, the twine broken, the needle bent and forced in with the cork, and the bottle full of water.

The sixth time, we put a cord cross-wise under the cork, the cork and bottle-neck were dipped in boiling pitch, afterwards a piece of strong canvas was tied closely over the warm pitch; then the canvas, cork, and bottle-neck dipped in pitch again, and sunk to the depth of ninety-eight fathoms. On drawing it up, it appeared that the water had pressed with great force on the cork, but the bottle was empty. This proves that the water must enter at the cork, and not as Mr. Campbell, in his *Travels in Africa*, seems to suppose, through the pores of the bottle. L.

Feb. 1817.

GOOSE, A SACRED DISH.

Diodorus Siculus (ii. 3,) mentions the goose as a regular and favourite dish of the Egyptian kings. On several monuments constructed by them, priests are represented offering the goose in sacrifice. Athenæus (xiv. 74,) records the fondness of Lacedæmonians for the goose. The Greeks fattened their geese with figs, which much enlarged the dimensions of the liver; such livers, called *omera*, were greatly esteemed. The Romans not only valued the goose as a good dish, but kept holy geese, at the public expense, in honour of those which saved the capitol. A something of vulgarity became attached, in imperial times, to eating goose. Petronius says:

"At albus anser,
Et pictis anas enotata pennis,
Plebeium sapit."

According to Lampridius, (Geta 5,) the Emperor Geta had given orders to his cook to serve his dinners in alphabetic order. To-day every dish was to begin with an *a*, and to-morrow with a *b*. Under him the *anser* had the honor of ushering in every cyclus of repasts. Alexander Severus (Lampr. 37,) commonly dined on chicken, but added a goose on solemn occasions, such as the birth-day of those worthies whom he honoured with a select veneration.

In modern times, the goose has become consecrated to St. Martin, and medals have been struck, representing on one side a goose; on the reverse, the word *Martinalia*. Whence this singular association of idea? The festival of Saint Martin, of Tours, is indicated in the Catholic calendars to be held on the 11th November; and it was a rule among his devotees to roast a goose for the family-dinner on the day of his anniversary. Martin Schoock, a Flemish monk, had made it a case of conscience, whether, even on the eve of the little lent, it be allowable to eat goose. *An liceat Martinalibus anserem comedere. Exerc. xvii. p. 205.* But, after diving into the weedy pool of casuistic argument, the delighted devotee emerged with the permission to roast his goose. And thus the goose came to be a standing dish on the continent at Martinmas, as in England at Michaelmas.

Geese are usually roasted, and eaten young, under the name of *green geese*, with sorrel sauce, or with apple sauce, or with gooseberries. They are eaten adult, under the name of *stubble geese*; in which state they were stuffed by the Romans with white meats, and by the Germans with chesnuts. According to the laureat's sonnet they are very fine:

Seasoned with sage, and onions, and port wine.
In Gascony, goose-hams are prepared in great numbers for exportation. The legs are cut off, salted, and half cooked in goose fat, in which state they keep very long, and are eaten, boiled, with sour-kraut. In a giblet-pie, the gizzard of a green-goose, the liver of a stubble-goose is preferred. Goose-dripping is esteemed the best sauce to a Norfolk dumpling. To celebrate the goose, the feller and the author should conspire, the

one in gratitude for his feather-bed, and the other for his pen.—*Mon. Mag.*

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The following account, of a most extraordinary adventure, that occurred some time since in a Tiger hunt, was given in the last Hurkaru.

Tiger hunt: Presence of mind.—July 6, 1816. "On the march of our detachment from Louton to Bahampore, to join General Wood, we arrived at our first ground of encampment, about 8 A. M. Soon after our arrival, the Zumeendar of the village came to us to complain, that a Tiger had taken up his quarters in the vicinity, and committed daily ravages amongst the cattle; he had also killed several villagers, and had that morning wounded the son of the Zumeendar. On this information, Lieutenant Colnett, Captain Robertson, and Dr. Hamilton, mounted their Elephants, and proceeded to dislodge the animal. They soon discovered the object of their search; Lieutenant Colnett's Elephant being a little in advance, was attacked by him; the other Elephants turned round and ran off to a short distance. The Tiger had sprung upon the shoulder of Lieutenant Collett's Elephant; who in that situation fired at him, and he fell. Conceiving him to be disabled, Lieut. C. descended from the Elephant, for the purpose of dispatching him with his pistols, but in alighting, he came in contact with the Tiger, which had only coiled for a second spring, and which, having caught hold of him by the thigh, dragged him some distance, along the ground—Having succeeded in drawing one of a brace of pistols from his belt, Lieut. Colnett fired, and lodged a ball in the body of the Tiger, when the beast becoming enraged, shook him violently without letting go his hold, and made off towards the thickest part of the jungle, with his prey. In the struggle to free himself from the clutches of the animal, Colnett caught hold of him by both ears, and succeeded after some time, in throwing the beast upon his side, when he availed himself of this momentary release to draw forth the remaining pistol, and clapping the muzzle to the breast of the tiger, shot him through the heart. He then returned to his elephant, which he

mounted without assistance, feeling at the moment little pain from his wounds, of which he had received no fewer than five and twenty, between the knee and the groin, many of them severe. I understand, he has ever since continued to suffer from the consequences of the conflict, and that he has lost the motion of that knee, which was the seat of the principal injury." (*Calcutta Times.*)

— SNIPER SHOOTING.

In the march of a detachment of our Indian army, under the command of Sir G. Holmes from Baroda to Palempore, two young officers of the 56th regiment were amusing themselves during a halt, by snipe shooting. They had been beating the jungles on the banks of a river, and one jungle they had repeatedly tried in vain. They were, however, surprised by a tremendous roar, and the sudden spring of an enormous animal from this very jungle. Lieut. Wilson, on whom the animal sprung, upon his recovery stated, that he neither saw, nor heard, nor felt more, than that the monster's mouth was close to his own. His companion, Lieut. Smelt, saw the tiger's spring; he gave a backward cat-like stroke with his paw, and, on Wilson's fall, he smelt of him, paused for a moment, and then leapt off, as a cat would have done if disturbed at a meal. Smelt, expecting that Wilson had been killed, reached the camp, and immediately sent the dooly (a sort of palanquin bearers) to the spot. They found Wilson alive, but insensible; his flesh had been torn away from his head downward, to the lower part of the back, and a wound on the thigh, in all 19 wounds. A half-eaten buffalo was found in the jungle, on which, luckily for Wilson, our tiger had dined. We are happy to add that the wounded gentleman is now living and well; both the sportsmen will be rather more cautious in snipe-shooting in India.

AMUSEMENTS IN INDIA.

Extract of a recent letter from Cawnpore:—"On the bank of the river Goomty, we had a mock elephant fight, between two females trained for the purpose. An officer having expressed a desire to see an elephant and crocodile fight,

which had been previously talked of by the Vizier and his courtiers, his Excellency had the goodness to send to the river Gograt and ordered several to be caught, and brought on hackeries to the Goomty. We walked from Moobarrick Munzul over a new bridge of boats with wooden rowers, battlements and embrasures for cannon upon it, to the opposite side, and there was an immense alligator and middle sized crocodile alive, with several of the latter lying dead. The elephants were brought up to the crocodile, and one of them trod upon it, with its foot, so as almost to crush it, but although the crocodile screamed with pain, it recovered. The elephants could not be made to attack the large alligator, than which a more hideous monster cannot be imagined, with a prodigious long head and sharp teeth, the elephants approaching near to it, carefully rolled up the proboscis into the smallest possible circumference, and whenever one came near, the alligator made a snap at the proboscis, or one of the legs of the elephant, the jaws meeting without seizing any part of the animal, gave a smart sound, that might have been heard at some distance. A country dog was then brought and tied near the alligator, who got it completely in his mouth, the dog at times escaping out, attacking and biting the monster's nose, or substance at the extremity of the upper jaw, making it bleed freely, although at one time, the dog's hind foot was in its mouth; however, the alligator, at last got the dog again in its mouth, and gave it so severe a crush between its long and formidable teeth, that the dog appeared dead. Water was then thrown by bheestees upon the alligator and dog, and the latter liberated from the mouth of the monster; when to our great surprise and pleasure, up rose the dog and ran off: this occurred with two country dogs, and both got off safe.—It was not a very gratifying spectacle, but certainly a very curious one. The crocodile and alligator were no doubt greatly enfeebled by having been brought from so great a distance tightly bound with cords upon hackeries, and out of their own element, besides which, they were not entirely released from the cords when attacked

with elephants and dogs. Moobarrick Munzul is crowded with curiosities, fine furniture, and most beautiful lustre wall girandoles.

"Early next morning, we went to a large spot of ground, near the new grand stables enclosed with a tiled mud wall, where his Excellency's wild beasts and birds are kept. 'Tigers, Leopards, Siagushes, Bears, Monkeys, Porcupines, Sables, Flying Foxes, &c. in abundance. The most curious animals, are two of the Ramghur Hill Dogs, called by Williamson *Dhools*, which that writer says, are reported to unite in bodies of four or five hundred, to hunt, and kill the most ferocious tigers. Some people say these

animals look like large English Foxes, but most assuredly the size (very large,) by no means agrees with my recollection of an English Fox: It is true, I have not seen one these forty years. These animals are extremely lively, continually moving briskly round their cage, and the keeper told me they occasionally barked like dogs. 'Kootah ka awage, Bhooks, Bhooks, kurta by.'

"There is a vast variety of birds: the Cassowary, Pheasants of all kinds, and some of the most beautiful Parrots I ever beheld, with brown bodies and wings, with purple breasts; green bodies with light green breasts, striped and waved with yellow."—*Lit. Fun.*

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN DURING HIS CHILDHOOD.
By his Preceptor, the Abbé MILLOT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ONE of the most remarkable publications that has lately appeared here (says our Paris correspondent) is *The Life of the Duke of Burgundy, Father of Louis XV.* a posthumous performance of the Abbé MILLOT, author of several well-known historical works. The author was in 1778 appointed preceptor to the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, and it was for this young prince that he composed *The Life of the Duke of Burgundy* and the dialogues which have just appeared. Prefixed to the work is an account of the author and of the Duke d'Enghien; and I know from good authority that not only M. Jacques, who always accompanied the prince, and who shared his confinement when the Duke was treacherously surprised in the village of Ettenheim, but likewise several other persons well acquainted with the circumstances attending his assassination, were consulted in the compilation of this account. It contains an interesting extract of the journal of education which the tutor seems to have kept in regard to his pupil. In one place the Abbé speaks of him as follows:—I soon perceived that the young prince was extremely lively, indocile, headstrong, full of whims, spoiled by his female attend-

ants, and therefore very difficult to govern. For this purpose, equal firmness, kindness, prudence, and ability were required. Too much severity was likely to create aversion; and he would have abused too much indulgence. He possesses himself too much penetration not to discover the weak side of his instructors, and is too mischievous not to take advantage of it. Add to this, the natural antipathy of childhood to restraint and study. To keep a head impregnated with saltpetre to lessons for two successive hours morning and evening, was a task sufficient to alarm me. The first days gave me some uneasiness. I observed tears, a strong repugnance and indocility; but I perceived also that the transition from crying to laughing was the affair of a moment; that by varying things a good deal I could gain some attention for each, and that, with management, if I did not cross him too much and overlooked some sallies, I might contrive to fill up the time for study: this was a great point. At the beginning nothing was more useful to me than fables, selected from Lafontaine's, and well explained. When we had thoroughly comprehended one, the next thing was to learn it by heart. We proceeded

step by step, always learning together, without which I should never have been able to fix his attention. In this manner I made him learn all the best pieces in Lafontaine. The memory, understanding, and taste, were all exercised at once. I take great care, when he is repeating any thing and makes a mistake, to present the idea instead of telling him the word: thus the operation of reason is added to that of the memory. Rousseau and other philosophers may well assert that these fables so employed are admirable for children. They amuse while they engage them; they develop or create ideas: they familiarize the pupil with the graces of expression, and even impart a feeling for beauties of style which mature age alone might be supposed capable of relishing. His memory is ready, but not very retentive: it retains ideas much better than words. He has known more of geography than I did at twenty. He forgets it so easily that I merely now and then place the principal notions before his eyes. On the other hand he will recollect, after an interval of several months, an anecdote related *en passant*, or a remark of the importance of which he is not aware. In short, ideas accumulate in his head, and though he often confuses them in a ludicrous manner, yet it is evident that he combines them very sensibly. This kind of memory must be excellent when it comes to be seconded by reason. An extraordinary perspicacity also renders him as susceptible of instruction as the warmth of his temper tends to make him averse to it. I soon perceived and profited by this advantage. By appearing rather to converse than teach; by contriving to afford him the pleasure of finding out things himself; by explaining every thing, and requiring reasons for every thing: in a word, and this is my fundamental principle—by placing reason invariably at the threshold of his understanding—I found means, without effort, in spite of his excessive giddiness, to make him acquire more knowledge, and in particular more judgment than I ever had in my life at a much more advanced age. As it is in his disposition to kick when my bridle is held tight, and to run away when it is relaxed,

I have great obstacles to overcome; sometimes the caprices of temper, at others the sallies of indocility; almost always an agitation of body and a dissipation of mind that nothing can equal. It requires address and indulgence both to prevent faults and to obviate disgust. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to punish: weakness would be still worse than severity. In the beginning, after an unpardonable disobedience, I shut the books, and declared that I would not continue the lesson: he wept much, and begged permission to do what he had before refused. I continued firm for some time, and at length yielded only to his most earnest intreaties. This method has often been attended with success. I still employ it, though the tears no longer come. I have sometimes aggravated *ennui* by forcing him to pursue a passage which he disliked. He would accustom himself to any thing if one were to be inflexible. One day when he had wilfully transgressed a formal prohibition, I gave him his choice either to be deprived of the dessert, or to beg pardon of God upon his knees. He chose the former. It was not long before he relapsed into the same fault. I immediately ordered him to fall upon his knees and beg pardon of God, which he did after some hesitation, and I remitted the other part of the punishment. He never was guilty of the same fault afterwards. Notwithstanding the indifference which he frequently affects towards reproof and even humiliation, he is not without pride. I told him the other day, being satisfied with him, that I wished to reward him, not with sweetmeats or amusements, but with honour. The best reward, he answered, is the approbation of one's conscience.—Very true, but it is just that those who deserve it should be farther rewarded. I will mention your good behaviour at table, and afford you an opportunity of doing yourself honour by repeating something of your lesson.—This gave him great pleasure. I have already contrived several occasions for him to display his little acquirements, and he has turned them to good account. When age and reason shall have tempered the petulance of the young prince, instruction will produce in him the fairest

fruit. The wish to please, combined with a store of knowledge, will excite him to distinguish himself by glorious qualities.

Such was in his childhood the prince who ought to have been the pride and the prop of his house, and who is unfortunately the subject of its everlasting

regret. All the world knows that the treachery which enabled Buonaparte to secure the person of this prince, and his subsequent murder, are among the blackest of the crimes by which he stained his reign, unhappily of too long continuance.

RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

Concluded.

Soon after this, the melancholy indisposition of his Majesty led to the consideration of a question of the greatest magnitude, and which may truly be said to have exceeded in importance the settlement of the crown after the abdication of James the Second. On this question, which related to the mode of supplying the defect of the exercise of the royal authority, Mr. Sheridan, as might be expected, strenuously advocated the exclusive, unconditional right, of the heir-apparent to assume the office of Regent, without even consulting or being bound by parliament. In this doctrine he certainly did not stand alone, but considering the favour in which he was held at Carlton House, and the well known trust reposed in his opinion by the Prince, it was generally believed that he took the lead in those counsels which were then prevalent on this subject. Certain it is, that the letter written by the Prince to Mr. Pitt on the parliamentary restrictions, was the composition of Mr. Sheridan; and from this fact alone, it is evident that his influence exceeded that of his political associates. At present there can hardly exist two opinions on the matter which was then so strongly contested; and while due credit must be given to the ability with which the friends of the Prince maintained his claims, every candid observer who knows any thing of the constitutional principles of the English government, must see the glaring inconsistency of the Whigs on this point, and their total departure from the great doctrines laid down at the Revolution. Providentially, however, the restoration of his Majesty's health at that time put a stop to the practical necessity of adopting any further measure, than the settlement of such positions and reg-

ulations as should serve for precedents in any future exigency of a similar nature.

The French revolution, which was now in its portentous infancy, soon made such rapid strides to gigantic terror, as could not fail to attract universal attention. In England this tremendous event was beheld by some with fearful expectation, while by others it was contemplated with pleasure, and the eager anticipation of still more extensive changes for the diffusion of liberty. Among the former, Mr. Burke took the lead; and with the perspicuity of an enlightened statesman who examines minutely into the moral elements as well as the external movements of great bodies, he perceived that all this pretext of freedom and the rights of man arose from the corrupt motives of deep and designing men to overturn a government for their own purposes. Mr. Sheridan, on the other hand, whether out of pique or vanity, though it is possible that there was in his conduct a mixture of both, seized every opportunity to eulogize the French army and the Convention for resisting the monarch and countenancing the atrocities committed in the name of liberty. On the 9th of February 1790, when Mr. Burke took occasion to animadvert upon some points advanced by Mr. Fox upon this subject, Sheridan interfered, and attacked the former with great vehemence, and charged him with defending an accursed system of despotic government. This could hardly be supposed to sit quietly upon a mind so lofty and irritable as that of Burke, who, in reply answered, that he most sincerely lamented the inevitable necessity of now publicly declaring, that henceforth his honourable friend and he were separated in politics; yet, even in the very moment of separation, he expected that his

honourable friend, for so he had been in the habit of calling him, would have treated him with some degree of kindness; or, at least, if he had not, for the sake of a long and amicable connexion heard him with some partiality, he would have done him the justice of representing his arguments fairly. On the contrary, he had cruelly and unexpectedly misstated the nature of his observations, by charging him with being an advocate for despotism, though it was in the recollection of the honourable gentleman and the whole house, that in the beginning of his speech he had expressly reprobated every measure which carried with it even the slightest appearance of despotism. All who knew him could not avoid acknowledging that he was the professed enemy of despotism in every shape; whether it appeared as the splendid tyranny of Lewis the Fourteenth, or the outrageous democracy of the present government of France, which levelled all distinctions in society. The honourable gentleman also had charged him with having libelled the National Assembly, and stigmatized them as a bloody, cruel, and ferocious democracy. Mr. Burke said, he appealed to the house, whether he had uttered a single syllable concerning the National Assembly, which could warrant such a construction as that put upon his words. He felt himself warranted in repelling the imputation; because, the whole tenor of his life had proved that he was a sincere friend to freedom, and as such, he was concerned to find that there were persons in this country who entertained theories of government not consistent with the safety of the state, and who were ready to transfer a part, at least, of that anarchy which prevailed in France to this kingdom, for the purpose of effecting their own designs. Having pursued this strain of self-vindication to a considerable length, Mr. Burke, concluded, with saying "it appeared that the honourable gentleman had made a sacrifice of his friendship, for the sake of catching some momentary popularity. But if the fact was such, however greatly he should continue to admire his talents, he must tell him, that his argument was chiefly an argument *ad invidiam*, and that all

the applause for which he could hope from clubs was scarcely worth the sacrifice which he had chosen to make for so insignificant an acquisition."

Thus terminated a friendship of long standing, and to which Sheridan was no doubt indebted for a considerable portion of that knowledge which was necessary to establish his reputation; though he wanted industry to cultivate his extraordinary powers by close application.

It may here be proper to observe, that so complete was this disruption, and such was the aversion of Mr. Burke to the political principles and private conduct of his old acquaintance, that whenever Sheridan's name was announced, he always quitted the company. For this, indeed, he seems to have had sufficient reason, as notwithstanding the rebuke which Burke had given in the speech just mentioned, the other continued, on many occasions, to goad him with severe remarks in the house, particularly on that subject which he knew would always act poignantly on his feelings. This certainly was ungenerous and imprudent, because it could only serve to widen a breach, which by conciliation, might have been healed; and it tended, in a great degree, to lessen the respect that was due to a man, who merited the thanks of all mankind, for the energy with which he resisted the deadly doctrines of political fanatics, who were obviously bent on the destruction of all social order, in the levelling of rank and property.

In 1792, Mr. Sheridan lost his amiable partner, who died of a consumption at Bristol Wells, leaving two children, a son and a daughter; the former being now living at the Cape of Good Hope, but the latter died shortly after her mother of a similar complaint at Wansted. Mrs. Sheridan's maternal family came from Wells, in the cathedral of which city her remains were deposited, in the same vault with those of her brothers Thomas and Samuel and her sister Maria Tickell, all of whom were remarkable for their extraordinary musical talents.

In 1795 Mr. Sheridan married Miss Harriet Ogle, youngest daughter of Dr. Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester and

prebendary of Durham, by whom he had one son named Charles, who is also living.

Though this ingenious man and powerful speaker continued through life the inflexible opponent of Mr. Pitt, to whom, indeed, he seems to have had a personal repugnance, it is but a tribute of strict justice to say, that on some occasions, he acted nobly in dissenting from his own party. Thus, when Mr. Fox thought it unnecessary to attend his parliamentary duties, because he could not obtain his object, which was the adoption of a new system favourable to the republican rules of France, Mr. Sheridan continued his attendance, and in some critical instances gave his support to government. This patriotism was remarkably conspicuous and beneficial during the alarming mutiny among the seamen of the fleet, which called for prompt measures and united strength, to save the country from destruction. Then Mr. Sheridan displayed his talents to great advantage, and acted most honorably in laying aside party politics for the general safety, while his associates either remained silent, or absented themselves from their public station as the representatives of the people.

In 1799 Mr. Sheridan returned once more to theatrical concerns and produced a splendid drama, translated from the German of Kotzebue, under the name of Pizarro, though in the original, the piece bears the title of *The Spaniards in Peru*. This performance was sold to Mr. Sheridan by a German for one hundred pounds, but the version was so unintelligible that little use could be made of it; but two other translations in manuscript falling in his way he adopted them, and with a slight addition of his own, contrived to render the piece highly attractive for that and the ensuing season. The play was printed with the name of Mr. Sheridan prefixed, and it is said, that not less than twenty-nine thousand copies of it were sold in a short space of time.

When, by the death of Mr. Pitt, a new administration was formed, Mr. Sheridan was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, in which office, he no otherwise distinguished himself than by giving a grand fête at Somerset House, where Lord Erskine,

then Chancellor, Lord Henry Petty, and other members of the cabinet, are said to have exerted their agility in the ball room till seven o'clock in the morning; but the most curious part of the festivity consisted in the circumstance, that the servants in waiting were bailiffs and their followers, who being then in possession on various executions, were put into liveries obtained from Drury Lane Theatre, to disguise their character and render them useful.

But it was the fortune of Mr. Sheridan to be connected with very short-lived administrations, and this soon terminated through the imprudence of the party in endeavouring to impose upon the King, with respect to the great question of catholic emancipation. On this occasion the wit observed, that he had heard of men knocking out their brains by running against a wall, but he had never known, till now, of any thing so foolish as to build a wall for the purpose.

From this period, Mr. Sheridan gradually declined in the public estimation, and became more and more embarrassed in his circumstances. Having succeeded in getting returned for the city of Westminster, he was thrown out on a subsequent application at Stafford, and at the last general election he was not chosen for any place.

The closing years of his life were passed under a cloud which depressed his faculties and injured his health. He was lost to the world and almost to society. They who once admired now forsook him; and such is the stability of political friendship, even Mr. Fox before his demise, behaved with great coolness to his old companion and zealous adherent.

The disease of which Mr. Sheridan died had its seat in the liver, and the length of its continuance plainly evinced the strength of the original stamina, had the same been not undermined by irregular habits, which increased as he advanced in years and trouble, till he escaped from this mortal scene to enjoy, as we sincerely trust, eternal rest. He died on Sunday the 7th July, 1816, and was interred on the Saturday following in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Garrick and Cumberland.

POETRY.

A NORTHERN SPRING.

From Helga, a Poem, by the Rev. William Herbert.

YESTRENE, the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still:
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick roll'd the clouds, and genial rain
Pour'd the wild deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of Northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Return'd from regions far away,
The red-wing'd thrush pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.
Bright shines the sun on Sigtune's towers,
And Spring leads on the fragrant hours.
The ice is loosed, and prosperous gales
Already fill the strutting sails. *Ann. Reg.*

BRYNHILDA.

A Poem, by the same Author.

O STRANGE is the bower where Brynhilda
reclines,
Around it the watch-tower high bickering shines!
Her couch is of iron, her pillow a shield,
And the maiden's chaste eyes are in deep
slumber seal'd. [spread,
Thy charm, dreadful Odin, around her is
From thy wand the dread slumber was pour'd
on her head. [and flame,
The bridegroom must pass through the furnace
The boldest in fight, without fear, without
blame.
O whilom in battle, so bold and so free,
Like a pirate victorious she rovd o'er the sea.
The helmet has oft bound the ringlets, that now
Adown her smooth shoulder so carelessly flow;
And that snowy bosom, thus lovely reveal'd,
Has been oft by the breastplate's tough iron
conceal'd. [sleep,
The love-lighting eyes, which are fetter'd by
Have seen the sea-fight raging fierce o'er the
deep. [slain
And 'mid the deep wounds of the dying and
The tide of destruction pour'd wide o'er the
plain. [bare,
Those soft-rounded arms now defenceless and
Those rosy-tipp'd fingers, so graceful and fair,
Have rein'd the hot courser, and oft bathed in
gore
The merciless edge of the dreaded claymore.
Who is it that spurs his dark steed at the fire?
Who is it whose wishes thus boldly aspire
To the chamber of shields, where the beauti-
ful maid
By the spell of the mighty defenceless is laid?
Is it Sigurd, the valiant, the slayer of kings,
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and his
cings?

Or is it bold Gunnar, who vainly assays
On the horse of good Sigurd to rush thro' the
blaze?
The steed knows his rider in field and in stall:
No other hands rein him no other spurs gall.
He brooks not the warrior that pricks his dark
side, [pride.
Be he prince, be he chieftain of might and of
How he neighs! how he plunges, and tosses his
mane! [disdain!
How he foams! how he lashes his flank with
O crest-fallen Gunnar! thou liest on the plain!
Through the furnace no warrior, save Sigurd
may ride. [bride!
Let his valour for thee win the spell-guarded
He has mounted his war-horse, the beautiful,
and bold;
His buckler and harness are studded with gold.
A dragon all writhing in gore is his crest;
A dragon is burnish'd in gold on his breast.
The furnace grows redder, the flames crackle
round, [one bound.
But the horse and the rider plunge through at
He has reach'd the dark canopy's shield-cover'd
shade, [laid;
Where spell-bound the beautiful damsel is
He has kiss'd her closed eyelids, and call'd
her his bride;
He has stretch'd his bold limbs in the gloom by
her side.

"My name is bold Gunnar, and Grana my
steed; [speed.
Thro' bickering furnace I prick'd him with
The maiden all languidly lifts up her head,
She seems in her trance half awaked from the
dead; [cries,
Like a swan on the salt-lake she mournfully
"Does the bravest of warriors claim me as his
prize?"

"O know'st thou young Sigurd, who lies by
thy side? [bride?
O kenn'st thou, Brynhilda, who calls thee his
On the gay hills of France dwells thy proud
foster-sire, [fire.
And there thy chaste bower was guarded by
It was mantled with ivy and luscious woodbine,
It was shrouded with jasmine and sweet eglan-
tine. [thy bower,
O mind'st thou, when darkling thou sat'st in
What courser came fleet by thy charm-circled
tower? [and free?
Whose hawk on thy casement perch'd saucy
What warrior pursued it? Whose crest did'st
thou see? [thy view?
Did the gold-burnish'd dragon gleam bright to
Did thy spells hold him back, or did Sigurd
break through? [hands pour,
For whom the bright mead did thy snowy
Which never for man crown'd the goblet be-
fore?
On the wonders of nature, the stories of old,
On the secrets of magic high converse ye held;
He sat by thy side, and he gazed on thy face,
He hail'd thee most worthy of Sigurd's em-
brace;
The wisest of women, the loveliest maid,
The bravest that ever in battle outrade;
And there, in the gloom of that mystic alcove,
Ye pledg'd to each other the firm oath of love.
Now spell-bound thou canst not his features
descrie, [eye.
Thy charms in the gloom do not meet his keen

For Sigurd had bled to defend Giuka's crown,
He dwelt there with glory, he fought with renown;
At the court of good Giuka, his warriors among,
None bore him so gallant, so brave and so strong.

Gudruna beheld him with eyes of desire,
The noblest of knights at the court of her sire.
She mixed the love-potion with charm and with spell,
And all his frail oaths from his memory fell.
She conquer'd his faith by the treacherous snare;

He led to the altar Gudruna the fair;
And now with her brother unconscious he came,

Who dar'd the chaste hand of Brynhilda to
But Gunnar the bold could not break through the spell;

The flame bicker'd high, on the ground as he
And Sigurd the glorious, the mighty, must lend
His valour to gain the fair prize for his friend.
All night there he tarried, but ever between
The maid and the knight lay his sword bright and sheen;

The morrow he rode to the battle afar,
And chang'd the maid's couch for the turmoil of war.

His friend reaps the harvest his valour has won,
And claims the fair guerdon ere fall of the sun.
With pomp to the altar he leads the young bride,

She deems him the knight who had lain by her
Forgotten the vows she had made in gay France,
Ere Odin cast o'er her the magical trance.

With gorgeous carousal with dance and with song,
With wasail his liegemen the nuptials prolong,
He revels in rapture and bliss through the night,

And the swift hours are pass'd in the arms of
But when the bright morning first dawn'd on their bed,

The bride rais'd with anguish her grief-strick-
For the thoughts of the past rose with force,
and too late

She remember'd young Sigurd, and curs'd her
Three days and three nights there in silence she lay,

To sullen despair and dark horror a prey.
She tasted no food, and to none she replied,
But spurn'd the sad bridegroom with hate from her side.

Shall the words of young Sigurd now bid her
Does she hear his known accents, and start at his voice?

“Awake, fair Brynhilda, behold the bright ray!
The flowers in the forest are laughing and gay.
Full long hast thou slept on the bosom of woe;
Awake, fair Brynhilda, and see the sun glow.”

Concluded in our next.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

By JOHN MAYNE.

Author of the Poems of Glasgow, the Siller Gun, &c.

The following verses are founded on a tradition in the south of Scotland,—that a young lady of Kirkconnell Lee, in Annandale, walking with her lover, was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries,

And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she liv'd, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride,
For me, in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Where Kirtle-waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclin'd,
A rival, with a ruthless mind,

Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow,
And now her corse is lying low,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend that made my heaven a hell,

And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine—
O! if on earth there's ought divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—
They center'd all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, again,
I clove th' assassin's head in twain?
No peace of mind, my Helen slain—
No resting place for me!

I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnell-Lee!

O! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave;
May He, who life and spirit gave,

Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnell-Lee!

New Mon. Mag.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BALLAD.

By Mr. C. F. WESS.

OH lady, buy these budding flow'rs,
For I am sad, and wet, and weary,—
I gather'd them ere break of day,
When all was lonely, still, and dreary;
And long I've sought to sell them here,
To purchase clothes, and food, and dwelling,
For Valour's wretched orphan girls—
Poor me and my young sister Ellen!

Ah! those who tread life's thornless way,
In Fortune's golden sunshine basking,
May deem my wants require no aid,
Because my lips are mute, unasking;
They have no heart for woes like mine,
Each word, each look, is cold—repelling,
Yet once a crowd of flatterers fawn'd,
And Fortune smil'd on me and Ellen!

Oh buy my flower's! they're fair and fresh
As mine and morning's tears could keep
them;

To-morrow's sun shall see them dead,
And I shall scarcely live to weep them!
Yet this sweet bud, if nurs'd with care;
Soon into future buds be swelling;
And nurtur'd by some gen'rous hand,
So might my little sister Ellen!

She's sleeping in the hollow tree;
Her only home—its leaves her bedding;

And I've no food to carry there,
To soothe the tears she will be shedding ;
Oh that those mourners' tears which fall---
That bell which heavily is knelling---
And that deep grave, were meant for me,
And my poor little sister Ellen !

When we in silence are laid down,
In life's last, fearless, blessed sleeping,
No tears will fall upon our grave,
Save those of pitying heav'n's own weeping :
Unknown we've liv'd, unknown must die,---
No tongue the mournful tale be telling,
Of two young, broken-hearted girls---
Poor Mary and her sister Ellen !

No one has bought of me to-day,
And Night is now the town o'er shading,
And I, like these poor drooping flow'rs,
Unnoticed and unwept am fading :---
My life is struggling to be free---
It loathes its wretched earthly dwelling !
My limbs refuse to bear their load---
Oh God ! protect lone orphan Ellen !

THE INCANTATION.

(A Chorus in an unfinished Witch Drama.)

By Lord Byron.

WHEN the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass :
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

II.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish ;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone ;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud ;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

III.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been ;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turn'd around thy head ;
Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot,
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

IV.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse ;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare ;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice ;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky ;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

V.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill ;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring ;

From thy own smile I snatched the snake
For there it coil'd as in a brake ;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

VI.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy ;
By the perfection of thine art
Which pass'd for human thine own heart ;
By thy delight in other's pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee ! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell !

VII.

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial :
Nor to slumber, nor to die,
Shall be in thy destiny ;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear ;
Lo ! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been pass'd---now wither !

From La Belle Assemblée.

BEAUTY IN SMILES.

O ! weep not, sweet maid, though the
bright tears of beauty
To kindred emotion each feeling beguiles ;
The softness of sorrow no magic can borrow,
To vie with the splendour of beauty in smiles.
Man roves thro' creation a wandering stranger,
A dupe to its follies a slave to its toils ;
But bright o'er the billow of doubt and of
danger,
The rainbow of promise is beauty in smiles.
As the rays of the sun o'er the bosom of Nature,
Renew ev'ry flow'r which the tempest des-
poils ;
So joy's faded blossom in man's aching bosom,
Revives in the sunshine of beauty in smiles.
The crown of the hero, the star of the rover,
The hope that inspires, and the spell that
beguiles ;
The song of the poet, the dream of the lover,
The infidel's heaven, is beauty in smiles.

THE MIRACLE AT HOREB.

From "Arabia," a poem, by Johnston Grant.

HEARD ye yon wail round Horeb's arid
base,
The murmur'ing of a proud, infuriate race !
Near the tall crag their guide's commanding
form
Stands with stern brow---the pow'r that quells
the storm ;
His bold rod smites the mountain's flinty side ;
Down the parch'd vale th' obedient waters
glide,
Where, and with fever'd thirst, promiscuous
ranks
Hail the new stream, and crowd its fresh'ning
banks ;
Fresh'ning---For He, whose might the boon
bestows,
Speaks, and the desert blossoms as the rose ;
Thus swift the silver tide, by breezes fann'd,
And edged with verdure, sweeps along the sand ;
While flow'rets, crush'd like infants of a day,
Just start to light, and bloom to pass away.

Life's vain distinctions lost as in the grave,
 Headlong all Israel seeks the swelling wave;
 And pow'r and weakness, indigence and
 wealth,
 Commingling, pant to catch th' advancing
 health;
 There the proud tribe-chief to the margent
 stoops;
 Here, while with hollow'd hand some cripple
 scoops
 The beverage cool, nor gemm'd nor vine-
 froth'd bowl
 Seems half so grateful to his sated soul.

Thus sun-parch'd Mynians at Tritonis rush'd,
 To quaff the torrents from the cleft that gush'd;
 Thus earliest bees, invited o'er the plain

By some soft morn, and questing sweets in vain,
 Ere spring hath hang her blossoms on the
 bowers,
 Swarm round the lonely violet's opening
 flowers.

As press'd th' exulting throngs with fren-
 zied haste,
 The timorous yield, the feeble are displaced;
 Till columns blending from each adverse brink,
 Contend, all raging at the wave to drink;
 Yet Mercy, stretching from the foremost bands,
 Yields the full helmet to the mother's hands;
 Whose yearning love her own parch'd lip de-
 nies,
 To hush her fainting cherub's moaning cries.

LONDON

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A new printing press, or printing engine, has recently excited the attention of the typographical world. It is wrought by the power of steam, and, with the aid of two or three boys, perfects nearly a thousand sheets per hour. A common press, worked by two men, takes off but two hundred and fifty impressions on one side, and requires eight hours to perfect a thousand sheets. Hence, three boys in one hour, at a cost of *six-pence*, are enabled, by this new application of the power of steam, to perform the labour of two men for eight hours, at a cost of *eight shillings*. Such are the present capabilities of this engine; but, as there is no limit to its required powers, and the size of the form is no obstacle to its perfect performance, it is proposed to take impressions on double-demy, in which case three boys, at *six-pence*, will, in one hour, perform the labour of thirty-two men at *sixteen shillings*! This engine is now at work at a printing-office near Fleet-street, and another on a similar, but less perfect, construction, has for some time past been employed on a Morning Newspaper. In its general analogy, this press is not unlike the rolling-press of copper-plate printers. The forms, being fixed on the carriage, are drawn under a cylinder, on which the sheet being laid, and the ink distributed by an arrangement of rollers, the impression is taken on one side. The sheet is then conveyed off by bands to a second cylinder, around which it is carried on the second form, and the rectification is produced in perfect register without the aid of points. All the manual labour is performed by a boy who lays the paper on the first cylinder, by one who takes it off from the second cylinder, and by a third who lays the sheets evenly on the bank. As a further instance of economy in the materials, we may mention, that the waste steam from the copper is intended to be carried in tubes round the entire suite of offices, with a view to warm them. Of the ingenuity displayed in the mechanism, and of the ultimate successes of this apparatus, there can be little doubt; but whether there is reason to rejoice in the invention of any machinery, which, in the present state of the country diminishes the call for manual labour, may be seriously doubted; particularly as political economists have not yet agreed that workmen, who in consequence become destitute, ought

to be provided for till they can qualify themselves for new employments.

A collection of Fairy Tales is about to be published by TABART, of the Juvenile Library.

In Poetry, may be noticed a very promising small volume by Mr. NEELE; it is entitled, *Odes and other Poems*. The author is avowedly a disciple of Collins, and worthy to be so, though attempts in the line of pure abstraction are more than commonly critical, for, if not very good, they are unbearable, and but few are privileged to visit the world of shadows. Mr. Neele says that his is a bold attempt, but, like a man of true genius, he declines either apology or claim to indulgence. The world, he very justly observes, neither attends to the one or the other; and it is certain that, in reference to works of imagination, the world acts exactly as it ought to do. Mr. Neele is young, and, though this is his first performance, few first performances are so promising. An Ode to Despair is peculiarly fine; the same may be observed of one to Time. An Address to Allegory is also very bland, beautiful, and ingenious. In the mean time, this young and very promising poet must be informed of the positive opinion of most critics, that the walk he has chosen is more bounded than he imagines, and that the bard who excels in it can seldom fill volumes without having recourse to human hopes, fears, and affections.—*Mon. M.*

Mr. MURRAY has succeeded in fusing two Emeralds into one uniform mass, also two Sapphires into one, by the compressed mixture of the gaseous constituents of water in the oxyhydrogene blow-pipe.

Mr. MURRAY had published in the contemporaneous number of the Philosophical Magazine, (with that of the Annals of Philosophy, in which Mr. E. O. Sym alludes to the same phenomenon,) that flame is a hollow cone, and its interior might be seen by pressing the apex by means of a piece of glass.

Major KENNELL will soon publish a quarto volume of Illustrations of the History of the Expedition of the Younger Cyrus, and Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, with explanatory maps.

There has lately been found, in a temple at Pompeia, a stone, on which are engraved the linear measures of the Romans.

Wat Tyler, a Dramatic Poem, by Robert Southey, is published.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 5.]

BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1817.

[VOL. I.

From the Monthly Magazine.

UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY:

IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

THE VALLEY OF TRAVERS.

Neufchatel ; Sept. 11, 1816.

My dear Madam,

WHEN I last bade you farewell, I was on the frontiers of this wonderful country. I informed you that it was our intention to traverse Switzerland *en pèlerin* : this project we did not abandon.

From Pontarlier, a winding road conducted us thro' a valley, which resembled no scenery that we had yet beheld, altho' many views in Franche Comté are truly Alpine ; and, after passing the last village of France, called the Verrières de Joux, we entered the first of Switzerland, called the Verrières Suisse. The frontier is indicated by a tree on the right-hand side of the road, and by a parapet-wall of stone, which runs up the mountain on the left. Perhaps a hundred and fifty yards do not divide these villages, yet are the residents of them separated, as wide as the poles asunder, by sentiments and by religion—the Catholic being that of the Verrières de Joux, and the Protestant that of the Verrières Suisse. How incontrovertibly does this prove that the religion of an individual is not adopted as the result of wise and mature deliberation, but that it originates in birth, circumstance, or accident ! Altho' the residents of a valley, where every object is calculated to exalt and humanize, yet do they hate each other with the con-

sistent and becoming cordiality of Protestants and Catholics. We breakfasted at the Verrières Suisse ; and here it was that our hostess acquainted us with the existence of these feelings, so amiable, so wise, so just, so orthodoxical !

I listened to her with more interest when she acquainted me that she had been a resident of the valley of Travers nearly half a century—that she had a perfect recollection of Rousseau, who was once a visitor of these delightful scenes—that he had often frequented her house—that he would enter it sometimes, and hastily desire to be shewn to a chamber where he could remain undisturbed ; and that she conducted him, upon these occasions, to a room, the door of which she opened as she spoke : in this chamber he often wrote, or rested himself during his rambles.

As we advanced into the valley, the wildness and irregularity which characterised the precipitous ascents on either side, disappeared ; the sides of the mountains became more smooth and verdant ; dark woods of spruce-fir hung on them, or covered their summits on our right ; and these, excepting the hardy juniper, were their only decorations ; but the opposite side of the vale, which is exposed to a southern sun, and a milder atmosphere, was, for the most part, richly adorned with ash, beech, hornbeam, and maple.

The scenery, as we continued our route, underwent but little variation until our near approach to St. Sulpice, when the valley almost closed, and a narrow winding road only was left between the mountains, which here became rocky and almost perpendicular, and assumed forms of peculiar wildness. The trees which accompanied us were few and small; scarcely any thing but underwood broke the ruggedness of this ravine. We seated ourselves on some pieces of rock, which lay on the side of the road, and contemplated this scene of savage nature.

A peasant now passed;—we requested him to direct us to the source of the Reuse, which we had reason to believe was not far distant: in a few minutes we deviated from the road by a precipitous descent on our left. The dashing of the water indicated our approach to the object of our curiosity, and we soon beheld the Reuse rushing into its foaming bed, from the base of two precipices of entire rock, of immense magnitude. The sight and sound communicated a new feeling—deep—delicious—intense: since I have become a wanderer of the mountains, I have discovered that my love of nature, however ardent, was but a childish affection, compared with the maturity of passion which now transports my existence. The Reuse, and the mountain-pass, were the first objects which deeply affected us on entering Switzerland.

The valley now reassumed its verdure and beauty, and we passed the pretty village of Fleurier, on our way to Motiers, where Rousseau lived during three years of his eventful life: it was from this retreat that he was driven by the malice and persecution of the minister, Montmolin, and those villagers who “professed and called themselves Christians,” in consequence of the sentiments contained in the *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*. The situation of Motiers is delightful; I do not wonder that “the man of nature and of truth” selected it—in doing so, and publishing his *Lettres de la Montagne*, he proved himself worthy of this appellation, and his sincerity cost him almost his life. It must have deeply afflicted him to quit this valley—all sounds, all objects, here, are quiescent

and Beautiful! How frequently must language fail when we are traversing mountains, forests and torrents! how frequently must interjectional exclamations intrude, and prove that the lips and the pen are powerless when they attempt to describe scenes like those of the valley of Travers. On reading what I have written, I feel so conscious of the colourless descriptions which I have attempted to picture, that I almost regret the promise which I had the rashness to make you in person; how unwise, how presumptuous, was I when I trusted that admiration would generate capacity, and that, by my sketches of Alpine scenery, I could make you, in imagination, the companion of my route!

We had only to mention the name of Rousseau—the descendants of his contemporaries are well acquainted with the former residence of the philosopher; we were conducted to it. The house has nothing to distinguish it; it is at present the residence of an *accoucheuse*, who is highly respected throughout the valley, as much on account of her skill as the benevolence of her disposition; her name is Bossu.

It is not easy to express the feelings which I experienced on beholding the once-cherished residence of Rousseau. Its appearance is as unobtrusive as the rest of the humble dwellings of this village: it is a corner-house; and the ascent to that part of it which Rousseau inhabited is by a flight of covered stairs, raised against one side of the house; at the top of the staircase is the entrance to the apartments of Rousseau. The first room was appropriated to culinary purposes, and the adjoining room to the kitchen; to the right of the entrance, was the chamber of the *gouvernante*, Therese. Opposite to the door of entrance is the room in which Rousseau slept and studied, and in which were composed some of his most celebrated productions: in this chamber is preserved the desk, consisting of a deal board, suspended by small hinges to the wall, at which he used to stand and write. The room, which had been left almost unaltered, even in its furniture, since Rousseau's decease, has been lately white-washed. At the top of, and opposite, the covered staircase, leading to the apartments, is a gallery

where he used to promenade, and at the extremity of it a bench, erected by himself. From this gallery was seen, to the left, a cascade, mentioned by Rousseau; I believe, in one of his letters, the view of which is now intercepted by a house, not long since erected; and to the right, half way up the mountain, is seen a favourite spot, where the philosopher used to walk and meditate; adjoining this is a wood of firs, called *bois Rousseau*, from the frequent visits paid to it by this enchanting visionary.

While I was making such inquiries of Mad. Bossu as were suggested by my situation, an aged woman made her appearance at the top of the gallery-stairs—it was Babet Perrin, the washerwoman of Rousseau. Although I am an admirer of the unequalled talents of Rousseau, I do not feel a very profound respect for the man; you will not, therefore, be surprised that I did not throw my arms around the neck of this interesting damsel of fourscore, because she had seen the most extraordinary being of his species every week during three years, and perhaps (more interesting still) had felt the touch of his fingers' ends almost as frequently. Yet I considered myself fortunate in meeting her, and made enquiries relative to Rousseau's habits, dress, and general conduct towards the villagers, but particularly concerning the persecution which he experienced from the natives of Motiers. The villagers, it appears, are anxious to remove the disgrace which rests on the memory of their fathers; and, although I call to mind some instances of the extraordinary caprice and suspicion of Rousseau's mind, and particularly his conduct towards David Hume, I am yet disposed to be-

lieve that he was indeed driven from his dwelling by the villagers, at the instigation of Montmolin, and the other ministers of the valley of Travers. The outer door of his house was forced, his windows shattered to pieces, and, but for the timely arrival of some military, who were in the village, the life of this injured man would have been sacrificed to their fury. So active, so unrelenting, is the spirit of persecution, that neither reason, truth, justice, the authority of the council, nor the interference and decrees of the King of Prussia, could protect him.

Would that my memory were less tenacious, or that the scenery of this valley had transported me less; I should then be enabled to confirm my promise; I would then attempt to describe what I beheld, what I felt. And must then these delightful hours be confined to memory alone? must I pass from one extreme to its opposite? yes, I feel that I must. Compared with what I saw and felt, an cold itinerary is all that I can offer you. I can only say that we continued our route through Couvet, Travers; that we passed the Clusette at Noiraigue, and spent the night at the romantic village of Brot, and at the house where Rousseau used to sleep when he visited Colombier, the summer residence of Lord Keith, at that time governor of Neuchâtel; that in the morning we resumed our walk, and, after passing the villages of Rochefort and Corcelles, arrived about noon at Neuchâtel. This must be written without comment; the first of painters, the greatest of poets would worship nature here, and pass on; they would not expose the utter incapacity of painting and of poetry, to picture scenes like these.

T. H.

SAGACITY OF BRUTE ANIMALS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SHR,

Gray's Inn; Dec. 1816.

I WAS exceedingly amused with the article on Animal Sagacity in your Magazine: such instances bring the animal very close to the human species, in reason and good conduct; it almost traces an affinity to mankind—much more so, certainly, than would be done

by any pedigree, or other effort to demonstrate a genealogy. They are nearly as surprising as that anecdote related (by Goldsmith, I believe) of a venerable dog, who had been brought up and instructed in the family of a strict Roman Catholic, and who, at the close of his life was sent across the channel into

Wales, to finish his days in the family the merits of the surgeon, and the nature of a Protestant. Such, however, was of the wound.

the force of precept and example, (some would call it conscience, and a sense of duty,) that nothing, from the moment he entered the Protestant circle, would tempt him to eat meat, either on Fridays or Saturdays.

But I think, Mr. Editor, I can give you an instance of sagacity in the canine breed more astonishing far than that, or any other, it ever was my chance to hear : it was related to me, I assure you, as an undeniable fact, and names of persons and places attended the relation of it ; my author was a Prussian officer, who, a little time back, visited this metropolis, and it was my lot to hand him about, and shew him the curiosities. A German count had a very valuable dog, a large and noble-looking animal ; in some description of field-sports he was reckoned exceedingly useful, and a friend of the count's applied for the loan of the dog for a few weeks' excursion in the country : it was granted ; and, in the course of the rambles, the dog, by a fall, either dislocated or gave a severe fracture to one of his legs. The borrower of the dog was in the greatest alarm, knowing well how greatly the count valued him ; and, fearing to disclose the fact, brought him secretly to the count's surgeon, a skilful man, to restore the limb. After some weeks' application, the surgeon succeeded, the dog was returned, and all was well. A month or six weeks after this period, the surgeon was sitting gravely in his closet, pursuing his studies, when he heard a violent scratching at the bottom of the door ; he rose, and on opening it, to his surprise, he saw the dog, his late patient, before him, in company with another dog, who had broken his leg, and was thus brought by his friend to be cured in the same manner.

I have heard before now a farmer say, that he had a horse in his stable who always, on losing his shoe, went of his own accord to a farrier's shop, a mile off ; but I never yet heard of a horse taking another horse to a farrier for the purpose. In the case of the dogs, there must have been a communication of ideas ; they must have come to a conclusion before they set out ; they must have reasoned together on the way, discussing

A young cat, which sometimes has the indulgence of taking her place in the domestic circle upon the carpet before the fire in the parlour, coming in one day a few weeks ago, when one of the party was spinning upon a line wheel, which she had never seen before, she seemed extremely alarmed by its appearance and motion, and couched down in an attitude of fear, and of investigation, and yet at such a distance as would admit of a speedy retreat, if it should prove to be alive and an enemy.—She crept slowly all round the wheel, with her eyes steadily fixed upon it, and with a very singular expression of countenance, which clearly indicated her consideration ; till at length, not being able to satisfy herself, she retreated towards the door, impatiently waiting to make her escape ; which she did, the moment it was in her power, with great precipitation.

The next morning when she came into the room, the wheel then standing still, she advanced courageously towards it and after an apparently careful examination walking all round, ventured upon the further experiment of endeavouring to ascertain with her paw, touching it in various places, whether there was really any thing to be apprehended from it ; still not finding any motion, our philosopher of the Newtonian school, satisfied with this complete investigation that she had nothing to fear, seated herself quietly by the fire ; and the next time she saw it in motion, sprung gaily forward and enjoyed her triumph by playing with the object of her former terror.

DOGS UPON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

The country near the village of St. Peter, the last in the Valais was now, says the relator, perfectly wild and barren, no more green trees being to be seen, and all verdure lost in a boundless waste of snow. No sound was to be heard, but the song of the *Alpine Lark*, or at long intervals, the bleating of the *Chamois*. But even these tones ceased, after I had proceeded about half an hour longer in the snow, nor till I came near the monastery (of St. Bernard) did any others succeed, but the awful thunder of the *avalanche*, or falls of snow. It is in the midst of this frightful solitude, that

travellers are so often overwhelmed beneath these tremendous masses, or benumbed in snow showers; but, through the benevolence of the canons of St. Bernard, assisted by their dogs and sounding poles, they are sometimes rescued from such a state of destruction, and restored again to life.

The perpetual sinking in the snow fatigued me so much, that I began to hesitate whether I must not sit down and rest myself; when I heard the great bell of the monastery, which, pouring with a slow and hollow clang through a wild rocky chasm, had an inexpressibly solemn effect; the conviction it afforded me, however, that I was near the end of my toils, instantaneously renewed my strength, and I pushed on eagerly, when I soon beheld the edifice itself high above me, in a deep blue atmosphere, at the edge of a rugged rock. To an eye accustomed to beholding the habitations of man, surrounded by gardens, meadows, rivalets, and groves, the sight of a large and regular pile of building situated in the midst of this wilderness, on a gigantic eminence, with clouds rolling at its foot, and encompassed only by beds of ice and snow, stretching through a boundless labyrinth of rugged vales, and gullies, in mournful immutability, was awfully impressive. In this chilling region, elevated twelve hundred and forty-six fathoms above the level of the sea, the air preserves a never-ceasing winter, and, even at mid-day in the month of August, the thermometer rarely stands above the freezing point. A small lake, which lies on the South side of the monastery, is never wholly thawed; nor does any green sedge or rushes relieve the desert appearance of its borders.

I now entered the monastery, and found the canons at breakfast, who received me with undissembled hospitality, and, in the most polite and obliging manner, entreated me to prolong my stay with them, at my own pleasure. In the very rudest seasons, as often as it snows, or the weather is foggy, some of these benevolent persons go forth, with long poles, and guided by their excellent dogs, seek the highway, which these sagacious animals never miss, how difficult soever to find. If, then, the wretched traveller has sunk beneath the force of the falling

snows, or is immersed beneath them, in a benumbing swoon, the dogs never fail finding the place of his interment, which they point out by scratching and snuffing, when the sufferer is dug out, and carried to the monastery, where every possible mean is used for his recovery.

Yet, notwithstanding all the care and attention of these worthy ecclesiastics, and their faithful dogs, scarcely a year passes, but, as the snow melts away in summer, the dead bodies of travellers are found; who, remote from their homes, and all that was dear to them, perished here, unnoticed, and unknown. In this chilling region, where fire-wood is among the first necessities of life, it must all be brought by mules up a steep and rugged road, which is scarcely passable more than two months in the year.—*Spor. M.*

The following account is from a German Almanac recently published:

“One of the predecessors of the dogs who lately perished in the *avalanches* from the Great St. Bernard, was named Barry.—This intelligent animal served the hospital of that mountain for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks. One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Drouaz, and the ice-house of *Balsora*: he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his carresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph, to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berny, by way of reward. He is now dead, and his hide is stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

TRAVELS OF DON RAPHAEL.

From the Panorama.

WE have had several works giving cursory accounts of the manner of living of the Arabs, but the best have necessarily been imperfect. Don Raphael has surpassed all in obtaining information on the subject; and from the known character of the author, and his courage in sustaining every privation, and encountering every risk, to obtain true intelligence, with the absence of all prejudice, we are inclined to give him full credence in his curious sketches, and the more so, as the notes were the result of observation, and he could have no motive to deceive himself;—they were not intended for publication. Fortunately, his MS. fell into the hands of an excellent Arabic Scholar, M. Mayeux, pupil of that learned Orientalist, the Chevalier Langles, the French Persian Professor, and he has rendered a very acceptable service to literature, in rendering them public.

The first volume treats of the names, the position and strength of the tribes, and of the qualities which divide them from each other. The second and third volumes are devoted to their manners, customs, laws, government, and religious creeds.

Don Raphael enumerates fifty-seven distinct tribes, all differing from each other in some essential points; of these, eighteen inhabit Egypt, and thirty-nine Syria. Yet these various tribes we are accustomed to confound under the general name of *Arabs*. On this subject the Author observes,—I. “The carelessness with which narratives are written is the principal cause of the false notions and ridiculous opinions which we have of distant nations. Thus *Mussulmen* are called *Turks* in Europe, though they are no more so than the French, and they have, on the contrary, a horror of the name of *Turk*, which is indeed an insult to them, and they only bestow it through excess of contempt on those people who have changed their religion.

It is thus, too, we call indiscriminately *Arabs* the *Bedouins* of the desert, the

people of the two Arabias, the Syrians, and the Inhabitants of Egypt, without considering that all those tribes, which indeed speak the same language, differ essentially among themselves by their customs, their manners, and even their origin. It would not be more ridiculous to confound under the common name of English, the natives of England, Scotland, and Ireland.”

We here notice a highly meritorious part of the plan of Don Raphael. The names of the various tribes frequently refuse all translation; therefore authors have in different countries given names, somewhat resembling in sound the original, but always participating of the genius of the language in which they have been written. It is thus that the most difficult part of translation is to find the synonymy of names, and from this cause we have so many of the heroes of Ancient History with names ending in *us*, though with the exception of the Romans it is very certain that no man's name ended in *us*. This folly has been brought down to modern times; thus De Thou called himself Thuanus. M. Mayeux wisely avoids this error in giving the Arabic orthography.

He commences with the tribes of Egypt, and the tribe of **ARABS BENI ALY**, or *Arab Bèny Aly*, as they write it.

This tribe, he observes, is not properly Egyptian, but is so called from occasionally bringing to Alexandria, the only city where they are to be seen, butter, cheese, &c. From their dialect they are supposed to come from the environs of Tunis. They do not commit any disorders, but what they dare not take by force, they accomplish by fraud. The following is a curious example of this fact.

After the evacuation of nearly all Egypt, the French, besieged in Alexandria, rendered the reduction of it uncertain by the vigour of their defence. During the siege the Arabs Beni Ali arrived, according to their custom: to suffer their entrance into the town, to re-victual it.

and to prevent them by force from supplying it, was impossible. The English general deemed it best to purchase their alliance, and the offer was received with ardour. It was agreed that they should not furnish the town with either victuals or clothing. The English exhibited their gold, and the Arab swore by God, Mahomet, his head, and Eternity ; but the rascals, profiting by the absence of their new allies, who were on board their ships, brought their merchandize into the city, with little more precaution, it is true. What was the consequence ? five shillings were paid for what was worth only as many half-pence. The besiegers were duped, the besieged were victims, and the old adage was verified, *Inter duos litigantes tertius gaudet*.

Nearly all the classes of Bedouins are addicted to robbery, or regard it as the proper business of their lives ; and on days of recreation the Bedouin relates with much complacency and pride, the success of his predatory excursions ; how he robbed a farm-yard of the poultry, without awaking a human being ;—how he met travellers in the desert, whom he stripped or killed, and brought home all their spoils in triumph, as an European general would recount the most brilliant of his exploits : and all national prejudice apart, perhaps the balance of merit, or rather the minimum of evil or demerit, is in favour of the wandering Arab. He strips the traveller to procure his own subsistence. He is proud of his exploit. A sovereign sees a state which he fancies from its political, moral, or physical weakness, may be made an easy prey, and thinks it glorious to murder one half of the population that he may reign over the other : which of these is least criminal in the eyes of a God of Justice ? If a man take his neighbour's purse, or break open his house, he is hanged for it, and very justly : what then ought to be the punishment of those who rob kingdoms, and foully murder all who attempt to defend their property ? The plundering Arab, compared with such, is a pattern of virtue.

Among all the savage nations, hospitality is a great virtue ; and none carry it farther than the Arabs of the Desert. Claim the hospitality of an Arab, he will

ruin himself to feast you, and every one of his tribe is emulous to dispute the possession of the guest, whose stay is a continued round of mirth and feasting ; but on the day of parting, it is not uncommon for an Arab to address his guest, after he has left the tent. " My friend, you are going to leave us ; you possess property, you are sure to be robbed, and perhaps murdered, before you get out of the desert, therefore it will be better that we, *who are your friends*, and have regaled you like our brother, should strip you, rather than the Arabs who have done nothing for you ;" and without more ado, they dismiss him in a state of nature, to pursue his way without the risk of robbery. Plunder is the regular trade of nearly all the tribes of Bedouins, but they frequently restore what they have stolen, if their generosity is invoked.

" A christian going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, having separated himself from the caravan, was attacked by the Arabs, and stripped of every thing, even to his clothes. He now only thought of regaining his comrades as speedily as possible : but he had not gone far when an idea struck him of putting the generosity of the Bedouins to the proof ; he turned and cried with all his force, till he had made them hear him, and then addressing the very man who had stripped him, he said, ' Oh Chief of the Arabs ! a perverse Bedouin has robbed me of all I possess, and I implore thee, thou who art generous, who never betrayed thy honour, to procure my clothes and baggage to be restored.' The Bedouin, stimulated by the address of this discourse, instantly replied, ' Thou art a crafty fellow, but since thou takest me by my honour—here, take thy effects which the rascally Arab has just brought me. I restore them, go thy way, and take care no other robs thee.'"

A Chief of a tribe related to me the following trait :—An old woman, a widow, and in extreme wretchedness, possessed only 16 ounces of meal for herself and seven children, until the evening of the following day ; she made 8 little cakes ; while they were baking, a poor wretch entered, and demanded wherewith to satisfy his hunger ; without hesitation she presented him one of the cakes, and

in the evening distributed the other seven to her children, concealing from them her act of charity, and passing 48 hours without food. This fact occurred during the stay of the French army in Egypt, and paints the Arab better than any description.

"When a Bedouin is reduced to poverty, he does not go begging from tent to tent, but, addressing the chief of his tribe, declares his case. The chief instantly convokes the richest of the tribe, and thus addresses them: '*One of our brethren is in want, if you wish him to die, let me kill him, rather than hunger; if not, you know your duty.*' It is enough, every one gives according to his means; one gives a camel, another an ewe, another a tent, another corn, &c. &c. so that it frequently happens that he who was in the morning on the brink of starving, in the evening is richer than any of his benefactors."

The affecting picture of the Barmecides, who possessed all these heroic virtues, without staining them by any vice, shall conclude our extracts; we regret that the length of the narrative of Almonzer, mourning their fate, prevents us from presenting it to our readers, but we shall give a more recent anecdote of a people who were affable and enlightened, and generous as they were rich; the love of the people prepared their ruin, and the hatred of the Court completed it.

"During the time that the Barmecides inhabited the Desert, an Arab became so poor, that after having sold his domestic utensils, and even his tent, for subsistence, he set out without knowing whither to go, or what would become of him, wishing, by his disappearance, to conceal his wretchedness from those who had witnessed his prosperity. His wife accompanied him.—After wandering three days in the desert, he met another Bedouin, mounted on a nimble dromedary, with three camels heavily laden following him; he sung, and the beams of joy sparkled in his eye.

"Whence come you? where are you going? and who are you? were the first questions of the poor fugitive. I come from the vicinity of Bagdad, and I am going to Bassora; I was formerly rich, but ill luck triumphed over fortune, and

I was plunged in the abyss of misery, when I resolved to essay the beneficence of the Barmecides; I was told they were not only generous, but recompensed generosity in others; all I possessed was a sabre, I presented it to one of the chiefs of that illustrious family, and I accompanied my modest present with a couplet in his praise: he received it without making any reply, he no sooner cast his eyes on me than he left me. 'O vanity of human hopes,' cried I to myself, in my sorrow, 'God confounds the calculations of man, and dispenses prosperity and misfortune at his pleasure!' Before dinner the Barmecide sent for me, and seated me at his table, night came, I was led to a tent; surprised at the manner of my reception, I surrendered my frame to sleep: a young slave entered with the morning sun, took me by the hand, and led me a few paces from the tent, and putting the reins of these three camels in my hand, 'Take these,' said he, 'and go in peace: such is my master's answer.'

"Astonished, I wished to fly to this generous mortal, and testify my gratitude, the servant stopped me, adding, 'your wish is vain, my master receives the thanks of no person; such is his custom, for he says, to suffer any one to thank us for a favour, is receiving the recompense of a good action, from man, instead of waiting for the blessing of the Deity.'

"In silence I mounted this dromedary, which was also presented me, and departed. When I had travelled a few miles, leading my camels after me, I stopped to examine their burthen: they bear at least 100,000 *dinars* of precious effects, and three times as much in money, besides a small case; on opening it, I found my sabre with this note, 'My dear son, thy good intention sufficeth me, I would have offered thee more than my servant has presented thee on my account, but God has not placed them in my hands; peace be with thee.'

Encouraged by the success of this Bedouin, the other directed his steps to the Barmecides, and in three days he was ten times more rich than ever he had been in his life.

These extracts will suffice to give an idea of the merit and interest of this little work. The twenty-four plates which

accompany it are from good designs, and illustrate the manners, customs, and ceremonies of those tribes, which exhibit hu-

man nature in its most debased and its most exalted forms.

UNSUCCESSFUL MACHINATIONS;

OR, THE CASTLE OF DUNANACHY.

An interesting Tale of other Times.

"As flies the inconstant sun over Larnion's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me with all their deeds."

OSSIAN.

HIGH on a rocky eminence on the western coast of Scotland stood the once magnificent and extensive castle of Dunanachy, the remains of which are yet often visited by the curious traveller, and, being preserved in tolerable repair, though not for many years inhabited by any branch of the family to whom the estates belong, they are generally accounted worthy of a tourist's observation, and a sufficient reward for the trouble of riding across an extensive swampy moor that divides the neighbouring cultivated district and the woods, which rise in majestic grandeur on the heights, and in the glens, that lay sheltered by tremendous precipices from the breezes of the ocean, and present a countless variety of beautiful and romantic prospects in their various recesses.

Built on a lofty rocky eminence, projecting far into the sea, and forming one side of a noble bay, where vessels of the greatest burthen might in safety brave the fury of the elements, the castle was accessible only upon one side, by a winding road, across a deep and narrow dell, which served as a natural ditch, or moat, for the defence of the inhabitants, being frequently almost impassable, excepting by a bridge of rude construction thrown across a rapid stream that poured impetuously through the glen, and completed its turbulent course at the base of the rock on which the castle was placed, by falling over a ledge of rugged crags, and mingling its waters with the briny flood.

The entrance to the castle was through a gateway of prodigious dimensions, whence, by an arched and gloomy passage, lighted by narrow slips, and *Eollettis*, the grand area of the building was approached, a space of unusual extent,

surrounded by embattled walls and towers of various heights, in one of which was a chapel, fitted up in a style of ancient gloomy grandeur; while beyond these, skirting the tremendous precipice that overhung the sea, were apartments and offices of every description, and almost out of number, adorned and furnished in the most magnificent and costly manner, but still wearing that air of heavy grandeur which suited the taste of former times, and presents so striking a contrast to the airy elegance and lightness of the modern style of architecture, and of fashionable decorations.

In former times the castle of Dunanachy was the abode of hospitality, the seat of cheerfulness and plenty; but the light and joy of the song are fled; the halls of the renowned are left desolate and solitary, amidst rocks that no more echo to the sound of the harp, amidst streams which murmur unheeded and unknown.

About a century and a half ago, William IV. Earl of Dunanachy, was the possessor of the castle, and the rich domains and revenues appertaining to the earldom. He married the only daughter of a northern chieftain, whose family though not ennobled, were no less ancient and respectable than his own. For several years peace and domestic happiness attended the owner of Dunanachy. The Earl was rather of an austere and haughty temper, proud of his high descent, and imperious in his will; but he was nevertheless accounted a man of strictly honourable principles, respected as a moral character, and generally accounted an affectionate husband to his amiable Countess, whose personal endowments, great even as they were allowed to be, were far overbalanced by

the excellences of her heart and understanding, her mild and gentle disposition, her unaffected cheerfulness, and affability of manners.

Though she had become the mother of several children, it was the will of heaven to spare only one daughter, lovely as the blushing morn, to the wishes of her parents. Rather would the Earl it had been a son, who, with the estates, could have likewise inherited the title and perpetuated the name of Dunanachy. But fate had otherwise decreed it, and the beautiful Malvina was the only one of his children whose health partook not of the delicacy of the Countess's constitution, but displayed a robust and strong frame, which, though far from being either masculine or ungraceful, appeared fitted for encountering the rude blasts of misfortune, and enduring storms of adversity, under which a less energetic mind, and more delicate constitution must have sunk to earth, and ere half her race was run have mingled with the dead.

In beauty as in health she grew the delight of her parents, and of all who had it in their power to judge of her loveliness and sweetness of disposition. Her soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. Her face was like the light of the morning. Her hair like the raven's wing. In a word, she was one of nature's loveliest daughters. Her form was graceful; her complexion glowing and transparent; and her whole countenance was stamped with beauty, simplicity, intelligence, and modesty. When animated, she appeared a perfect Hebe; when pensive, her looks were interesting, full of sensibility and the softness of a Madonna. Faultless as her person was the disposition of Malvina, and

"Though formed in beauty's softest mould,
"No pride her spotless bosom knew."

Virtue, morality, and piety, were instilled into her mind, and when bereft of a mother's care at the age of twelve years, she attended with the most scrupulous exactness to the precepts and instruction of a lady of the name of Douglas, a distant relation of her late parent, who had from her earliest infancy directed her education, and who was in all respects com-

pletely qualified for the duty which had been allotted her.

Severe as unexpected was the blow which Malvina's feelings received on hearing of her mother's decease, for she was at the castle with her amiable preceptress when the mournful intelligence reached them that the Countess, then on her journey with the Earl from London, had been suddenly attacked by an indisposition that baffled the skill of medicine, and hurried her to the grave. From that period Lord Dunanachy returned not to the castle for upwards of three years, and the cause assigned for his absence was his inability to endure the sight of his beloved daughter, the interesting pledge of his lamented Countess's affection, or re-visit the scene of former happiness, where he could only mourn an object loved and lost.

Malvina longed to see her father, but still her hopes met only disappointment, and she had only to use every possible endeavour to reconcile her mind to his absence, and strive by unwearied attention to her improvement to render herself worthy his affection.

In music, and every accomplishment practised in those days, Mrs. Douglas was a proficient. An extensive intercourse with polished society in her youth, and a series of unforeseen and undeserved misfortunes, had taught her a perfect knowledge of the world, and at the same time bestowed upon her manners and conversation a peculiar ease and grace, but rarely to be found in females of those days, but which rendered her at all times a most pleasing, rational, and instructive companion for her charming pupil, who imperceptibly imbibed her opinions, and copied her manners, while she regarded and respected her with sentiments little differing from those she would have felt for her amiable parent, had she been spared to 'rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to shoot.'

At length the Earl re-visited Dunanachy; but his presence, like many of those pleasures which we anticipate with hope and rapturous expectations, conveyed but a small share of satisfaction to the bosom of his daughter. A settled gloom, an increased haughtiness, and a repelling

reserve, checked the innocent and natural vivacity of Malvina, and she perceived with a grief she could not conceal, that he was become indifferent to her happiness, viewing her improvements in person and accomplishments with coldness, and contenting himself with merely assuring her she should ever be most dear to his heart, while he directed Mrs. Douglas to pursue that course with her pupil's education she judged most suited to her age and disposition, with an air of restraint and indifference that sensibly wounded, while it astonished that amiable woman, who perceived he was far more guided by a wish to avoid reproach as an indifferent parent, than actuated by any sentiment of affection for his lovely daughter.

From the period of the Earl's desertion of Dunanachy, the castle imperceptibly acquired an air of gloomy grandeur: a melancholy stillness reigned within its extensive walls; the family, which was then reduced to a small number when compared with its former inhabitants and numerous visitors, occupied but a part of the building; silence was in the halls where mirth and cheerfulness were wont to raise their voices; the lofty towers and heavy battlements overshadowed the moss-grown area, where often days passed over with no trace of human footstep crossing its desolate looking space. The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving at times to the gale.

Days, months, and years, wore imperceptibly away, and Malvina had completed her eighteenth year, still immured in the solitude of the castle of Dunanachy: she was happy, because nature had blessed her with an amiable and a cheerful disposition. Reason and a strong sense of duty towards both her Creator and her earthly parent, regulated her thoughts and actions. She was unacquainted with the world, its few real pleasures, its numerous delusions, and its various allurements; and as Mrs. Douglas foresaw no termination to the seclusion of her lovely pupil, at least while the Earl was in existence, she sought not to render her desirous of greater liberty, nor

to sigh for an intercourse with society. Malvina, therefore, felt not the miseries of disappointed expectation, nor the pain of her deprivations.

Twice only had her father visited the castle since she lost her other parent, but on neither occasion was his presence productive of the satisfaction anticipated by his daughter. His haughtiness and reserve were by no means lessened at his second visit: he seemed to shun rather than delight in the society of Malvina; whose extreme beauty, and perfect resemblance to the late Countess appeared to occasion uneasiness instead of pleasure: rarely he spoke of her mother, and even a full length portrait of her Ladyship, which had adorned the principal apartment, was by his directions removed to another room, in a distant part of the castle, where visitors seldom were entertained, and where he had himself scarce any occasion to enter. Malvina sensibly felt this apparent slight upon the memory of her mother, but she dared not remonstrate; and she could only in private vent her grief, and the sentiments of her heart to Mrs. Douglas, whose sensibility was deeply wounded at this fresh instance of the Earl's indifference to the memory of a woman he had once professed to love with ardour, and who, well she knew, deserved the best affections and respect of a husband, for whom she would have sacrificed her existence, or endured the greatest hardships. But there was a mystery attending the actions of Lord Dunanachy, which was extraordinary in her eyes as it was impenetrable to her keenest researches. His mind seemed ill at ease: he would often start and look around him with the air of one much troubled in spirit, and apprehensive of some suddenly approaching object of terror. One person only enjoyed his confidence, or drew him from his fits of gloomy abstraction, and this was a domestic of the name of MacIaurin, who had been a favourite valet for a series of years, and, with the woman he had married (who was also the attendant of the Countess) was the person upon whom devolved the sole care of seeing the remains of their lady deposited in the coffin, and consigned to the burial-place at the

castle of Dunanachy ; the Earl having immediately, as they reported, quitted the fatal scene of his affliction on the demise of his beloved partner, and gave it them in charge to perform the necessary duties to their mistress with every outward mark of respect and due solemnity.

With her remains, therefore, Maclaurin and his wife returned to the castle, while the Earl pursued his route to a distant part of the kingdom, to bury himself in retirement, and indulge his grief unmolested by an intercourse with his fellow mortals. The last sad offices performed, and all the trappings of woe exhibited around the castle and its interior,

Maclaurin repaired to his master, and his wife remained at Dunanachy, where shortly afterwards she lost her life in child-birth, and her infant became the little plaything and favourite of Lady Malvina.

In this man the Earl still appeared to place unbonded confidence, and it was evident his haughty temper bent in the most submissive manner to the feet of a pampered menial ; while, such is the inconsistency of pride, he was becoming arrogant, imperious, and overbearing, to all who were in the slightest degree under his control.

Concluded in our next.

MISERIES OF PEEVISHNESS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

IT is generally understood, that by temper we mean that prevailing mental disposition of each individual, which is chiefly discovered in social intercourse. It has been justly remarked, that temper is distinguished from passions, as they by degrees subside ; whereas temper is the peculiar disposition habitually remaining after such commotions of the mind are over.

There are some dispositions that cannot be called good, and yet, strictly speaking, are not radically evil, such as a fearful, a fretful, or a capricious temper. There are others which are evil, but not in the highest degree, such as a surly or sulky temper. These must be very trying to amiable persons who are obliged to live with or submit to their ill humours ; but there are some which are really bad, being evil in their very nature, and disturbing the peace of society. Of these we may reckon the few following :—

The first is an *ungoverned* passionate temper. There are many most excellent characters who are naturally choleric, yet, restraining their irritability, they cannot be said to be ill-tempered ; but where a disposition of this kind is not under due government, there is no knowing what excesses such persons may be guilty of ; and indeed we very often see or hear of some dreadful effects of indulging sinful anger and passion. The

second is a *contradicting* disposition. A regard to truth or integrity will often put us under the necessity not only of thinking differently from others, but in discharging our duty we are obliged sometimes to use contradiction. This, however, is quite different from a vexatious humour, which habitually takes a malignant pleasure in contradicting others, in order to assume superiority, or to gratify a contentious spirit. Such a disposition must disturb the repose of society, as it provokes even the gentle part of it, and often raises the passions of the irritable to a high degree. The third is a *revengeful* temper. To shew a temperate resentment for any wrong done to us, is proper ; but there are too many, who, if you do them any injury, or if they take an affront, will be sure to seek revenge, or at least will not forgive. This is such a diabolical disposition, and often productive of so many direful consequences, that there is no need further to enlarge on it. The fourth is a *stubborn* temper. To be firm and decided in what we believe to be right, after due deliberation, is commendable ; but many are quite pertinacious in their opinion, or who, having once resolved on any thing, will listen to no advice, but persist in doing it. This obstinacy is generally founded on pride or haughtiness, and frequently some of the weakest per-

sons are the most stubborn and self-willed. Many of this temper are so perverse as not to be persuaded to the contrary, though their own interest and happiness are obviously connected with taking such advice.

Let us now take a view of some of the chief good tempers ; and the first I shall mention is an *open benevolent disposition*. There certainly is a prudent reserve that is becoming, especially before designing persons and strangers ; and none should be indiscriminate in their benevolence. But where the heart is closed to what is generous, there must be a selfish, sordid, and narrow mind. Persons of good character have no need to have recourse to concealment, or what is mysterious, in their deportment ; and they should do good according to their ability without injuring their families. Secondly, a *peaceable temper*. It is to be deeply regretted, that there are so many of such a spirit, that they often disturb their own peace, and that of others, in matters of a trifling nature. On the contrary, there are a few who are so very mild, as to be almost willing to give up truth and justice, so that they can enjoy quietness. The latter disposition is much better than the former, yet it is not necessary that any should make such sacrifices in order to procure peace. A temper may be truly pacific, gentle, and condescending, and yet firmly determined to maintain what is right, by resisting injustice. Thirdly, a *cheerful disposition*. Some are constitutionally gloomy, and others, from mistaken notions of religion, think that, in order to be serious, they must be in some measure sad. A truly cheerful temper is lively, but not too light, and animated without being too volatile. Lastly, there is an *equanimity of temper*. Perhaps this is the most desirable of any, especially as it respects personal happiness. Not that there is any person of so even a disposition as never to be ruffled ; but some have so much self-command as to be seldom very much elated or too much depressed.

Having offered many discriminating reflections on good and bad tempers, I shall now propose some admonitory advices respecting tempers in general. And

in the first place, *Never indulge an improper disposition*. We are naturally so blind to our own failings, that many ill-tempered persons do not know they are so, and very few are humble enough to own it. But as the mischiefs arising from cherishing such a disposition are manifold, therefore all possible means should be continually used to curb an improper temper. On this part of the subject an excellent modern author thus writes :—“ It will be readily acknowledged, that some are born with unhappy tempers, but more derive them from habitual indulgence. Persons in high life, or in easy circumstances, too often cherish their evil humours, having it in their power to gratify them, and being surrounded with flatterers. We may attribute most of the evils of domestic life to an unhappy determination of some bad-tempered persons to *have their own way*, and the want of condescension in others at the beginning of a disagreement. Habits of strict temperance, and especially the restraints of religion, are the very best means to prevent improper indulgences of this kind.” Secondly, *let not trifles put you out of temper*. We frequently see that small matters ruffle the mind more than such as are really important, especially where the natural temper is not good : and it is a lamentable fact, that more families have been divided or friends separated by the indulgence of evil tempers, than by most other occurrences. The following advice of a lady to one of her late pupils, is worthy of serious consideration, particularly by females :—“ As our sex have quicker sensations than men, we have been charged with having sharper tempers, and being more unwilling to forgive than the other sex. I will not take upon me to say how far in general such a charge is true, but I hope, my dear, that it will not be so with you. O never forget that one great point to your present and future comfort is the due regulation of your temper, as an individual, and more particularly if you should become a wife and mother. The character of *Serena*, in Mr. Hayley's poem on the Triumphs of Temper, is truly amiable, and such a lovely picture, as I wish you, my dear, and all females, frequently to

view, in order to imitate." Finally, let every one strive to possess and preserve a good temper. An amiable disposition is often the gift of nature in the conformation of the individual; but a proper education and a regular life, with the influence of vital religion, will contribute very much to form a good temper, and to sweeten and regulate one that is not so. It must also be remembered, that as old age, poverty, or disappointments, have a tendency, by degrees, to render excellent dispositions less amiable, persons under such circumstances should be on their guard, lest their temper, by such changes, be materially injured.

I shall leave the subject on the minds of your readers with the following appropriate quotation:—"Much has been written of late years respecting the miseries of life; but I am persuaded, that the principal source of most of them is the indulgence of bad tempers. Thus they poison the comforts of life, set a bad example, and are ungrateful to God for his bountiful goodness. Some of this

cast wear it in their visage, or to use a phrase of Shakspeare, they have a vinegar aspect. However, this is no certain rule; for it is well known, that many with an open and smiling countenance have very bad tempers. But now let us take a short view of the man who is habitually good tempered. Having only a good moral character, and common sense, he will be well received in life, though he may have no riches, learning, wit, or comeliness of person to recommend him. His pleasant behaviour and kind treatment of others will excite them to make suitable returns; and those who cannot serve him, will at least be gentle towards his errors and faults. He may not shine in conversation, but his affability and cheerfulness will please and enliven every company into which he comes. In sickness, poverty, or sorrow, he will always meet with some to help or sympathise with him, and his death will be sincerely lamented by all who were acquainted with him."

G. G. SORABES.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

Continued from p. 67.

TO form an opinion of the French character from that of the Parisians, would I think be forming it upon a defective basis. Besides that at the present time a stranger at Paris can hardly be said to live among the French, so much is it in the possession of foreigners, the extent of France contains more than one nation, and they may be supposed to exhibit as many different characters as they do physiognomies. Among the latter, I had long before, out of France, distinguished one particularly disagreeable to me, and which I met with in France for the first time among our postillions. This man's complexion was brown, with black rugged eye-brows, black coarse eye-lashes, the nose broad at the bottom, with large nostrils, and inclined to turn up, the mouth very large with thick lips, the head covered with black coarse hair, tied in a queue with a greasy ribbon. This character probably draws its origin from the more southern

provinces. The man was constantly in a passion with his horses, or something else, during the whole stage he drove us. The many fine countenances among the men, and fair complexions among the women, met with in this place, are no doubt indigenous to the more northern parts of France. Female beauty, as far as it consists in the elegant oval contour of the head, symmetrical disposition of the bones of the face, whiteness and delicacy of skin, tinted by the pencil of health with roseate hue on the cheek and crimson on the lips, appears to me, when I remember the fair daughters of Albion, very rare, among the Parisian dames at least. The shape of their heads commonly deviates too much from the elegant figure of the oval; but where this grace is added to the beauties peculiar to the French lady's face, the result is an interest and fascination from the whole to which only the words *je ne sçais quoi* can be applied.

The women of that class to which

shopkeepers and other tradesmen belong, so as to me to bear more than their due proportion of the labours of society. These almost exclusively manage the business of the shops; and they cannot be too much praised for their unwearied industry. Many mothers among them do not allow themselves sufficient leisure to attend to their children, who are sent into the country to nurse. The women do not confine themselves to the mere sale of the goods; in the evening, when on account of the lights the inside of the shop can be better observed, I have seen women sitting, making or repairing a watch, engraving a seal, besides others engaged upon elegant needle-work. A shoemaker, whilst in his shop he takes the measure of your foot, will call out the size to his wife, who enters it into the order-book.—Such constant occupation from early in the morning till late at night, argues at least in favour of the character of those females who, from one end of the week to the other, are thus secured from the temptations which idleness furnishes; nor has any thing fallen under my observation tending to the prejudice of the character of this class of females, unless I consider as evidence the sarcastic smiles and significant shrugs of men who, without being able to make out a case, appear only desirous to make you believe that they are among the favourites who are admitted into the arcana of the boudoirs, though neither the minds nor persons of these men seem to possess any thing to recommend them.—Even the forepart of the Sunday (without adverting here to the irreligiosity of this practice) is employed by these females in the occupations of their shops; but the afternoon and evening of that day they consider as allotted for their recreation; they enjoy that opportunity to display their fashionable clothes, and to make their observations upon the taste of others.

The custom of females sitting down in coffee-houses, and taking their dinner there, I am told, has obtained only since the Revolution. This exhibition, however, though novel to us, will appear much less objectionable when it is considered that these females always come attended by one or more gentlemen;

that the appearance of women being no novelty in those places, attracts no notice; and that Frenchmen drink their light wines with their meals, and do not sit afterwards over their bottles indulging in conversation, which would make it improper for females to be placed within hearing of them.

It seems to be generally admitted that Frenchwomen do not possess that kind of delicacy to which Sterne alludes, in that superior degree which heightens so much the charms of the British fair; and I have myself observed some ludicrous instances of this defect. This appears to be a strange anomaly in nature, considering the degree of taste and elegance in their deportment displayed by the ladies of France. This delicacy, whose existence is on occasions indicated by a blush, or expression of painful emotion, seems to me to be founded in an unconscious feeling of the mind of its purer nature than that of the body; and any idea which even by association only leads to a contemplation of the brutish nature of the body, creates a feeling of humiliation from which the unpolluted mind shrinks with aversion. So far I consider this feeling as expressed by delicacy, whilst that species of indelicacy more properly termed *obscenity*, I do not by any means consider as included in the charge against French females of the better classes. Yet the phenomenon of a female French artist being seen (as she was by me on more than one day) sitting before, and making a drawing from, a large male statue, totally naked, cannot be concealed, as it was seen by hundreds who visited the gallery of the Louvre at the same time. This, and some other exhibitions I witnessed, prove an unaccountable want of a sense of propriety and decency, from which in other countries the most lascivious propensities would be inferred to prevail; but here neither the individual seems to be conscious of such connexion, nor do other symptoms prove the existence of such propensities, nor do the people of this country seem to suspect them as necessarily existing with such conduct. It must appear strange that the French on their part should charge the English with want of a sense of delicacy, in being

entertained with, instead of being shocked at, the indecencies and vulgarities of many of their favourite plays. With all this it must be allowed that, in many respects, there appears a greater propriety in the public conduct of the people here than in some other countries. No indecent writing or figuring on public buildings and walls evinces the coarse depravity of the lower classes of the people; no filthily, no blasphemous oaths, from the mouths of drunken men or women disgust or alarm the ears of modest females passing along the streets. The play-houses and public places of amusement are not occupied by courtesans, as by a garrison, whose *corps des gardes* are in the lobbies; and the very prostitutes at their places of rendezvous observe a degree of decorum.

Paris having ever been a court residence only, an external refinement of manners has been particularly cultivated here, and naturally diffused itself among the lowest classes of the people, who once at least were possessed of the ambition of being thought polite; whilst London, being not only a royal residence, but at the same time the most important seaport in the world, must naturally exhibit a greater admixture of the rough manners of those who live in habitations floating upon the ocean. Perhaps there is also something in the sturdy mind of these islanders which will not be trimmed and tied down by the silken strings of politeness. Hence the more frequent broils in the streets of London. If here in Paris two Frenchmen run against each other, the case must appear at once very clearly against one of them, if each does not take the fault upon himself with many apologies. The nature of Frenchmen does not lead them to take occasion for quarrelling from circumstances like these, and least of all with a foreigner.* "In a dispute between a stranger and a native of France," observed a Frenchman to me, "the Frenchman must have

a right and a half on his side in order to gain his cause;" so much will the presumed ignorance of the foreigner be allowed to tell in his favour.

At public exhibitions, and other public places, where either Frenchmen are admitted only on certain days, or where but a limited number of people can be placed, the foreigner is admitted every day, or has the preference given him before the natives. I feel no inclination fastidiously to inquire into the basis of this kind of politeness, as I have heard others do, who suspected vanity to be at the bottom of it, since Frenchmen consider themselves as a nation far superior to all others. Whether it be owing to this nation having been so much deceived, or to a consciousness of their own propensity to deceive, they show a most obvious disposition to suspect *finesse* every where; and the most palpable reason or cause they are sure to reject in search of a more recondite one. Perhaps this may also be a trait of vanity, which assumes an air of greater penetration than what belongs to the multitude. Buonaparte knew well how to avail himself of this feature in the character of Frenchmen, when he wished, in the course of his operations, to make them look to any cause suitable to his purpose, rather than to the most obvious and real one. There are men now in France, who pretend to so much penetration, as not to believe that Buonaparte escaped from Elba without the connivance of the English, who were desirous of renewing the war with France because they observed the French manufactures prosper too rapidly. "*L'on en veut jusqu'à nos fabriques; voilà le secret!*" said a French gentleman from the south to me, who had been an officer in Buonaparte's guards, and was sufficiently imbued with that political insight for which Buonaparte thought it good policy to give them credit. A French officer related in company, in the presence of a friend of mine, that he had been commissioned by the magistrates of a country town to purchase a sword, which was to be presented to a Prussian general, as a compliment for the good conduct of his men whilst they were quartered in that town; "but," added the French officer, "I shall ask the

* Without intending to question the justice of this observation of our correspondent, we cannot help adverting to the case of a respectable English gentleman of the name of Kean, who, for no other ostensible offence than that mentioned above, was but a few months since assassinated by a Frenchman in the streets of Paris.—EDITOR.

Prussian general to give me his address; for as we shall in two years be at Berlin again, I intend to call on him, and demand the sword back of him."—Whilst I was standing on the Boulevards, looking at a print-shop, where there was exhibited a print of Buonaparte, with his face cut up into figures, and near it a portrait of Louis XVIII., I was addressed by a Frenchwoman with a very expressive countenance, pointing to these portraits: "*A présent qu'il est bus; on se moque de lui; il vaut bien ce gros roi; on le reverra; il n'est pas mort.*" I hope I am right in thinking that this woman will not prove a Cassandra.—A Frenchman, a fellow-traveller in a diligence, could not bear the idea that he should be thought so destitute of penetration as to believe that the King of England is still alive, without, however, being able to mention a single reason why his death should be concealed.

The political fate of France, which has delivered her into the possession of foreign armies, together with her domestic differences, give a great check to the display of the national character; whilst that original character has during the Revolution exhibited itself under so many different aspects, that it must be very difficult for an observer to seize upon the genuine and radical features of that character.

On an occasion where the French character was the subject of conversation, and surprise was expressed that the better part of the nation should have so tamely submitted to the sway of so many factions of the most unprincipled individuals, a French diplomatic gentleman replied: "The French, when collected in a numerous body in the face of the world, under the eyes of History and Fame, will attempt the most heroic exploits; but if you take a Frenchman separately, under circumstances of great difficulty, and endeavour to make him take a decisive and active part in the cause, which to himself appears to have justice on its side, he will shrug up his shoulders, wring his hands, and—shed tears!" This at least corresponds well with the observation of Buonaparte upon the character of Murat, in one of his

intercepted letters written to his sister, the wife of Murat. As the French when assembled in great numbers may be capable of the highest enthusiasm of courage, so they seem also in such situations subject to panic; whilst the last revolution alone has produced more than sufficient instances to show that individually they can have death, even certain death by the hand of the executioner.—I have read in some history of France, that formerly, when an engagement of consequence was to be entered into by individuals in that country, the parties were made to swear upon the tomb of some eminent saint to the performance of their engagement; but that, in process of time, it was found necessary to take the parties to the tombs of several such saints to try to bind them to the execution of their engagement. A French historian, in noticing an eminent person among his countrymen, describes his character as most excellent, *only* that he was apt not to keep his word. This trait, as well as too great a readiness to proffer their services, seems to me to be the effect of the want of a sufficient degree of strength in the character.—Whatever defects may appear to attach to the character of Frenchmen in particular, they are allowed to be exempt from that master-vice—drunkenness. What difference the absence of this vice must make in the happiness of the lower classes of the people, may not only be conjectured, but is evident from the appearance and conduct in public of those people in this country; nay, the superior classes may bless their favoured lot, that their nation is not contaminated by that vice, in the train of which the poet or painter might depict every crime that has a name—a horrid procession!

The revolutionary career with France has run during so many years, has introduced an unexampled variety of political opinions, which were all kept compressed by the energy and splendour of Napoleon's government. These are now let loose—and Heaven knows what settlement will ultimately take place of this chaos of opinions of ultra-royalists, limited monarchists, republicans, democrats; and those who do not know what they

want, but are dissatisfied with what they have. An old, intelligent, French gentleman, of great respectability, contemplated this confusion of opinions with despair; thinking that it would ultimately lead to a division of the territory of France among the neighbouring powers. The mass of the French nation, I am inclined to think, still cling with their affections to Buonaparte. Such attachments are not founded upon reason only but upon a long habitual feeling. The men between twenty and thirty years of age, the hearts and arms (though not exactly the brains) of a nation, know little of the Bourbons; and these now come among them with disgrace and subjection preceding them, though the Bourbons be not by any means the cause of it. Instead of bulletins of their victorious Emperor from the Kremlin, halfway between Paris and Bagdad, and of splendid triumphal arches, they must now hear the decrees of the Bourbon king for raising contributions for foreign armies in possession of their country; the triumphal arches in their capital are before their faces despoiled of their decorations; and their boasted trophies of the master-pieces of art torn away from their splendid and costly depository. The enlightened—and God send it to be the greatest part of the nation!—must view this in its proper light; and see in the unbounded ambition of Napoleon, and in the slavish submission of the nation to him, the source and cause of the present unparalleled overthrow of France. Political liberty, for which the revolutionists overturned whatever was before held sacred in France, and sacrificed every principle, every human feeling—together with the happiness, property, and lives of millions—was entirely lost sight of, like a small star, in the blaze of the meridian sun of vain-glory; and the most hideous despotism lost all the horror of its infernal features when mounted in the dazzling car of victory. It is from weak monarchs, not from energetic tyrants, that liberty wrings concessions;—the true and intelligent friends of rational liberty in France must, therefore, consider the present state of the government as greatly favourable to their views; whilst Napoleon would have erased from the

alphabet the very letters that compose the word LIBERTY, and summed up his whole political creed in the words—GLORY but SLAVERY, or DEATH. To obey the Emperor, and promote the glory of France, was the basis of the new system of education introduced by this arch-despot; who, it is notorious, went so far as to have expunged from the edition of the classics to be used in schools, every passage having a tendency to feed in the youthful bosom the sacred flame of liberty, and of hatred of tyranny; whilst every new publication was obliged to undergo a similar mutilation. “Yet Napoleon knew how to give to his despotism an appearance of liberty,” observed a French lady; for among the ladies also Napoleon has a great number of adherents. This lady was a mother of two, if not more sons; for to many a mother the military system of Napoleon held forth the delightful prospect of seeing her sons returning in the splendid uniform of a general of division, covered with decorations, and possessed of an estate. That they might return cripples was a chance which their sanguine temper would not allow them to dwell upon. Nay, I remember an English mother, when I congratulated her on the peace, shaking her head, and observing: “We have three sons in the army—what is to become of them?”—“When my boy,” observed a French gentleman to me, “sees an officer in a fine uniform, decorated with military orders, he cries: *Papa, I shall one day be such a man!*”—How is this military spirit, created by the Revolution, and nourished during so many years, to be subdued at once into the sober disposition of men of business? The revolutionary state of France has lasted too long to expect a new order of things to be introduced with much less agitation than what attended the former change; and difficult beyond measure must be the task of those men who, by their judicious and prudent measures, are to render harmless the electric matter with which those clouds are charged that float in the political atmosphere of convulsed France. When you consider the situation of the government of the Bourbons on their return—the soldiers, who swore fidelity to them, concealing

the cockade of Buonaparte at the bottom of their knapsacks—generals, magistrates, postmasters, collectors of taxes, &c. all either paid, or acting clandestinely or openly in support of the usurper the moment he appears—where can you look but to the enlightened, generous, but energetic, measures of the Allied Sovereigns, to prevent a catastrophe which every one possessed of human feelings must deprecate, and contemplate with horror: I mean a general anarchy in France, under a government which has not a firm hold of the nation. It is undoubtedly as just as it is expedient that the French people should be made to feel some of that distress which they have so long been in the habit of inflicting on their neighbours; yet retaliation is a two-edged sword, which may severely lacerate the hand that wields it unskilfully.

The various species of political characters bred in the hot-house of the Revolution remain yet interwoven with society here, like the tangled weeds in a long-neglected field. Here you may meet with regicides and judges of the Sep-

tembral tribunals, as well as with old royalists, worm-eaten with devotion to absolute monarchy.—When I was the other day introduced to the Abbé —, he said: “*Tous les hommes, qui aiment la religion, la vertu et la morale, font une seule famille.*” Yet this abbé put his signature unsolicited to the sentence of death of the King. There was less consistency in the ejaculation of this abbé than in an admired courtesan’s exclaiming: “*Quand vous serez la bas sous la terre, vous ne jouirez de rien, jouissez donc !*”

I dined a few days ago with the Prince —, who inhabits a palace belonging to the Duke —. In a conversation after dinner, I explained to the prince the subscriptions that were going on among the English in consequence of the battle of Waterloo. “Ah!” said this amiable prince, “that is a noble nation;” and pointing to the silk coverings of the chairs and sofas in the rooms, “look, sir,” said he; “here you will find the richest embroideries. It is thus that these men here spend their money.”

JUVENILE BOOKS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I AM not a little astonished at the vast and extensive circulation of what are called “Juvenile Books,” among persons who, from their stations in life, and education, ought to be supposed capable of acting more rationally. In the present system of infantine education, the young mind is clogged with, and is prevented from expanding, by that *hey-diddle-diddle* trash which fills the “Juvenile Libraries.”

I would not wish to be set down as a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau; on the contrary, I should be a sedulous advocate of fables; but I think that there are enough which might be resorted to, much better calculated to instil sense, wisdom, and caution, into the young mind, through the medium of fabled bestial speech, without resorting to the learned pages of *Mother Goose* or *Old Dame Hubbard*.

We all know that the mind, like the body, has its progressive stages from in-

fancy to maturity, and final decay; both are inseparably connected for life, like *shell* and *kernel*, and the treatment of both should be somewhat assimilated. The mind cannot grow to health and vigour, any more than the body, without wholesome food: like the latter, in the stage of its infancy, its diet should be light, but nutritious, and be more substantial as the powers of digestion get stronger; it is nature, and not the doctor or the nurse, that creates and invigorates this faculty. The seeds of useful knowledge and virtue are the proper nutriment for the human mind; carefully fed on these, it soon develops the symptoms of early vigour, and give hopeful promise of shapely proportion and athletic maturity. But how can the mind, any more than the body, thrive, if fed in its infancy on the *sleeps* and *sugar-plums*, *lolly-pops* and *green trash*, of hobgoblin tales, histories of dogs and cats, and all the nonsense of the nursery and parlour, which only stuff the rickety fancy with idle phantoms and false no-

tions, and clog the intellect and memory with error and superstition, which it must be the arduous task of the future teacher to sweep out of the mind, before he can make any effectual progress in rational instruction.

We have seen the most lamentable consequences from this erroneous treatment.—I have heard of generals who have repeatedly led armies to victory, and frequently stormed batteries pregnant with destruction, and yet who dare not go up-stairs alone in the dark, pass through a church-yard after dark, bear a cat in the room, or see a rat or a toad, without evincing strong symptoms of terror, merely from the indelible impressions made on their infant minds by vulgar nurses and servants, which the whole course of their subsequent education and intercourse with the world could not eradicate. Will it be said that the human mind is not alike susceptible of useful impressions equally per-

manent? or that early lessons of nature and philosophy may not be rendered quite as intelligible and interesting as the trash invented by the nurse or footman to terrify or astonish the childish understanding, ever hungry for knowledge of some shape or other, and ever craving for gratification?

Do the wonders of the creation that surround us on all sides afford no subjects for instruction, easily made interesting and intelligible to children? Can there be no lessons given of the great subjects—*Cause and Effect*, even from the vegetation of seeds, flowers, and fruits; nor of the wonderful and immutable laws of nature; from the sun, moon, and stars; and the infinite and astonishing variety and beauty of trees and animals, that so strikingly evince the omnipotence of the great Creator, and the precise and implicit obedience of all nature to His eternal laws?

Feb. 1817.

Y. Z.

FASHIONS.

To the Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*.

"L'Acoutumance nous rend tout familier,
"Ce que nous paraissoit terrible et singulier."
DE LA FONTAINE.

SIR,

THE above quotation recurred to me this morning when I happened to inspect an old chest, in which are deposited some fineries of my ancestors, and in which my brothers and sisters and myself soon dressed in masquerade. The former possessors of these reliques had been residents in different countries: one of them (an uncle of my grandfather) was plenipotentiary to the court of Madrid; and certainly my brother Dick looked unusually handsome as a Spanish Chevalier. Another old fellow and his lady-wife had lived for years in Constantinople; and my brother Roger, who is six feet two inches in stature, frightened us in the habit and mustachios of a Turk, though Elinor appeared extremely elegant in the embroidered vest and brocade turban. Maria's shining tresses were concealed by the heavy veil of a novice: and Edward and I personified a beau and belle of the beginning of the last century. This employment occupied us so

entirely that we forgot the passing time, and had not many minutes finished our toilettes when we were summoned to dinner. No delay is in this case ever permitted, and we therefore hurried down without attempting to modernise our attire.

But unfortunately, Mr. Editor, our aunt, with whom we reside, is an old maid, and, as unfortunately, the person who shares in the labours of our guardianship is an old bachelor. The first is always railing at us young people because she cannot appear young herself; and the last is continually reviling the present generation because the present generation reviles him. On such reverend skins of parchment the only impression we could expect to make was an additional shrivel. We therefore entered with due gravity, and while they stared at us in silent amazement, we as silently took our places.

But woe to us! the footmen who waited were not so impenetrable; and when Edward asked one of them for a plate, his tie-wig and sagacious curls overcame their sense of respect, and they tittered aloud. The storm then burst:

they were dismissed the room ; and the beau and belle who had, one been a member of the privy council, and the other maid of honour to a Queen, were severely reprimanded for our childish folly and the silly example we set to our younger sisters and brothers.

To turn the tempest would have been an useless effort ; I therefore let it rage till it had exhausted itself, and then with much spirit took up the cause. I reminded Mr. Crabstock that he had piquinaded my bare elbows ever since I had entered my teens, and now that they were decently veiled in treble ruffles he censured my levity ! I retaliated on aunt Margery her scolding of the day before for having my shoes cut so low as to expose the shape of my instep, and when to please her I inclosed my feet up to the very ankle bones, and changed their appearance by setting my heels on a pair of pillars, she exclaimed at my evil example ! The ruff that overshadowed my neck, and the stays that increased my waist, I next brought forward in repetition of her displeasure against modern indecorum. But in the midst of our dispute we were interrupted by the entrance of a lady who lives in our neighbourhood, and whose elegance of mind and manners have gained her considerable influence not only with the young but the old of our household. I instantly in the name of the culprits, made our appeal to her, and she soon not only restored us to peace by laughing at our amusement, but even induced the ancient senators to permit its continuance without further molestation.

Mrs. Gracemore is assuredly a charming woman ; for though young, handsome, fashionable, and good humoured, she turns as she pleases our stately governors, who are old, ugly, ill-fashioned, and ill-natured ; and by the time our tea had concluded, the reverend Crabstock and his colleague Margery became absolutely sociable, and even went so far as to pass their benediction on the good times in which the women went decently covered, and the men were decently behaved ! This introduced a discussion on dresses ; and those of Spain, Turkey, &c. were variously canvassed with satire or applause.

I, however, who pretend to some judgment in the fine arts, contended for our present style as being most classically becoming, and deduced the general and decisive proof that the painter or the statuary could not with classical propriety dress his productions in any costume so well as in that of the present mode of England. This provoked the sarcasms of Mr. Crabstock, who muttered something about a "modern maxim—the less covering the more beauty ;" but Mrs. Gracemore's opinion soon ended the contest, by convincing me more in three minutes than the preaching of my legal dictators had done in three years.

"It is a just observation," said she, "that the present style of English dress is equally becoming and graceful, and as such is entitled to our approbation : but there is a limit which the woman of modesty cannot pass. The beautiful statues which have formed criterions for all succeeding ages are certainly no models of imitation for us wives and daughters, and though folly and variety may seduce votaries to the train of fashion, no female of a pure and delicate mind can so far forget her feelings as to subject herself to the licentious gaze of the coxcomb or the censures of the man of sense. Neither the ruff that overshadows the neck, nor the stays that increase the shape, are essential to real decorum ; but when a woman, to catch the eye, abandons the innate consciousness of her sex she also abandons her claim to respect, and finds contempt where she hopes for admiration. The prevailing dress of a country every individual ought to adopt ; the morals of a country it is the duty of every individual to preserve."

Mr. Editor, I never was intentionally indelicate, but this speech obliged me to remember, that I have sometimes been thoughtlessly so. I secretly vowed that the morals of my country should never again through me be individually questioned ; and as it is probable many of your readers may through the same giddiness have been culpable of the same error, I resolved to transmit to you for their benefit, the hint I had received for my own.

CONSTANTIA CANDID.

Feb. 1817.

INTERESTING FEATURES OF REID'S ESSAYS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THERE is no one among the arts of civilized life which depends for its support so much upon its own merits as the art of medicine, and therefore none in which mystery is less necessary. The profession, so far from suffering, actually gains by such an increase of the general confidence as must necessarily follow every effort to circulate this species of knowledge. Resting upon the broad basis of its utility, the more extensively it is known, and the farther each individual is able to follow it in detail, the greater faith will be reposed in its professors; and, therefore, the greater benefit will they in return be able to render to their fellow-men. It is always a happy circumstance when men of education and talent devote their time to imparting to those out of the profession the result of their studies and professional experience. It is a noble ambition to be extensively useful, and the work I am about to notice is an effort to that object, well directed and happily successful. Dr. Reid has here given to the world a collection of *Essays* upon the most general causes of nervous diseases; the style in which they are written is elegant and graceful, unencumbered with technical terms or professional phrases; the language pure, the figures well chosen and appropriately introduced. The dictatorial style is softened down, even to the sweet voice of friendship, and an interest is awakened in the reader which carries him irresistibly along with his subject. They are illustrated by cases in themselves extremely curious and appropriate; most of them, having occurred during the doctor's own experience, are entirely new. The following finished passages are from the essay upon the undue fear of death, that most ordinary symptom of hypochondriasis?

"It is a circumstance somewhat remarkable, that those persons should be in general found to dread most their departure from this state of being, to whom it has proved least productive of enjoyment. The passion for life would seem

to be like that for country, which is said to be felt with the greatest vivacity by the natives of barren regions. Upon an apparently similar principle, after existence has lost every thing that could enliven or embellish it, we often become more enamoured of its present deformity than we were with its former loveliness. When all is gone by, that could render the world reasonably dear to us, our attachment to it not only remains, but appears frequently to be strengthened rather than to be impaired by the departure of whatever could justify its continuance. The love of life, one might fancy, in some cases, to be a product formed by a decomposition of its pleasure. These remarks are, in no case, so well illustrated as in that of many a nervous invalid, to whom the continuance of being is often only the longer lingering of torture. The unhappy hypochondriac is unwilling to lay down the burthen which oppresses him. The rack upon which he is stretched he prefers to the repose of the grave. He is loath to relinquish that breath which is spent in little else than sighs and lamentations. To him existence is a chronic malady; and yet he feels an insuperable aversion from its only effectual cure. I was once present when a poor patient of a dispensary, conscious that he was labouring under the last agonies of asthma, arising from water in the chest, breathed a confession that "he was ashamed of feeling so much attachment to his last rag of life."

"Contradictory as it may appear, there are well attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide by the dread of dissolution. It would seem as if they had rushed into the arms of death, in order to shelter themselves from the terrors of his countenance."

"The inordinate fear of death, so far as the disease is purely mental, may be in a great measure counteracted by a juster estimate of the value of life, 'a state in which much is to be endured, and little, comparatively, to be enjoyed.' This correct judgment with 'the gay conscience,' of a life that has been spent upon the whole honorably and usefully, so

as it has advanced, will enable a man at any stage of its progress, to look forward as well as backward, with no exulting or triumph, but with a humble and quiet satisfaction.

"The Christian is still more highly privileged; his eye, happily invigorated by faith, is able to penetrate the thick mist which hangs over the tomb, and which, from our unassisted sight, intercepts any further prospect. The light of divine revelation is, after all, the only light which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death."

Among a series of Essays upon mental health, there must, of course, be one upon such a prolific cause of misery and disease, as intemperance. We are always happy to have the dictates of medicine against this almost universal vice, which, whether sought as a refuge from sorrow and misfortune, or yielded to on account of its own seductive qualities, is a never-failing source of misery, disease, and death.

"The strongest liquors are the most weakening. In proportion to the power which the draught itself possesses, is that which it ultimately deducts from the person into whose stomach it is habitually received. In a state of ordinary health, and in many cases of disease, a generous diet may be safely and even advantageously recommended. But in diet, the generous ought to be distinguished from the stimulating, which latter is almost exclusively, but on account of its evil operation upon the frame, very improperly, called *good living*. The indigent wretch, whose scanty fare is barely sufficient to supply the materials of existence, and the no less wretched debauchee, whose luxurious indulgence daily accelerates the period of its destruction, may both be said, with equal propriety, to live hard. Hilarity is not health, more especially when it has been roused by artificial means. The fire of intemperance often illuminates, at the very time that it is consuming its victim. It is not until after the blaze of an electric conflagration that its depredations are exposed. Stimuli sometimes produce a kind of artificial genius, as well as vivacity. They lift a man's intellectual faculties, as well as his feelings of enjoyment, above their ordinary level. And if by the

same means, they could be kept for any length of time in that state of exaltation, it might constitute something like a specious apology for having had recourse to them. But, unfortunately the excitement of the system can in no instance be urged above its accustomed and natural pitch, without being succeeded by a correspondent degree of depression. Like the fabulous stone of Sisyphus, it invariably begins to fall as soon as it has reached the summit, and the rapidity of its subsequent descent is almost invariably in proportion to the degree of its previous elevation. Genius, in this manner forcibly raised, may be compared to those fire-works which, after having made a brilliant figure in the sky for a very short time, fall to the ground, and exhibit a miserable fragment, as the only relic of their preceding splendour."

"The man who has been the slave of intemperance must renounce her altogether, or she will insensibly re-assume her despotic power; with such a mistress, if he seriously mean to discard her, he must indulge himself in no dalliance or delay. He must not allow his lips a taste of her former fascination. Webb, the celebrated walker, who was remarkable for vigor, both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him 'that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees.' 'By degrees,' exclaims the other with indignation, 'if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out only by degrees?'"

Upon the subject of lunatic asylums, the opinion of Dr. Reid has been long before the world, and the facts lately investigated by the committee of the H. of Commons, go as far as facts can go, to verify its truth. We are all sensible how much the amelioration, or cure of such patients depends upon the humanity and skill of those who are to administer to them, and that much of the evil may

have arisen from the want of those qualities; but, if the abuse lately developed could exist in a public institution, with all the means of correction which a public institution always commands, how must we shudder to think of what may, and most probably does, exist in the number of private receptacles with which this country unfortunately abounds. These considerations give a peculiar value to the pages which are devoted by Dr. R. to this subject, and which are dictated by the purest spirit of humanity, and the subject altogether treated with the peculiar care and tenderness which its importance and delicacy require.

"A heavy responsibility presses upon those who preside or officiate in the asylums of lunacy. Little is it known how much injustice is committed, and how much useless and wantonly inflicted misery is endured, in those infirmaries for disordered, or rather cemeteries for diseased, intellect? Instead of trampling upon, we ought to cherish, by the most delicate and anxious care,

strive to nurse into a clearer and brighter flame the still glimmering embers of a nearly exhausted mind. It is by no means the object of these remarks to depreciate the value of institutions, which, under a judicious and merciful superintendence, might be made essentially conducive to the protection of lunatics themselves, as well as to that of others, who would else be continually exposed to their violence and caprice."

Upon the whole, this is a book written upon subjects which materially concern every body, in a style and manner which every body can understand. The reader will not find himself impeded by any metaphysical abstruseness or dull detail of symptoms, but will be equally entertained and edified by essays upon manners and habits, all which concern our mental and bodily health; and which, by showing how intimately our physical and moral welfare are connected, put us in possession of ourselves, and teach us to seek and apply remedies which we possess within us.

Feb. 1817.

J. F.

SKETCHES OF A PEDESTRIAN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE lovely weather that added unusual charms to the recent autumn, induced me to determine on a pedestrian ramble in the Isle of Wight. I have ever considered that a great portion of the pleasure arising from an excursion of this nature, consists in finding a companion of similar taste and inclination. I was fortunate in this respect; and we soon arranged the plan of our little journey. Portsmouth presented, in our apprehension, the most pleasing approach; and from thence we resolved to attain the promised land.

When a man is determined on peregrination, nothing is so desirable as a prompt execution of his wishes. After an hour spent in the pleasant bustle of preparation, we had the satisfaction to be informed that the Ryde packet was ready to sail. We were soon seated in this accommodating vessel, and had leisure to survey the objects around us.

Although in search of tranquil scenes

and natural beauties, it was impossible to view without interest, the grand and imposing spectacle of the surrounding harbour. On one side the immense dock-yard rears its lofty towers, and spreads its massy buildings to the eye; on the other, Gosport presents its crowded streets and busy markets; while numerous forts bespeak the defensive attitude of the encircling coast. Beyond the Platform, the habitable space is extended to South Sea Common; while a new town appears to emulate in buildings the ancient site of Portsmouth. In the harbor, innumerable masts and many-tongued murmurs issuing from busy swarms, bespeak its naval importance; while the neighbouring sea is spread with warlike canvas. Portsdown Hill, which terminates the inland stretch, with its appropriate monument to the naval hero of Britain, the far-famed Nelson; forms an admirable back ground to this panoramic view. Truly, said we, England is a great nation!

After an easy sail, wafted by the gentlest breezes of a cloudless day, we arrived at Ryde. The Isle of Wight, with its lovely expanse of hill and dale, rising like a fairy vision from the bosom of the ocean, had long formed the sole object of our contemplation; and we were eager to press its inviting shore. But the voyager to Ryde, if he arrive at low water, must not be impatient. Certain ceremonies are necessary to gain a dry footing: submitting to these, we were admitted, as free denizens, into this sanctuary of the polite and gay.

The "enlarged and still increasing" extent of the Ryde, sufficiently evinces the predilection of the fashionable world for this spot. It already consists of three streets, and a fourth is attaining with hasty strides the summit of the hill; while numerous detached residences, rising from the humble cottage to the ornamented mansion, spread its limits on either side. Yet in spite of the attractions of modern Ryde as a watering-place of gay resort, it will be rendered, perhaps, of greater interest to those who can attach to inanimate objects "the mystic worth of mind," from a circumstance anterior to its newly risen splendour. Ryde was the last spot of English ground visited by Henry Fielding, justly termed the Cervantes of England; whose works will probably live, when the gay abode of fashion has again become a forsaken and neglected spot.

Oppressed by disease, and journeying with rapid steps towards the grave; it will be recollected that Fielding, as a last hope, sought alleviation of his distemper in a milder climate. On his voyage to Lisbon, the vessel was detained by contrary winds on the coast of the Isle of Wight; and for several days Fielding relieved the tedium arising from the confinement of the ship, by a residence at Ryde, then a small and obscure village.

Fielding's account of Ryde, in the journal of his voyage to Lisbon, contains many curious particulars, when compared with the present aspect of the place. It appears that the best resting-place for travellers it then contained was a small ale-house, the accommodations in which are described with his characteristic hu-

mour. The simplicity of manners and secluded habits of the villagers, he illustrates by the following anecdote: "This morning, (July 19, 1754,) our ladies went to church, more, I fear, from curiosity than religion; they were attended by the captain in a most military attire, with his cockade in his hat, and his sword by his side. So unusual an appearance in this little chapel, drew the attention of all present, and probably disconcerted the women, who were in dishabille, and wished themselves dressed for the sake of their curate, who was the greatest of their beholders." This religious edifice he afterwards describes as "a neat little chapel in a field in the ascent of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the sea. It is very small, but adequate to the number of inhabitants: for the parish doth not seem to contain above thirty houses."*

This description of Ryde, at so short a distance from the present period, would appear astonishing, had we not continual instances of the rapid advance in building, in a place selected as an occasional residence by the fashionable world.

The situation of Ryde is thus described in the work above alluded to: "It is, I think, most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true, it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompense for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire, or Buckinghamshire, though another Denham and another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is in my opinion the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the

* Fielding here probably means the village, supposing that to form a parish. Ryde is, in fact, in the parish of New Church, a district which at present contains upwards of two thousand inhabitants. The chapel at Ryde has been, of late years, much enlarged.

power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.”*

In respect to the latter auxiliary of a sea view, Ryde certainly stands pre-eminent. For here the noblest display of shipping continually arrests the eye, and gives endless bustle and variety to the adjacent sea; while the opposite coasts present their enlivening towns in distant perspective. I cannot, however, admire the taste which has fixed on this as a favourite spot, while such a charming range of coast presents its clustering beauties around. The hill, no longer verdant, nor shaded with grateful umbrage, but formed into streets irregularly built, has doubtless lost much of its natural beauty. Yet the more elevated part, distinctively termed Upper Ryde, is still attractive from the extent and charms of the prospect.

The usual attendants of fashionable residents, the dance and the drama, are not neglected at Ryde. The assembly-rooms are in the upper portion of the library, a showy building, adorned with verandahs on the brow of the hill; and a theatre has been recently constructed at a short remove from the chapel. This building is in form an oblong square. The front, which is covered with cement, is disgraced by pitiful attempts at ornament. In niches over the doors are two miserably executed plaister figures, of doubtful gender and cognomen. The interior is sufficiently commodious for the audience that usually assembles.

Many mansions of a superior character have lately increased the buildings of this favoured town. On the west is the villa of Earl Spencer; a square building of fair proportions, with a portico over

the door of entrance. It is seated on an eminence, and commands extensive views over the opposite coast, with a fine sea view to the east. The windows of this mansion are undesirably small, a circumstance that would appear extremely injudicious in a prospect house. The attached offices are convenient, and the adjoining pleasure grounds agreeably shaded.

In the bottom towards the sea is a house of the Marquis of Buckingham, pleasantly situated amid a lawn and flower-garden; but from want of elevation, precluded from the inland views enjoyed by the neighbouring residence of Earl Spencer.

The great inconvenience experienced in landing at Ryde at low water has at length induced the inhabitants to construct a new wooden pier or stage, to facilitate the ingress to the town. This forms the favourite promenade of the visitors, although still in an unfinished state; and is approached from the shore by a neat pier-house and gate. But the amusement arising from the arrival of packets, which holds out a gleam of pleasure to those who cannot support the tedium of life without incessant novelty, is not here so great as at Margate or Ramsgate. For the shortness of the passage usually protects the most delicate constitution from the effect of nausea, and preserves uninjured by fatigue the most scrupulous attention to costume.

Having satisfied our curiosity by a due examination of Ryde, we resolved to proceed directly for the southern coast, or back of the island. On inspecting our luggage, consisting of a small portmanteau and two great coats, it needed not much sagacity to discover that these would be no very pleasant companions during the sultry weather; and we began to look about for some one to carry them. For

“Who would fardels bear,
“To groan and sweat under a weary load,”

when he could transfer his burthen to another, who for a trifling remuneration would consider himself benefited by the exchange? A porter was soon procured; and we shrewdly observed that he would serve a double purpose, as at the time that he conveyed our moveables, he might act as a guide to our footsteps.

To be continued.

* To this description Fielding adds: “This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which assisted with its declivity preserves it always so dry that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it.” I am the more induced to give these extracts, as this work has experienced a fate unusual with the productions of its celebrated author—that of being little known.

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MAGNETISM.

HAD the earth, says an anonymous philosopher, but one magnetic pole; the dip of seventy-two degrees in our latitude must have been produced by that pole's being at the distance of about one-fourth of the earth's radius from the earth's centre. But, as there are two magnetic poles, which counteract each other, they must, to produce this dip, and the dips of other latitudes, be within a one-hundred and fiftieth part of the radius from the centre. Now this is the very distance at which, according to Bernouilli's calculation, one rectilinear force would produce both the projectile and rotary motions of our planet. These motions, therefore, are probably owing to magnetism.—*Feb. 1817.*

DEAN SWIFT.

On a visit to a gentleman resident 20 miles from his own house, the facetious Dean of St. Patrick, taking a morning walk with his friend, saw a countryman cruelly belabouring a horse. He sprang forward and wrested the saplin from his hand. The fellow, in apology for his severity, said, "No man liked to be brow-beat by a brute."—"Bumpkin," replied Swift, "do you know your own destiny in another world?"—"Lord love your soul, and you were there, and wilt tell all and all about it, you are a jewel of a jontleman."—"Why, fellow, since you have been such a savage in your treatment of this animal, you shall take his place after death, and he will be your driver. In this way all hard-hearted acts are to be punished." The fellow, scratching his head, exclaimed, "Then Jasus ha! mercy upon the Dean of St. Patrick! he will be split and doubled." He continued repeating these words with contortions that might have suited the Pythian propheteess, till Swift, losing all patience, seized him by the great coat which, fastened by a wooden pin, hung loose about him. Recovering as from an oracular ecstasy, he begged pardon, protesting he

meant no offence; but the Dean insisted on an explanation.—"Yees shall have it out on the faace," returned the Irish boor. "If this four-shanked joulter may lather a body for giving him a bit of a ticket, sorrow be to him that bamboozles and heart-wrings a brace of pratty ladies; he will be split and doubled for the twos; and swate Jasus ha! mercy on him if they pay home." The proprietor of the ground, seeing Dean Swift in great agitation, led him away, and ordered the countryman about his business. When they reached the house, the Dean went to the stables, called for his horse, and rode away. His host knew it would be in vain to oppose his departure. He never returned.

This anecdote has never been in print, but it is authentic, having been related to the writer by a grandson of the gentleman who witnessed the consequence-searching scene, which occurred but a short time previous to Dean Swift's death.—*La Belle Assem. Mar. 1817.*

DISCOVERY OF MEZZOTINTO.

This beautiful manner of finishing prints was first discovered by Prince Rupert, who, going out early one morning, observed a centinel at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The Prince asked him what he was about? The soldier replied, that the dew having fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The Prince looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away.

The Prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression to all black, and by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating this idea

to a painter he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which produced the black ground, which being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light.

BORRI, THE ALCHEMIST, AND HIS ROYAL DISCIPLE, CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

The first journey which Christina undertook to her native land, after her conversion to the Romish faith, and her retreat to the papal territories, occurred in 1601. It originated in the instigation of Pope Alexander VII. who thought her a fit instrument to re-establish his spiritual and temporal dominion over Sweden, and was eager to avail himself of the minority and bodily infirmities of the young monarch, Charles XI. and of the wretched government of the queen his mother, to consummate this holy design.

On her progress from Rome in the year 1661, Christina had occasion to sojourn at Hamburg, where she became acquainted, and soon very closely connected, with the famous alchemist, John Francis Borri, of Milan. This circumstance had a greater influence on her subsequent character and pursuits than the impostor himself could have possibly foreseen. Borri was in his, what Cagliostro has been in our times; an early insight into the proneness of our nature to attach itself to the marvellous, and man's avidity to improve his worldly interests, convinced him that the mysteries of alchemy might be rendered, with a moderately versatile genius, the surest path to wealth, honour, and renown. Hence he became the founder of an alchemical sect, to which he gave the name of *Fratricelli*; it was divided into six classes, and soon obtained a host of followers. His hardy dissimulation stretched itself further than even that of any of his predecessors, who had dealt in the pretended secret of transmuting metals, and forming gold from baser substances; to these pretensions he added the gift of an immediate intercourse with supernatural agents, which enabled him to discern "the very souls of his brethren, enveloped in rays of various hues, and their protecting genii hovering over their

heads, and environed with a stream of light." He maintained moreover "that he was the chosen man who should extend the Catholic faith over the whole surface of the globe, where mankind should become one flock, and the pope its pastor. To this effect, he affirmed, the arch-angel Michael had been sent to him from heaven; with a sword, on which the image of the seven beings was depicted." That his imposture was a speculation well suited to the temper of the times is evinced by the rapid increase of his partisans, who became at last so numerous, and, by their intrigues, which had nothing short of the sovereign power for their object, struck such an alarm into the breast of the Roman pontiff himself, that all the powers of the Inquisition were called forth to crush their machinations. Borri had already rendered himself obnoxious to this tremendous tribunal by certain opinions he had broached in respect to the Virgin Mary; and he knew too well that its means were commensurate to its menaces, not to seek for safety in a precipitate flight, which left his exasperated persecutors to exercise their vengeance by the bloodless immolation of his writings and effigy. These events arrested Borri's Italian career in the year 1660, and he fled into Germany, where he instructed sovereigns in the mysteries of alchemy, and repaid their lavish magnificence cheaply enough, by presenting them with a phial of his inestimable "*Aqua Divotum*." At length he pitched his tent at Strasburg, whence the fame of the miracles he wrought there re-echoed in every quarter of the land. Finding this too confined a stage for his operations, he soon moved off to Amsterdam, where he became the object of universal admiration. He here kept up a numerous retinue, always drove about in his coach and six, assumed the title of "*His Excellency*," and, in short, lived in a style of princely magnificence. It was not long before his miracles became so notorious, that the neighbouring countries poured forth their multitudes, who flocked to Amsterdam with hopes of certain cure; nor was Paris itself at too great a distance for its sick to be brought to him in litters. He would accept neither of fee nor recompense, and was never known to receive money

either by the post or otherwise : was it not therefore a natural inference of the public mind that he had discovered "the Philosopher's Stone," which every age had sought for in vain? But mark the end of all this harlequinade. Its *primum mobile* suddenly disappeared, carrying off with him immense sums of money and precious stones, with which he had been entrusted. Hamburg was the next theatre of his performances. Here Queen Christina of Sweden played the Buffa, and greedily devoured his development of alchemy and the occult sciences, by favour of which he enacted a transmutation of the metal in her coffers. This done, Borri took his leave; and, assuming the courtier at Copenhagen, so completely wormed himself into the good graces of Frederic III. that the Danish monarch completely abandoned the government to his guidance, and our adventurer, in his new capacity of legislator, carried matters so far as to present his majesty with a new form of constitution for his subjects. The origin and prop of his ascendancy at the court of Denmark was nothing less than alchemy, with whose glories he so insatuated the royal mind, that Frederic never moved beyond his capital without a portable furnace. Upon the death of his illustrious pupil, whom he had instigated to the most unbounded pecuniary sacrifices, Borri immediately took wing, for he was too wise to disregard the threats of the nobility, who hated him as mortally as they were bent resolutely upon his destruction.

To return to Christina. Her connexion with Borri had given her so strong a bias to alchemy and other occult sciences, that she wasted immense sums with a view to discover the "Universal Medicine," or, at least, the secret of prolonging her life another century. Her belief in the existence of such a medicine was indeed so assured, as to induce her, upon hearing of a new discovery of that delusive preparation, to try its effects upon her own person, without any previous inquiry. She had scarcely swallowed the potion ere she was seized with such convulsions as threatened her with immediate destruction, it was only to the instantaneous exertions of her physicians she was indebted for her rescue from the jaws of death.

This occurrence failed, however, to conquer her credulity. Some time afterwards she became intimate with an English quack, who pretended to possess the secret of prolonging life and the full vigour of youth for a hundred and twenty years, and adduced numerous certificates from various quarters to testify the success of his discovery. Christina offered him ten thousand ducats for his secret; but her almoner and favourite, Cardinal Azzolini, alarmed at the magnitude of the offer, and evincing a commendable attention to the state of her majesty's purse, which at the best of times was but irregularly supplied, procured the Englishman's expulsion from Rome.—*Mon. Mag.*

GLUTTONY OF A FRENCH PRIEST AND A DUTCH CAPTAIN.

The Abbé Freshon was supposed to be the greatest glutton at oysters in existence. A considerable bet was made, that a Dutch captain of a trading vessel would surpass him. A breakfast was ordered for a dozen, at the *Rocher de Concale* at Paris, where the bet was to be decided. The Abbé eat one hundred and thirty-eight dozen, and then gave in: the Dutchman did not relax till he had eaten one hundred and eighty-six dozen, with which he drank eight bottles of white wine, and, espying a fowl untouched, he ate it all, and drank two other bottles of wine.—*Ibid.*

JOSEPH GOUPEY,

whose pupil was his present Majesty, George III., etched after Salvator Rosa, and resided as a fan-painter in King-street, Covent-garden. It is characteristic of the King never to forget any person whom he has once known, and the accuracy of the following fact may be relied on. After an intervention of fifteen years, the King, as he was one day driving through Kensington, saw his old master Goupy seized by two ill-looking ruffians, and immediately recognizing his tutor, he stopped the carriage and called him to the window, when the following dialogue took place: "What is the reason you have not called upon me lately?"—"I could not presume so far as to trouble your Majesty with my visits."—"Phoo, phoo, man! call to-morrow:

but, Goupy, what are those men yonder?"—"Why, to tell your Majesty the truth, they are bailiffs who have arrested me, and only stand aloof now out of respect to your Majesty."—"What is the sum, Goupy?"—"Eighty pounds, Sire."—"Well, well, I can't interfere with the course of law : but d'ye hear ! send to Ramus as soon as you can, and he shall settle the business." After this friendly colloquy, the Sovereign proceeded to court, and poor Goupy to the spunging-house, whence he sent to Mr. Ramus as desired, when the debt was instantly discharged, and the grateful Goupy waited upon his royal benefactor, who settled on him an annuity, to shield him in the evening of his days from any similar embarrassment.—*New Mon. Mag.*

COMPOSITION OF THE INDIAN POISON FOR ARROWS.

It is a fact well known to persons conversant with the history of South America, that the Indian tribes inhabiting the extreme wilds of that continent, between the Oronoque and Amazon rivers, have long been accustomed to prepare their arrows with a poison which they call *wourali* ; the composition of which was wholly unknown to Europeans resident in that country, though its fatal effects had been too frequently felt. With a view to ascertain its component parts, and the method of mixing the ingredients, in order, if possible, to discover some antidote to its destructive consequences, a gentleman named Waterton, undertook in the early part of the present year to penetrate into the interior of Guiana, and after a perilous journey of a hundred and twenty days, succeeded in obtaining the desired information. In the interior of Essequibo, remote from any European settlement, Mr. Waterton found a tribe of savages, known by the name of Macouchi Indians, who excelled in the preparation of the *wourali*. From them he learned that the principal ingredient of this deadly poison, and that from which it takes its name, is the Wourali vine, which is indigenous to the forests of Demarara and Essequibo. Two species of roots, of a bitter taste, unknown to European naturalists, and two kinds of bulbous plants, peculiar to those regions, the stalks of which are filled

with a glutinous juice of a pale green colour, and which, from their rarity, are not to be obtained without considerable difficulty ; and a quantity of the strongest Indian pepper, form the vegetable parts of the *wourali* poison. The animal ingredients consist of two species of ants ; one of which is extremely large, of a black colour, and so exceedingly venomous, that its sting invariably produces fever ; the other is a smaller insect, of a bright red colour, inhabiting nests formed in the leaf of a particular shrub, and whose sting produces the effect of a nettle ; a painful, itching pustule appearing instantaneously on the wounded part. The last article of this extraordinary composition is the fangs of the Labarrie and Counacouchi snakes, which, when any of those animals are killed, are always carefully extracted, dried, and beaten to a fine powder. The ingredients obtained, the method of preparing the poison is as follows :—The vine branches and bitter roots are first scraped into fine shavings and placed in a sort of cullender or strainer made of leaves, over a new earthen pot ; a sufficient quantity of water being thrown on the shavings, the liquor which comes through is of the colour, and much resembles, strong coffee. The stalks of the bulbous plants are next bruised, and the juice expressed into an earthen vessel by squeezing the stalks in the hand. The snakes' fangs, the ants, and the pepper, are then pounded together, added to the liquid, and the whole is placed over a slow fire, where it is boiled down to a thick syrup of a deep brown colour. The scum which rises on the top of the mixture during the boiling is carefully removed with a leaf ; and as soon as this scum ceases to appear, the poison is considered prepared. What may not be required for immediate use, is preserved in little pots of Indian manufacture, the apertures of which are covered with two or three leaves, and tied down with deer's skin so as effectually to exclude the air ; the influence of which, it is understood, would materially affect the strength of the poison ; it is then put away in the driest part of the hut, and occasionally suspended over the fire to prevent the effects of damp. Many superstitious precautions are taken

by the Indians in the preparation of the Wourali poison, for the purpose of preventing any revengeful tricks being played on them by the Qahabew or Evil Spirit, whom they appear to consider jealous of the intrusion into his arena of destruction. The effect of this poison on an animal is apparent in about a minute after it is wounded by the arrow; and however slight the puncture or scratch may be, has never, in any one instance, been known to fail of producing death in rather less than five minutes. The moment an animal is struck by a poisoned arrow, it either stands quite still, or walks forward at a very slow pace with its head inclined to the ground, as if in a state of stupefaction; in the second minute this stupor evidently increases, but the animal does not appear to suffer any pain; in the third minute, convulsive efforts to move, apparently accompanied by drowsiness and a nodding of the head, take place: these struggles are considerably increased in the fourth minute, and generally put a period to life before the expiration of the fifth. What is rather a remarkable circumstance in the Wourali poison is, that no injury whatever is done to the flesh of birds or animals killed by it; the flesh is perfectly wholesome, and will keep as long as if the animal had been killed by any other means; and even the wounded part may be eaten with complete safety. The wound manifests no disposition to irritation, nor does any particular effect appear to be produced upon the muscle otherwise than would have resulted from a wound inflicted with any sharp instrument. Whether any beneficial consequences may hereafter result from an analysis of the ingredients which Mr. Waterton has obtained, amongst which Shakespeare might have procured additions to the "hell-broth" of his witches,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, &c.

it is difficult to say; but if the arrows used by the Indians of Guiana in their predatory excursions against the European Settlements are prepared with the Wourali poison, attempt to discover an antidote to its baneful effects is a study worthy of the attention of the medical philanthropist.

LAUDANUM.

From the European Magazine.

A child was killed here a few weeks ago, by having a large dose of laudanum, &c. administered to it; the bottle containing the fatal mixture being mistaken for its medicine bottle. Such occurrences are not rare; but I think they might be in a great measure prevented, by rendering it unlawful to sell dangerous medicines, or to retail poisonous drugs, except in bottles or boxes distinguished by their shape, or size, or colour, or by some protuberances or indentations, or such other marks as could not easily escape notice.

Such boxes and bottles would soon be generally known, especially if some distinguishing mark of universal application were adopted, and notice thereof given in the newspapers.

ILLUSTRATION OF REMARKABLE WORDS AND PROVERBS.

BEAU.—In borrowing this adjective from the French, we have formed of it no less than fourteen nouns, verbs, adverbs, and adjectives, and neglected the root itself, though it is indispensable to our language; for *fine* by no means supplies its place. This noun is also borrowed from the French, but, instead of being crippled, like *beau*, in its signification, it has usurped that of *beau*—how preposterous to use the same expression for a *fine woman* and a *fine needle*, a *fine horse* and a *fine stocking*. These examples mark the distinct use of the adjectives *beau* (*betle*) and *fine*; and, in writing correctly, we should never use the latter, except in its strict sense of minuteness.*

MUST.—This noun is wanting in English, and why? as we have the verb to *must*, and the adjective *musty*. Thus, we have not a term to express the putridified mossy matter generated on acids, imperfectly admitted to atmospheric air: this word, therefore, though not in Johnson, merits a place there—it is derived, I apprehend, from the French *moiste*, moist, because *must*, in many

* From our not having adopted the adjective *beau*, we are prevented from naturalizing one of the happiest expressions of language, the *beau ideal*, to represent a perfection existing only in the imagination.

cases, arises from the placing of bodies in moist or damp situations.

TISSUE—*Tissu*, French. This word we have borrowed, and confined to its primitive and simple signification, though its metaphorical meaning affords the happiest mode of expression that can be imagined; it is truly picturesque, and ought to replace the arithmetical word *series*—as, instead of a *series* of grand exploits, a *tissue* of grand exploits would assuredly be preferable, and such in the common acceptance in French, which we should do well to adopt.

LITERATEUR, SÇAVANS. It is singular that all the learned men in England have never found a noun to designate themselves by: the French have *Littérateur, Sçavan*, &c. while we are obliged to have recourse to adjectives, and, consequently, add *man* on every occasion, as—a *learned man*, &c. Why not form a derivative from *literature*, and have a singular noun, as well as the plural *literati*? While such glaring imperfections exist in our language, instead of boasting of its perfection, let us labour to supply its defects.

INHABIT—INHABITABLE. What a frightful anomaly does the latter word present in Johnson:—"Inhabitable, 1. Capable of affording habitation; 2. Incapable of inhabitants; uninhabitable." To inhabit is derived from the French *habiter*, and, by prefixing the negative particle *in*, we have made worse than nonsense of the word; the original, in such a case, ought to be restored by all good writers.

DISPARATE.—This is an excellent word, which I do not recollect to have met with in any English author: Johnson derives it from *Disperate*, Latin, and has imperfectly defined it. It is found in French, into which it was transplanted from the Spanish—it is to be preferred to *heterogeneous*, in the sense used by Johnson; and to *unequal*, in the French acceptance, in which it denotes a wandering from the subject, inequality or inconsistency in conduct, or, in a discourse, to interpolate matters which have no relation with the main subject.

IMPUISANCE.—Why have we not the adjective as well as the noun; *impuisant* is an elegant and poetical form of expression.

RACE—RACE-HORSE. The second part of Johnson's etymology of *Race*, a course, from *Ras*, islandic, appears to be completely erroneous. The Arabs call their thorough-bred horses *Race-horses*, or horses of a family or *race*, because they can trace their families or breeds as high as a Welsh pedigree. The *Iman* is at once priest and civil magistrate, and it is equally his duty to register the birth of children and the foaling of blood-mares. On the sale of one of these horses, the *Iman* delivers a certificate of the pedigree, carefully copied from his registers, to the buyer; of which an Arab is as proud as if it were his own pedigree. As these horses of race or family were, in Europe, bred only for the course, we evidently, in preserving the French expression—*cheval de race*, or race-horse, gave the name of race to the course itself, being a contest between race-horses, from whence the expression became popular to denote any contest in running.—*Mon. M. Mar.* 1817.

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Charles Riviere de Fresnoy, without either brush, pencil or pen, found the secret of composing valuable pictures by means of cutting out different parts of various coloured engravings, which he afterwards joined together as his fertile imagination suggested. This was the man on account of whose extravagance and profligacy that monarch used to say, "I shall never have it in my power to make him rich."

Mr. Remmon, Inspector of the Schools at Albstadt, in order to evince how much more the Germans have contributed to the progress of the arts and sciences than any other nation, declared that Jean Koenigsberg made a steel fly, that would fly round a room, and then return to rest itself on his hand; that the same artist made an eagle, which flew, at a distance of five hundred yards, to meet the Emperor Frederick, and then returned to the spot from whence it had started. That Cornelius Drebel made a musical instrument which lay in a box that opened of itself at sunrise, and played all the time the sun was above the horizon; that when there was no sun, it was only requisite to warm the lid of the box, and that the instrument then would play as well as if the sun had shone.—*L. Belle A.*

THE BELL SAVAGE.

The Spectator has explained the sign of the Bell Savage inn plausibly enough, in supposing it to have been originally the figure of a beautiful female found in the woods, and called in French, *La Belle Sauvage*. But another reason has been assigned for that appellation still more probable: namely, that the inn was once the property of Lady Arabella Savage, and familiarly called Bell Savage's inn, represented, as at present, by a bell and a savage, or wild man, which was the hieroglyphical rebus for her name, such rebusses being much in use in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Bolt in *Tun* is an instance for the name of Bolton.

REWARDS TO THE LEARNED.

The Pope has attached to the title of

Marquis of Ischia which he conferred on the sculptor Canova, an annual pension of 3,000 Roman crowns. This celebrated artist has disposed of this revenue in the following manner: First, a fixed donation to the Roman Academy of Archaeology of six hundred crowns. Second, one thousand and seventy crowns, to found annual prizes, and a triennial prize for painting, sculpture, and architecture, which the young artists of Rome and the Roman States only are competent to obtain. Third. One hundred crowns to the Academy of Saint Luke. Fourth. One hundred and twenty crowns to the Academy of the Lynx. And fifth. One thousand one hundred crowns to relieve poor, old, and infirm artists residing in Rome.—*New M. Mag.*

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

By the Rev. Dr. MEYER.

NOT far from the tomb of the great bard of religion and German independence (Klopstock) at Ottensen near Altona, repose under a plain stone without name or inscription, the remains of one of the most illustrious princes of his age, CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND, Duke of BRUNSWICK. Mortally wounded at Jena, and flying from the ancient seat of his ancestors, to escape the vengeance of an inexorable tyrant, he arrived here in the last days of October, 1806, that he might die in peace upon a foreign soil.

An obscure presentiment growing up into a strong conviction, assured the Duke that the war began against his advice would prove disastrous to Prussia. Hostilities nevertheless commenced; and his Highness was firmly resolved to prefer death in the field to the disgrace of being vanquished by a despot thirsting for revenge and blood. Previously to the opening of the eventful campaign, he arranged all his family affairs, and in particular hastened the act of renuncia-

tion of the government by his eldest son in favour of the Duke of Oels. He has been censured for having as an independent prince taken part in the conflict at his advanced age and against his better judgment: but he was still active and vigorous for his years, and thoroughly convinced that he should gain nothing by retiring from the bloody stage. Should Prussia prove victorious, he knew that his country, inclosed as it was by foreign states, would soon be swallowed up; and on the other hand Napoleon, as conqueror, would never forgive him for having, about a year before, on the violation of the Prussian territory, advised hostilities, (though to no purpose,) with the apparent certainty of success. In this personally doubtful and dangerous situation, it seemed to him more glorious to fight and fall for Prussia. Impetuous courage and hatred to the cruel enemy of Germany confirmed him in this resolution.

The battle of Jena was fought, and the Duke appeared in the full uniform

of a field-marshal decorated with all his orders. The fortune of war favoured Napoleon ; the Prussian commander courted death. He found it, though not as he had often wished, upon the field of battle. Mortally wounded in the forehead, he was doomed for twenty-seven days to struggle with the agonies of death and the keenest pangs of mind. Removed from the field, and carried by peasants in a basket over the trackless mountains of the Harz Forest, because all the roads were occupied by hostile troops, the dying hero, after a few days' rest in his capital, was overtaken by the insolent message in which the furious Corsican announced his deposition. "The House of Brunswick," such were the words, "has ceased to reign. Let General Brunswick be gone and seek another country for himself beyond the sea ; wherever my troops shall find him he will be their prisoner."* [*La Maison de Brunswick a cessé de regner. Que le General Brunswic s'en aille chercher une autre patrie au delà des mers ; partout où mes troupes le trouveront, ils le rendront prisonnier.*]

The unfortunate prince was thus obliged to quit his much-loved home, the bones of his fathers, and his subjects imploring heaven to spare the life of their adored sovereign, and exposed to all the horrors of war and the devastations of barbarians. His only hope now was to die in peace abroad in the arms of his princely relatives of Holstein. But even this satisfaction was denied him. Borne in a large wicker basket, shaped like a litter, and covered with sail-cloth, in the most inclement season of the year, to the banks of the Elbe, his weakness would not admit of his being conveyed any farther. With that sympathy which the misfortunes of a hero so cruelly persecuted by fate cannot fail to excite, he was received at Neumühlen ; but he refused the offers of the proprietors of several villas, who respectfully tendered them for his residence, and took a house, not

one of the most convenient, at Ottensen. Here his life slowly drew to a close amid the most painful conflicts. He enjoyed, though but for a few moments, the sight of his consort, who hastened to him on her flight, and the mutual distress of such a meeting and such a parting may be more easily conceived than described. In the intervals of tranquillity the prince gave his opinion with perfect self-possession and singular penetration respecting the issue of the war ; he had the newspapers read to him ; he most accurately predicted Napoleon's operations, and expressed himself with energy and truth on the subject of the unfortunate circumstances which had occasioned and attended the preceding disasters. These however were topics on which he touched only in the narrow circle of his friends and companions in arms : in the presence of visitors, to whom he did not deary admittance, he spoke little, and only concerning the most indifferent matters, which they erroneously attributed to a total apathy of mind.

Thus did the Duke retain his mental faculties unimpaired. The corporeal organs also fulfilled their functions till in the night of the 7th of November a paralytic affection of the tongue prevented him from communicating his wishes and feelings to those about him : but he remained perfectly sensible till the last moment. An extraordinary phenomenon occurred a few hours before the paralytic attack, when he complained that he felt as if he had two heads. This sensation may be ascribed to the destruction of the equilibrium of the two lobes of the brain by the breaking of the sac of pus in the right lobe, where the Duke was wounded. The pressure of the pus upon the brain and the origin of the nerves induced paralysis of one half of the body. To accelerate that death which was now so desirable, he had refused all solid and almost all liquid sustenance. A few hours before his death, his speech seemed to have entirely forsaken him ; when in a loud voice, and a tone expressive of painful apprehensions, he cried *Galatin ! Galatin !* an exclamation which proves but too plainly how exceedingly his death was embittered by the agonizing sense of his manifold misfortunes. He had dispatched Galatin.

* Surely the most infatuated partisans of the ex-emperor cannot consider without profound admiration the retributive decrees of Providence, by which the sentence pronounced by the tyrant, in all the arrogance of power, upon a brave but unfortunate prince, has been fulfilled to the very letter upon himself.

Editor.

his private secretary of legation, as a last resort, to Berlin, if possible, to move Napoleon. His uncertainty respecting the issue of this mission tended in no small degree to aggravate the pains of his last moments. On the morning of the tenth of November he expired.

His son and avenger in the glorious yet to him fatal conflict with the tyrant, found his father a corpse, and experienced the additional pain of being denied by the modern Attila permission to place the remains of his beloved parent in the sepulchre of his ancestors. In the night of the 23d of November, the corpse, enveloped in a triple coffin, was deposited by the faithful attendants of the deceased in a vault of the church of Ottensen.

THOMAS PAINE.

To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

THE subjoined account of the concluding scenes of the life of Thomas Paine, was read at a public meeting some weeks ago by a very respectable member of the Society of Friends, in my hearing. From his brother I procured this copy of the account. I rather think that Wm. Dilwyn, his daughter, and the young person who visited Paine and gave the account to Dilwyn's daughter, are of the same society. As almost the whole world was injured by Paine's pernicious principles, I hope you will not refuse to increase the circulation as widely as possible of his recantation. Wishing you increasing and continued success, I remain, &c.

A. B.

The following is an extract of a letter received by Mr. William Dilwyn, of Walthamstow, Essex, from his daughter in America. The writer is of the most unquestionable respectability, and appears recently to have received the information stated in it from a person equally entitled to credit. The latter has resided in a family in the near neighbourhood of the celebrated Thomas Paine, who resided at Greenwich, near New York, and during his last illness had contributed to his comfort by occasionally preparing and sending him food and refreshments more adapted to his situation than he usually enjoyed. These he informant chose to be the bearer of

(although his personal circumstances were so deplorable that the air of his chamber could scarcely be indured) to his bedside. In performing this humane office she had the opportunities of conversation with him which authorize the writer's belief that he exhibited another proof of Dr. Young's assertion, that "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." The letter proceeds to say, that she found him frequently writing, and believed from what she saw and heard, that when his pain permitted, he was almost always so engaged, or in prayer, in the attitude of which she more than once saw him when he thought himself alone. One day he inquired if she had ever read the "*Age of Reason*," and on being answered in the affirmative desired to know her opinion of that book. She replied; she was but a child when she read it, and probably he would not like to know what she thought of it. Upon which he said, if old enough to read, she was capable of forming some opinion, and from her he expected a candid statement of what that opinion had been. She then said; she thought it the most dangerous and insinuating book she had ever seen; that the more she read the more she wished to read, and the more she found her mind estranged from all that is good; and that from a conviction of its evil tendency she had burnt it, without knowing to whom it belonged. Paine replied to this, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise as she: and added, "If ever the devil had an agent on earth I have been one." At another time when she was in his chamber, and the master of her family was sitting by his bed-side, one of Paine's former companions came in; but seeing them with him, hastily went out, drawing the door after him with violence, and saying, "Mr. Paine, you have lived like a man; I hope you will die like one." Upon which, Paine, turning to his principal visitor, said, "You see what miserable comforters I have." An unhappy female, who had accompanied him from France, lamented her sad fate, observing, "For this man I have given up my family and friends, my property and religion; judge, then, of my distress, when he tells me that the principles he has taught me will not bear me out!"

POETRY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A SONG

To the River AVON,

By EDWARD HOVELL, Lord THURLOW.

THOU soft-flowing Avon, I call thee divine,
And often in thought on thy green banks
recline:

Thy wave ripples near me, thy cool Zephyrs
play,

And of Shakspeare I dream, all entranc'd by
his lay, River Avon.

The Nine Muses haunt thee, and sing on thy
shore,

And ever shall haunt thee, till Time be no
more:

The Graces will never away from thy marge;
Forsaking Olympus, they dance here at large,
River Avon.

The Nymphs of the Forest stray down to thy
brink,

And the brimm'd fountain Maids, of thy Poet
to think:

Nay, Ocean's fair daughters will wander to
thee,

The birth-place and tomb of thy Shakspeare
to see, River Avon.

Pan walks through thy meads, and his Satyrs
here dance,

But the Nymphs fly away from his passionate
glance;

The shepherds oft hear him, thy willows beside,
When Hesper is beaming with love on thy tide,
River Avon.

Nay, Proteus, forsaking his dolphin-tail'd herd,
Not seldom from under thy water is heard:
The cattle, by whom thy blithe meadows are
shorn,

Start away in amaze at that sea-toned horn,
River Avon.

Then smooth be thy waters, thy willows be
green,

For Shakspeare here slumbers, the king of our
Scene;

And thy mould softly pillow his dear loved
head,

Whereon the bright blessing of Heaven be
shed, River Avon.

For his heart was as gentle, as keen was his
wit,

And one line, which he breath'd, we can never
forget,

While the fountains shall flow to the pearl-
breeding main,

We never shall look on his likeness again,
River Avon.

The utmost I ask, is to dwell on thy shore—
When my sight shall grow dim, and my head
shall be hoar,

The page of life clos'd, lay me down by his side,
Beside the fresh turf, which is wash'd by
thy tide, River Avon.

For there, I persuade me, true peace may be
found:

Where Shakspeare reposes, 'tis all hallow'd
ground;

No spirit there wanders, or thing that's unblest,
But the fay-haunted moon, sweetly shines on
his rest, River Avon.

And there thou dost murmur, and linger with
love,

And feed'st with thy fountains each meadow
and grove;

Of Meles, of Mincius,* we now think no more;
All the Muses for ever shall dance on thy
shore, River Avon.

While pale lilies shall droop o'er the imaging
wave,

And the cuckoo shall utter the same mocking
stave,

While the nightingale chants, the coy angel
of Spring,

He of Poets, and thou of all Rivers art King,
River Avon.

Then take thou these flowers, fresh pluck'd
from thy meads,

And my musick I breathe through thy own
native reeds;

Thou mayst find many Poets more learned
than me,

But never a Poet more faithful to thee,
River Avon.

January 1817.

From the Panopticon.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL TO HIS
BROKEN LUTE.

ALAS, for thee! abandon'd Lute!
Thy voice is hush'd—thy chords are mute,
Yet 'mid thy silver strings,
Zephyr in sportive mazes playing,
The fleeting melody delaying,
Still waves his airy wings:

And as their light touch vibrates o'er
The dulcet chords so sweet before,

They breathe a tender sigh,
Plaintive as Mem'ry fondly heaves
When tracing o'er her sybil-leaves
She dwells on scenes gone by.

'Tis but a sigh!—thy notes are dead;
The magic of thy sound is fled,

And, sear'd by early woe,
The heart that bade these notes awake,
The heart that lov'd them,—could it break,
Were hush'd for ever now!

The touch of an untutor'd hand,
The stroke of time—which none withstand,

Have marr'd thy tuneful sound;
But o'er thy Minstrel's hapless fate
Time presses with a deadlier weight,
And bows him to the ground!

* The two Rivers, on whose banks Homer
and Virgil were born,

The "soul of song" that warm'd his lay,
Fades, as the rosy light of day
Sinks into evening gloom;
Day's slumbering light may wake again,
But nought shall wake the dying strain
That echoes from the tomb!

Welcome that tomb!—its dark recess
Is peaceful in its loneliness!—

There anguish cannot groan,
There all the ties that bind the soul,
Love's tenderest bonds of soft control,
Are broken—like thine own!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE STORM,

Written during a Tempest, when sailing up
the Bristol Channel.

By the Author of "*Amusements in Retirement*."

THE waves run high; wild tempests rage!
The fears of death my heart engage.
What! close the scene so far from shore,
And ne'er be seen or heard of more?
Oh! sure this ocean's furious breast
Can never lull me to my rest!

Ah! I had wish'd the humble lot
To live in some sequester'd spot,
Where, studious of divine repose,
Life's weary journey I might close.

And does stern Fate that lot deny?
Well! let no tear disgrace thine eye!
The power that rules this raging sea
Is master of futurity:
And of each wild and angry wave
Can form as soft—as sweet a grave
As that on which wild roses glow,
Or that where groupings of violets blow!
Then let no tear disgrace thine eye:
Let tempests howl, and waves run high—
They're heralds of eternity.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

VANITY OF LIFE.

"Earthly things pass away like a shadow;
and as a post that hasteth by."

As hurrying speeds the stranger by,
As flits the trackless cloud on high,
Our joys and ills are gone;
Bright hopes ascend with orient pride,
The laughing hours unconscious glide.
They sink before the evening tide,
On rapid pinion borne.

Then why, amid the meteor gleam,
The shadowy show, the feverish dream,
That wind our swift career,
Can life, with treacherous wiles, impart
A spell to bind th' inconstant heart,
While Time resistless, warns, "Depart!"
The parting hour is near!"

That welcome hour, supremely blest,
Which yields the thirsting soul to rest,
In tend'rest merry giv'n:
Farewell! desponding doubts and fears;
For radiant o'er the vale of years,
'Mid stormy clouds the bow appears,
The peaceful bow of heav'n!

No more on life's bewild'ring stage
Shall mortal cares our thoughts engage,
Or mortal joys inspire;

Th' uplifted portals wide display
A living blaze of cloudless day;
I mount, I rise, I soar away,
And join th' eternal choir!

DORIS;

FROM THE GERMAN OF HALLER.

THE light of day is almost gone,
The purple in the west that shone
Is fading to a greyer hue;
The moon uplifts her silver horns,
The cool night strews her slumber-corns,
And slakes the thirsty earth with dew.

Come, Doris, to these beeches come,
Let us in quiet dimness roam,
Where nothing stirs but you and I:
Save when the west wind's gentle breath
Is heard the wavering boughs beneath,
Which strive to beckon silently.

How the green night of leafy trees
Invites to dreams of careless ease,
And cradles the contented soul;
Recalls th' ambitious range of thought
To fasten on some homely cot,
And make a life of love its whole.

Speak, Doris, feels thy conscious heart
The throbbing of no gentle smart,
Dearer than plans of palac'd pride?
Gaze not thine eyes with softer glance,
Glides not thy blood in swifter dance,
Bounds not thy bosom—by my side?

Thought questions thought with restless task;
I know thy soul begins to ask,
What means this ail, what troubles me?
O cast thy vain reserve away,
Let me its real name betray,
Far more than that I feel for thee.

Thou startlest, and thy virtue frowns,
And the chaste blush my charge disowns,
And lends thy cheek an angrier glow;
With mingled feelings thrills thy frame,
Thy love is stifled by thy shame,
Not by the heart, my Doris, ho.

Ah lift those fringed lids again,
Accept, accept, the proffer'd chain,
Which love and fate prepare to bind;
Why wilt thou longer strive to fly,
Be overtaken—I am nigh.
To doubt is not to be unkind.

When youth and beauty frame the shell,
Where mind and temper jointly dwell,
Coldness cannot perpetual prove;
The glowing eye shall light the heart,
Shall catch itself th' inflicted smart,
The love of all herself shall love.

Let shame along with vice be rear'd,
Why should the name of love be fear'd,
'Tis pleasure's wish, 'tis virtue's choice;
See thy companions, one by one,
Steal from the virgin throng, and own
That Nature's call is duty's voice.

Choose where thou wilt among our youth,
The vow of constancy and truth
Each will be proud to make to thee;
Thy empire comprehends them all,
On nobler youths thy choice may fall,
But not on one who loves like me.

Let yon his hoarded wealth betray,
Let this his pedigree display,
A third in skillful language woo;
Would I had all these gifts, and more,
The richest is for thee too poor,
A heart at least Heav'n gave me too.

One courts the splendour thou would'st grace,
One the long hours of thy race;

One seeks his wanton joy in thee;
Mine is the love of ancient days,
Ere lips were tutor'd how to praise—
Affection is enough for me.

Nor burns my flame in verse alone,
I seek no goddess to enthroned,

Humanity becomes thee most;
Another may more deftly plead,
In warmer-gushing transports blest;
Feeling is rarely heard to boast.

Why look'st thou fearfully around?
Why bend those glances to the ground?

Fear'st thou a witness of my bliss?
What though no words the truth reveal,
What though thy lips forbear to seal,
That sigh, this hand, have answer'd—yes.
Monthly Mag. Feb. 1812.

—From the *Panorama*.

THERE are two things which usually give us pleasure in the perusal of modern poetry; the first is the decency generally preserved by those who aspire after "a Poet's glorious name." The proportion of Anacreontic, Bacchanalian, and ludicrous song-writers, is not, so far as we know, increased; we go further, and hope it is diminished. The second cause of our pleasure is, that the line of mediocrity is raised much higher than we remember it, and the superior knowledge and taste of the day, really does command the production of verses superior to those which formerly were pronounced something better than tolerable. Poets enabled by natural talent, are the first of their kind, as before; Poets who rank below them in power, yet attain an elevation that formerly would have distinguished them.

The moral part of these remarks applies to Mr. Edmeston's little volume. We assure ourselves that the writer would no more lend himself to a breach of good morals in verse, than to highway robbery; and so far, it is fairly commendable. The poetry might, no doubt, have displayed more of what is called *fire*; but the youth of the author must not be overlooked. All are not poets of the first order at once: Dryden's early performances are poor enough; as are those of many others who afterwards ripened into well deserved celebrity.—Perhaps, we are best pleased with the smaller poems in the volume; but as a specimen of that which gives a title to the whole, we subjoin the following:

RELIGION.

From the Search and other Poems. By J. Edmeston, jun.

THERE is a calm, the poor in Spirit know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;

There is a peace, that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distress;
There is a light, that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when troubles low're;

That calm to faith, and hope, and love is given—

That peace remains when all beside is riven—
That light shines down to man direct from heaven.

RELIGION, wanderer! only can bestow,
The all of Happiness that's felt below;
To the mistrustful eye no God is seen,
No higher power appears to rule the scene;
Hence all is doubt, anxiety, and fear,
If danger threatens, or if grief be near:
While the believer every danger braves,
Trusts his light back, nor fears the threat'ning waves;

And, when the tempest comes to overwhelm,
Faith views a Providence direct the helm.

They are not truly happiest, who seem
The gay inhabitants of pleasure's beam:
Oft, it is true, upon th' unworthy head,
Blessings appear in rich luxuriance shed,
As though some all-commanding voice had cried—

"Here let prosperity and joy abide;
Riches await him, honours wreath his brow,
Fortune and good to him obedient bow;
Pleasure be ever present here, and pay
Thy smile unvarious and thy brightest ray;
Leave nothing yet to be desired by him,
But fill his cup of gladness to the brim."

THE BOLLAN HARP.

MINSTREL, what mines of hidden lore
Subjected are to thy control?
Who led thy prying spirit o'er
The secret walks of all the soul?

Breathe, minstrel, o'er my ravished ear,
Thy brightest, and thy saddest strain;
Thy smiles in lovely forms appear,
Thy tears are luxury, not pain.

'Tis thine, light Fancy's fast to bind,
Where the delighted spirit roves,
In dreams that float on amber air,
Like fleecy clouds o'er Paphos groves.

'Tis thine to breathe a sadder strain,
To bid the tears of sorrow flow;
Thou art all-powerful to complain,
And lull the mind in trance of woe.

That note that swelled so full and bold,
Spoke knight, and tournament, and war;
Keep, moat, and bastion, tower, and hold,
The rapt imagination saw.

But, falling in this gentler tone,
The magic pile moulder rest;
High tower and gorgeous hall have flown,
The spell-bound maid alone is left.

That summer note that sports along, [gay;
Speaks all that's bright, and warm, and odd
Methinks I see a shepherd throng
Rejoicing on a morn of May.

And this sweet melancholy sound,
From some chill lonely convent given;
Where holy maids, the altar round,
Offer celestial hymns to heaven.

Thy chords to Fancy's ear display,
As various as the notes they weave.
The glories of the noon-tide day,
Or languor of departing eve.

The poem intitled *Echoes* has a variety and novelty in it, that is pleasing. The subject might be branched out into so many divisions, philosophical, moral, natural, magical, credible, and incredible, that we rather wonder it has not furnished a theme for a more studied poem. Many of Cowper's themes are not half so promising; and at

in time, when the theory of Acoustics is sufficiently well understood, much novelty might be introduced with good effect.

ECHOES.

Wz, the myriad born of Sound,
Where the sweetest spots are found,
Over sea, over land,
An invisible band,
Sport all creation round and round ;
We love not the plain,
Nor the sky-bounded main,
Nor delight in the region of ether to reign ;
But enraptured we dwell
In the wood or the dell,
And an age-hollowed oak is a favourite cell :
And a hilly clump, or a rocky shore,
We foot full merrily o'er and o'er.

Gay on Andalusian fields,
Purple with autumnal sun ;
When the grape its harvest yields,
When the summer toil is done ;
Linked in rustic dances appear
Spanish maid and cavalier ;
Light they lead the dance along,
Heart to heart, and hand in hand
Mirth and merriment and song,
Castanet and saraband :
Then upon a neighbouring hill
Bands of echoes lurking still,
Spring from ambush, dance and play,
Lightly, merrily as they.

When the evening's magic power
Tints with gold the heather flower,
And all the plain delights the eye
With setting sunbeam's warmest dye ;
When along the silent grove
Meditation loves to rove ;
All in sleeping, all in mate,
Save the warbling, dying strain,
Seeming sweetly to complain,
Breathing from the shepherd's flute ;
Then, if chance the cadence fall
On some tower or abbey wall,
Oh, how lightly echoes bear
A fainter strain
Away again.

And melt it gently into air !
Seated by a dripping well,
When a cavern spans it round,
Many an echo loves to dwell,
Listening to the liquid sound :
Since the driplets first begun,
She hath told them one by one ;
Day and night her station kept,
Never slumbered, never slept ;
But, as drop by drop they die,
Each she pays a single sigh,
A momentary elegy.

Often, seated on the shore,
We love to mock the ocean's roar ;
Often, at the break of dawn,
We carol to the huntsman's horn ;
 Oft, at evening in the dale,
On feet of air we steal along,
Listening to the shepherd's tale,
Or warbling to the shepherd's song :
Half the charms that music knows
To our mellowing power she owes ;
But for as the sounds would fly
Harsh, unmodulated by,
And left of half their melody.

From the Annual Register.

BRYNHILDA ; A POEM.

By the Rev. William Herbert, author of *Helga*.

Concluded.

SHE heard him with anguish, and raising
her head,
She gaz'd on his features, then proudly she
said :

" I chase not two husbands, and marvel that
thou
Should'st dare thus intrude in my chamber of
Heaven witness, proud Sigurd, how firmly I
loved !

My fancy adored thee, my reason approved.
Thou saw'st me in bloom of my glory and
youth, [rise of truth :
And our hearts interchang'd the chaste prom-
ise the damsels of Hlyndale no maid was so
fair,

So-courted in bower, so dreaded in war.
Like a virgin of slaughter I roved o'er the sea,
My arm was victorious, my valour was free :
By prowess, by Runic enchantment and song,
I raised up the weak, and I beat down the
strong.

I held the young prince 'mid the hurly of war.
My arm war'd around him the charm'd scimi-
tar ;

Leased him in battle, I crown'd him in hall,
Though Odin and fate had foredoom'd him to
fall. [head :

Hence Odin's dread curses were pour'd on my
He doom'd the undaunted Brynhilda to wed.
But I vow'd the high vow which Gods dare not
gainstay, [away :

That the bravest in warfare should bear me
And full well I knew that thou Sigurd, alone
Of mortals, the boldest in battle had shone,
I knew that none other the furnace could stem.
(So wrought was the spell, and so fierce was
the flame)

Save Sigurd the glorious, the slayer of kings,
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and his
rings. [sign'd

Now thy treason has marr'd me, to Gunnar re-
By the force of the spell, when my reason was
blind.

At my nuptials, I heath'd the embrace of his
lust,
But I smother'd my hate, and conceal'd my
disgust ;

And sooner than forfeit the faith which I gave
At the altar to him, I will sink in my grave.
Like a brother thou slept'st in the gloom by
my side, [bride.

And pure as the day-star was Gunnar's young
Yet hence did Gudruna revile me, and say
In the arms of proud Sigurd despoiled I lay.
Now, Prince, shalt thou perish, if vengeance
be due [true !

To love disappointed, though faithful and
Though gallant thou ridest to the battle afar,
Though foremost thy steed in the red fields of
war, [night

Like the death-breathing blast of the pestilent
My hate shall o'ertake thee, my fury shall
smite !"

He left her desponding : then sadly she rose,
Like a lily, all pale, from the couch of her
woes.

Stream loosely the ringlets of jet o'er her
breast, [oppress :
And her eyes' ray was languid, with sorrow
Yet lovely she mov'd like the silvery beam
Of the moonlight that kisses the slow-gliding
stream.

She sought Gunnar's chamber, awhile by his side
Stood mournfully pensive, then sternly she
cried :

"To thee have I pledg'd my firm oath as thy
bride,
And Gunnar, I hate thee ! yet be it not said,
That Budela's proud daughter her faith has
betray'd.
To thee (woe the hour !) by the vengeance of
Heaven,
The flower of my youth and my fealty was
given. [frail love
Nor mortal shall dare with the breath of
The heart of ill-fated Brynhilda to move.
But never again shall I rest on thy bed,
And ne'er on my breast shalt thou pillow thy
head, [hour
Till slain by thy steel in the night's silent
The treach'rous Sigurd lies stiff in his gore :
Till by treason he falls, who by treason has
left
Brynhilda of joy and of honour bereft."

Sad Gunnar, what strife thy fond bosom
must rend ! [friend !
First gaze on her beauty, then think of thy
The slumber of midnight has seal'd his bold
eyes,
In the arms of Gudruna defenceless he lies.
'Tis done ! in his blood the cold warrior is
found,
But breathless his murderer lies on the ground.
Though gored and expiring, ere lifeless he fell,
Stout Sigurd's arm sent his assassin to hell.

Mid the night's baleful gloom, see the
torches that glare ! [air !
The mourners that give their wild locks to the
She has moulted the funeral pile with the
slain, [shrieking train.
With her slaves, with her women, a loud
The fairest, the noblest, for honour and truth,
In the prime of her glory, the bloom of her
youth, [dead,
The fire shall consume them the living and
And in one lofty mound their cold ashes be
laid.

LONDON

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

IN consequence of a statement in a public journal, that the late Mr. Smithson Tennant had discovered a small quantity of arsenic in the Indian cast steel or wootz, Mr. THOMAS GRILL, of St. James's-street, remarks that such a union is sometimes made in this country where very great hardness and strength in steel articles are required, but the process is in very few hands. Thus, continues he, some locksmiths can make slit-saws which will readily saw through a case-hardened key ; and I have heard of some celebrated makers of awls, which, slender as they are, will yet penetrate through a shilling without bending or breaking ; and I know that this extraordinary hardness or density is given by quenching them heated to a due degree in a solution of arsenic in animal oils ; but I shall reserve the communication of the exact process for a work which I have long had it in contemplation to publish on the treatment of iron and steel in general, and particularly according to the superior processes employed by my late father, myself and others which I have made it a study to obtain. With regard to wootz, I know that an old and celebrated maker of sextants and other mathematical instruments, has found that a dividing knife made of wootz, hardened in a particular manner, stands better than any he had before ; and I have had a desk-knife made by my own process, of wootz re-cast in this country, in constant use for three years and eight months without its edge being in the least degree injured, or even requiring to be set. I trust that these facts will induce the manufacturers of cast steel in this country to make experiments with a view to its improvement, by the union of arsenic with it during fusion ; from which results of the utmost importance may probably be obtained, and Britain no longer remain under the stigma of being excelled by the simple Hindoo in one of its staple articles.

A Mr. Nichols, of the Nant, near Monmouth, has invented a sowing plough, which has six shears, turning three furrows to the right, and three to the left, and completing two small wheat ridges. The proprietor has

sown eight acres with it in the course of the day. It will do the work of six men and six boys ; and, with an extra boy to guide a harrow which is attached to one of its sides, it will do the work of fifteen people and twelve horses ! Nothing can be better, if it makes provisions cheap, and accessible with less manual labour—but nothing worse, if it deprive men of labour, and should not make provisions proportionably cheaper.—*Mon. Mag.*

We have the high gratification of announcing the arrival of a series of productions in the arts which have been presented to Englishmen by his holiness the pope, some of which are copies of works of established merit, and some original.—These proofs of an increasing spirit of conciliation between those who have been educated in notions of hostility, are not only interesting to the moralist, but to the artist, as the first indication of good feeling and gratitude evinced in transmitting from one soil to another the works of the sculptor or the painter ; and we trust that the day is not far distant when Britain will confer an equal obligation, in presenting to Italy the productions of Flaxman, of West, or of Haydon.—
For H. R. H. the Prince Regent.

Head of a Bacchante—Head of Semele—Bust of Ocean—Bust of Ajax—The Torso, in Marble—Menander, sitting—Antinous, or perhaps Mercury—Apollo, playing on the Harp—The Nine Muses—Cæsar—The Quoit Player—Bust of Jupiter Serapis—Meleager—Group of Laocoon—Apollo Belvidere—Dying Gladiator—Venus—Antinous—Flora—Mars—Juno—Cupid and Psyche—Jey, sitting—Concord, sitting—Paris and Venus, by Canova—Pieces of Porphyry, and other stone, which it is suggested will do well to form some part of the proposed monument to celebrate the Victory of Waterloo.

For Lord Castlereagh.

Four Fames, in gilt metal, in boxes, with appropriate emblems.

For Lord Holland.

A picture, by M. Wicar, a French Artist. Besides others to the Marquis Camden. Messrs. Hamilton and Clark.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 6.]

BOSTON, JUNE 16, 1817.

[VOL. I.

From the Monthly Magazine.

UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY:

IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

Lausanne; Sept. 13, 1816.

My dear Madam,

YOU have been told of the *maladie du pays*, but did you ever hear of the *maladie de voyager*?—such was the disorder that afflicted me when I quitted England. How inveterate this disease was, you may conceive, when you remember that I looked impatiently for the arrival of that hour which should transport me from those enjoyments which had been as dear to me, as necessary to my existence, as the light of heaven to direct my steps, or as its warmth to animate my frame;—yes, I anxiously desired the arrival of that hour when I should quit, without regret, the society of friends and relations; that hour which should bear me from the kind pressure of the hand—from the eyes which gave a welcome with the voice—from the smiles of friendship, or of a feeling more interesting still: that I should abandon these, and the hopes and fears which agitate our frail being—that I should fly from those local attachments which make a wood, a dell, or a village, so charming that the agitation of delight can alone indicate the intensity of our feelings—sufficiently proves the malignity of this intellectual disease, which clung around me like the atmosphere that I

respired; it deprived me of rest, it occupied my dreams.

We crossed the lake at Neufchatel, and disembarked at Port Alban, in the canton of Friburg. To pay for experience is the lot of all, and he who does not pay too dearly may be considered fortunate; the latter was our case on quitting Port Alban—the people of Friburg would not receive the money of Neufchatel; it has been put into our *valises*, and there it will remain until our return to England. We shall in future be circumspect, and dispense the local currency of Switzerland with the least possible delay. French money appears to be every-where coveted; it is to be preferred; in addition to the intrinsic value of the *demi-franc*, the *franc*, and the *ecu neuf*, the numeral system of the coins of France, which is decimal, is preferable to that of any country of Europe.

We soon entered the Pays de Vaud, and, after passing Payerne and Moudon, arrived at Chalet. The country lying between the lake of Neufchatel and Chalet is for the most part level and uninteresting. We had not long quitted the latter place, on our approach to Lausanne, when such a view of Alpine magnificence burst upon our sight, as even the wonders of the valley of Travers had not prepared us for. Having no defi-

nite conception of what we were to behold, we gazed on the objects around us with doubt, and a disbelief of our senses. I have fancied that the unsubstantial visions of sleep were real, here I imagined that the substantial forms of things were visionary. For the first time in my life I beheld the clouds floating beneath the summits of the Alps. It was noon—the heat was oppressive, yet we beheld these mountains covered with snow; and that sun, whose intensity enfeebled, and almost drove us to the first shelter that might present itself, was resting on these beds of eternal ice,—his rays apparently as powerless as those of the moon. When I gazed upon the wild and craggy summits of these mountains, towering above those clouds which are supposed, by the majority of our species, to be the limits of all that is earthly,—when I looked from their summits to their base, and contemplated their stupendous and oppressive magnitude, I shrunk from the daring speculations of imagination, which would picture that period of mundane convulsion when these mountains were heaved into their imperishable forms. I have always been a lover of Nature; I have made myself familiar with her various charms; I have struggled through her closely embowered recesses, which coyly resisted my intrusion; I have reposed on her verdant uplands; I have bathed in her delicious streams—she has been my mistress, and I have loved her with inconceivable affection: but here she was no longer the same being—I beheld her, but I could not approach her; a new feeling took entire possession of my heart; I had been before her lover—I now became her worshipper.

What delightful emotions of contemplative abstraction are engendered by these sublime objects; they are not always in connexion with the scenery, but they resemble it in their exalted and impressive character. The scenes of Switzerland make us feel our superior rank, our undivided empire over the animal creation—our intellectual alliance, although it may be remote, with the Great and Good of beings framed like ourselves. If I have not deceived myself, if such are the natural effects of

Swiss scenery on the heart and understanding, is it not devoutly to be wished that principles of virtue and wisdom could be propounded to the youth of all nations amid scenes like these? Could this be realized, the period which precedes intellectual maturity would be a long bright morning of unbroken happiness. How much is it to be deplored that the buoyant expectations of ingenuous youth, the delightful visions of boyhood, the days sacred to truth and virtue, should be embittered by the cold, the cautious, the calculating apothegms of the wise and experienced—of those who, although they have not been contaminated by, are yet skilled in, the practical knowledge of human vices. Such men generate suspicion when they should inspire confidence; and, instead of cherishing the vigorous and aspiring efforts of intellect, which would make the sapling the monarch of the forest, they cut down its hopes and expectations, and leave it, like the pollard, to yield only that which is convertible to vile uses.

Does this speculative train of thought amuse you? Perhaps not: I have lately conducted you above the clouds; you will not, therefore, feel surprised that I have taken you yet higher, and placed you in “a castle in the air.”

I will now attempt to describe the transporting scenery which lay around us as we proceeded, and particularly as we descended the heights above Lausanne: and I consider myself truly fortunate in addressing one whose vivid imagination will fly to my aid when I need its friendly assistance.

Before us lay the lake of Lausanne, perhaps eight or nine hundred feet below the ground on which we stood, and beyond it rose the line of Alps which separates Switzerland from Savoy: to the left we beheld the termination of the lake, and the vineyards and villages which lie on its north side; to the right the forest of Sauvebelin, and beyond it the Jura chain of mountains bounding the western horizon. Such, too, is the situation of Lausanne, which is built mid-way on the mountain side, and perhaps four hundred feet above the level of the lake. You may form some idea of the picturesque appearance of a

large town erected on such a spot, but what heightens this effect is, that the ground on which it stands is extremely irregular and hilly. The house at which Gibbon formerly lived is now the residence of M. Delarue, a banker. I was informed that the pavilion, at the extremity of the terrace, to which Gibbon was so attached, has been taken down : you have probably seen a drawing of it in the octavo edition of his *Memoirs of Himself*. We passed this house on our way to Ouchi, which is below Lausanne, and on the borders of the lake. It is a delightful village ; we walked to the extremity of its almost miniature pier. Here we had a nearer view of what we beheld from the heights above Lausanne ; the irregular outline of the borders of the lake, with its numerous bays and promontories, enchanted us ; it lay all around us ; its bosom was almost still ; it presented only that regular and gentle undulation which distinguishes sleep from death. The evening was most beautiful. From Ouchi we rambled in the direction of Monges, through lanes delightfully shaded. It was dusk when we began to retrace our steps, and dark before we entered our hotel.

With the delightful scenery of the Leman lake, it is impossible not to associate the remembrance of the distinguished literary persons who have resided on its borders, and perhaps it is this association of splendid talents with the loveliest scenes of Nature, which has rendered it peculiarly attractive to the polite and accomplished of every nation of Europe : as we ramble among these scenes, we feel that Lausanne and Gibbon, Copet and De Staël Ferney and Voltaire, Geneva and Rousseau, are inseparable. We expect to meet here with dignity, elegance, and loveliness—with that high cultivation of the arts and accomplishments of life—those *deliciæ et elegantia vitæ*, which give an inexpressible charm to polished society. The pages of many esteemed writers of ancient and modern Italy have rendered the Italian lakes exclusively classic ; yet the lake of Lausanne is, beyond dispute, more magnificent, and perhaps as beautiful as any of them : and, if the residence of great men on its

borders, and their unwearied eulogium of its unequalled charms, can render it classic, it must henceforward be ranked with those that are trans-alpine. The visions of happiness which floated for ever on the brilliant imagination of Rousseau, were chained to this place ; it was on the borders of this lake alone that he could imagine the possibility of their realization ; nor were they irrational. “When my imagination is the most inflamed,” he says, “it transports me to the delightful scenes of this lake : give me here an orchard, a true friend, an amiable wife, a cow, and a little boat, and my happiness will be perfect !” Yet it was not that Rousseau loved these scenes for themselves alone ; it was the love of those who had wandered among them which consummated his rapturous admiration of them ; for the *Pays de Vaud* was the birthplace of Madame de Warens, the place of his father’s residence, and that of Mademoiselle de Vulson, “*qui y eut les premières de mon cœur*,” as he informs us : it was the many parties of pleasure which he had there enjoyed during his boyhood, “*et ce semble*,” he continues, “*de quelque autre chose encore plus secrète et plus forte que tout cela*.”

We arrive at the consummation of the purest happiness which our frame is capable of enjoying when tears start into our eyes ; but sensations so exquisite cannot long endure : our transport dissolves with our tears. Music sometimes distributes this flood of convulsive pleasure through the frame, and the scenes of Nature have the same magic influence. How exquisitely has Rousseau pictured these feelings in the account of an excursion which he made to Vevai ! “*Je m’attendrisais, je soupirais et pleurais comme un enfant. Combien de fois, m’arrêtant pour pleurer plus à mon aise, assis sur une grosse pierre, je me suis amusé à voir tomber mes larmes dans l’eau*.”

It is amusing to contrast the opinions of two distinguished writers in relation to the inhabitants of the *Pays de Vaud*. If we are to credit Rousseau, we shall believe that the natives and the scenery are as remote from congeniality as the torrid and frigid zones : “the people

and the country," he says, "are not made for each other." Gibbon, who became a resident of Lausanne at no distant period from that at which Rousseau resided there, after speaking of some distinguished foreigners who had visited it, concludes by saying,—“but, in general, Lausanne has appeared most agreeable in my eyes when we have

been abandoned to our own society." From what I hear, I am disposed to believe that Gibbon's opinion better harmonizes with the present state of society at Lausanne, than that of Rousseau.

Adieu! I shall write to you from Villeneuve, which is the last village on the borders of the lake. T. H.

MADAME DE GENLIS' NEW NOVEL.

From the Literary Gazette.

LES BATTUECAS.

WHAT is a dithyrambic? said a lady to a poet who presented her a work under that name:—what is the meaning of *Les Battuecas*? was the exclamation of all the ladies of Paris, when they first heard of this new production of a celebrated and fertile pen. This singular and whimsical name, which neither gives pleasure to the ear, nor excites recollection, and which indicates no particular subject, would have been fatal to the work of any other writer; and the book of an obscure author, with this obscure title, would probably have been allowed to remain undisturbed on the booksellers' shelf. But if the name of the *Battuecas* be little known, all are acquainted with that of *Madame de Genlis*. It always rouses our curiosity; and though the title-page should convey nothing to the mind or the imagination, we are always certain that mind and imagination will be displayed in a work of hers. But before we proceed to notice more particularly this last offspring of her pen, we shall endeavour to throw some light on the title.

Viene de los Battuecas—"He comes from the *Battuecas*," is a Spanish proverb, used to indicate a simpleton, one who knows nothing that is passing around him, and who is slow in comprehending the plainest things. Such is the idea which might naturally be formed of a detached tribe, inhabiting a spot separated from the rest of the world and deprived of all communication with civilized men.

Father Feijoo, in his *Teatro-Critico*, mentions it as a prevalent opinion in

Spain, that the inhabitants of the valley of *Battuecas* (a wild country among the mountains of the Bishoprick of Coria, fourteen leagues from Salamanca, and eight from Ciudad-Rodrigo) lived several ages in that sequestered spot, without having any communication with the rest of Spain to which they were unknown, and of which they themselves knew nothing. The following is the manner in which this mysterious valley is represented to have been discovered. A page and a lady, maid of the family of Alva, wishing to marry without the knowledge of their master, or having already committed a fault, the usual consequences of which they had reason to apprehend, were therefore desirous of withdrawing themselves from the Duke's anger and public censure, directed their course towards the *Battuecas*. After wandering long through difficult and tortuous paths, they at length crossed the summit of the mountain, and were soon astonished at finding in the valley below, a race of men completely savage, speaking an unknown tongue, strangers to all commerce with their neighbours, and actually persuaded that they were the only inhabitants of this earth. The two fugitives soon published the discovery they had made, and the Duke of Alva, on hearing of their adventure, thought only of bestowing the benefits of civilization on this race of a new species, and he was fortunate enough to succeed in this project. The epoch of this discovery is fixed about the middle of the reign of Philip II. who ascended the throne in 1556, and died in 1598.

It is true that Feijoo and other authors state facts which throw discredit

on this account ; but with these historical investigations, Madame de Genlis had no concern. She wanted only a foundation, and the popular story served her purpose. Sure of embellishing whatever she touched, she relied on her own strength in sustaining the edifice she had raised on an imaginary basis.

It is not until her work is somewhat advanced that Madame de Genlis introduces her readers to the *Battuecas*. The commencement of the first volume turns entirely on the loves of Adolphe de Palmene and Calisto d'Auberive, whose parents fly from France in consequence of the Revolution. Obligated for their safety to take different roads, they agreed to meet in Spain, but Adolphe on arriving there with his father seeks in vain for Caliste and her mother. At last, after several months passed in anxiety and despair, he receives an enigmatical letter from Caliste, from which may be equally concluded, either that she is in a convent which she does not wish to leave, or in a prison whence she cannot escape, or in the power of some rival who has forced her to write ; or any other dreadful supposition may be formed. He received other letters equally obscure, and in the melancholy state of mind produced by these communications, he enters the famous valley of Battuecas, which, according to Madame de Genlis, remains still undiscovered in 1806. There he finds a hero far more extraordinary than the valley—a supernatural prodigy of admirable beauty and prodigious strength, who without instruction, example, or model, had become a great musician, a great painter, and a great poet ! A volume of his poems which, unknown to him, had been printed at Madrid, formed the admiration of the Spaniards, who knew not to whom they were indebted for this masterpiece of literature. The name of this Battuecas is Placide, and, endowed with the most brilliant gifts of genius, he lives amidst the other Battuecans the most simple and innocent of men. But though that ignorance and simplicity sometimes defend him against certain of the vices of civilization, they are not sufficient, it appears, to secure him against jealousy. Placide is exposed to

the envy of the men, while he is the object of the predilection of all the young of the other sex. Placide, contrary to the advice of a good missionary, departs from the valley, and enters into another world, only a few leagues off, in quest of other men whom, in his modesty, he believes greatly his superiors, and whom he supposes to have much more cause to pity than to envy him. It has been the ambition of Madame de Genlis to paint the contrast of the ideas, sentiments, and prejudices, of savage and civilized man. She strikes an equitable balance between the advantages and disadvantages of the two states. She pleads the cause of society with a powerful eloquence, and sometimes attacks it with arguments equally forcible and brilliant.

The simplicity of Placide involves him in many troublesome adventures ; but love soon civilizes him, and the most noble and wealthy of Spanish heiresses resolves to bestow her hand upon him. There are in this part of the work about fifty pages which are highly interesting. Passion is painted with warmth and animation ; noble and delicate sentiments are gracefully expressed ; and striking situations are contrived with great skill and a strict regard to probability. After this, Madame de Genlis leaves the valley of the Battuecas and Spain. She transports her reader to France, and once more introduces on the scene the first hero, Adolphe, who has returned to his country to endeavour to find his Caliste. She has perished on the scaffold ! a new character is now brought forward ; a young Frenchwoman, excited by public and private distress, and by the excesses of the Revolutionists, is impelled by feelings of virtue and devotedness to the highest degree of heroism.

“ Et dans un foible corps s'allume un grand courage.”

The horrid Spanish war re-conducts the reader to the Peninsula, and the hope of again meeting with Battuecans is revived. In fine, Placide re-appears. He rescues an infant from the flames at the moment when a whole family is about to be destroyed. This child, in consequence of a cross, &c. is recognised, and the denouement is brought

about in a manner which is the most Spaniard, and most romantic for the satisfactory for Placide and the fair reader.

THE DRAMA.

KEAN AND SHERIDAN.

MR. Sheridan was so much offended at being excluded from any concern in the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre after the fire, that he made a resolution never to enter it, from which he did not deviate till a few months before his death. When Mr. Kean came out, however, and his extraordinary talents became the universal topic of conversation and admiration, Mr. Sheridan was impressed with an eager curiosity to see him. Yet, faithful to his resolution, he could not be prevailed on to witness his dramatic exertions; he would see Mr. Kean, but he would not see Richard, Shylock, Othello. One day, when Mr. Kean was to perform, he was invited first to dine with Mr. Sheridan, and an intimate friend of his deeply concerned in the Theatre, at a neighbouring tavern. They sat for two hours, when Mr. Kean was obliged to leave the party, and attend his professional duty; but such was the interest excited in Mr. Sheridan's mind, by this new dramatic meteor, that during the whole time he staid, his attention was entirely rivetted upon him, he studied his every look, his every word, his every gesture, nor did he drink even a single glass of wine. "Mr. Kean," said Mr. Sheridan's friend, in relating the anecdote, "may boast of having done what no other man ever could do, of having even charmed Sheridan's attention away from his bottle!" When Mr. Kean was gone, Mr. Sheridan said, "what salary do you give that man?" "Fifteen pounds a week," was the reply.—"Tis a shame," he said, "he ought, at least, to have double that sum; take my word, you have got a treasure, he will be the salvation and support of your Theatre."—Mr. Sheridan at length could no longer resist the attraction of Mr. Kean's talents, but did go to the theatre to see his performance of Sir Giles Overreach, of which he thought so highly, that he said—"There is mind indeed! those are tal-

ents, that can never fail, but must ever be more and more admired, the more they are known."—*Lit. Gaz. for Feb.*

KEMBLE.

A PUBLIC notice, before the late opening of Covent Garden Theatre, announced the intention of John Kemble to go through the range of his characters this season, and then take leave of the stage forever. There is something in the words *forever*, which lays a strong hold on the heart. The retirement of a favorite performer, in the evening of life, is productive of so many interesting recollections, that it has always been contemplated by the public with regret. We are not surprised that the approaching retirement of so eminent a tragedian, has excited a more than usual sensation among the lovers of the drama. His classic attainments as a scholar, and demeanor as a gentleman, have added to the general esteem of his character. Commencing our publication at the moment, when we are about to lose this distinguished performer, it becomes an anxious pleasure to analyse his style and powers as a great Histronic Artist; the publicity of his life having superseded the necessity of biographical details. Before we begin our view, we have to remove some crude opinions calculated to interfere with our object; as a traveller, who would approach a noble edifice, must free his path from interfering obstacles. We should be happy, if our limits permitted us, to draw by analogy, from first principles and celebrated examples, an illustration of his physical and mental powers; and endeavour to measure his merits by showing their deep foundation in nature, and the degree of their similitude to the highest performance of Genius in the Sister Arts.

Like all other eminent men, Kemble has been the subject of much applause and envy. In forming our estimate, we shall detach ourselves from local and temporary interests, and judge of him

by himself, by comparison, and by public opinion in its purest channels. In this immense capital, where the contest for public favour is confined to two great Theatres only, the rival proprietors, and their circle of friends, however honorable, are perhaps too closely committed in a strife of personal interests, to judge or speak with perfect impartiality. Without being sensible of their leaning, the most upright are biassed, when delivering an opinion for or against their own concerns. To the spirit of honest pride, which heats the mind in all contests for superiority, the spirit of gain adds its less scrupulous and more powerful influence. When the rage of adventure has greatly multiplied proprietors, their efforts to obtain, what may be termed the *run of the market*, in favour of their own actors, has a tendency to corrupt the public taste. The merits of performers are overrated, and their palpable defects not unfrequently made the subject of extravagant commendation. Some of the periodical journals and diurnal Critics are engaged as auxiliaries, so that the columns of a newspaper, are, sometimes, no very faithful guide to the opinion of the public. Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Kean and Kemble, have been thus, at random, praised and censured.

An eminent tragedian, besides the advantage of a classical education, requires a noble exterior, and Kemble possesses this requisite in a superior degree. The personal disadvantages of a dwarfish and deformed Poet, Painter, and Sculptor, as in the instances of Pope and Bamboccio, cast no veil over the fine qualities of their minds. The men and their merits are distinct; and we judge of their genius in their works, without ever having seen, or thought, of their persons. But the merits of an Actor are identified with his person; they live and die together. Unlike other imitative Artists, his personal endowments are of the first importance because they come first under the eye; and the man, himself, is the mirror through which his talents or the merits of his mind are seen. If we did not every day bear the opposite maintained, it would appear idle to observe, that he who has to personate a hero, a monarch,

or a fine gentleman ought to possess a person and countenance, in conformity with each of these characters.

If there be not this conformity, there can be no perfect illusion; although there may be great powers of genius: and an audience may be highly gratified, by a display of impassioned energy and much knowledge of human nature. The Actor may excite powerful sympathies in characters of fiery vehemence; but he cannot do justice to his own conceptions, where grandeur and majesty are required. However just his feelings and ideas may be, they are seen like a fine picture, through an opaque and discoloured glass. In the high class of Grecian and Roman characters, no vigor of conception or feeling can altogether atone for meanness of figure and countenance. Intending to follow up, in the succeeding numbers of this publication our notice of Kemble with a similar review of that admirable performer Kean, of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Mr. M'Cready, and the whole strength of the two Theatres, these remarks are necessary in the outset, to oppose some prejudices, which have arisen from a want of a due consideration on the subject.

The causes, which govern the affections and sympathies in private life, operate with more influence on the public stage. We agree with lord Chesterfield, that a good person and countenance are the best letter of recommendation, which nature can bestow. They ensure the bearer a good reception in all countries. Notwithstanding this natural effect from natural causes has prevailed in all ages, some Critics have endeavoured to reason us out of these feelings. In their estimate of Actors, they seem to hold a good or bad face or person as objects of secondary and small consequence. They place their whole stress upon the words "*great nature*," "*strikingly natural*," or "*naturalness*," by which they imply their notion of a *near resemblance to every-day nature*. This, in their judgment, is the chief merit of a great Actor. But the *finest* form and face, and those which are least favored, an admirable Crichton and an Æsop, are equally the work of Nature: so far their looks, gestures, and movements are *equally*

natural; and in the expression of the passions, the latter is frequently more violent, or as they term it, more *striking* than the former. But no person will say that they are equally capable of exciting our sympathies, or equally impressive. It is not therefore the mere circumstance of an actor's being, in the ordinary sense, more strikingly natural, which produces the difference in our feelings. It is, as in the case of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the superior nobleness, grace, and grandeur of form and face, which enable one to exercise a higher dominion over our senses; and render him, with even no higher mental powers or feelings, a superior organ of effect.

The powerful impression of personal advantages, renders the study of superior forms a first principle, as a primary instrument of effect in all the imitative arts. Homer confers upon Achilles, as his principal character, loftiness of form, masculine beauty, vigor, and martial grace. Virgil clothes Æneas in majesty of the highest degree. Milton has, even, represented Satan, in faded grandeur, "like the Sun shorn of his beams." Longinus considers grandeur and nobleness, as the first source of the sublime, and the most rare and highest excellence of a Poet. The ancient Poets, Painters, and Sculptors, spent their lives in attaining this envied excellence. Their works are immortalised, not so much by those strong and violent gestures and action, which are in our time termed "*strikingly natural*," as by their general resemblance to nature, their majesty and beauty of form and face. Our great Dramatic Poet has strikingly exemplified his opinion of personal advantages, in Hamlet's comparison of his father and uncle to his mother. Shakspeare did not confine the reprehension to the moral guilt of her crime. The son appeals to the evidence of her eyes, to prove that she had sinned against all rule of nature and sense, in her preference of the inferior figure and face of his uncle to the "*grace—combination—majestical, fair, and warlike form*" of his father.

Kemble's voice was not naturally strong, but it was of a mellow, manly tone, and he has given it a great compass by practice. He possesses that no-

bleness and grandeur of form and face, which, combined with a just conception and powerful feelings, constitute the primary qualification of a Tragedian of the highest class. It may be termed the Gold of Nature; that is, the purest organ or basis, for the exhibition of passion, expression and character. Compared with it, inferior forms, even when equal in conception and feeling, are but as Silver; and so on, to the meaner metals, in proportion as they sink below the standard or first order. Kemble's rank in the first class, where he has had so very few rivals, was fixed by nature. No person considers a fine medal in brass, of equal value to one in silver, or one in silver equal to one in gold, although all equally brilliant in point of impression, and struck from the same die. There is a union of strength and symmetry in his figure; a flowing largeness in the outline of his person; and a fine accord of all the parts, the essential of grandeur, in the whole. The same character of majesty is stamped on his countenance. The breadth of his forehead, and dignified elevation of his brow, are suited to command. This impression of royalty is well sustained by the volume of thought and fiery meaning of his eye. The aquiline boldness of his nose, the expression of his mouth and line of his chin, form a noble contour. There is a masculine prominence in his features; but their boldness is harmonized by their perfect unison with each other. In the countenance of his celebrated competitor, COOKE, the features, although all separately fine, were not in such fortunate accord. The bold line of his aquiline nose, and manly projection of his chin, were somewhat too large for his remaining features. This disproportion, with the low of his brow, construction of his body, stormy power of his voice, and coarse turn of his mind, enabled him to throw a tremendous depth of expression into characters of a plotting, guilty, and ferocious cast. With these unenviable requisites, and a strong conception of his author, it is no injustice to admit that in the remorseless mind and peculiar person of the tyrant Richard, he came, perhaps, somewhat nearer the mark, at least he gave a darker shadowing to the picture than Kemble has done. The education

of the latter, his natural and acquired endowments; his honorable ambition; his association with persons of high rank; and all the whole frame of his mind, have qualified him for the high department in which he has shone for thirty-four years on the London stage. His Coriolanus, Brutus, and Cato, are acknowledged to be not only the most just and classic, but the grandest representations of the Roman character ever exhibited on the British, or on any modern stage. His Alexander displayed the fiery vain-glory and extravagant grandeur of mad Lee's ranting original. His King John, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, showed all the varied shades and admirable discrimination, with which Shakspeare separated these characters; and gave to each its distinctive features of subtlety, guilt, weakness, grief, madness, and kingly elevation. His *Hamlet* was a masterpiece of sentiment and noble bearing: his *Walsey* a fine representation of wounded pride and disappointed ambition; fallen, but dignified and chastened by affecting touches of solemnity and sadness. The correct arrangement of the cardinal's costume, the calm impressive melancholy look; the venerable style of bending loftiness in the whole figure, can never be forgotten. Of many of these charac-

ters he may be justly said to be the only legitimate representative; some, it is to be feared, and those of the highest class, will die with him. But as he descended nearer to the level of every-day life, he has found competitors, and some on equal terms. The melancholy abstraction of his Penruddock and Stranger, and the pathetic insanity of his Octavian never failed of their due impression. That a great man like Kemble should have attempted characters, for which his powers were not altogether suited, is not an unusual circumstance. When young, he performed *Othello* and *Romeo*, but fell below himself in these characters. He also made some attempts in genteel comedy, but his performance wanted the gliding easy demeanour of modern life. That he seriously meditated on *Falstaff* may well be doubted. Neither our intentions nor our limits permit a notice of all his characters even by name, we shall therefore briefly conclude the present article, by observing that he has been equalled in his time, by Henderson, Cooke, and Kean only. These great actors, in some parts of certain characters, have surpassed him. But, "take him for all in all," we fear, after we have lost him, that it will be long before we shall look upon his like again.—*Ibid*.

LORD BYRON'S POETICAL CHARACTER EXAMINED.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE qualities which are requisite to form a good poet, are so various and so rare, that it is not surprising that we so seldom see one:—imagination, judgment, taste, originality, and the difficult art of versification. These excellencies, too, must be possessed by him in the highest state of perfection, if he expects to interest deeply, or to please long. Mediocrity, as Horace has justly remarked, may be endured in any other character except that of the poet; it is not sufficient that his productions be beautiful, they are of no value unless they be exquisitely beautiful.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia
sunt.

Ars Poetica.

2D

Eng. Mag. Vol. F.

Notwithstanding, however, the difficulty of moving in this exalted sphere, more are found to attempt it than any other department of literature; a truth that was never more strongly exemplified than at present. In the last ten or twelve years, more than four times the quantity of poetry has been published than was ever before during an equal period; and several pieces have been more favorably received than any of our highest classics, on their first publication; for which, I am apt to think, they have been more indebted to the capricious dominion of fashion than to their superior merit. I particularly noticed one called the *Giaour*, by Lord Byron,

a strange jumble of affectation and common-place; the author's only ambition being to write what he thinks is fine poetry, but he is no wise solicitous about what is natural, instructive, or pleasing. The sale of this poem was, I believe, unparalleled: in the course of a few months about twelve editions were published, and the book was then entirely thrown aside. Sudden and tumultuous approbation is no proof of real merit, but, generally, the contrary. The simple and dignified charms of nature are never obvious to the multitude; but, by those by whom they are discerned, they make an impression which time, instead of obliterating, every day more and more confirms. Had the *Giaour* possessed intrinsic worth, as the subject was of a general nature, and not addressed to accidental and temporary passions or prejudices, it would have continued to be equally acceptable as on its first appearance.*

I am not in the practice of reading those long poetical narratives with which we have been lately deluged; but, from the copious extracts which I meet with in the critical journals, I can perceive that their authors do not use the public extremely well for its uncommon partiality to them. In all their successive publications little novelty or variety appears. The *Siege of Corinth*, in its essential character, seems a copy of all its predecessors. We perceive the same sentiments and images perpetually recurring in a very narrow range; and that affected kind of gloomy sublimity, which is conspicuous in all this author's other productions, also predominates in this. The principal personage in this poem exactly resembles those in the preceding ones: dark, resolute, and highly sublimated with passion; but, as no traits of humanity are discernible, it is impossible to form any rational conception of them. They are all alike infuriated with a ter-

rific vengeful kind of love, in which there is abundance of heroism and pretended sublimity, but no tincture of nature. It is described as a lunatic sort of passion, which rages, not, as is usual, in the heart, but in the brain: the turban of the lover is said to be pressed on his hot brow, and his head grows fevered. It is to be lamented that poets, instead of continually straining their imagination after what they suppose to be sublime description, did not rather search for truth, by consulting the feelings of their own breast: love, surely, never exhibited such phenomena, unless, perhaps, in cases of actual madness. The heroines also of Lord Byron, like his heroes, are not less remarkable for their absurdity than their uniformity. They are all supposed to be, in general, beautiful, but say or do nothing to mark their character. Far from being distinguished by sentimental graces, we are not even presented with any definite idea of their personal accomplishments. I shall not occupy the room of your more useful matter by any minute display of this poet's constant repetitions. If in his capital figures he has not taken the trouble to study variety, we may believe, without any particular proofs, that, in the auxiliary circumstances, he has been still more regardless.

It must be allowed, however, that Lord Byron is not always engaged in stringing and re-stringing his own poetical pearls: he is sometimes at the pains to turn aside and pilfer a few from others' stores. Of this kind I observe two very brilliant ones in the passages before me; although, undoubtedly, their lustre is much tarnished by his handling of them. One is from Ossian's description of Crugal's Ghost, which Dr. Blair thinks is not outdone by the highest exertions of any epic or tragic poet whatever. That excellent critic particularly admires the circumstance of the stars being beheld "dime twinkling through his form," as wonderfully picturesque, and conveying the most lively impression of his thin and shadowy substance. Our poet, ambitious of equal fame, attempts the same idea; but he degrades it, and produces a ludicrous figure. At the same time, he forgets that bodies do not ac-

* When the ferment in favour of this poem was at its height, I sent to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine* a few observations on it; in which, from a consideration of some admirable passages, selected by the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, I attempted to point out its demerits. These, however, have never made their appearance; and they may now, perhaps, be deemed unnecessary. Fugitive poetry must be speedily attacked.

quite their transparency from their external hue.

"Once she raised her hand on high,
It was so wan and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through."

This noble author possesses so little of the conscious pride of genius, as to arrogate to himself one of the most striking and well-known sentiments of late times. Every one knows that the eloquent Mr. Burke contemplated with peculiar indignation the outrages committed against the late queen of France, and observed, that in an age of chivalry ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge her wrongs. To the meanness of borrowing, the poet has added the folly of supposing that a generous sympathy could exist for a secluded female in an eastern court, where such chivalrous notions are not only wholly unknown, but would be esteemed highly criminal.

"Had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had breathless shone."

Criticism, it is allowed, does not insist on a rigid exclusion of foreign ideas from

an author's compositions. As the constitution of the human mind, and the appearances and operations of nature, the fountain of all knowledge, are uniform in every age and country, the same reflections will often occur unconsciously to different persons; and well-known sentiments, too, may appear occasionally in the pages of the best writers, without any indecorum, when it is evident that they are capable of producing those which are equally good; but, if they adopt as their own such conspicuous and resplendent passages, they will unavoidably incur ridicule and contempt. He, it may also be observed, who communicates to trite ideas all the freshness and graces of originality, by reducing them to their elements, and viewing them, like the first inventor, as they existed in nature, cannot be thought a plagiarist. Much less do such poets as Pope or Gray deserve this reproachful name, although they have often availed themselves of the labours of others; for, having passed them through the powerful alembic of their genius, they have had the advantage of not only being purged of all their baser qualities, but of appearing with renovated splendor and dignity.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

From the Literary Gazette.

LETTER I.

MAY this, the commencement of our first correspondence, find my beloved sister in health, and may this, my first absence from her and my native home, prove prosperous. At least it is better than idleness in Wales, and an income so reduced as ours has lately been. With an introductory letter from the governess at the great house, to her aunt in Bond-street, I am secure of friends and a bed. Then (thanks to my deceased father) I am well versed in the classics, both ancient and modern: and though the rest of my reading is rather desultory, though I have often read second volumes without reading the first, and books of refutation without the books they refute, yet still, as I know house-keeping, and retain all the primitive manners and morals of that dear village where we have

passed our lives, no doubt I shall be most eagerly received as a governess into any genteel family I may fancy.

As for marriage, I disclaim all thoughts of it. I remember, many years ago, when we were both young enough, we used to rally each other on being old maids; but somehow the joke grew flat by repetition; and in fact, for these ten years past, we have never renewed it. Perhaps it is now too late. Not that I mind the matter myself, but I would not on any account dishearten you.

When I got into the coach at Cardiff, I found two of the seats occupied by a gentleman and lady. The conversation began with the weather—a subject, which, I understand, is in great request among people who meet for the first time. Nothing could be more agreed than out-

opinions upon it; and even if we had differed, there was the weather itself before our faces, ready to decide the dispute.

The gentleman, however, suggested, that our rainy season might proceed from certain eruptive spots, which had lately broken out on the sun's face, and which, by withholding some of the solar light, might at last injure vegetation, and bring on agricultural distress.

"That does not follow," said the lady, "because light and caloric being capable of separation, the sun may still disperse his warmth, though he withdraws his radiance."

"In which case," observed the gentleman, laughing, "the world must necessarily be stuck round with rows of lamps: the farmer himself must plough by torch light, and Damon, sitting at a pastoral brook with his Daphne, must clap a candle to her face while he praises it."

"But even then," resumed the lady, "he could not praise her rosy cheek, or auburn hair. For as solar light is the origin of colours, both cheek and hair would become a complexionless blank; and in process of time, commentators would puzzle themselves, not so much about the punctuation of Shakspeare's 'green one red,' as whether green and red were like the 'sound of a trumpet.' In short, if you wish for a complete list of what would happen, read Byron's poem on Darkness."

Sister of my bosom, what a treasure is travelling! Not three miles from home, a middle aged gentlewoman, in a plain bonnet, has already made my blood run cold, by her speculations on a little spot, millions of miles distant.

She talked much in the same style for about two hours, and at length left me so much impressed with her erudition, that I candidly told her all my plans, and begged to know whether I could gain admission into any literary circles in town. She assured me nothing was easier. I need only read for about three weeks, at the rate of a science a day; as, by the modern mode of getting up books, time was the last thing necessary for knowledge. Or, if I did not choose to take this trouble, I might make a collection of periwinkles, or any thing—no matter what—so nobody else could show

one like it. Or I might set out as an enthusiast in insects, or a devotee to fossils, or a worshipper of statues without heads. Thus qualified, I should be certain of getting introduced at coteries and institutional lectures, where, she says, they show you the prettiest tricks in nature, with pipkins, detonation and a vacuum; and where any thing abominable may be talked, provided it be but scientifically.

This wonderful woman stopped at Bristol, but gave me her address in London, and half hinted something about making me her amanuensis.

After she had left us, the gentleman began (just think!) to ridicule her ignorance; and then, by way of showing his own learning, uttered a set of the most glaring falsehoods I ever heard fall from a tongue. He actually affirmed, that the philosophers have invented a mode of setting fire to the air, and of lighting up their houses with it! Conceive his effrontery. But this was nothing to what followed. He swore roundly, that they are about paving a whole street with iron; that they have got iron shafts to their carriages, and iron cables to their ships; in a word, if you believe him, this is the iron age.

Here he might perhaps have stopped; but, unfortunately, we were at breakfast, so the steam of the tea-pot set his fancy to work again. And what was the result, think you? Why, that oars and sails are now found superfluous, and that the latest pattern of ship goes quite swimmingly upon wheels, with just a little help from a pot of boiling water! steam, he says, steam does the business. Steam, a vapour that I could disperse with my fan, carries a great hulking vessel through the waves and winds all the world over! Thus has this fellow, with an ease that would shock you, turned air into fire, made iron lighter than wood, and overcome hurricanes with an exhalation.

Other passengers soon joined us, and relieved me from his impertinence. They were all of the first quality: at least, if one might judge from their conversation; as every soul of them had heard a lord say something or other. There was one young man, however, who seemed to

have heard a sentence from every nobleman in England ; till, after dinner, undertaking to divide the bill, he ran thro' pounds, shillings, and pence so adroitly, and cut his figures with such commercial nimbleness, that I asked him by way of jest, whether he was not a clerk ? To my surprize he confessed he was a banker's assistant ; so, as it was now clear, he had only picked up the chit-chat of noblemen, while they were drawing money, he declined quoting them any more. Indeed afterwards he made an effort to re-establish his consequence, by showing that he was upon good terms with bruisers ; and they, he assured me, were upon the very best terms with lords.

Being only a few hours in London, I have hitherto remarked nothing extraordinary, but the ridiculous accent of the people. They too laugh at mine, not because it is, in itself, worse than their own, but because it is not spoken where there are a great number of houses. If

the Londoners adopted the broad Scotch, broad Scotch would then be considered the standard of purity. If the Court chose to call for *winegar*, every one else, under pain of vulgarity, must purse up their mouths to the pronunciation ; and a meeting between the teeth and lip in V, would be thought to disfigure the finest face at St. James's.

It is now no more than two days since I left home, and yet it appears almost ten. When one changes on a sudden, from still life to busy, the time, as it passes, seems short, because novelty occupies the mind ; but on looking back at it, we fancy it long, because we measure its duration by the number of incidents.

I shall write every week, and, as I become acquainted with the town, give you some account of its customs, manners, and literature. Meanwhile remember me to friends at Sully. Say the kindest things for me to dear puss, and tell Lion, I kiss his paw. ADIEU.

WATER, WOOD, AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.*

From the New Annual Register.

Concluded.

IF towering eminences have the power to charm and elevate men, who are pursuing the milder occupations of life, with what rapture shall they inspire the hearts of those long encompassed with danger, who, from the top of high mountains, behold the goal to which their wishes and exertions have long been anxiously directed !—Zenophon affords a fine instance of the power of this union of association and admiration over the mind and heart. The Ten Thousand Greeks, after encountering innumerable difficulties and dangers, in the heart of an enemy's country, at length halted at the foot of a high mountain. Arrived at its summit, the sea unexpectedly burst, in all its grandeur, on their astonished sight ! The joy was universal ; the soldiers could not refrain from tears ; they embraced their generals and captains with the most extravagant delight ; they appeared already to have reached the places of their nativity, and, in imagination, again sat beneath the vines that shaded their paternal dwellings !

* See p. 158.

“On the other hand the soldiers of Hannibal shrunk back with awe and affright, when they arrived at the foot of the mountains, that backed the town of Martigny. The sight of those enormous rampires, whose heads, capped with eternal snow, appeared to touch the heavens, struck a sensible dejection on the hearts of the soldiers. It was in the middle of autumn : the trees were yellow with the falling leaf ; and a vast quantity of snow having blocked up many of the passes, the only objects which reminded them of humanity, were a few miserable cottages, perched upon the points of inaccessible cliffs ; flocks almost perished with cold ; and men of hairy bodies and of savage visages ! On the ninth day, after conquering difficulties without number, the army reached the summit of the Alps. The alarm, which had been circulating among the troops all the way, now became so evident, that Hannibal thought proper to notice it ; and, halting on the top of one of the mountains, from which there was a fine view of Italy, he pointed out to them the luxuriant plains of Piedmont, which appeared, like a large map,

before them. He magnified the beauty of those regions, and represented to them, how near they were of putting a final period to their difficulties, since one or two battles would inevitably give them possession of the Roman capital. This speech, filled with such promising hopes, and the effect of which was so much enforced by the sight of Italian landscapes, inspired the dejected soldiers with renewed vigour and alacrity; they set forward, and soon after arrived in the plains, near the city of Turin.

"This celebrated march, performed at such an unfavourable season of the year, in a country, rendered by nature almost inaccessible, has been the admiration of every succeeding age; and many a fruitless attempt has been made to ascertain its actual route. Gen. Melville has at length settled the question. With Polybius in his hand, he traced it from 'the point where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone, up the left bank of that river, across Dauphiné to the entrance of the mountains at Les Echelles, along the vale to Chambery, up the banks of the Isere, by Conflans and Moustier, over the gorge of the Alps, called the Little St. Bernard, and down their eastern slopes by Aosti and Ivrea, to the plains of Piedmont, in the neighborhood of Turin.'

"On the 6th of May, in the year eighteen hundred, Napoleon, then first consul of France (*gaudens viam fecisse ruina*), set off from Paris to assume the command of the army of Italy. On the thirteenth, he arrived in the neighbourhood of Lausanne. Having reviewed his troops, he pursued his journey along the north banks of the lake of Geneva, and passing through Vevey, Villeneuve, and Aigle, arrived at Martinach, situated near a fine sweep of the Rhone, near its confluence with the Durance. From this place the modern Hannibal, (not more resembling that warrior in military talent than in perfidy,) passed through Burg, and St. Branchier; and after great toil, difficulty and danger, arrived with his whole army at the top of the great St. Bernard. The road up this mountain is one of the most difficult, and the scenes, which it presents, are as magnificent as any in Switzerland. Rocks, gulphs, avalanches, or precipices, presented themselves at every step. Not

a soldier but was alternately petrified with horror, or captivated with delight. At one time feeling himself a coward, at another, animated with the inspirations of a hero! Arrived at the summit of that tremendous mountain, and anticipating nothing but a multitude of dangers and accidents in descending from those regions of perpetual snow, on a sudden turning of the road, they beheld tables, covered, as if by magic, with every kind of necessary refreshment—The monks of St. Bernard had prepared the banquet. Bending with humility and grace, those holy fathers besought the army to partake the comforts of their humble fare. The army feasted, returned tumultuous thanks to the monks, and passed on. A few days after this event, the battle of Marengo decided the fate of Italy.

"To the eye and heart of the ambitious, how many subjects of inducement and delight do mountains present! Who would not be proud to climb the summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Andes? Is there a Sicilian, who does not boast of Etna? Is there a Scot, who does not take pride in celebrating Ben Lomond? and is there an Italian, that is not vain of the Apennines? Who, that is alive to nature and the muse, would not be delighted to wander up the sides of the Caucasus, the cone of Teneriffa, or those beautiful mountains, situated on the confines of three nations, so often and so justly celebrated by the poets of ancient Greece? and shall our friend Colonna be censured for confessing, that the proudest moments of his existence have been those in which he has reached the summits of the Wrekin, the Ferywa, and the cone of Langollen? or when he has beheld from the tops of Carnedd David, and Llewellyn, a long chain of mountains, stretching from the north to the south, from Penmaenmawr to Cader Idris? Snowdon rising in the centre, his head capd with snow, and towering above the clouds, while his immense sides, black with rugged and impending rocks, stretched in long length below!

"During his continuance on *Pen-y Voel*, Mr. Cox, the celebrated Swiss traveller, felt that extreme satisfaction, which is ever experienced when elevated on the highest point of the adjacent

country. 'The air,' as that gentleman justly observes from Rousseau, 'is more pure, the body more active, and the mind more serene. Lifted up above the dwellings of man, we discard all grovelling and earthly passions; the thoughts assume a character of sublimity, proportionate to the grandeur of the surrounding objects: and, as the body approaches nearer to the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes a portion of their unalterable purity.' In a note to this passage Rousseau expresses his surprise, that a bath of the reviving air of the mountains is not more frequently prescribed by the physician, as well as by the moralist.

"Emotions of religion are always the most predominant in such elevated regions. Mr. Adams, when employed as minister plenipotentiary, from the States of America to the court of Berlin, visited the vast mountains that separate Silesia from Bohemia. Upon the Schneegitten he beheld the celebrated pits, where the snow remains unmelted for the greater part of the year: upon the Riesenkoppe, the highest pinnacle in Germany, he beheld all Silesia, all Saxony, and Bohemia, stretched like a map before him. 'Here,' says he, 'my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to that immensity of objects, expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul with the Author of nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my country, my parents, and my friends.'

"It is highly interesting to observe, what pride a mountaineer takes in his country. Mr. Coxe, travelling near Munster, was requested by a peasant to inform him what he thought of his country; and pointing to the mountains with rapture, he exclaimed, behold our walls and bulwarks, even Constantinople is not so strongly fortified.' And Colonna never reflects, but with pleasure, on the self-evident satisfaction with which a farmer, residing in one of the most inaccessible cliffs, near Ffestiniog, replied to his assertion, that England was the finest and best country in the world; 'ah! but you have no mountains, sir; you've got no mountains!'—The Sici-

lian peasants, in the same manner, have such an affection for Etna, that they believe Sicily would not be habitable without it. 'It keeps us warm in winter,' say they, 'and furnishes us with ice in summer.'

'If we except mountains, nothing has so imposing an effect upon the imagination, as high, impending and precipitate rocks; those objects, which, in so peculiar a manner, appear to have been formed by some vast convulsion of the earth; and I remember, my Letius, few scenes, which have given me greater severity of delight, than those vast crags, which rear themselves in a multitude of shapes, near Ogwen's Lake; at the falls of the Conway; at St. Gwyn's Chapel in Pembrokeshire, and the singular masses at Worm's Head, in the district of Gower. The first of these scenes is the more endeared to my fancy, from the following Ode having been written by La Rochefort, among its rude and sterile precipices.

ODE.

I.

To th' Oak, that near my cottage grew,
I gave a lingering, sad adieu;
I left my Zenophelia true

To love's fine power—

I felt the tear my cheek bedew

In that sad hour—

II.

Upon the mountain's side I stood,
Capt with Rothsay's arching wood,
And, as I view'd the mimic flood,

So smooth and still,

I listen'd—gaze'd in pensive mood—

Then climb'd the hill.

III.

'Adieu, thou wood-embosom'd spire,

'No longer shall my rustic lyre

'In tender simple notes respire

'Thy tombs among,

'No longer will it soothe thy choir

'With funeral song—

IV.

'The world before me;—I must rove

'Through vice's glittering, vain alcove;

'Alas! as 'mid the world I move,

'Shall I have time

'To tremble at the name of love,

'And speak in rhyme?"

V.

Five years are past, since this I sigh'd,

Since to the world without a guide,

My fortunes I oppos'd to pride;—

Oh ! time mispent !—

My pains are lost—my talents tried—

With punishment !

VI.

Now to my hamlet I'll retire,

Cur'd of every vain desire ;

And burning with the sacred fire,

That charm'd my youth ;

To love I'll dedicate my tyre,

And heaven-born truth.

“ When rocks are scattered among woods, covered with ivy, and peopled with animals, as in the celebrated pass at Undercliff, nothing can be more embellishing to scenery, and nothing fascinates the imagination in a more vivid and impressive manner. Of all the rocks, which this island can boast, few can compare with those that alternately form the sides, the front screens, and the back grounds of the Wye. ‘ There,’ says Mr. Gilpin, who has described the general character of this unequalled river with the skill and judgment of a painter, and with all the taste and genius of a poet, ‘ the rocks are continually starting through the woods, and are generally simple and grand ; rarely formal or fantastic. Sometimes they project in those beautiful square masses, yet broken and shattered in every line, which is characteristic of the most majestic species of rock. Sometimes they slant obliquely from the eye in shelving diagonal strata ; and sometimes they appear in large masses of smooth stone, detached from each other and half buried in the soil.’ These masses of smooth rock are those objects of nature, which most resemble the ar-

chitecture of man. Sometimes they rear themselves into vast natural amphitheatres ; at other times into rampires, with all the regularity of immense walls ; and with no herbage, no hanging masses of shrubs, no ivy adorning their crevices, they surprise, without delighting us. For, as the same elegant writer truly observes, no object receives so much beauty from contrast as the rock. ‘ Some objects,’ says he, ‘ are beautiful in themselves ; the eye is pleased with the tuftings of a tree ; it is amused with pursuing the eddying of a stream ; or it rests with delight on the broken arches of a gothic ruin. Such objects, independent of composition, are beautiful in themselves.—But the rock, bleak, naked and unadorned, seems scarcely to deserve a place among them. Tint it with mosses and lichens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty ; adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you make it still more picturesque ; connect it with wood, water, and broken ground, and you make it in the highest degree interesting. Its colour and its form are so accommodating, that it generally blends into one of the most beautiful appendages of landscape.’

----- where high rocks, o'er ocean's dashing floods,

Wave high in air, their panoply of woods,
Admiring taste delights to stray beneath
With eye uplifted, and forgets to breathe ;
Or, as aloft his daring footsteps climb,
Creeps their high summits with his arm sublime.

Philos. of Nature.

ON THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT seems to have been the favourite object of most ages and countries to preserve from putrefaction the bodies of those who, in life, had been beloved or respected. The Egyptians have succeeded in their mummies, and the Romans in burning and collecting the ashes of the dead ; but the more natural and rational process has seldom been considered, viz. that of speedily incorporating with the earth all that remains of organized matter.

There is a class of animals [*Vermes*] which forms the connecting link betwixt animal and vegetable life ; through this medium the bodies of dead animals are transformed into new life in vegetables. Instead, therefore of incasing the corpse in lead or oak coffins, or embalming to preserve it a little longer from the worms, it is surely more rational, and more according to the laws of nature, to bury it in such thin or perishable materials as may most speedily promote its dissolution ; and, if the surface of the

ground were covered with flowering plants, the grave, instead of an object of disgust and horror, might be converted into a pleasing record of our past affections.

How delightful is the thought, that while we are inhaling the fragrance of a rose or violet, growing in the mould composed of our ancestors or friends, we may be breathing the pure and per-

fumed essence of all that now remains of what was in life most dear to us.

If all our church-yards were flower-gardens, and every grave a bed of roses, we should learn to look on the mansions of the dead with hope and joy, and not with dread and disgust; and the good Christian should follow his Lord's example, whose burial-place was in a garden.

H. R.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

Continued.

I BELIEVE I have not as yet so much as mentioned the Palais Royal, and shall for the present postpone any notice of it, having still objects of greater interest to consider. Among these I reckon the hospitals of Paris. If the French nation are possessed of charity in the same degree as the people of England, it must be admitted that either they are averse to making a public display of it, or that some other cause diverts it from that course which it takes in England; where the meetings of numerous societies, voluntarily united for some charitable purpose or other, are as frequent and regular as the rising of the sun, and innumerable edifices for these purposes are constructed at the expense of private individuals, whilst their architecture serves at the same time to ornament the places where they are erected.

Little or nothing of all this is to be met with in the metropolis of France—if you except that truly grand and imposing structure the *Hôtel des Invalides*, erected by a warlike monarch, having uncontrolled command over the revenues of the whole nation; and the institution for foundlings, which is upon a very extensive scale. But here, as in all other matters which concern the public, one may see the effect of an absolute government, upon which the individuals of the nation idly lean—having neither authority nor inclination to take the business of the community into their own hands.

The streets of Paris, however, do not at present by any means exhibit that state of mendicancy which must have existed formerly, if the accounts of travellers are correct; nor do these accounts

as to the wants of cleanliness in the hospitals here, receive any confirmation from what they now exhibit in that respect. The poor and sick must therefore somehow be provided for, though not in such mansions as, what the French call, the English hospitals of luxury; where a great part of the funds are diverted from their legitimate object, and expended in large salaries for the officers, and in splendid buildings. There are, I believe, twenty-two hospitals, if not more, in Paris, the management of the whole of which is vested in a committee of government, and therefore liable to all the defects of such an administration. The funds of these hospitals consist in what little property the Revolution has left them; but the greatest part of the expense is supplied by the government. It is perhaps a plan deserving of imitation, to keep patients under different diseases, as they do here, separated in different hospitals, by which the nature of such diseases is likely to become more perfectly understood by the medical men attached to these hospitals.

The *Hôtel des Invalides* distinguishes itself in a view of Paris by its gilt cupola, an unusual object in European architecture, proclaiming, as it were, to the spectator, that the comfortable retreat of the disabled soldier is the principal object of the care of the nation and its chief. A winged lion, a trophy torn from the impotent republic of Venice, stands on a high pedestal at the entrance of the avenue leading to the gate and iron balustrade.* The building pre-

* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that this trophy has since been restored to the city from which it was brought by the universal plunderers.—EPICURE.

sents but one large front ; but it is square in its construction ; containing several courts with galleries, in which about 3,000 inmates can be accommodated. In every part of this hospital, a great attention to fresh air and cleanliness is evident. The bedrooms of the patients has a thorough air from windows on opposite sides, which look into small gardens ; and, though the weather had for a long time been very hot, not the least offensive smell was perceived in any part of it. The bedsteads have white curtains, and a chest of drawers by the side of them ; the pewter basons for the soup were scoured by the nurses to the utmost degree of brightness. There are gardens for those who are able to walk, and covered places to shelter them from the rain or the sun. In the captains' dining-room the cloth was laid for dinner ; with a napkin, a large loaf, and a bottle of wine for each. This room is adorned with paintings of the towns taken in 1672. In the soldiers' room the cloth was not yet laid ; it had paintings of merely the plans of the fortifications taken in 1667. The great kitchen is high and cleanly, but apparently not very large for such an establishment. There is a separate kitchen for the apothecary. The chapel has nothing very particular ; but the greatest attention and expense has been bestowed upon that part which is under the dome, and upon the dome itself. The architecture of this part, in the form of a cross, is beautiful ; the floor of the rotunda and of the adjoining chapels is of marble, adorned with *fleurs de lis*. Here is a monument to Vauban, erected, as the inscription says, *par S. M. l'Empereur et Roi, 1807* :—another monument for Turenne, who is represented dying in the arms of victory, with the battle of Turheim in 1675, in bas relief. The interior of the cupola and the ceilings are adorned with beautiful paintings set in richly gilt frames. This hospital was originally erected by Louis XIV. While I was in this hospital, a large body of foreign troops, returning from exercise in the *Champs de Mars*, marched by with drums and music playing, and colours flying : what effect this must have upon the feelings of these veterans in their retreat may be easily imagined.

The *Foundling Hospital*, which I had often heard mentioned as an institution more extensive than any other of the kind, I did not find, as I expected, to be a building upon a scale of extraordinary magnitude. It is near the Observatory and the *Boulevard du Parnasse*. The whole institution is now placed under what they call *la Maternité*. The building just mentioned contained only one hundred beds, or rather iron cradles, in one large room, besides an infirmary for the sick infants ; these cradles had white coverings, and the room seemed to be sufficiently spacious for that number of infants under the age of two years ; for, when arrived at that age, they are sent to other houses, called *Hospices des Orphelins*. The hundred cradles in this room were not now filled, by about thirty. Whilst I was surprised at the small number of these infants in the house, I was much more surprised, when I was told, that the number with the nurses, in the country, amounted to *fourteen thousand*. Each infant, on being received, has a ticket fastened to its cap with a progressive number, beginning every new year with number one : the number of this day (16th September) was 3,600 and a few more. In the infirmary there were many infants ; there was a fire and several nurses. The woman attending me uncovered and showed to me many pitiable-looking babies ; at last coming to one cradle, she said : "I fear this poor thing is dead." She uncovered it, and sure enough it was dead, cold, and stiff, and its mouth covered with froth. The woman appeared quite indifferent about it. Whilst the principal object of this institution seems to be, to prevent infanticide, for which it is well calculated, I cannot help entertaining doubts of the expediency of carrying it to such extent, as will invite the idle and profligate to leave their offspring to the care and charge of the public, and deprive thousands of infants of the fostering care of their parents, who, though poor, would still have found means to bring up these children, if this easy resource were not held out to them.

Of the *Hospices des Orphelins*, to which the foundlings are sent, when past two years old, I visited one in the *rue St. Antoine*. It is a very good building,

inclosing a large square planted with trees, and a large chapel. The rooms are airy and clean, and the utensils properly scoured. The children appeared decently clean, though not like what you are accustomed to in England. Their appearance was also healthy, considering the general complexion of French children. The girls make the linen for themselves and for the boys, when these are sent out to employment. The nurses seemed, by their dress, to belong to a religious order, and had a very respectable appearance.

Several of the hospitals bear the inscription: *Hospice d'Incurables*, which does not allude to lunatics, but to cripples, superannuated, and sick past recovery. A large hospital of this kind is in the *rue Recollet*, formerly a monastery of the Recollets. It is a fine large stone building, with an open ground along the whole front, containing about five hundred patients. In this neighbourhood is also the large hospital of *St. Louis*, which is now said to be restricted to diseases of an eruptive nature; I was told that it contained at present about twelve hundred patients. The lower bedrooms were vaulted and white-washed, and contained three rows of beds each, without curtains, and open to a thorough air. A pretty large church is attached to it. The patients, who were walking about, had a dirty appearance. *Val de Grace*, another hospital, was formerly a nursery—a fine building, and one of the ornamental objects in a view of Paris. There are in front of several houses in Paris, inscriptions of *Bureau de Beneficence*, which evidently allude to a charitable institution, the nature of which I have not yet had explained to me. In one of the churches here you may still see a board, on which is inscribed a decree of the *Emperor* of the year 1805, whereby the churchwardens are authorized to make a collection for the poor, at eleven o'clock at high mass, on Sundays only.

I have already had many political disputes with French politicians, and should have had more, if a long suspension of practice had not deprived me of that

facility of speaking French, without which such controversies cannot be carried on with proper spirit. In a company where a portrait of Blücher was exhibited, a Frenchman exclaimed: "That man has done us a deal of mischief!"—"But consider, Sir, what misery the French had before inflicted on the Prussians!"—"Mais!" replied the Frenchman, "*apres avoir eu tant de tems a y reflechir!*"

An old duchess observed: "We are told that the English and Prussians believe in the Gospel, (*l'Evangile*), which commands us to forgive our enemies."—"Ah, Madam! the French armies have published such a new version of this sacred text, by their cannon and bayonets in other countries, that it were not to be wondered at if the inhabitants of those countries should in some degree be infected by it."—"These are evasions," said the duchess: respect forbade any further reply.

"Your English ministers," observed another Frenchman, "ought to erect on the highest mountain in Scotland a temple to the God of Frost and Snow, to whom they are indebted for their success more than to their own abilities."—"Non nobis Domine! ought certainly to be sung with a most cordial feeling and conviction on the present occasion by the successful Allies; who, however great the merit of their exertions to profit by the favourable crisis, will no doubt ascribe all their success to the great Author of Nature, who alone could produce this crisis; and if the French, on their side, would seek in the justice of that same Being the cause of their overthrow, it would perhaps form the best basis of a cordial union among all the parties.—Some future historian will perhaps discover and trace a resemblance in the features of the present times to those of the Reformation. At that period religious interests had, as political interests at the present day, long fermented in the minds of men, producing a crisis by which, as the physical body is affected by a fever, so the body politic becomes violently convulsed.

Concluded in our next.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. B. FRANKLIN,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS, BY HIS GRANDSON, WM. TEMPLE FRANKLIN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IN turning over the volume of the *Correspondence of Dr. Franklin*, just published by the grandson of that eminent man, I was particularly struck with a letter on the subject of the American Order of Cincinnati, in which, with much force and ingenuity, he argues the absurdity of hereditary honorary distinctions. I inclose a transcript of it, confident that its insertion in your pages will gratify such of your readers as are not yet in possession of the volume from which it is extracted. N.

Heralds' College, Jan. 5, 1817.

To MRS. BACHE.*

Passy, January 26, 1784.

My dear Child,

YOUR care in sending me the newspapers is very agreeable to me. I received by Captain Barney those relating to the Cincinnati. My opinion of the institution cannot be of much importance; I only wonder that when the united wisdom of our nation had, in the articles of confederation, manifested their dislike of establishing ranks of nobility, by authority either of the congress or of any particular state, a number of private persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their posterity, from their fellow-citizens, and form an order of *hereditary knights*, in direct opposition to the solemnly declared sense of their country. I imagine it must be likewise contrary to the good sense of most of those drawn into it, by the persuasion of its projectors, who have been too much struck with the ribbands and crosses they have seen hanging on the button-holes of foreign officers. And I suppose those who disapprove of it have not hitherto given it much opposition, from a principle somewhat like that of your good mother, relating to punctilious persons who are always exacting little observances of respect, that "*if people can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity but they should have them.*" In this view, perhaps, I should not myself, if

my advice had been asked, have objected to their wearing their ribband and badge themselves; according to their fancy, though I certainly should to the entailing it as an honour on their posterity. For, honour worthily obtained (as that for example of our officers) is in its nature a *personal* thing, and incommunicable to any but those who had some share in obtaining it. Thus among the Chinese, the most ancient, and from long experience the wisest of nations, honour does not *descend*, but *ascends*. If a man from his learning, his wisdom, or his valour, is promoted by the emperor to the rank of mandarin, his parents are immediately entitled to all the same ceremonies of respect from the people, that are established as due to the mandarin himself; on the supposition that it must have been owing to the education, instruction, and good example afforded him by his parents that he was rendered capable of serving the public. This *ascending* honour is therefore useful to the state, as it encourages parents to give their children a good and virtuous education. But the *descending honour*, to a posterity who could have no share in obtaining it, is not only groundless and absurd, but often hurtful to that posterity, since it is apt to make them proud, disdaining to be employed in the useful arts, and thence falling into poverty, and all the meanness, servility, and wretchedness attending it; which is the present case with much of what is called the *noblesse* in Europe. Or if, to keep up the dignity of the family, estates are entailed entire on the eldest male heir, another pest to industry and improvement of the country is introduced, which will be followed by all the odious mixture of pride and beggary and idleness that have half depopulated and decultivated Spain; occasioning continual extinction of families by the discouragements of marriage, and neglect in the improvement of estates. I wish, therefore, that the Cincinnati, if they must go on with their project, would direct the badges of their order to be worn by their fathers and mothers, instead of handing them down to their children. It would be a

* Dr. Franklin's only daughter, married to a merchant in Philadelphia.

good precedent, and might have good effects. It would also be a kind of obedience to the fourth commandment, in which God enjoins us to honour our father and mother, but has no where directed us to honour our children. And certainly no mode of honouring those immediate authors of our being can be more effectual than that of doing praiseworthy actions which reflect honour on those who gave us our education; or more becoming than that of manifesting by some public expression or token, that it is to their instruction and example we ascribe the merit of those actions.

But the absurdity of *descending honour* is not a mere matter of philosophical opinion, it is capable of mathematical demonstration. A man's son, for instance, is but half of his family, the other half belonging to the family of his wife. His son, too, marrying into another family, his share in the grandson is but a fourth; in the great-grandson is but a eighth. In the next generation a sixteenth, the next a thirty-second, the next a sixty-fourth, the next a hundred and twenty-eight, the next a two hundred and fifty-sixth, and the next a five hundred and twelfth: thus in nine generations, which will not require more than 300 years, (no very great antiquity for a family,) our present Chevalier of the Order of Cincinnati's share in the then existing knight will be but a 512th part; which, allowing the present certain fidelity of American wives to be insured down through all those nine generations, is so small a consideration, that methinks no reasonable man would hazard for the sake of it, the disagreeable consequences of the jealousy, envy, and ill-will of his countrymen.

Let us go back with our calculation from this young noble, the 512th part of the present knight, through his nine generations, till we return to the year of the institution. He must have had a father and a mother, they are two; each of them had a father and a mother, they are four. Those of the next preceding generation will be eight, the next sixteen, the next thirty-two, the next sixty-four, the next one hundred and twenty-eight, the next two hundred and fifty-six, and the ninth in this retrocession five hun-

dred and twelve, who must be now existing, and all contribute their portion of this future *Chevalier de Cincinnati*. These, with the rest, make together as follows:

2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512,

Total, 1022.

One thousand and twenty-two men and women, contributors to the formation of one knight. And if we are to have a thousand of these future knights, there must be now and hereafter existing one million and twenty-two thousand fathers and mothers, who are to contribute to their production, unless a part of the number are employed in making more knights than one. Let us strike off then the 22,000 on the supposition of this double employ, and then consider whether after a reasonable estimation of the number of rogues and fools and account-drels and prostitutes that are mixed with, and help to make up necessarily their million of predecessors, posterity will have much reason to boast of the noble blood of the then existing set of Chevaliers of Cincinnati. The future genealogists too of these Chevaliers; in proving the lineal descent of their honour through so many generations, (even supposing honour capable in its nature of descending) will only prove the small share of this honour which can be justly claimed by any one of them, since the above simple process in arithmetic makes it quite plain and clear, that in proportion as the antiquity of the family shall augment, the right to the honour of the ancestor will diminish; and a few generations more would reduce it to something so small as to be very near an absolute nullity. I hope, therefore, that the Order will drop this part of their project, and content themselves as the Knights of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, St. Louis, and other Orders of Europe do, with a life enjoyment of their little badge and ribband, and let the distinction die with those who have merited it. This, I imagine, will give no offence. For my own part, I shall think it a convenience when I go into a company where there may be faces unknown to me, if I discover, by this badge, the persons who merit some particular expression of my respect; and it will save modest virtue

the trouble of calling for our regard, by awkward round-about intimations of having been heretofore employed as officers in the continental service.

The gentleman, who made the voyage to France to provide the ribbands and medals, has executed his commission. To me they seem tolerably done; but all such things are criticised. Some find fault with the Latin, as wanting classical elegance and correctness; and since our nine universities were not able to furnish better Latin, it was pity, they say, that the mottos had not been in English. Others object to the title, as not properly assumable by any but General Washington, and a few others, who served without pay. Others object to the bald eagle, as looking too much like a *dindon*, or turkey. For my own part, I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character—he does not get his living honestly: you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward: the little *king-bird*, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is therefore by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *king birds* from our country: though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. I am on this account not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is, in comparison, a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours; the first of the species seen in Europe being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and served up at the wedding-table of Charles the Ninth. He is besides

(though a little vain and silly 'tis true, but not the worse emblem for that) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a red coat on.

I shall not enter into the criticisms made upon their Latin. The gallant officers of America may not have the merit of being great scholars, but they undoubtedly merit much as brave soldiers from their country, which should therefore not leave them merely to *fame* for their *virtutis premium*, which is one of their Latin mottos. Their *esto perpetua*, another, is an excellent wish, if they meant it for their country; bad, if intended for their order. The states should not only restore to them the *omnia* of their first motto,* which many of them have left and lost, but pay them justly and reward them generously. They should not be suffered to remain with all their new-created chivalry *entirely* in the situation of the gentleman in the story, which their *omnia reliquit* reminds me of. You know every thing makes me recollect some story. He had built a very fine house, and thereby much impaired his fortune. He had a pride however in shewing it to his acquaintance. One of them, after viewing it all, remarked a motto over the door, *OMIA VANITAS*. What, says he, is the meaning of this *OMIA*? 'tis a word I don't understand. I will tell you, said the gentleman: I had a mind to have the motto cut on a piece of smooth marble, but there was not room enough for it between the ornaments, to be put in characters large enough to be read. I therefore made use of a contraction anciently very common in Latin manuscripts, whereby the *m's* and *n's* in words are omitted, and the omission noted by a little dash above, which you may see there, so that the word is *omnia*—*OMNIA VANITAS*. O, said his friend, I now comprehend the meaning of your motto, it relates to your edifice; and signifies, that if you have abridged your *omnia*, you have left your *VANITAS* legible at full length. I am, as ever, your affectionate father,

B. FRANKLIN.

* *Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam.*

To Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Passy, February 8, 1790.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter of September 27th, came to hand but very lately, the bearer having staid long in Holland.

I always rejoice to hear of your being still employed in experimental researches in nature, and of the success you meet with. The rapid progress true science now makes, occasions my regretting that I was born so soon; it is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried in a thousand years, the power of man over matter; we may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity, and give them absolute levity, for the sake of easy transport. Agriculture may

diminish its labour and double its produce; all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, (not excepting even that of old age,) and our lives lengthened at pleasure, even beyond the antediluvian standard. O that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!

I am glad that my little paper on the Aurora Borealis pleased. If it should occasion farther enquiry, and so produce a better hypothesis, it will not be wholly useless.

I am ever, with the greatest and most sincere esteem, dear Sir, &c. B. F.

WELSH MANNERS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

LETTER, WRITTEN DURING A TOUR IN NORTH-WALES, BY MISS HUTTON, OF BENNET'S-HILL, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

Barmouth, Aug. 4.

HAVING crossed the two rivers of Mallwyd, we turned the angle of a mountain, and went through Dinas-mowddû, one of the poorest of British towns, though Dinas signifies city. It speaks louder in favour of these Cambrians' propensity to liquor than religion; for they have two public houses of their own, but are contented to go to Mallwyd to church. Our road, for four or five miles, was by the side of the Mowddû, and near the bottom of the mountains, till the one could no longer be discovered, and the others met at their base. Nothing shewed the hand of man, or the least token of his existence, but the road. We had here to climb what the Welsh call a *Bwlch*, which literally means a notch, but is used to denote a gap between two summits. Our road was cut on the side of one of the mountains, and ascended till it reached the pass, by which time it looked down a frightful precipice. The ascent was a mile, and without a fence. It is called *Bwlch Oerddrws*.

As we walked slowly up the mountain we were overtaken by a Welshman on his poney, and a woman on foot, who was fully a match for him and his horse.

It was a comfort to meet with our fellow creatures in so desolate a region, though we could not communicate our ideas to each other. The ideas of the woman, if we might judge by her words, were very copious, for her tongue was never at rest. They accompanied us to Dolgellen, nearly six miles, keeping close to our horses' heels; walking when we walked, and trotting when we trotted; the woman treading barefooted, always talking, never out of breath or discovering the smallest symptom of fatigue.

The top of *Bwlch Oerddrws* is so tremendous on a stormy day, that horses have been frequently known to turn back, and could scarcely be made to pass it. On the other side the descent was not steep; but the face of the country was changed, and the sheep were become real stones, sprouting out of the scanty herbage. I saw a rill spring up under my feet, at Dolgellen it was navigable, and at Barmouth a sea. This was very fine, but not strictly true, for I have since found that it is joined by another river, both at and after Dolgellen.

Rivers are so numerous in this country that it is not easy to find out their names, or even to be certain whether the bridge one is now passing be over the

same stream one crossed ten minutes ago. If you apply to the common people for information, they do not understand you; and, if you meet with a man that can speak English, it is a thousand to one he does not know. Even at Barmouth they are ignorant of the name of their river. Ask a sailor, and he will tell you it is the Dolgellen river, because it comes to him from Dolgellen. Ask a man more enlightened, and he will say it is the Avon, because that is the general Welsh name for all rivers. You are very fortunate if you find a person who can tell you it is the Maw.

After travelling along barren and rocky moors, we found ourselves at the top of a steep and lofty hill, which overlooked the town of Dolgellen, seated among rich meadows. A town, a fertile plain, a winding river, a handsome bridge, and neat white houses, gave us the idea of a different world; while the mountains that hedged them in, among which was the mighty Cader Ydris, convinced us we were yet in Wales. From this bird's-eye view we had a long descent to Dolgellen.

From Machynlleth to Dolgellen, and from Dolgellen to Barmouth, are reckoned two of the finest rides in North Wales. The latter was our road. I had heard much at Mallwyd of billows foaming at our feet, and impending rocks, threatening immediate destruction, over head; and I had conceived such a terror at these dangers that I actually formed the wise and prudent project of walking the whole way. On further reflection, however, I thought I might as well not walk till I did not dare to ride.

Having reached the river Maw, a little below Dolgellen, the road accompanies it to its mouth, and is certainly more charming than imagination can picture. It passes by farms, over bridges, and by one beautiful cascade. It deviates from the river, and goes behind rocks and woody hills. It returns to it again, and affords a prospect of the opening sea. The last mile and a half before it reaches Barmouth, the mountain slopes to the water's edge; and the rock was blown up with gunpowder, before the road could be made, this is cut at different heights above the water, with a precipice on the left, and masses and perpendicular walls of rock rising on the right.

A gentleman who is at this place is so delighted with the scenery of Pont-ddu, the Waterfall that I mentioned, that he has offered forty years' purchase for the adjoining farm, besides paying for the wood. The rent is £31 a year; but the number of acres is neither known nor guessed at, for here they have no notion of measuring land. It has, here and there, a patch of grass or grain, but not one foot of ground where a house could be placed without a very steep ascent to it. The song does well to celebrate *Our native oak*, for in this country, where much is in a state of nature, every glen is wooded, and almost all wood is oak.

Till the road I have described was formed, which is not twelve years ago, the way from Dolgellen to Barmouth was over the mountains, and the descent to the town a steep zig-zag above the tops of the houses. It may be imagined that no stranger travelled it but from necessity. If by chance a carriage had occasion to approach the place, it was taken to pieces at Dolgellen, and sent down by a boat. The old Welsh roads kept their undeviating line through vales, or over passable hills, as they lay before them. They are sometimes stony, and sometimes present us with a piece of uncovered native rock. The modern roads follow the course of the rivers, to avoid the hills; and are cut on their sides to avoid the floods.

The shore of Barmouth is a fine sand, from which the sea retires about two hundred yards at low water. A mountain completely fills the angles between the river and the sea, which, as I mentioned before, has been cut to make a passage to the town. Having turned this angle, a slip of land along the shore affords room for a street. This is the grand thoroughfare of Barmouth. The remainder of Barmouth consists of eight rows of houses, one over the other, on the side of the mountain, which are inhabited by the aborigines of the country. In general one man's chimney is on a level with his neighbour's floor, so all have an opportunity of inhaling the smoke for nothing. When a visitor arrived at Barmouth by the old road, he might call in upon his friends, from one perch to another, till he dropped down on those upon the shore.

Above all the houses of Barmouth a fine spring issues from the rock, which supplies this curious city with water, and where the bare-legged ladies wash their woollens and potatoes. To carry their clothes to the water rather than the water to their clothes, seems the common practice of the place, for I have seen a spot on the shore, near a rivulet, frequently occupied by these cleansers of woollen with their beating logs, while their caps were stewing in a porridge pot over a fire of sticks. I believe it was so in the days of Homer.

The Cader or Chair of Ydris is a noble mountain, and, like Saddle-back, in Cumberland, receives its name from its shape. I have been puzzled to find out who this gentleman was, who fixed upon the highest seat in this country, though I felt assured his head must have been stronger than mine, or he would have been content with a lower station. My wonder at his choice has ceased, now I have discovered that he was a giant, which the following well known legend puts beyond a doubt. He was walking by the pool of Three Grains, at the foot of his chair, when he found himself incommoded by some stones that had crept into his shoe. He took off the shoe and shook them out, and there they remain to this day, three enormous rocks, which have given name to the pool.

At all funerals in North Wales a wooden bowl is placed on the communion-table; and, after the service in the

church is ended, every person present drops money in it; the poorer sort, copper; the richer, shillings, half crowns, even guineas, and sometimes to the number of five. This offering is made from respect to the memory of the deceased, and the greater the sum the greater the respect shewn. But the poor clergyman reaps the benefit; it is his perquisite, and frequently exceeds the rest of his revenue.

After the service at the grave is ended, there is a smaller contribution for the clerk.

In South Wales, when a poor person dies, the neighbours and acquaintance take each a large fluted mould-candle, made on purpose for such occasions, called a burning candle, and, having deposited it in the house, they sit all night by the dead body, and join in singing psalms. This they call *Waking the corpse*, and they continue the practice every night till it is buried. Where the neighbourhood is populous, these midnight wakers fill the house, which indeed seldom consists of more than two rooms. Tea is made for their refreshment.

Throughout the principality the common people constantly see corpse-candles, which are the fore-runners of death. These are large walking candles, that pass by in the night, and these see-ers can tell, by the colour of the flame, and the kind of noise it makes in walking, whether it be man, woman, or child, that is to die.

SKETCHES OF A PEDESTRIAN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Continued.

OUR little party now proceeded in due order. The guide had received his instructions as to the place of our destination, and we followed at a lingering contemplative pace behind. Having continued for some distance along the beach to the east of Ryde, we turned suddenly to the right and ascended a hill, at the summit of which stands St. John's, the agreeable residence of Edward Simeon, esq. This mansion commands, through different vistas, delightful views over the surrounding sea. The home domain is finely embowered, and

the adjoining grounds laid out by Repton, exhibit a pleasing specimen of picturesque garden scenery. The house is plain but commodious, and the neighbourhood is famed for abundance of game. Thus possessing the charms of the country, joined to the convenience of its adjacency to Ryde, it would appear to be a situation of a very desirable nature. For assuredly, man is too social a creature to be contented with entire solitude, and an occasional mixture with the world increases his zest for retirement. Wise men should, therefore, according to the

beautiful simile of Pope, "be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them."

From St. John's our path lay through lanes agreeably shaded, and presenting an undulating course of alternate hill and dale; the view bounded on the one side by Ashey Down with its far-seen sea-mark, a triangular pyramid surveyed by many an anxious eye in the distant ocean. The high ridge of Bembridge Downs confines the sight in another direction; while a fine expanse of richly cultivated country, smiling with woodland, and studded with numerous flocks, stretches between.

On attaining an eminence, the deep indent of Brading Haven, and the ocean in which it terminates, became visible to our sight; and we shortly reached the little town from which the haven receives its name. Here we resolved to halt and refresh ourselves after the fatigue of our ramble. I have ever been of opinion, with Izaak Walton of famous memory, and honest John Buckle, that a very essential part of a traveller's pleasure consists in the fare he meets with on the road. A day spent in the delights of a pedestrian stroll is certainly concluded very agreeably by comfortable quarters in the evening.

Brading is a small place of a rustic character, consisting of one street. It is, however, a corporate town, governed by two bailiffs, a recorder, and thirteen jurats, and has a considerable market for corn. The church is said to be the oldest in the island, and is a structure of somewhat ample dimensions with a square tower of cliff-stone, surmounted by a spire. From the more elevated parts of the town there is a fine view over the harbour and sea; which should be surveyed at high water, as the haven otherwise deforms the harmony of the prospect. Several attempts have been made to gain this portion of overflowed land from its invader, but without success.

Ascending Brading Hill, the sea opens on the eye, and the inland view stretches over a wide extent of pleasing scenery. Now the road descends into the bosom

of a valley, and then mounts in pleasing variety a lofty eminence. The sun was rapidly sinking in the west, but the day at this lovely season rather assumes a softer and more alluring tint, than yields to the shades of night. Scarcely had the refracted rays of the declining orb ceased to gild the adjacent hills, when the moon floated in tranquil majesty amidst a cloudless sky.

The motionless supineness of the scene was of a most interesting nature, while the surrounding objects, lengthened into a thousand shadowy shapes, imparted a pensive melancholy to the soft whispers of the evening. A sublimer spectacle awaited us, when, ascending a neighbouring eminence, the sparkling bosom of the ocean, skirted by the beautiful bay of Sandown, burst in full majesty on the eye. The effect was at once grand and impressive. But it was a grandeur of the softest and most inviting aspect. Scarcely a breeze disturbed the tranquillity of its waters, which were slightly ruffled by a few fishermen's barks, returning from the fatigues of the day. The happy labourers were singing gaily as they toiled towards the shore—that shore which contained perhaps their only treasures—an expecting wife, and the smiling fruits of their mutual affection. Happy state of contented poverty!—no sighings after wealth, no cravings of ambition, disturb the tranquillity of your well-earned slumbers. The day's toils, and the day's reward, an evening of welcome and of frugal plenty, bound your circumscribed views. Alas! how limited are the widest views of man!

We were charmed with the surrounding scenery, and rashly vowed to proceed no farther that night. On inquiring at the inn we were soon induced to alter our resolution, for we found that the officers on duty at the adjacent fort engrossed the whole accommodation of the place. Without considering it imperative to obtain absolution from our vow, we yielded to necessity and continued our course.

Sandown Bay is one of the finest of those many recesses that adorn this indented coast, extending from Dun-nose on the south-west, to the white cliffs of Culver on the east. The fort here is the most regular fortification on the island,

and is well-manned and placed in a defensive attitude. Here are also considerable barracks. Near these stands Sandown Cottage, once a favorite retreat of that shining star in the political horizon, the late celebrated John Wilkes, esq.

The lovely aspect of the country, sil-
vered over by the mild lustre of the lamp
of night, left us little to regret in our
compulsory ramble; and we arrived
without fatigue at the little village of
Shanklin.

We had scarcely contemplated the
possibility of a second disappointment in
quarters; and advanced with the confi-
dence of expected guests to the Crab inn,
or rather ale-house, the humble resting-
place of this secluded hamlet. We were
not a little chagrined to find that here
also we had been anticipated by more
fortunate inmates. What was to be
done? It was growing late, and several
miles intervened before another house
occurred. Even there we might be
placed in a similar situation. We pre-
served, however, our good humour on the
occasion, and proposed to rest here
awhile and consult on the measure to be
adopted. The spirit of good humour
and accommodation to circumstances ever
begets a correspondent feeling in others.
After repeated whispers among the little
circle assembled, our kind hostess an-
nounced her determination to lodge us in
some attainable way.

The night had become chill, and we
drew with pleasure towards the lighted
faggot that blazed on the hearth and re-
flected its beams on the honest faces
around. We soon discovered the cause
of this unusual assemblage at the recluse
little inn. The worthy woman, oppressed
by age, was about to quit the scene of
her active years; and had once more ga-
thered round her the scattered members
of her family, to recal the occurrences of
past days on the spot where they had
happened.

We listened to her little tale of trou-
bles; for Heaven, impartial in its distri-
bution of joys and cares, had sent her
share of sorrow even into this remote cor-
ner. Widowed in her age, she had also
lost her sight; and unable longer to bus-
tle on the stage of life, was about to seek
an asylum in the family of one of those
amiable daughters who now formed the
little circle. Her friends, indeed, she
said, advised her to seek relief from medi-
cal advice in London. Her daughters
expressed astonishment at the vastness of
the project, and the good woman con-
fessed that she would be the first of the
family who had visited the great metro-
polis; while a smiling Hebe of a grand-
daughter seemed rapt in the contempla-
tion of so gigantic a design.

To leave the confines of this her little
palace, appeared the deepest wound that
fortune had yet inflicted. It was here
she had passed her youthful days. Here
her children were born. In this house
she had trained them to habits of indus-
try and virtue; and from hence she had
spread them over the surface of the little
island, each with a husband and protect-
or to guide her steps. A tear glistened
in the eyes of her family as she related
her peculiar griefs.

May thy last glimmer of life shed a
peaceful and contented ray, exemplary
matron! And may the filial piety that
now distinguishes thy amiable daughters,
be repaid by the smooth pillow spread
for them in their decline of life by the
hands of their instructed offspring! How
infinitely preferable is one pure feeling,
flowing warm from the heart, one genu-
ine spark of nature to all the refinement
of science or the glitter of sentiment.

The temporary couch, spread by the
family of the worthy Mrs. Pope, appear-
ed a bed of softest down; for it was
formed with smiles of complacency and
alacrity, and hallowed by the benedictions
of innocence and virtue.

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

FORTY-SEVEN clergymen of the
Church of England were em-
ployed in the Translation of the Bible

in the reign of James I.; thirty-two
being appointed in four divisions, for
the Old Testament, and fifteen in two
divisions, for the New.

For the Pentateuch and to the First Book of Chronicles.

WESTMINSTER, TEN.

Dr. Andrews, Dean of Westminster, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

Dr. Overall, Dean of St. Paul's.

Dr. Saravin.

Dr. Clarke, Fellow of Christ's Coll. Cam.

Dr. Laifield, Fellow of Trinity-coll. C.

Dr. Leigh, Archdeacon of Middlesex.

Mr. Burgley.

Mr. King.

Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Bedwell.

For Chronicles, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Canticles, Ecclesiastes.

CAMBRIDGE, EIGHT.

Mr. Lively.

Mr. Richardson, Fellow of Emanuel-coll.

Mr. Chadderton, Fellow of Christ's-coll.

Mr. Dillingham, Fellow of Christ's-coll.

Mr. Andrews, Master of Jesus-coll.

Mr. Harrison, Vice Master of Trin.-coll.

Mr. Spalding, Fellow of St. John's-coll. and Hebrew Professor.

Mr. Bing, Fellow of Peterhouse, and Hebrew Professor.

For the four greater Prophets, the Lamentations, and twelve lesser Prophets.

OXFORD, SEVEN.

Dr. Harding, President of Magdalen-coll.

Dr. Reynolds, President of C. C. C.

Dr. Holland, Rector of Exeter, and King's Professor.

Dr. Kilby, Rector of Lincoln, and Regius Professor.

Mr. Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester.

Mr. Brett.

Mr. Fairclowe.

For the Prayer of Manasseh, and the rest of the Apocrypha.

CAMBRIDGE, SEVEN.

Dr. Duport, Master of Jesus-coll.

Dr. Braithwait, Fellow of Emanuel.

Dr. Radclyffe, Fellow of Trinity-coll.

Mr. Ward, Master of Sidney-coll. and Margaret Professor.

Mr. Downes, Fellow of St. John's, and Greek Professor.

Mr. Boyse, Fellow of St. John's-coll.

Mr. Ward, of King's-coll.

For the four Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and Apocalypse.

OXFORD, EIGHT.

Dr. Ravis, Dean of Ch. Ch. afterwards Bishop of London.

Dr. Abbot, Master of University-coll. and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Eedes.

Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Savill.

Dr. Peryn.

Dr. Ravens.

Mr. Harmer.

For the Epistles of St. Paul, and the Canonical Epistles.

WESTMINSTER, SEVEN.

Dr. Barlowe, Dean of Chester.

Dr. Hutchinson.

Dr. Spencer.

Mr. Fenton.

Mr. Rabbet.

Mr. Sanderson.

Mr. Dakins.

Rules for conducting the Translation.

Every member of each division to take the chapters assigned for the whole

company ; and, after having gone through the version or corrections, all the division was to meet, examine their respective performances, and come to a resolution, which parts of them should stand.

When any division had finished a book in this manner, they were to transmit it to the rest, to be further considered.

If any of the respective divisions shall doubt or dissent upon the review of the book transmitted, they were to mark the places, and send back the reasons of their disagreement. If they happen to differ about the amendments, the dispute was to be referred to a general committee, consisting of the best distinguished persons drawn out of each division. However, the decision was not to be made till they had gone through the work.

When any place is found remarkably obscure, letters were to be directed by authority to the most learned persons in the universities, or country, for their judgment upon the text.

The directors in each company were to be the Deans of Westminster and Chester, and the King's Professors of Hebrew and Greek in each university.

The translations of Tindal, Matthews, Coverdale, Whitchurch, and Geneva, to be used, when they came closer to the original than the Bishops' Bible.

Lastly, Three or four of the most eminent divines, in each of the universities, though not of the number of the translators, were to be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, to consult with other heads of houses for reviewing the whole translation.—*Mon. Mag.*

PROGNOSTICATORS.

The *Natural History Society* of Zurich has taken occasion of the silly notion which ascribed the cold and rainy weather last summer to the lightning-conductors, and which in two villages of that canton even produced acts of violence against those conductors, to publish some excellent observations on the advantages and disadvantages of that contrivance.—“ For upwards of a century, (says this little tract,) meteorologists have been indefatigable in noting down the state of the weather, and seeking the causes of its changes ; but still they can predict little more of its future vicissitudes than the

observant husbandman or mariner. A great obstacle to the progress of meteorological science is the absolute want of a survey of the weather of the whole globe. Could we even obtain, which it would be very difficult to do, a complete knowledge of the weather of all Europe, still this is but about the sixtieth part of the whole surface of the earth. How very possible it is that, while we complain of continued rain and deterioration of the climate, other parts of the world may be suffering from drought and heat! How can the ant, whose excursions are confined to the few paces round her abode, form a judgment of what is passing in the whole circumjacent country? It is a fault of the age, and a proof of the yet imperfect state of science that people fancy themselves capable of comprehending and explaining every phenomenon. Should they fail to hit upon the true cause, it matters not—they make one : and owing to the universal thirst of novelty, the most absurd notions, the most fallacious positions advanced by the dabbler in science, who seeks to obtain a cheap reputation in newspapers and periodical works, is caught up with avidity. At one time it is the lightning-conductors, at another the spots on the sun that occasion the unfavourable weather ; or we are told about a derangement of the earth's axis, a gradual internal refrigeration of the globe, or the influences of comets ; and thus the credulous public is treated with the grossest absurdities, mingled with the most impudent falsehoods, which serve only to confuse, instead of instructing. Censurable as this may be, we must equally condemn on the other hand that avidity with which such stuff is swallowed, and which induces those empirics in science to play such scurvy tricks with the public.—*Panor.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE THREE BLUE BALLS.

The three blue balls affixed to the doors and windows of pawn-brokers, by the vulgar humorously enough said to indicate that it is two to one the things pledged there will never be redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of mer-

chants, or bankers, from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money upon pledges. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard-street, and which is still famous for money concerns. The appellation of Lombard was formerly considered as synonymous with usurer all over Europe.

THE CHEQUERS.

Nor were the chequers, at this time a common sign for a public house, less expressive ; being the representation of a kind of draft board called tables, and showing that the game might be played in the house where the figure was displayed. From the colour of the chequers, which was red, and their similarity to lattice work, it was corruptly called a red lattice, which word is frequently used by ancient writers to signify an ale-house. Falstaff tells Pistol, "yet you will ensconce your *red-lattice* phrases under the shelter of your honour."

THOU ART A DOG IN A DOUBLET.

This phrase is commonly applied to a person who has it in his power to injure another with impunity, by being clothed with power or possessed of property. The allusion is to the ancient practice of boar-hunting, in which the favourite dogs were clothed with doublets of thick buff leather buttoned on the back, and so framed altogether as to protect the animals from the tusks of their formidable enemy ; while those that were not so defended stood the chance of having their entrails torn out by every stroke. Some of our best pictures of field sports, painted by Rubens and others, represent part of the pack in this attire.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

It has been erroneously stated, that this saying began in the reign of Charles the First, when two learned judges presided in the courts, whose profound knowledge of the law and consummate integrity, were such as to make it a proverbial observation concerning any difficult cause, that it must be gained by *Hooke* or by *Crooke*. The truth, however, is, that the proverb was in common use as far back as the time of Hen-

ry the Eighth, for the hook is the peasant's instrument to cut down any thing within his immediate reach, but when that is too elevated, he must have recourse to his crook, with which the lofty bough may be brought to his grasp. Thus craft allures, what force cannot conquer.

FOXES TURNED HUNTERS.

The island of Sprogue, in the middle of the Great Belt, which is inhabited by only a single family, and in tempestuous weather is frequently for several days together the retreat of numerous travellers, has been since the last autumn over-run by a particular kind of spotted water-rats, which destroy all vegetation, but never venture into the house, being natural enemies of the common house-rats. In order to exterminate them it is intended to convey fifty foxes and as many cats to the island. In many parts of Fühnen similar complaints are made of the increase of the martins.—*Pan.*

WEST-INDIA SERPENTS.

Report in a memoir of M. MAREAU DE JONNES, intitled "Monographie du Trigonocéphale des Antilles ou Grande Vipere fer de Lance de la Martinique."—The serpent, whose habits and nature M. Jonnes has observed with so much courage, and described with so much care, is a large viper, whose bite is of the most dangerous kind. M. de Jonnes announces, that he has been able to examine several hundreds of this species, of which some were nearly eight feet long. He assures us, that these serpents are solely confined to the islands of Martinique, St. Lucie, and Becouia; he believes they have never been seen on the Continent of America. Several authors had observed the two orifices of the nostrils; and Tyson, so far back as 1683, had described them with care. But lately, one of these orifices, that nearest the eye, had been regarded as an exterior auricular organ, analogous to that of some *Sauriens*, as the ophesaur. M. de Jonnes confirms, by his observations, the most exact idea given of them by Tyson. It is known that the species of vertebral animals, which see better by night than by day, or that cannot bear a

strong light, present, in general, a vertical pupil, as is observed in cats, owls, and toads. M. de Jonnes has observed the same disposition in the iris of the *Trigonocéphale*, which he describes; but, little conversant with anatomical terms, he ascribes to a winking eye-lid this peculiar disposition of the pupil; but we perceive by the details, that the author knows that all true serpents are deprived of eye-lids—a characteristic which particularly distinguishes this class from that of the *Sauriens*. These serpents, whose agility is very remarkable, have a manner of darting, which M. Jonnes carefully describes; they roll the body in four circles, one upon another, whose circumvolutions incline all at once at the will of the animal, which throws the whole mass forward five or six feet. Another fact, pointed out by M. Jonnes, is, that the *Trigonocéphale* can, in the manner of the crested serpents, raise itself vertically on its tail, and thus attain the height of a man; he was on two occasions witness of this action, and he traces the details. He assures us also, that, by means of large scales, laid over each other, with which the belly is covered, this serpent, like the adder, can climb trees, and creep along the branches, in order to reach the bird's nests, whose young he devours, and in which he has often been found coiled up. M. de Jonnes describes the symptoms which generally precede the death of individuals bitten by this serpent; he points out the various remedies used by the negroes; but he remarks, in terminating his Memoir, that the most efficacious means are those employed in Europe to oppose the development of the hydrophobia, viz. the actual cautery, or the excision of the part bitten as soon as possible.—*Mon. M.*

THE "RED CROSS" OF ENGLAND.

In the time of the crusades, the national standard of England was a *White Cross*, and that of the French the "*Oriflame*," a Red Cross; this was lost at the battle of Agincourt; and the English sovereigns, afterwards, pretending a right to the kingdom of France, assumed the *Red Cross of France*. Charles VII. then dauphin, being made acquainted

with this fact, changed the ensigns of his nation to a *White Cross* ; and, the more distinctly to mark that, he willed, that, hereafter, to be considered as the national colour ; he himself used an ensign entirely white, which he called a *cornette*, and gave it as an ensign to the first company of gendarmerie that he raised, and it has ever since borne the name of *la Cornette blanche*.—*Ib.*

PINDAR.

Pindar has been over-praised ; he may dazzle by compound epithets, but he is not a maker of good odes. His poems want cohesion, wholeness, drift. He shoots his arrows, indeed,

High as a human arm may hope
To hurl the glittering shaft of praise,

but never at the mark : the bow has force, but the archer wants skill. To pretend to aim at a given object, and always to urge the dart in a different direction, exhibits a cross-eyed effort, which criticism should blush to admire.

Probably Pindar began his career as a hymn-writer ; and, having composed and gotten by heart certain choral songs, adapted for the usual solemnities of the more popular temples, he and his choir were also invited to sing at the triumphal festivals of the wrestlers. The victor might choose the hymn of his favourite god, and bespeak according to his liking any one of Pindar's stock-songs ; but there was no time to alter the words, the tune, or the dance. The ode must be performed without delay, and could at most be new-capped with an introductory line or two about the patron of the feast. Chance preserves to us no matter which of these versatile rhythmical superscriptions. Many chorusses of the Greek plays could easily be accommodated to a boxer's dinner ; and this was no doubt the usual resource of the orchestra, which was hired for the occasion.—*Ibid.*

To the Editor of the *Panorama*.

SIR,—As large quantities of Potatoes are frequently frosted, it may prevent ignorance from throwing them away, if you will remind your readers, that, if soaked three hours in cold water, before they are to be prepared as food, changing the

water every hour, these valuable roots will recover their salubrious qualities and flavour.—While in the cold water, they must stand where a sufficiency of artificial heat may prevent freezing. If much frozen before laid in cold water ; to each peck of Potatoes take a quarter of an ounce of saltpetre, dissolved in water, which is to be mixed with the water which boils the Potatoes. If the Potatoes are so frozen as to be quite unfit for nourishment to men or animals, they will make starch, and yield more flour than if unfermented by the icy power.—That flour, with an equal quantity of wheat flour, some butter, sugar, a little barm, and a few currants, makes excellent tea bread. If formed into small cakes, and put into a slow oven, will keep a month. Z.

From the *Monthly Magazine*.

CIRCUMSTANCES relative to two ELEPHANTS, brought a few years since to PARIS.

The morning after their arrival these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first conducted to it was the male, who issued from his cage with precaution, and seemed to enter his apartment with a degree of suspicion. His first care was to reconnoitre the place. He examined each bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity by shaking them. Care had been taken to place on the outside the large screws by which they are held together. These he sought out, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he arrived at the portcullis, which separates the two apartments, he observed that it was fixed only by an iron bar, which rose in a perpendicular direction. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he received his breakfast. He ate it quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy.

During this time people were endeavouring to make the female enter. We still recollect the mutual attachment of these two animals, and with what difficulty they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure they had not seen each other ; not even at Cambray, where they passed

the winter. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. The male never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaned against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for his female, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise, or the smallest alarm, he sent forth a cry to give notice to his companion.

The joy which they experienced on seeing each other after so long a separation may be readily imagined.

When the female entered, she sent forth a cry expressive only of the pleasure which she felt on finding herself at liberty. She did not at first observe the male, who was busy feeding in the second apartment. The latter also did not immediately discover that his companion was so near him ; but, the keeper having called him, he turned round, and immediately the two animals rushed towards each other, and sent forth cries of joy so animated and loud that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind. The joy of the female was the most lively : she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over the body of the male with the utmost tenderness. She, in particular, applied it to his ear, where she kept it a long time, and, after having drawn it over the whole body of the male, would often move it affectionately towards her own mouth. The male did the same thing over the body of the female, but his joy was more concentrated. He seemed to express it by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance.

EDUCATION.

The Romans usually selected from amongst their slaves the preceptor of their children. For a long time great attention was paid to education ; but neglect follows close on the heels of luxury. Their studies were neglected or debased, because they did not lead to the first offices in the state. They valued a tutor at a less price than a slave ; the beautiful expression of a philosopher on this point deserves to be recorded. He demanded one thousand drachms for the instruction of a young man. "It

is too much (replied the father,) it would not cost me more to buy a slave." "You are right, sir ; and by that means you will have two slaves for your money—your son, and the one you purchase."

A parent is extremely fortunate when he finds a preceptor, at once the friend of virtue and the Muses, willing to undertake the charge of a child's education, and feeling all the sentiments of a tender father ; nothing is more rare than a master of this description. There are, undoubtedly, persons in the world who would be excellent preceptors ; but, being sensible men, and knowing the value of liberty, they cannot bring themselves to sacrifice it without a consideration sufficient to tempt them, viz. a little fortune and much respect. Generally they neither find the one nor the other ; their profession is held in contempt ; but, we may ask, is that contempt well founded ? What ! because infancy is a state of weakness, ought the care of developing and perfecting its powers be regarded as a low and disgraceful employment ? Let us throw the mantle of ridicule over the profession of a schoolmaster as we may, it is not the less certain, that the greater part of governments would not stand in need of so many laws to reform mankind, if they had taken the precaution of forming the manners of children in paying more attention to their education.

LEVIATHAN.

Job is considered as a most ancient book, and to have been written in Hebrew even before the time of Moses, as the religious knowledge of himself (Job) and his friends was in general such as might have been derived from the early patriarchs. Some writers are of opinion that Moses himself was the author ; and others, among whom is a learned and distinguished divine,* that he was not the writer of Job, as there is a material difference in its style, and that of the Pentateuch : however, this is not of any consequence with respect to the point in question ; for what we wish to shew, is, that Leviathan is the same as the crocodile. The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and abounds in sublime images. A writer of our own says,

* Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln.

that every line of it delineates the attribute ; every sentence opens a picture of some grand object in creation, characterized by its most striking features. Thus the description of Leviathan may be nearer the truth than is at first view imagined, and from the following expressions we think it to be the crocodile :—

“ Out of his nostrils goeth smoke.”—

“ A flame goeth out of his mouth.”—

“ His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.”—See *Job*, chap. 41.

Naturalists say, that the crocodile, being long under water, is during that time obliged to hold its breath : this, when it emerges, having been long repressed, is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated ; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him :—

“ Collectumque premens volvit sub maribus ignem.”

“ His eyes are as the eye-lids of the morning,” gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man ; and it is more than probable, that the Egyptians took their hieroglyphic for the morning from this very passage.

If Moses, as some think, was the author, it is not to be wondered that he, as an Egyptian, should have celebrated these two inhabitants of the Nile, the river horse (Behemoth), and Leviathan (Crocodile, and from their daily ravages around him, have given such a description as we find handed down to us in the book of *Job*. Dr. Shaw was also of opinion, that Leviathan was a crocodile, from the closeness of its skin ; and it is considered as such in Calmet's Dictionary.

J. MACKINNON.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES STANHOPE, EARL STANHOPE.

DIED at Chevening, Kent, Dec. 15, 1816, in his 64th year, CHARLES STANHOPE, Earl Stanhope. His death is justly considered a public loss. He had indeed eccentricities in public, and peculiarities in private life ; but his claim on public gratitude on the score of services are, perhaps, as rare, as those powers of intellect with which he was unquestionably endowed. He uniformly zealously promoted the extension of human knowledge by devoting a large proportion of his ample fortune, and a yet larger portion of his time and thoughts, to experiments in Science and Philosophy. If his objects in public were sometimes impracticable, they were neither sordid nor selfish.

The great and useful national work, for which he was peculiarly qualified, and to which he had for a long time applied the most earnest attention, was, a Digest of all the Statutes—a work of such stupendous labour, as well as information, that few persons can be expected to set about it with vigour, unless, like Lord Stanhope, they had acquired a sort

of parental fondness for the subject, by brooding over it for years. The various mechanic inventions and improvements which he brought forth or countenanced, have justly raised his name as a man of genius and a patriot : he not only cultivated the amelioration of the useful arts, as Architecture, Navigation, and Printing, but suggested some improvements in the more refined and elegant science of Music.

Among his last parliamentary labours, in the House of Lords, May 24th, 1816, Earl STANHOPE rose on the order of the day for his motion respecting weights and measures. The question, which he had to propose was, whether their Lordships thought it right to have scientific persons to deliberate on the best means of establishing a true standard for weights and measures. “ If any plan of mine is adopted,” said Lord Stanhope, “ it shall be of this description—it shall be a plan founded on nature, for I deprecate any other. I cannot be satisfied if the standard yard of the country is to be 108 barley corns in length ; neither can I approve of admeasurement by the acorn or horse

chestnut. If you were to adopt any standard so ridiculous, would not you justly excite the laughter of all nations? What would foreigners say to a barley corn standard, for a nation famous for mathematicians; the country of Newton, Hutton, Simpson, Napier, and M'Claurin? He was desirous of avoiding the inconvenience of adopting a standard suddenly. He would introduce it in the way the new style had been brought in. When the endeavour was first made to introduce the new style, and assimilate this country with others, there was no objection but one:—Several persons took it into their heads that Parliament had robbed the nation of eleven days, to make a present of the same to the Hanoverians. The present new style had been generally adopted, but it was not generally used. The Noble Earl knew a place in England, where the old style was used at the present time. In order to bring weights and measures to a proper standard, he should propose an address to the Crown, to appoint proper persons, lawyers, and others, to consider the subject. They ought to be persons belonging to Parliament; and, in order to insure a proper communication between the Commission and Government, there should be at least three members from each House. Out of respect to the country, Scotch and Irish Peers should form a part. Among the Irish Representatives, there was one whom he considered the most proper in the kingdom to be in the commission, the Earl of Ross. Among the sixteen Peers, he selected the Earl of Aberdeen. There was one whom he should also choose as the first mathematician in Europe, Dr. Hutton. A person in the Royal Society, Dr. Wollaston, he should require, because that learned person entertained a difference of opinion on certain points, which would lead to enquiry, and produce the truth. Earl Stanhope then named, in addition to the above distinguished persons, Dr. Gregory, Colonel Mudge, of the Royal College of Woolwich, Dr. Vince, of Cambridge, Professor Playfair, and others. He concluded by moving, "That an humble Address be presented to the Prince Regent, requesting his Royal Highness would be pleased to appoint a commission of scientific per-

sons, for the purpose of considering how far it may be advisable to establish, with his Majesty's direction, a more uniform system of weights and measures." The Earl of Liverpool said, "the measure recommended was one of science, but he considered there was a variety of practical information necessary, therefore the commission should not only consist of men of science, but a number of persons with practical knowledge, persons learned in law, and others." The motion was agreed to, *nem dis*.

His Lordship was born Aug. 3, 1753; and received his education at Geneva, which gave, it is supposed, its tincture to his politics; succeeded his father Philip, the late Earl, March 7, 1786; and married in Dec. 1774, Hester Pitt, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Chatham, sister of the present Earl and of the late Right Hon. William Pitt. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1791, Louisa, only daughter of Henry Grenville, Esq. late Governor of Barbadoes, by whom he had issue Philip-Henry Viscount Mahon, now Earl Stanhope, and two other sons.

EDMUND KEAN,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

MR. KEAN was born in 1789. His father was an architect, and a man of considerable talent; he was distinguished in the debating clubs of that day, as an elegant speaker and sound reasoner. His mother was a daughter of the well known George Saville Carey. Mr. Kean had the benefit of instruction at Eton, and continued there, we understand, more than three years.

Family circumstances, however, rendered him familiar with the stage from his earliest life. He made his debut at the very tender age of three years, as a Sleeping Cupid in Cymon; whether the plaudits he received in this character fired his youthful soul, we cannot say; but when he arrived at the maturer age of six, we find him acting a more important part, that of one of Falstaff's pages, at Drury-lane. He was remarked at this time by the Performers to be a child of uncommon abilities; and, influenced, perhaps, by the specimens of mimicry which he had observed in his uncle (the famous Moses Kean, so well

known as a Ventriloquist), he was in the habit of delivering various speeches from Richard, Lear, &c. in the manner of the most admired actors.

It was after this that he was placed at that seminary to which we have alluded; but while still a youth, in fact a mere boy, he returned to the stage, and performed in many subordinate parts at the Haymarket. He now adopted the profession of an Actor, and accepted of various provincial engagements; and, having become a member of a company that went to Exeter, Teignmouth, Dorchester, &c. his abilities became exposed to the observation of good judges, excited interest, and attracted attention. Soon after the present Drury-lane Theatre was opened, Mr. Kean addressed the committee, requesting an engagement, but was informed the establishment was filled up. He was thus for the time disappointed in his wish to tread the London Boards in a more exalted walk than he had before occupied. Still, however, he went on increasing the admiration, and adding to the number of his friends; and, at length, Dr. Drury, of Teignmouth, addressed Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. M.P. stating that his great merits were in a manner lost for want of a fit opportunity to shew themselves, and urging him to contribute his assistance in the laudable effort of removing them to a larger sphere of action. Mr. Grenfell spoke to Mr. Whitbread, and such interest soon accomplished what the unsupported solicitations of Mr. Kean himself failed to effect.

Mr. Kean's first attempt, in consequence of his engagement at Drury Lane, was, the part of Shylock. He gave great satisfaction to the few who saw him. His merits, however, became more and more buzzed about; and his first performance of Richard the Third was to a full house, and drew forth applause as unusual as the talents that excited it. We shall merely observe, that his scene with Lady Anne, and his dying scene, were deemed prodigies of excellence. It was this night which crowned his wishes, and redeemed the Theatre in which he performed from the ruin that threatened it. The Committee, fully sensible of the treasure they had gained, cancelled their original

agreement with him, and concluded one for five years, at a salary for the first year of sixteen pounds per week, to be increased for the second to eighteen pounds, and for the three last years to twenty pounds per week, with a benefit each season. They further made him a present of a hundred guineas. They have no reason to regret their liberality (which certainly does them credit), for their house fills on the night of Mr. Kean's performing in a manner unparalleled in the former history of either house. The present Drury Lane Theatre was built to hold about six hundred and thirty pounds, but Mr. Kean usually returns nearly seven hundred into the treasury.

Mr. Kean was married at an early age to a young lady from Ireland, who is now living to enjoy her husband's fame and prosperity: they have had two children, one of whom died at an early age. Mr. Kean's person is very small, considerably under the middle height, his voice not prepossessing; yet with these disadvantages did he give a high interest to his performance, and excite those emotions which we ever feel at the presence of genius; that is, the union of good powers with fine sensibility: it was this gave fire to his eye, energy to his tones, and such a variety to all his gestures, that one might almost say, "his body thought." An eminent theatrical critic observes, that the Shylock of Mr. Kean has not the vehement force of Mr. Cooke; yet, as a whole, it was little inferior, and in one or two passages the debutant struck out beauties perfectly original. Mr. Kean did not possess the same boldness of sketch, but he gave some touches that declared the master artist. In the scene where the pretended judge asks to look at the bond, we could not but admire the eagerness with which Mr. Kean perused the face of the supposed lawyer; while he read over the instrument, his eye fairly reeled with joy. His conception of the speech,

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?"

was new and excellent. He delivered the passage in a tone and humour bordering on the ludicrous: it was the bitter ironical joke of a man sure of his darling purpose, and, as he thought, just

about to triumph in his iniquity. The next touch was even better—Portia tells Shylock to procure a surgeon for Antonio; Shylock asks if it is so expressed in the bond; Portia allows that it is not, but advises him to do it for charity; Shylock looks at the bond, and answers,

“I cannot find it, ’tis not in the bond;”

which he delivered with a transported chuckle, different from Mr. Cooke and other performers, who always uttered it with a savage sneer; his inmost heart seemed to laugh, that no obstacle now remained to the completion of his murderous purpose. This was a fine touch of nature.

The full force of Shakspeare’s mind seems to have been portrayed by Mr. Kean in the character of Richard; indeed, we should think that none but a man of kindred intellect could give an adequate image of such a model: this, however, Mr. Kean has done: he had not been on the stage two minutes, nor repeated half a dozen lines, before there was an universal feeling, that no common being had come forward to challenge our attention; there was no mock heroic in his acting: his death scene was the grandest conception, and executed in the most impressive manner; he fights desperately, he is disarmed, exhausted of all bodily strength, he disdains to fall, and his strong volition keeps him standing; he fixes his head, full of intellectual and heroic power, directly on his enemy; he bears up his chest with an expansion which seems swelling with more than human spirit; but he is only man, and he falls, after this sublime effort, senseless to the ground.

He played the part of Hamlet to the understanding, and not to the eye: he never forgot that he was personating a philosophic prince, so immersed in the depth of melancholy reflections as to become indifferent to all earthly matters, except his revenge, and at last to be careless even about that.

He came on the stage with slow steps, and a fixed sorrow on his countenance; and repeated the famous soliloquy on death in a tone of pathos that touched every heart. He looks about for reasons to justify the execution of his wish for suicide; and, in the eloquence of an abundant sorrow, soon shows ample

cause; but the power of his intellect is too great to be subdued by passions, and he sets in array all those arguments which withheld the wretch from dying: still, however, clinging to the miserable side of the subject, with a tenacity which marks both the intensity of his grief, and his severe regret that he must not touch the forbidden land: in this state of mind he turns round and sees Ophelia; he is surprised and vexed that he has been overheard; but his thoughts are too much elevated for bitterness or palsy pique, and he addresses her as so pure a being ought to be addressed. Mr. Kean treated her with mournful gravity, and not with noisy railing; and, at the end, as he was leaving her, afraid that even this treatment had been unkind, he returned to her with the humility of a man who thinks he has offended a virtuous being, and kisses her hand; at once to re-assure her, and to vindicate himself. This noble touch was applauded to the very echo. The scene with his mother was managed with equal talent; we, therefore, will undertake to promise him, that his fame shall last as long as the heart of man shall beat in response to the appeal of nature.

There is a coarseness in his voice, on some occasions, that is unfavourable to him, because he is forced to labour against it; and his exertions, thus forced, produce a sententiousness and formality, from which, at other times, he is altogether free.

His success at Drury-lane, we are told, has been such as to induce the managers to double his salary, besides having presented him with 100*l*. The attraction of Mr. Kean at Drury-lane has set the Covent-garden managers on the alert. Mr. Young has been started against Mr. Kean in the characters of *Richard*,* and *Hamlet*; and the public are likely to derive much pleasure from the spirit of competition that has been aroused.

* At both theatres an improvement has been made in the *Test-scene*; instead of the old and bad custom of introducing the ghosts of Henry, Lady Anne, and the children, to Richard, through the noisy traps, is now substituted their appearance through a far more imposing medium; they are discovered in a kind of blue mist, which gives them a truly supernatural appearance. The managers are entitled to much praise for the good effect produced by this alteration.

POETRY.

From the European Magazine.

HOHENELM.

"**A**WAKE! the dim watch-fires are
quench'd, and we go
To win a proud grave from the conquering
foe!
But 'tis not the day-star which gleams thro'
the gloom,
A glimmering hand beckons on to my doom!
Boy, fill the rich bowl! let its nectar refine
The last bitter drop of the life I resign!
Think oft, while the death-volley rolls on the
blast,
The toils and the pangs of thy master are past!
One cup to the land of our fathers is due,
One draught to the hearts that are tender and
true!
To her who at twilight still lingers unseen,
And seeks the last print of thy feet on the
green!
Fill, boy, fill it high!—let thy heart's glow
exhale
Thy tears, as the sun drinks the dew from our
vale:
The gale of cold honour our laurel may wave,
But only love's dew keeps it green on the
grave!

* * * * *
The Black Hussar has turn'd his steed
Thro' Plaven's ruin'd dale.
Where famish'd wolves and vultures feed,
And court the poison'd gale:
Where'er the battle-shout was heard,
His steed that sable warrior spur'd:
Now while the moon looks pale,
His fetlocks deep in curdled blood
He laves in Plaven's silent flood.

Beside that war-steed's bending neck
A fairy-form of beauty stands—
It seems as if the river-queen
Had shap'd an elf of courtly mein
And dipp'd in balm her dewy hands,
The coral of his lips to deck,
Or robb'd her fairest coronet
Its pearls between those lips to set,
Or woven in her amber loom,
Soft locks to mock the gold-bird's plume,
And from a river lily's bell
Lent whiteness in his brow to dwell;
Then sent him to her bow'r to lead
Sir Conrad and his gallant steed.

"Now, good Sir Conrad, heed me well!
Tempt not the forest wolf to-night,
Nor tread alone this ruin'd dell!
Yon flash is from the watch-fire's light,
Which guides the robber to his cell!"
"Art thou my boy, a soldier's page,
And shrink'st thy heart from midnight spell,
O leave to cold and coward Age
The tales which cloister'd dotards tell!
My arm is firm, my sword is just,
No other omen claims my trust!"
"Yet hear me, noble Conrad, now!
Beneath yon hollow mountain's brow
A meagre sybil sits alone,
And mutters to the scowling skies:
She well might seem a form of stone,
But that a strange and speechless moan
Streams from her yellow tips to rise:

Ere to the tents of gallant men
Thy bounty led me from this glen,
That meagre sybil's warning tone
Well to my infant ear was known.
O tread not near yon hateful cell!
Thou hear'st her wand'ring goblins yell!"

"Cheer, cheer thy heart, my gentle boy!
'Tis but the shout of gypsy-joy:
Yon watchfire shews the vagrant crew,
Whose chiefs the wanton elk pursue;
From Saxon fields and cities chas'd,
Rich Temeswara's grape they taste;
And oft the Vaivod's tur-cled dame,
Soft-smiling thro' her azure veil,
In whispers tells some cherish'd name,
And fondly hears their mystic tale.
Now round the bowl, with leasless glee,
They sing of love and liberty."

Back starts his steed—the spur is vain—
Where is the page that held his rein?
Beneath this cavern'd valley's shade,
Have shiver'd rocks his feet betray'd?
These dizzy steepes and caverns grim
Ask keener eye and firmer limb:—
O'er bush and crag the warrior springs,—
With shouts the hollow mountain rings.
Who lurks within yon silent lair?
No beauteous boy is shelter'd there!
A meagre, wan, and shapeless hag
Smiles grimly thro' the clefted crag.
The prophetess of Elba's realm,
The far-fam'd Witch of Hohenelm!

"Listen and speak, thou hoary dame!
If here, as Saxon tales relate,
Thy gifted eye can look on fate,
Thou know'st my birthright and my name:
And thou may'st tell what vengeance pow'r
Shall crush thee in this hated hour
If charter'd plunderers annoy
My gentle page, my orphan-boy!"

Thrice, muttering low, the hoary dame
Cower'd scowling o'er her dusky flame,
Thrice wav'd her staff with mystic clang,
And thus in hollow discord sang:
"The Vaivod sat in the lonely dell,
And saw the sabbath which none must tell:
He knelt unseen by St. Monan's cross,
While the night dew hung on its wither'd
moss,
Till once in the hour of darkness there
The witch of the mountain heard his pray'r.

"Thou shalt build a dome on southern land,
Where olives bloom by the sea-gale fann'd:
But none must the light of thy hearth behold,
Nor wandering guest thy gates unfold,
Till thy bride proves pure as the mountain-
stream,
The forest-dove, and the mild moon's beam!"

The moss on the Vaivod's porch grew green,
The light of his hearth was never seen;
He heard no sound but the water's fall,
No guest but the ghosts of his mould'ring hall;
Yet his bride seem'd pure as the bud that
blows
In a sunbright cleft among Alpine snows.

The beam of her azure eye was meek,
The dimple dwelt in her fading cheek,

But his frown was dark on her beauty's pride
As the corsair's prow on the sparkling tide ;
For thrice in the chapel's shadowy aisle
The witch spoke low with an elf-queen's smile.

"Once thou may'st look on yon blasted thorn,
Thrice and once on the star of morn ;
Five times call on the sprites that dwell
On the holy brink of St. Monan's well ;
Then shall the mirror of ocean shew
If she thou lovest is wise and true !"

The Vaivod sat on St. Monan's side,
Thrice he look'd on the glassy tide—
He saw his bride's fair tresses float
O'er the bounding helm of a fisher's boat,
And a voice said—"Wives thou may'st find
again.

But one so true thou wilt seek in vain !

"The fountain stays not in desert sand,
The moon-beam glides from the grasping hand ;
When tempests wither the leafless glade,
The dove flies far to a secret shade—
Thy wife is gone like the mountain-stream,
The forest-dove, and the mild moon's beam !"

Sir Conrade bow'd his lofty head,
And stern in stifled anguish said,
"Thou know'st me, sybil !—if thine eye
Can Fate's remotest depths descry,
Well hast thou learnt what pangs await
Uncertain love and jealous hate !
Such anguish as a madman's thirst
With dreams of distant nectar curst,
While gazing on the poison-tree,
He loathes, yet loves his agony !
But I have legends too to tell
Of mystic craft and wizard-spell,—
When Norway's monarch knelt to gain
The spell of love at Runa's fane,
A wither'd sybil heard his pray'r,
And wove the gift with magic care.
A web of silken hair she spun,
Dipp'd in the dew from roses won.
She gemm'd the work with sapphires blue,
And ting'd it with the ruby's hue :
Then hid a pearl within its fold :
Next clos'd it with a ring of gold
In consecrated fire refin'd,
The mighty talisman to bind.
Talisman of pow'r renew'd
Methought in Bertha's love I found :
Hers was the web of silken hair,
Her lips the honey-dew might spare ;
The sapphire sparkled in her eye,
Her blush excell'd the ruby's dye—
I grasp'd the prize—but could not find
The spotless pearl within enshrin'd :
She fled, and mock'd the ring's controul,
Tho' Love's true flame was in my soul !"

Strange lustre fills the sybil's eyes,
While thus her mystic tongue replies—
" 'Tis said the opal once had pow'r
To lengthen pleasure's brightest hour ;
The amethyst's ethereal blue
Could sober truth and peace renew ;
And in the glowing ruby dwelt
A sting by guilty lovers felt.
Now all these potent spells are flown,
Or dwell with eastern seers alone ;
But Conrade on this holy day
May claim a gem of surer sway—
A faithful heart !—its ample store
Can more than eastern treasures pour ;
Can summon Fancy's richest hues,
And all the light of love diffuse.
Receive the gift !—its price is known
To pure and noble souls alone !

It lends the lip a richer glow
Than Persian rubies can bestow ;
It needs no amethyst to teach
The magic melody of speech ;
Nor from the sparkling opal steals
The varied ray which wit reveals :
All these the faithful heart supplies,
Love sees them all with Fancy's eyes :
For these these precious gifts combine,
The faithful heart is only thine !
My task is done—my tale is told—
The Witch of Hohenelm behold !"

Slow drops her mask—with syren laugh
She rends her hood and breaks her staff ;
The blue eyes of the rosy page
Gleam thro' the borrow'd locks of age !—
"Now, gallant Conrade ! take again
The hand that held thy war-steed's rein !
In deeds of death, in fields of blood,
Thy Bertha by thy side has stood ;
If doubted love has fires so pure,
How will rewarded faith endure ?
Believe her vow !—if faith can fail,
If doubt can pleading love o'erwhelm,
Think of thy Page in Plaven's vale,
Think of the Witch of Hohenelm !"

From the Monthly Magazine.

DAY-LIGHT, WHEN THE STORM WAS O'ER.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

*Author of the Poems of Glasgow, the Siller
Gun, &c. &c.*

A LONG the beach the peasants stray'd
At day-light, when the storm was o'er,
And, lo ! by winds and waves convey'd,
A corse extended on the shore.

His face was comely ev'n in death—
His lips had lost their coral hue,
But smil'd as if with parting breath
A ray divine had cheer'd his view !

When ev'ry aid was vainly given,
The villagers in tears exclaim :
O ! for a miracle from Heaven,
To animate thy lifeless frame !

Some friend, perhaps, whose boding fears
Forbade thy feet at first to roam,
Or parent, in declining years,
With anxious heart expects thee home !

Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
Or whoso'er thy kindred be,
Humanity asserts her claim
To feel for them and mourn for thee.

Around thy brow, with many a tear,
Sad virgins shall the cypress twine ;
Deck with sweet flow'rs, thy humble bier,
And chaunt a requiem at thy shrine.

O ! if, amid this world of care,
A mother dear, or sisters mourn,
And, for a while, avert despair,
With hopes, and sighs for thy return—

In vain, for thee, when tempests roar,
They watch, far off, the whirling sail !
Thy bark has reach'd that happy shore,
Where winds and waves can ne'er prevail.

Some nymph, perhaps, the village pride,
Unconscious of thy hapless doom,
Still fondly hopes to be thy bride—
Still wastes for thee her vernal bloom.

On some lone cliff methinks she stands,
And, gazing o'er the troubled sea,
Imagines scenes in foreign lands,
Where love and bliss encircle thee.

Yes, thou art blest in realms above !
And, when she lifts her longing eyes,
She'll see the spirit of her love,
With Angels, soaring in the skies !

From the Panorama.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

From a Year in Canada, and other Poems. By
Ann Cuthbert Knight.

[There are many pleasing stanzas in this poem; we select those which describe a band of Indians—more civilized however, than some at the extremities of the province—partly because it affords a subject new to poetical powers; and partly because we desire to bring our readers acquainted with the sentiments of a lady on occasion of meeting them. She has naturally paid the greatest attention to her own sex.]

HARK ! 'tis their shout—and lo, in wild costume

The roving Indians' tawny forms appear !
Waves thro' their sable locks the gaudy plume
Painted and arm'd—perchance the foe to dare.

And see—along the dusty road they pass—
Behind the warrior band a female train !

Daughters of Europe ! though uncouth their guise,

Though they must bear the load, and till the plains,

Yet look not,—gaze not here with undesired disdain.

What though no zone in graceful folds confine
The short dark vest that hides her bosom's swell,

Yet may that form a gentle heart enshrine,
Where spotless faith and mild affection dwell ;
Though born to toil beneath an ardent sky,
No sweet vermilion blush her cheek adorn,
Yet feeling lightens in the Squaw's dark eye ;
Haply her bosom nobly knows to spurn
Your pity, should it blend th' ungentle's glance of scorn.

A while beneath an elm their steps they staid,
Then two approaching claim'd a nearer view,
Each in her hand her spell-wove wares display'd.*

The box and basket dyed of various hue ;

* Band-boxes and baskets, composed of bark or wood split very thin, dyed, and neatly, though slightly wove ; moccasins, or shoes formed of deer skins ; and the centre or sash, generally worn over the great coat in winter, are the principal manufactures of the Squaws.

I have been told, that in many places of the United States, and even of the British provinces, Canada excepted, an Indian will lie in the open air, and suffer cold or hunger rather than ask admission into a house. This seems to argue that he has, at one period or another, been rudely repulsed. It is not so in Canada ; at least, in the vicinity of Montreal, an Indian will enter a country house, and state his wants, not with the air of a mendicant, but in a manner which seems to proceed from the consciousness, that, were he host in the same circumstances to make a like request to him, it would be answered by every mark of kindness in his power. Nor, from aught I observed, do they seem to be repulsed, at least by the French

The one—her blanket thrown across her arm,
Her hat's dark band a blushing wild rose stay'd,
Gay beam'd her glance with youth's attractive charm,
Gay on her lip the smile of candour play'd ;
Sedate the other's mien beneath a beaver's shade ;

An olive blanket almost hid from view
Her form, yet well beneath its folds were seen,

The scarlet leggins edged with darker blue,
The tinsel fringe and pliant moccasin.
Back o'er her shoulders from her forehead hung

What seem'd a basket, deck'd with gaudy taste ;

Gently her hand the leathern band unswung,
And gently on the floor the burden placed,
Shaded with flowing silk—with azure ribbon grac'd.

Softly aside the crimson veil she lays,
Removes the muslin, deck'd with tinsel toy,
Still, still unconscious of a stranger's gaze,
He smiles through guiltless dreams, her slumbering boy !

Not on the cradle's downy bed composed,
Nor softly pillow'd on his mother's breast !
By thongs suspended, and with hoops inclosed.
Prison'd his little limbs,—his moveless waist
Close to th' uplaid board with circling fillets braced !

* * * * *

[The progress of the seasons is followed by this lady, with evident pleasure. Her description of Winter, may remind those acquainted with Canada, of some particulars ; but many others are lost, probably from the

Canadians. I do not believe they come, except when really in want of something, which happens but seldom. The Squaws generally offer to pay for whatever they ask ; I never remarked an instance of a man's doing so. The following circumstance is true ; perhaps the reader may find it interesting.

An Indian who had been in the habit of calling occasionally at a country house, stopped there on a hot summer day to rest a little, and get a draught of water. The house had changed its inhabitants, and he was ordered to get out immediately. Hurt at this treatment, the more as contrasting it with his former reception, his passion rose, but it was vented only in expressions of detestation and contempt, and he turned from the inhospitable door, which there is no reason to suppose he would again approach. I sighed at the recital. I have often traced the picture of the indignant Indian ; and regret that a groundless fear, or a groundless prejudice, (for I should be unwilling to impute it entirely to pride or illnature,) should have dictated so harsh an answer to so simple a request. Whatever degree of ferocity, even of treachery, may be traced in the character of some of the Indian tribes, no late instance of either can, I believe, be produced in the conduct of those who reside in Canada towards its inhabitants. The Canadian peasantry, without scruple, address them as brothers ; it is the title by which they themselves often address Europeans, and there seems something stern and even illiberal in that disposition which taras disgusted from it.

sex of the writer, which induced her to keep more within shelter from the keen air, than a robust youth rising to manhood, and fond of manly sports would have done. We insert a specimen.]

WINTER IN CANADA.

EVEN Winter brings its toils—The blase to heap,

Enclose the fields, or form the bounding lines,
The forest, echoing to its sounding sweep,
Beneath the axe her stately race resigns.
Again, the snow-clad path the peasants trace,
And urge thro' drifted heaps the panting steed,
Till o'er the new-form'd road with fleeting

pace,
In fearless haste th' unloaded trains proceed,
Erect the drivers stand, and vanst their cour-
sers' speed.

With hearts elate the homeward path they trace,

Heedless of piercing frosts and day's decline,
Slow o'er the snows retiring twilight strays,
And soon shall heav'n's blue arch with lustre shine;

Yet dearer, sweeter than yon evening star,
Gleams on the rustic's view a twinkling ray,
'Tis his own cottage, glimmering from afar,
Through the shrank shutter beams of welcome play,

And there shall comfort wait; and rest his toils repay.

Fre long, a nobler Muse, on loftier wing,
May seek those shades, and every charm unfold,

That spreads its beauties in the fleeting Spring,
Or Summer's blush, or Autumn's locks of gold;
O'er the broad lakes in daring pinion sweep,
Or with bold step the forest path explore,
Where to Niagara's resounding steep
Rolls the proud stream, and down with thund'-
ring roar,

Fling his white dashing waves, and shakes the trembling shore.

Not such the minstrel's skill, nor such the lay,
No classic grace adorns these simple strains;
'Twas but the passing pilgrim of a day,
Who view'd with ling'ring glance yon verdant plains,

Who haply found, ev'n in that foreign clime,
Some fleeting hours, that live in Mem'ry's view,

"In colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time,"
Some artless friend that wept to bid adieu,
Who, with unpractised hand, the changeful picture drew.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG,

**SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY A HIGH-
LANDER, AMID SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS,
THE NIGHT BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE
WITH CHARLES EDWARD.**

WE a' mair mair sune the morn,
We a' mair march right early,
Ower misty mount, an' mossy barn,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Yon German coof that fills the throne,
He clamb till't most unfairly,
See off we'll set, an' strive to get
His birth-right back to Charlie.

Yet ere we leave this valley dear,
Those hills owreclad wi' heather,
Sen' roun' the usquebaugh sae clear
We'll hae a horn thegither;
An' listen lads to what I gie,
Ye'll pledge me round' sincerely—
To him that's come to set us free,
Our rightfu' ruler, Charlie.

O I better lo'd he canna be,
Yet whan we are him wearin,
Our mountain garb, sae gracefully,
It's ay the mair endearin'.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we'll see, o' kingdoms thre,
The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should Fortune turn her heel
Upon the righteous cause, boys,
We'll shaw the war! we're firn an' leal,
An' never will prove fause, boys:
We'll fecht while we hae breath to draw,
For him we lo'e sae dearly,
An' ane an' a' we'll stan' or fa'
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

R. L.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG TO MY FRIEND.

I GREATLY love the calm retreat,
Where, freed from noise and ruthless care,
The Muse can tread with hallow'd feet,
And pour her tender breathings there.

I love to stroll the groves among,
And listen to the feather'd throng;
To pierce the gently winding dale,
Where echo swells in ev'ry gale.

I love to climb the mountain's brow,
Impending o'er the deeps below;
To watch the streamlet as it flows,
Where the uncultur'd straw'b'rry grows.

And, at first glimpse of purple dawn,
I love to seek the fragrant lawn;
Or with the moon a vigil keep,
Whose pale beams quiver on the deep.

But craggy heights, nor verdant fields,
With all the gifts kind Nature yields,
Scarce half their varied charms display,
Unblest by Friendship's cheering ray.

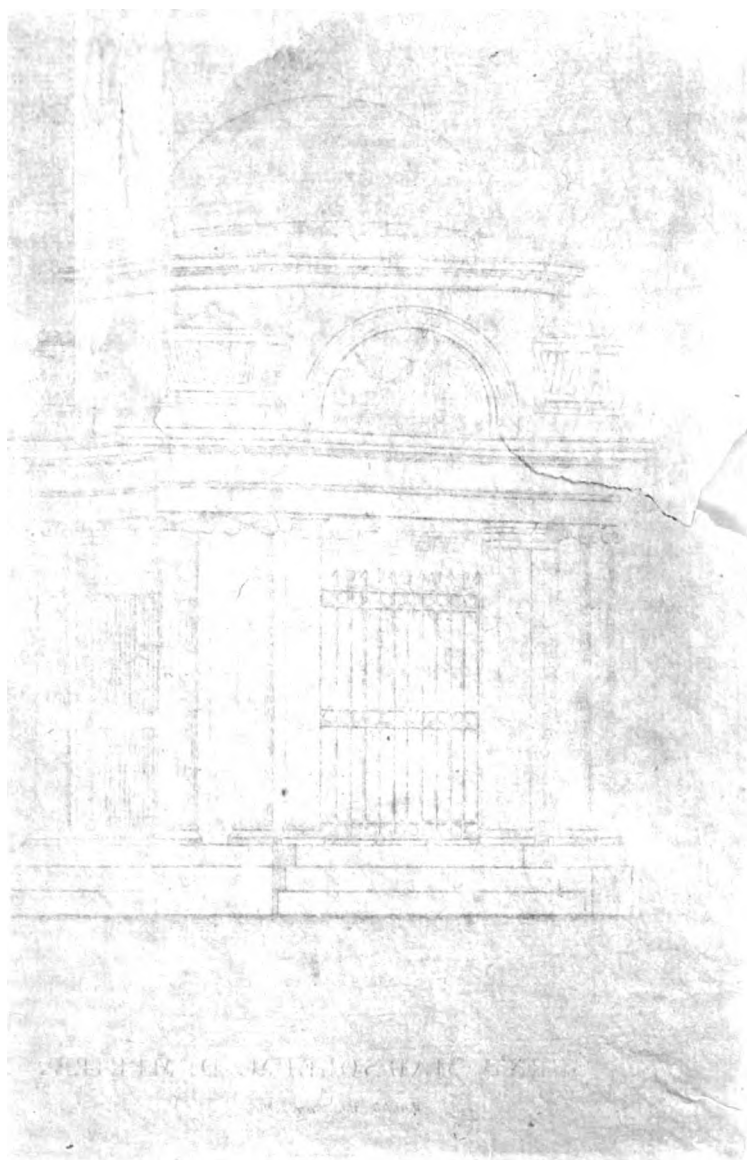
For 'tis participation gives
Life to every joy that lives;
And in the swelling breast of grief
Pours the mild balsam of relief.

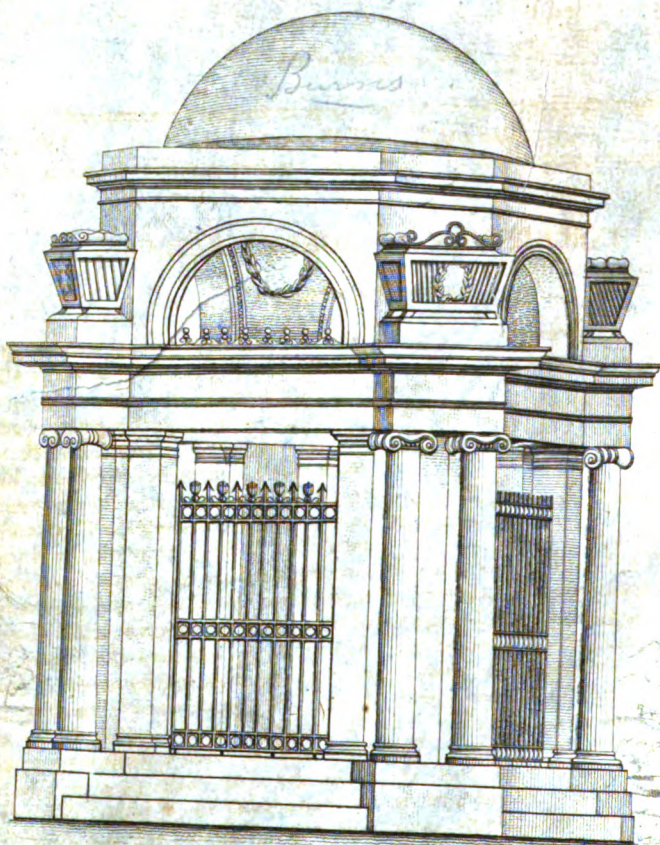
Come then, lov'd far'rite of my heart,
This wreath of happiness impart;
Let these delights, which please awhile,
Be cherish'd by Affection's smile.

Then shady wood, nor fertile green,
Shall spread their blooming sweets unseen,
When at the airy minstrel's lay
We join to welcome op'ning day;

Or, weary, court grey ev'ning's breeze,
Whose spirit whispers through the trees,
In softest accent seems to bear
This message to the list'ning ear:—

Think not, that on terrestrial ground
Pure, amaranthine bliss is found;
Transplanted is fair Eden's prize;
Together seek it in the skies.





BURN'S MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

Monthly Mag. Jan. 1. 1816.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 7.]

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1817.

[VOL. I.

INSCRIPTION ON ROBERT BURNS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

στίχοις μεταμετέτοις

ἄβης ἑκείνης, καὶ τ' ἐκείνου, καὶ φερών.

STOB.

Adolescens, tamen etsi properas, hoc saxum
rogat,

Uti ad se aspicias: deinde quod scripta est
legas;

Hic sunt poetæ Marcei Pacuviei sita

Ossa: hoc volebam nescius ne cases. Vale.

GELL. lib. i. c. 24.

MR. EDITOR,

DEPARTED genius meets at length
with its reward, and the admirers of
the immortal BURNS hear with feelings of
singular satisfaction that a splendid monu-
ment is now erecting to his memory
at Dumfries in Scotland, where he resid-
ed during the greater part of his life, and
where his remains were buried. The
promoters of this benevolent plan are
entitled to the public gratitude, and by
this act of generosity they derive some
reflected glory to themselves from the
lustre of his genius—

Non hæc urna tua, Euripides, sed tu magis
hujus,

Namque tua hanc urnam gloria condecorat.

The inscription that commemorates the
burial-spot of this very beautiful poet is
written in Latin, and has already ap-
peared in more than one publication.
As some of your readers, Mr. Editor,
may perhaps be unacquainted with an
epitaph which was written for the same
purpose by a very amiable and accom-
plished man, in his tour to the Western
Highlands of Scotland in the summer of

2H. Eng. Mag. Vol. I.

1803, I shall gratify their taste by pro-
ducing it, first giving our author's preli-
minary observations.

“As I profess myself a great admirer
of the writings of Burns, and should
think that I had no knowledge or taste
in poetry if I were not, I endeavoured
to stimulate the exertions of his country-
men when I was at Dumfries, by writing
two short pieces of poetry, and fixing
them as well as I was able on the turf
of his grave. I cut some small hooked
sticks from the ash-trees that sprung up
among the tombs, and by means of these
I pegged the papers down upon the grass.
The epitaph I carried with me, to the
place, and the other I wrote with a pen-
cil on the spot, making use of one of
the monuments for a table. The epi-
taph was as follows:—

INSCRIPTION

to the

MEMORY

of

ROBERT BURNS.

If sweetest thoughts in simple language drest,
If vivid wit has power to move thy breast,
If Nature, painted with a master's hand
And poet's skill, thy passions can command,
Here, reader, pause,—and Fancy's bard ad-
mire;
For here he rests who well could strike the
lyre;
If Pity touch thee, drop one friendly tear;
If blameless, censure him; for BURNS lies
here.”

How superior is the language of these lines to the trite expressions generally used in subjects of this kind ! The above epitaph recommends itself to the taste of every reader by its chaste simplicity ; and I need not add that it is in every point worthy of its subject—nay, worthy to be inscribed on the monument which is now erecting to the memory of Burns. That its elegant author may give additional proof of his poetical talent is the fervent wish of
N. N.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS,

AT DUMFRIES, IN SCOTLAND. (WITH A PLATE.)

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE elegant and classical tribute to the memory of departed genius, which is represented in the plate, is now erecting at Dumfries, in Scotland, where Burns resided during the greater part of his life, and where his remains were buried.

The funds for defraying the expence of this splendid monument are raising among the friends and admirers of the bard, by a subscription, which originated with a few public-spirited inhabitants of Dumfries scarcely two years ago, and their exertions have been attended with the most gratifying success. The architectural part of the mausoleum was designed by Mr. THOMAS FREDERICK HUNT, of London.

The first meeting of the subscribers was held at Dumfries on the 6th of January, 1814, and after stating their opinion "that it has long been a subject of regret, and indeed a reflection against their country, that no public tribute of respect has yet been paid to the memory of the man who employed his unrivalled powers in giving grace and dignity to the Lowland language of Scotland, and in illustrating the simplicity of the manners and character of the Scottish peasantry," the meeting resolved, "that a mausoleum ought to be reared over the grave of Burns ;" and a subscription was opened to defray the expences. A committee selected from among the nobility, gentry, clergy, and principal inhabitants of the town and county of Dumfries, was appointed to superintend the erection of the monument, and to receive and solicit subscriptions.

Encouraged by the liberal and handsome manner in which the admirers of Burns came forward with contributions,

not only from various parts of the United Empire, but from the East and West Indies and America, the committee advertised for plans and drawings of a suitable architectural monument. Many eminent architects accordingly became competitors for the honour, and, after a due examination of the merits of the various drawings, the palm was awarded to the plans which, on opening the sealed envelope transmitted therewith, appeared to be executed by Mr. Hunt.

A grand masonic and military procession ushered in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone ; and the attention of the numerous spectators was called to the solemnity in an elegant and pathetic eulogium on the merits of the deceased bard, by the provincial grand-master of this part of Scotland, WILLIAM MILLER, esq. of Dalsminton. The foundation stone was then laid with due masonic formalities, and the following elegant inscription was deposited, along with the usual memorials of the age in which we live :—

In Aeternum Honorem
ROBERTI BURNS,
Poetarum Caledoniae sui ævi longe principis
Cujus carmina eximia, patrio sermone
scripta,
Animi magis ardentis, ingenique vi,
Quam arte vel cultu conspicua,
Facetis, jucunditate, lepore affluentia,
Omnibus litterarum cultoribus satis nota ;
Cives sui, necnon plerique omnes
Musarum amantissimi, memoriamque viri
Arte poetica tam præclari, foventes
HOC MAUSOLEUM,
Super reliquias poetæ mortales,
extruendum curavere.
Primum hujus ædificii lapidem
Gulielmus Miller, Armiger,
Reipublicæ architectonicæ apud Scotos.
In regione australi, Curio Maximus
provincialis,
Georgio Tertio regnante,
Georgio, Walharum Principe,
Summam imperii præ patre tenente,

Joseph Gass, armigero, Dumfriensis
 Prefecto,
 Thoma F. Hunt, Londinensi, Architecto,
 Posult,
 Nonis Junis, Anno Lucis MDCCLXXV.
 Salutis Humanae MDCCCLXXV.

TRANSLATION.

In perpetual honour of
 ROBERT BURNS,
 decidedly the first Scottish poet of his age,
 whose exquisite verses, in the dialect
 of his country,
 distinguished for the strength and fire of
 native genius,
 more than for the acquired accomplishments
 of polish and erudition,
 are admired by all men of letters
 for their humour, pleasantry, elegance
 and variety;
 his townsmen and others, who love polite
 literature,
 and cherish the memory of so eminent
 a genius,
 caused this mausoleum to be erected
 over the mortal remains of

THE BARD.

Of this edifice,
 planned by Thomas F. Hunt, esq. of
 London, architect,
 the first stone was laid by
 William Miller, esq.
 Provincial Grand Master of the Southern
 District
 of Free Masons in Scotland,
 in the reign of King George III.
 During the regency of George Prince
 of Wales,
 Joseph Gass, esq. being Provost of
 Dumfries,

On the 5th day of June,
 In the year of light, 5815.
 Of our Lord, 1815.

The mausoleum is now nearly completed, and already attracts the admiration of all who view it; for symmetry and chasteness of design it has scarcely its equal in the sepulchral monuments of any age or country, while the situation in which it is placed is excellently calculated to arrest the attention of the passing traveller.

It is intended to adorn the interior with a piece of sculpture, in alto-relievo, from the chisel of Turnerelli; and the subject which the artist has chosen may be considered as the apotheosis which the bard selected for himself. In the dedication of the first edition of his poems to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, Burns observes, "the poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." The alto-relievo of the sculptor will embody this elegant thought on marble, and the effect of the whole cannot fail to be heightened by the sublimity and grandeur of an idea so highly poetical.

PRESCIENCE ; OR, THE SECRETS OF DIVINATION.

A POEM. By EDWARD SMEDLEY, junior.

From the Monthly Review.

AFTER the mass of nonsense which, in the discharge of our literary duty, we are so constantly compelled to peruse, it is indeed a relief and a refreshment to witness the gradual improvement and the corrected labours of a genuine English writer. To no department of criticism does this remark more forcibly apply than to that which is occupied in the examination of modern poetry.

Mr. Smedley's object seems to have been to tread in the steps of those successful writers who have chosen some passion or power of the human mind as the favourite ground-work of their compositions; and who have built on this foundation an edifice of moral reflection, historical illustration, and fanciful embellishment, calculated to instruct and to please the thoughtful and the classical

reader. Such are the several "Pleasures" of "Imagination," of "Hope," and of "Memory," which have been deservedly admired and esteemed in their day; and which bid fair to possess a permanent reputation in the annals of our poetry.

In the first part, the author describes the famous scene that is said to have taken place before the battle of Philippi:

' Thus when their steel the band of brothers
 drew
 And Freedom bathed it in her holiest dew;
 When at the base, where imag'd Pompey
 stood,
 His thirsty spirit drank ambition's blood;
 Heaven on the deed it lov'd forebore to smile,
 And mourn'd its cause could triumph but
 awhile.

Then, as they tell, the sorrowing lord of day
Veiled his bright coronal, and quench'd his ray;
Glanced towards Philippi with diminish'd light,
And shrank as conscious of the coming fight.

'The fight was near—already on the plain,
Thousands had slept, who ne'er shall sleep
again,
Unless that dreamless nothing sleep we call
Whose couch is spread for ever and for all.
'Twas that strange season when the waning
night

Unfolds her dusky wing to fly from light;
When 'tis not morning, yet one single ray,
Flung from the east, would almost make it day.
Well may the waking fear that doubtful hour,
When spirits sail abroad, and fiends have
power;

And o'er the slumber's fancy-wilder'd view,
Flits many a dream, whose warning may be true.
By the dim taper in his tented dome,
Then sate the last best son of falling Rome;
The patriot dagger at his right hand lay,
Whose point had rent great Caesar's soul away;
And in each pause of thought he trac'd the page
Rich with the honey of Athena's sage.

Can those be footsteps which his ear assail?
'Tis but the burden of the twilight gale!
Is that a shadow which deceives his eye?
He glances round—there's nought but vacancy!
A moment yet he looks—it stands there now,
Shap'd as before, and horror on its brow!
Fierce from each dim and shadowy feature
broke

The chilling smile which sated vengeance
spoke:

It rais'd the purple which was folded round,
And bared and counted many a gaping wound;
Stretch'd it's lank finger where the falchion
lay,
Pointed the battle-plain, and sternly strode
away!

'Calm sate the hero; once before his eye
Glaz'd on that nameless vision passing by;
Dwelt on th' unearthly warning which it gave,
And saw, and listen'd as became the brave.
Vain all the portents which beset his way,
The dream by night, the sun obscur'd by day:
One only star could fix his longing view,
Th' unerring beam which patriot valour threw!

The following attempt to pourtray a
character of which so many have con-
fessed,

"—*nequo monstrare, et sentio tantum*,"
is far from unsuccessful:

'Oh! for that holy hope, that keen desire,
Which fans the slumbering spark of minstrel
fire;

Breathes to his soul the rich perfume of fame,
And wafts the fragrance of a deathless name!
Oh! for that moment, when no more repress'd
The master-spirit rages in his breast:
When from their source the bright creations
rise,

And thought outruns each image it supplies.
When on the tablet of enraptured mind,
Each form is shadow'd out, but not defin'd;
And as the wildly blended colours flow,
O'er their first tints the lights of fancy glow.
'Tis then the mighty workman can combine
These jarring seeds in unconfus'd design;
His rapid eye the seeming waste surveys,
And marks the plan which regulates the maze;
Awakes a world, where heaven and earth were
blent,

And bars the waters from the firmament.
Ere yet its race his chariot has begun,
The course is pass'd, the goal of glory won:
Ere yet the quarry its rude mass bestows,
A God beneath the breathing marble glows:
Swift to his lips unbidden numbers throng,
And inspiration rushes on his song;
Then coming ages pass before his eyes,
And dreams of long futurity arise;
Tongues yet unborn his living strain rehearse,
And climes unthought of echo with his verse;
He sees the laurel which entwines his bust,
He marks the pomp which consecrates his dust;
Shakes off the dimness which obscures him now,
And feels the future glory hind his brow.'

We reserve our remaining room for
two beautiful extracts (so indeed they
may be called) on the dangerous though
delightful common-places of long im-
aginary but at last realized love, and on
the death-bed of friendship.

'Nor these alone, but gentler hopes belong
To the soft Fancy-nurtur'd child of song:
And, mid the laurel's everlasting bower,
Love's wanton fingers twine a lighter flower.
Ah! who has ever glow'd with minstrel flame,
Whom Love neglected for himself to claim!
Ah! where the lover who has never paid
His secret homage in the Muse's shade!

'There Fancy paints to his enamour'd gaze,
Visions of happiness in coming days;
Portrays some image of the yet unknown,
And shews the spirit destin'd for his own;
Half veils and half reveals her to his sight,
And pours o'er all a dimly shadow'd light,
Till, in his own creation rapt, the boy
Clasps with fond arms his unsubstantial joy;
Hangs o'er the imagin'd form himself has made,
And give unreal substance to a shade.

'Pass'd is the spell, the talisman unbound,
His air-built fabric shatter'd to the ground !
The fairy landscape ravish'd from his eyes !
The star of promise set beneath its skies !
Ah ! what the pause of being can supply,
What fill his craving bosom's vacancy !
Where may the pilgrim his lone steps delay,
To slake the fever of his thirsty way !
Springs but a single fountain in the waste,
And is that one forbidden to his taste !
Farewell the hopes which from ambition flow,
Farewell the promise life and youth bestow :
Joy idly breathes her easy-hearted strain,
And reeling pleasure beckons him in vain :
The proffer'd goblet to his lip is dry,
And beauty palls upon his wearied eye ;
Vain all the loveliness which others wear,
Till the one statue of his hope is there !

'Yet o'er his search some hand unseen
presides ;
Weans from the false ones, to the real guides ;
From his dim eye with favoring power dispels
The mist which all diviner vision quells ;
Shadows the past, the forward pathway shows,
And gifts of planetary might bestows ;
The glass whose surface but for one is clear,
The ring which presses when the lov'd is near.

'Soon as her first light whisper steals around,
His ready ear acknowledges the sound ;
Deems it sweet music other days have known,
And catches ere it falls the coming tone ;
So lost, yet so familiar and so dear,
He thinks 'twas always present to his ear.
Haply 'twas warbled ere condemn'd to earth,
His spirit gloried in its purer birth ;
And echoes now its unforgotten strain,
To lure him upwards to his heaven again.
He views an image where the features seem
Like the vague memory of a shatter'd dream ;
Or as the visage of a friend, whom time
Has render'd strange, with grief, or toil, or
clime ;

So like, we almost greet him by his name,
Yet so unlike, we doubt it is the same ;
And wipe away the film, and with surprise
Scarce dare to trust the gladness of our eyes.
It is the single star, whose ceaseless ray
Has never dimm'd its blaze in ocean spray ;
The pilot-beam, which steady light supplies,
The cynosure of never clouded skies.
It is the holy dream by fancy bred ;
The hope on which his solitude has fed ;
The kindred nature whom his bosom claim'd ;
The one for whom he felt his being framed.'

The lines on the Loss of a Friend,
must close our citations.

'Tis this which whispers solace from the
bier
Where moulders all the heart hath cherished
here ;

'Tis this which gilds the twilight of the tomb,
Thou art not lost for ever in its gloom,
For ever lost, my brother !—Oh ! not all
Shall slumber on ; but at the mighty call
Of the dread harbinger of endless fate
The captive soul shall burst its prison-gate.
Such is the glorious certainty which cheers
The sad survivor's manly-flowing tears ;
And pours the sweetness of immortal breath
Through the dark valley of the shade of death.

'Where is the spirit now ! th' immortal flame
Which glow'd beneath yon cold and lifeless
frame !

Where now that lofty and aspiring mind,
Lord of itself, and friend of all its kind !
It sigh'd not from the bosom ; for I knelt
Close to the heart, and its last pulses felt.
It flash'd not from the eye ; I watch'd its beam
Fix'd on mine own, and drank its parting
stream.

Yet is that bosom hush'd ; and faded now
The doubtful lustre which illum'd that brow ;
Mute are the lips which seem'd on life to dwell,
As if not yet content with doing well ;
Which linger'd on their utterance but to pour
To friendship's ear one gentle accent more.
Rent too are now those heartstrings which alone
Throb'd for our suffering, mindless of their
own :

Told not approaching death lest we should
weep,
And, when they ceas'd to beat, but seem'd to
sleep.

'Thought can but little trace the fearful way
The soul must traverse when it quits its clay :
The unfathomable depths of boundless space,
The viewless worlds which gird its resting
place.

Is it then sleep ?—yes ! long unbroken sleep !
Chill is the couch thy slumbering limbs must
keep !

Curtain'd in night---the worm their bosom-
mate !

Their dream---ah ! who that dreaming can
relate !

And when they wake—when at their prison-
doors
Its all-arousing blast the trumpet pours;
When the dread herald rushes on the wind,
And summons forth the sons of human kind;
I see thee then, my brother!—to thine ear
Sweet flows the warning which the guilty fear;
The matin lay which heavenly minstrels sing,
“Joy to the blessed! Glory to their King!”
Fresh, as from light repose, I see thee rise,
Eternal hope bright gladdening round thine
eyes;

And holy meekness, and the sainted smile
Which rapture wreathes on lips unshorn to
guile.
Thou goest before me—some few steps before—
Ah! if we join, we cannot sever more!
I see thee beckon—lead me onward now,
If at the sapphire throne I dare to bow;
Till snatch'd for one brief moment from my
sight,
I lose thee in an endless blaze of light!

A TRIP TO PARIS.* PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CHURCHES in Paris have been much reduced in number by the Revolution, particularly those which belonged to monasteries. Many of these have been turned into hospitals, museums, and places for other public purposes. With the exception of a few, the churches here have no lofty steeples, which makes the bird's eye view of Paris strikingly different from that of the city of London, with its numerous steeples. The metropolitan church of *Notre Dame* has only two low towers in the shape of truncated cones, and the *Pantheon* and the cupola of the hospital of the *Invalides* form the only lofty objects in the view of the buildings of Paris.

Notre Dame has nothing remarkable in it for a traveller who has seen the cathedrals of England. The description says that it was 250 years in building, and during the reign of 28 kings, which are very insufficient data; it had formerly immensely large bells; one of the three doors in front, I was told, nobody had ever been able to open; Buonaparte, I imagine, would have cut this Gordian knot, if he had suspected that any thing might be got by it.

St. Sulpice is a beautiful structure of Italian architecture, forming two stories of colonnades, without a pediment in the front, which has a tower on each

side; but these are not of the same style of architecture. The meridian of Paris is laid down with a brass rod on the floor of this church, and a contrivance was pointed out to me on the ceiling of the church, to make the rays of the sun fall on this meridian at noon. Buonaparte had several houses pulled down in front of this church, and a fountain placed in the open space, where its fine architecture may now be viewed to advantage.

La Magdalene is a beautiful rotunda with a cupola, in the *rue*, or *faubourg*, *St. Honoré*.

St. Roche, in *rue St. Honoré*, is a large parish church, with some good statues of saints, and altar pieces.

St. Eustache, *rue Montmartre*; *St. Jean l'Auxerois*, near the Louvre; *St. Merry*, *rue St. Martin*, which has a gilt ark suspended instead of an altar piece; *St. Gervais*, near the town hall; besides others; have all some good statues, paintings, or stained glass in them. There are also two, if not more, Protestant churches. Those in the *rue St. Honoré* and *rue St. Antoine* are large buildings, and seem to have been Catholic parochial churches. These were shut, it being a week-day. The Catholic churches are open every day, and almost all day long. In these you see at any time of the day a few distressed men and women ejaculating their sorrows before a crucifix or a picture or statue of a favourite saint, or

* Concluded from p. 398.

some maiden kneeling before a pretty image or statue of the Virgin Mary, or of St. Genevieve with a lamb, whispering a short prayer, then rising, making the sign of the cross with her thumb on her forehead, on her lips, and upon her breast, whilst she is dropping a courtesy to the image, repeating the same ceremony on going out at the door, and besprinkling herself with holy water, found in marble basons at the entrance of every church. This is water, over which the priests in a solemn manner have pronounced their prayer, that every one, who shall use it devoutly, may be purified from all sinful propensities; a ceremony which one might suppose to be a substitute for the lustrations of the Pagans. Indeed, the numerous ceremonies of the church of Rome might lead one to imagine that the early directors of the Christian churches endeavoured gradually to bring over the Pagans into their community, by finding them substitutes for the many rites of their religion, which were interwoven with all their daily domestic concerns in every place. The incorporeal, omnipresent, omniscient, divine spirit worshipped by the enlightened few, the *Mens quæ agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet*, it was thought necessary to represent to the gross minds of the multitude as Jupiter in thunder, Ceres in the fields, Pan in the woods, Flora in the gardens, and as the Lares, or household gods, by their fire-sides. Moses himself from whom we receive the sublimest idea of the spirituality and unity of God, appears as if he had been sensible of the necessity of pointing out to the gross minds of the Israelites a locality and place for their God, viz. between the wings of the cherubim, which he had been ordered to place on the top of the Ark.

Persons acquainted with the calendar of the Pagan Romans, would suppose them to have been the most religious people that ever existed, there being hardly a day in the year which has not some religious ceremony prescribed for it. Their greatest philosopher and statesman, Cicero, begins his instructions to his son with: *In primis venerare Divos!* Both the nations who have made the most conspicuous figure on

the theatre of the world, the Greeks and the Romans, bore a serious respect for their religious institutions in their best eras, and declined when their minds relaxed into irreligious levity; a bad prognostic for every modern nation, attempting to emulate these nations in glory, and beginning even with that relaxation with which those nations ended their career.

The Revolution has left these churches very poor; though I observed organs in several of them, I do not recollect having heard one of them played on, perhaps because the congregations could not afford to pay an organist.

The *Pantheon*, formerly the church of St. Genevieve, near the old church, bearing still that name, stands on, I believe, the highest ground within Paris, and furnishes one of the finest objects in the view of that city by its lofty and elegant cupola. It is surrounded by a gallery, like that of St. Paul's in London, but it is on that account thought by many people to be not so elegant as the cupola of the *Invalides*. Indeed, this gallery has proved too heavy for the arches and pillars within the church by which the cupola is supported, so that the pillars required to be strengthened by brick-work, which has taken away much of their former light appearance. The elegant front of this temple is built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, and consists of twenty-four columns, each about fifty-three feet high, supporting a pediment, along the bottom of which are inscribed in large characters these words:

AUX GRANDS HOMMES, LA PATRIE RE-
CONNAISSANTE.

In the centre of this pediment is sculptured a figure of France leaning on a shield, with the words, *Republique Française* engraven on it, and a figure of Liberty presenting her a label inscribed with, *Droits de l'homme*, and the words *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death*, are but half effaced. The whole height of this building is two hundred and eighty feet. A wide stone staircase leads down to the vaults, where the remains of some of the great men are deposited. Here you are shown the sarcophagus containing the body of Voltaire. His

sex of the writer, which induced her to keep more within shelter from the keen air, than a robust youth rising to manhood, and fond of manly sports would have done. We insert a specimen.]

WINTER IN CANADA.

EVEN Winter brings its toils—The blaze to heap,
Enclose the fields, or form the bounding lines,
The forest, echoing to its mounding sweep,
Beneath the axe her stately race resigns.
Again, the snow-clad path the peasants trace,
And urge thro' drifted heaps the panting steed,
Till o'er the new-form'd road with fleeting

pace,
In fearless haste th' unloaded trains proceed,
Erect the drivers stand, and vanes their coursers' speed.

With hearts elate the homeward path they trace,
Hedless of piercing frosts and day's decline,
Slow o'er the snows retiring twilight strays,
And soon shall heav'n's blue arch with lustre shine;

Yet dearer, sweeter than yon evening star,
Gleams on the rustic's view a twinkling ray,
'Tis his own cottage, glimmering from afar,
Through the shrunken shutter beams of welcome

play,
And there shall comfort wait; and rest his toils repay.

Ere long, a nobler Muse, on loftier wing,
May seek those shades, and every charm unfold,

That spreads its beauties in the fleeting Spring,
Or Summer's blush, or Autumn's locks of gold;
O'er the broad lakes in daring pinion sweep,
Or with bold step the forest path explore,
Where to Niagara's resounding steep
Rolls the proud stream, and down with thundering

ring roar,
Flings his white dashing waves, and shakes the trembling shore.

Not such the minstrel's skill, nor such the lay,
No classic grace adorns these simple strains;
'Twas but the passing pilgrim of a day,
Who view'd with ling'ring glance yon verdant plains,
Who haply found, ev'n in that foreign clime,
Some fleeting hours, that live in Mem'ry's

view,
"In colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time,"
Some artless friend that wept to bid adieu,
Who, with unpractised hand, the changeful picture drew.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY A HIGHLANDER, AMID SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS, THE NIGHT BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE WITH CHARLES EDWARD.

WE a' maun munter sunn the morn,
We a' maun march right early,
Owe misty mount, an' mossy bara,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Ye German coof that fills the throne,
He clamb till't most unfairly,
Sae off we'll set, an' strive to get
His birth-right back to Charlie.

Yet ere we leave this valley dear,
Those hills owreclad wi' heather,
Sen' roun' the usquebaugh sae clear
We'll hae a horn thegither;
An' listen lads to what I gie,
Ye'll pledge me round sincerely---
To him that's come to set us free,
Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

O! better lo'd he canna be,
Yet whan we see him wearin,
Our mountain garb, sae gracefully,
It's ay the mair endearin'.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we'll see, o' kingdoms three,
The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should Fortune turn her heel
Upon the righteous cause, boys,
We'll shaw the war! we're firm an' leal,
An' never will prove fause, boys:
We'll fecht while we hae breath to draw,
For him we lo'e sae dearly,
An' ane an' a' we'll stan' or fa'
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

R. L.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SONG TO MY FRIEND.

I GREATLY love the calm retreat,
Where, freed from noise and ruthless care,
The Muse can tread with hallow'd feet,
And pour her tender breathings there.

I love to stroll the groves among,
And listen to the feather'd throng;
To pierce the gently winding dale,
Where echo swells in ev'ry gale.

I love to climb the mountain's brow,
Impending o'er the deeps below;
To watch the streamlet as it flows,
Where the uncultur'd strawb'rry grows.

And, at first glimpse of purple dawn,
I love to seek the fragrant lawn;
Or with the moon a vigil keep,
Whose pale beams quiver on the deep.

But craggy heights, nor verdant fields,
With all the gifts kind Nature yields,
Scarce half their varied charms display,
Unblest by Friendship's cheering ray.

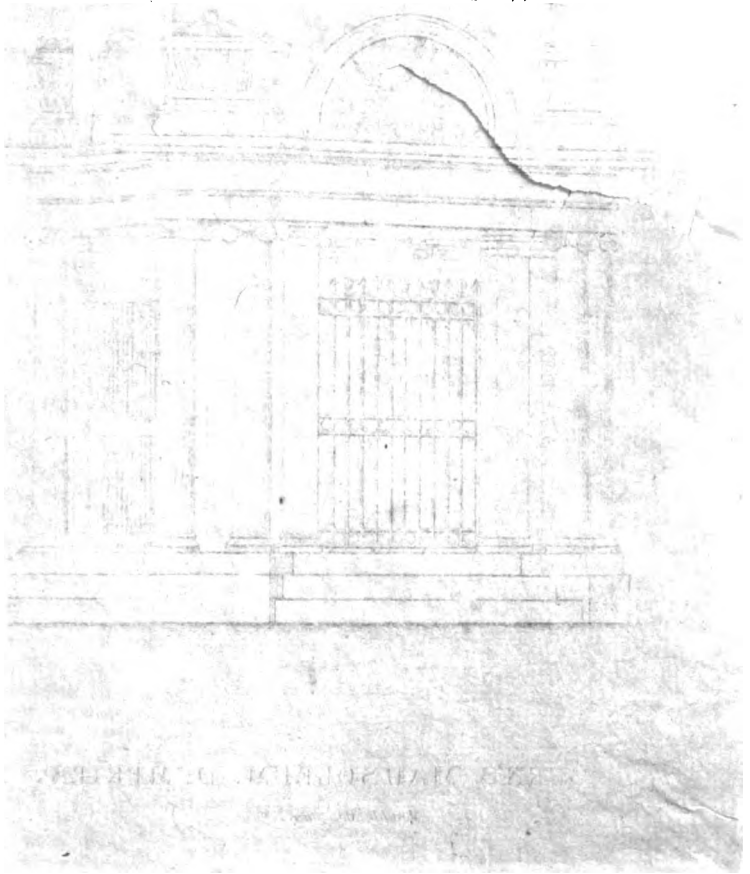
For 'tis participation gives
Life to every joy that lives;
And in the swelling breast of grief
Pours the mild balsam of relief.

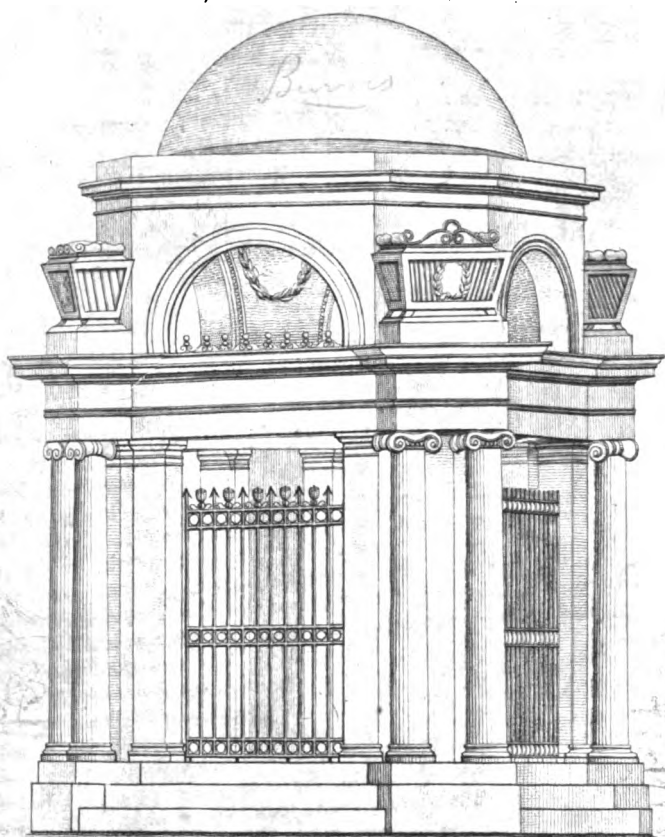
Come then, lov'd fav'rite of my heart,
This wreath of happiness impart;
Let these delights, which please awhile,
Be cherish'd by Affection's smile.

Then shady wood, nor fertile green,
Shall spread their blooming sweets unseen,
When at the airy minstrel's lay
We join to welcome op'ning day;

Or, weary, court grey ev'ning's breeze,
Whose spirit whispers through the trees,
In softest accent seems to bear
This message to the list'ning ear:—

Think not, that on terrestrial ground
Pure, amaranthine bliss is found;
Transplanted is fair Eden's prize;
Together seek it in the skies.





BURN'S MAUSOLEUM, DUMFRIES.

Monthly Mag Jan. 1. 1816.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 7.]

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1817.

[VOL. I.

INSCRIPTION ON ROBERT BURNS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

στίχοις μεταμετέτοις

ἀβὴς ἱκίνας, τοῦ τ' ἱκίνας, καὶ φερών.

STOB.

Adolescens, tamen etsi properas, hōc saxum
rogat,

Uti ad se aspicias: deinde quod scripta est
legas;

Hic sunt poetæ Marcei Pacuviei sita

Ossa: hoc volebam nescius ne cases. Vale.

GELL. lib. i. c. 24.

MR. EDITOR,

DEPARTED genius meets at length
with its reward, and the admirers of
the immortal BURNS hear with feelings of
singular satisfaction that a splendid monu-
ment is now erecting to his memory
at Dumfries in Scotland, where he resid-
ed during the greater part of his life, and
where his remains were buried. The
promoters of this benevolent plan are
entitled to the public gratitude, and by
this act of generosity they derive some
reflected glory to themselves from the
lustre of his genius—

Non hæc urna tua, Euripides, sed tu magis
hujus,
Namque tua hanc urnam gloria condecorat.

The inscription that commemorates the
burial-spot of this very beautiful poet is
written in Latin, and has already ap-
peared in more than one publication.
As some of your readers, Mr. Editor,
may perhaps be unacquainted with an
epitaph which was written for the same
purpose by a very amiable and accom-
plished man, in his tour to the Western
Highlands of Scotland in the summer of

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1803, I shall gratify their taste by pro-
ducing it, first giving our author's preli-
minary observations.

“As I profess myself a great admirer
of the writings of Burns, and should
think that I had no knowledge or taste
in poetry if I were not, I endeavoured
to stimulate the exertions of his country-
men when I was at Dumfries, by writing
two short pieces of poetry, and fixing
them as well as I was able on the turf
of his grave. I cut some small hooked
sticks from the ash-trees that sprung up
among the tombs, and by means of these
I pegged the papers down upon the grass.
The epitaph I carried with me, to the
place, and the other I wrote with a pen-
cil on the spot, making use of one of
the monuments for a table. The epi-
taph was as follows:—

INSCRIPTION
to the
MEMORY
of

ROBERT BURNS.

If sweetest thoughts in simple language drest,
If vivid wit has power to move thy breast,
If Nature, painted with a master's hand
And poet's skill, thy passions can command,
Here, reader, pause,—and Fancy's bard ad-
mire;
For here he rests who well could strike the
lyre;
If Pity touch thee, drop one friendly tear;
If blameless, censure him; for BURNS lies
here.”

How superior is the language of these lines to the trite expressions generally used in subjects of this kind ! The above epitaph recommends itself to the taste of every reader by its chaste simplicity ; and I need not add that it is in every

point worthy of its subject—nay, worthy to be inscribed on the monument which is now erecting to the memory of Burns. That its elegant author may give additional proof of his poetical talent is the fervent wish of
N. N.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS,

AT DUMFRIES, IN SCOTLAND. (WITH A PLATE.)

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE elegant and classical tribute to the memory of departed genius, which is represented in the plate, is now erecting at Dumfries, in Scotland, where Burns resided during the greater part of his life, and where his remains were buried.

The funds for defraying the expence of this splendid monument are raising among the friends and admirers of the bard, by a subscription, which originated with a few public-spirited inhabitants of Dumfries scarcely two years ago, and their exertions have been attended with the most gratifying success. The architectural part of the mausoleum was designed by Mr. THOMAS FREDERICK HUNT, of London.

The first meeting of the subscribers was held at Dumfries on the 6th of January, 1814, and after stating their opinion "that it has long been a subject of regret, and indeed a reflection against their country, that no public tribute of respect has yet been paid to the memory of the man who employed his unrivalled powers in giving grace and dignity to the Lowland language of Scotland, and in illustrating the simplicity of the manners and character of the Scottish peasantry," the meeting resolved, "that a mausoleum ought to be reared over the grave of Burns;" and a subscription was opened to defray the expences. A committee selected from among the nobility, gentry, clergy, and principal inhabitants of the town and county of Dumfries, was appointed to superintend the erection of the monument, and to receive and solicit subscriptions.

Encouraged by the liberal and handsome manner in which the admirers of Burns came forward with contributions,

not only from various parts of the United Empire, but from the East and West Indies and America, the committee advertised for plans and drawings of a suitable architectural monument. Many eminent architects accordingly became competitors for the honour, and, after a due examination of the merits of the various drawings, the palm was awarded to the plans which, on opening the sealed envelope transmitted therewith, appeared to be executed by Mr. Hunt.

A grand masonic and military procession ushered in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone; and the attention of the numerous spectators was called to the solemnity in an elegant and pathetic eulogium on the merits of the deceased bard, by the provincial grand-master of this part of Scotland, WILLIAM MILLER, esq. of Dalsminton. The foundation stone was then laid with due masonic formalities, and the following elegant inscription was deposited, along with the usual memorials of the age in which we live :—

In Aeternum Honorem
ROBERTI BURNS,
Poetarum Caledoniæ sui ævi longe principis
Cujus carmina eximia, patrio sermone
scripta,
Animi magis ardentis, ingeniique vi,
Quam arte vel cultu conspicua,
Facetis, jucunditate, lepore affluentia,
Omnibus literarum cultoribus satis nota ;
Cives sui, necnon plerique omnes
Musarum amantissimi, memoriamque viri
Arte poetica tam præclari, foventes
HOC MAUSOLEUM,
Super reliquias portæ mortales,
extruendum curavere.
Primum hujus ædificii lapidem
Gulielmus Miller, Armiger,
Reipublicæ architectonicæ apud Scotos,
In regione australi, Curio Maximus
provincialis,
Georgio Tertio regnante,
Georgio, Walharum Principe,
Summam imperii pro patre tenente,

Josepho Gass, armigero, Dumfriensis
 Prefecto,
 Thoma F. Hunt, Londinensi, Architecto,
 Posult,
 Nonis Junis, Anno Lucis MDCCLXXV.
 Salutis Humanae MDCCLXXV.

TRANSLATION.

In perpetual honour of
 ROBERT BURNS,
 decidedly the first Scottish poet of his age,
 whose exquisite verses, in the dialect
 of his country,
 distinguished for the strength and fire of
 native genius,
 more than for the acquired accomplishments
 of polish and erudition,
 are admired by all men of letters
 for their humour, pleasantry, elegance
 and variety;
 his townsmen and others, who love polite
 literature,
 and cherish the memory of so eminent
 a genius,
 caused this mausoleum to be erected
 over the mortal remains of

THE BARD.

Of this edifice,
 planned by Thomas F. Hunt, esq. of
 London, architect,
 the first stone was laid by
 William Miller, esq.
 Provincial Grand Master of the Southern
 District
 of Free Masons in Scotland,
 in the reign of King George III.
 During the regency of George Prince
 of Wales,
 Joseph Gass, esq. being Provost of
 Dumfries,

On the 5th day of June,
 In the year of light, 5815.
 Of our Lord, 1815.

The mausoleum is now nearly completed, and already attracts the admiration of all who view it; for symmetry and chasteness of design it has scarcely its equal in the sepulchral monuments of any age or country, while the situation in which it is placed is excellently calculated to arrest the attention of the passing traveller.

It is intended to adorn the interior with a piece of sculpture, in alto-relievo, from the chisel of Turnerelli; and the subject which the artist has chosen may be considered as the apotheosis which the bard selected for himself. In the dedication of the first edition of his poems to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, Burns observes, "the poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." The alto-relievo of the sculptor will embody this elegant thought on marble, and the effect of the whole cannot fail to be heightened by the sublimity and grandeur of an idea so highly poetical.

PRESCIENCE ; OR, THE SECRETS OF DIVINATION.

A POEM. By EDWARD SMEDLEY, junior.

From the Monthly Review.

AFTER the mass of nonsense which, in the discharge of our literary duty, we are so constantly compelled to peruse, it is indeed a relief and a refreshment to witness the gradual improvement and the corrected labours of a genuine English writer. To no department of criticism does this remark more forcibly apply than to that which is occupied in the examination of modern poetry.

Mr. Smedley's object seems to have been to tread in the steps of those successful writers who have chosen some passion or power of the human mind as the favourite ground-work of their compositions; and who have built on this foundation an edifice of moral reflection, historical illustration, and fanciful embellishment, calculated to instruct and to please the thoughtful and the classical

reader. Such are the several "Pleasures" of "Imagination," of "Hope," and of "Memory," which have been deservedly admired and esteemed in their day; and which bid fair to possess a permanent reputation in the annals of our poetry.

In the first part, the author describes the famous scene that is said to have taken place before the battle of Philippi:

' Thus when their steel the band of brothers
 drew
 And Freedom bathed it in her holiest dew;
 When at the base, where imag'd Pompey
 stood,
 His thirsty spirit drank ambition's blood;
 Heaven on the deed it lov'd forebore to smile,
 And mourn'd its cause could triumph but
 awhile.

Then, as they tell, the sorrowing lord of day
Veiled his bright coronal, and quench'd his ray;
Glanced towards Philippi with diminish'd light,
And shrank as conscious of the coming fight.

'The fight was near—already on the plain,
Thousands had slept, who ne'er shall sleep
again,

Unless that dreamless nothing sleep we call
Whose couch is spread for ever and for all.
'Twas that strange season when the waning
night

Unfolds her dusky wing to fly from light;
When 'tis not morning, yet one single ray,
Flung from the east, would almost make it day.
Well may the waking fear that doubtful hour,
When spirits sail abroad, and fiends have
power;

And o'er the slumber's fancy-wilder'd view,
Flits many a dream, whose warning may be true.
By the dim taper in his tented dome,
Then sate the last best son of falling Rome;
The patriot dagger at his right hand lay,
Whose point had rent great Cæsar's soul away;
And in each pause of thought he trac'd the page
Rich with the honey of Athena's sage.

Can those be footsteps which his ear assail?
'Tis but the burden of the twilight gale!
Is that a shadow which deceives his eye?
He glances round—there's nought but vacancy!
A moment yet he looks—it stands there now,
Shap'd as before, and horror on its brow!
Fierce from each dim and shadowy feature
broke

The chilling smile which sated vengeance
spoke:

It rais'd the purple which was folded round,
And bared and counted many a gaping wound;
Stretch'd it's lank finger where the falchion
lay,

Pointed the battle-plain, and sternly strode
away!

'Calm sate the hero; once before his eye
Glar'd on that nameless vision passing by;
Dwelt on th' unearthly warning which it gave,
And saw, and listen'd as became the brave.
Vain all the portents which beset his way,
The dream by night, the sun obscur'd by day:
One only star could fix his longing view,
Th' unerring beam which patriot valour threw!

The following attempt to portray a
character of which so many have con-
fessed,

"——*naquo monstrare, et sentio tantum,*"
is far from unsuccessful:

'Oh! for that holy hope, that keen desire,
Which fans the slumbering spark of minstrel
fire;

Breathes to his soul the rich perfume of fame,
And wafts the fragrance of a deathless name!
Oh! for that moment, when no more repress'd
The master-spirit rages in his breast:
When from their source the bright creations
rise,

And thought outruns each image it supplies.
When on the tablets of enraptured mind,
Each form is shadow'd out, but not defin'd;
And as the wildly blended colours flow,
O'er their first tints the lights of fancy glow.
'Tis then the mighty workman can combine
These jarring seeds in unconfus'd design;
His rapid eye the seeming waste surveys,
And marks the plan which regulates the maze;
Awakes a world, where heaven and earth were
blent,

And bars the waters from the firmament.
Ere yet its race his chariot has begun,
The course is pass'd, the goal of glory won:
Ere yet the quarry its rude mass bestows,
A God beneath the breathing marble glows:
Swift to his lips unbidden numbers throng,
And inspiration rushes on his song;
Then coming ages pass before his eyes,
And dreams of long futurity arise;
Tongues yet unborn his living strain rehearse,
And climes unthought of echo with his verse;
He sees the laurel which entwines his bust,
He marks the pomp which consecrates his dust;
Shakes off the dimness which obscures him now,
And feels the future glory hind his brow.'

We reserve our remaining room for
two beautiful extracts (so indeed they
may be called) on the dangerous though
delightful common-places of long im-
aginary but at last realized love, and on
the death-bed of friendship.

'Nor these alone, but gentler hopes belong
To the soft Fancy-nurtur'd child of song:
And, mid the laurel's everlasting bower,
Love's wanton fingers twine a lighter flower.
Ah! who has ever glow'd with minstrel flame,
Whom Love neglected for himself to claim!
Ah! where the lover who has never paid
His secret homage in the Muse's shade!

'There Fancy paints to his enamour'd gaze,
Visions of happiness in coming days;
Portrays some image of the yet unknown,
And shews the spirit destin'd for his own;
Half veils and half reveals her to his sight,
And pours o'er all a dimly shadow'd light,
Till, in his own creation rapt, the boy
Clasps with fond arms his unsubstantial joy;
Hangs o'er the imagin'd form himself has made,
And give unreal substance to a shade.

'Pass'd is the spell, the talisman unbound,
His air-built fabric shatter'd to the ground !
The fairy landscape ravish'd from his eyes !
The star of promise set beneath its skies !
Ah ! what the pause of being can supply,
What fill his craving bosom's vacancy !
Where may the pilgrim his lone steps delay,
To slake the fever of his thirsty way !
Springs but a single fountain in the waste,
And is that one forbidden to his taste !
Farewell the hopes which from ambition flow,
Farewell the promise life and youth bestow :
Joy idly breathes her easy-hearted strain,
And reeling pleasure beckons him in vain :
The proffer'd goblet to his lip is dry,
And beauty palls upon his wearied eye ;
Vain all the loveliness which others wear,
Till the one statue of his hope is there !

'Yet o'er his search some hand unseen
presides ;
Weans from the false ones, to the real guides ;
From his dim eye with favoring power dispels
The mist which all diviner vision quells ;
Shadows the past, the forward pathway shows,
And gifts of planetary might bestows ;
The glass whose surface but for one is clear,
The ring which presses when the lov'd is near.

'Soon as her first light whisper steals around,
His ready ear acknowledges the sound ;
Deems it sweet music other days have known,
And catches ere it falls the coming tone ;
So lost, yet so familiar and so dear,
He thinks 'twas always present to his ear.
Haply 'twas warbled ere condemn'd to earth,
His spirit gloried in its purer birth ;
And echoes now its unforgotten strain,
To lure him upwards to his heaven again.
He views an image where the features seem
Like the vague memory of a shatter'd dream ;
Or as the visage of a friend, whom time
Has render'd strange, with grief, or toil, or
clime ;

So like, we almost greet him by his name,
Yet so unlike, we doubt it is the same ;
And wipe away the film, and with surprise
Scarce dare to trust the gladness of our eyes.
It is the single star, whose ceaseless ray
Has never dimm'd its blaze in ocean spray ;
The pilot-beam, which steady light supplies,
The cynosure of never clouded skies.
It is the holy dream by fancy bred ;
The hope on which his solitude has fed ;
The kindred nature whom his bosom claim'd ;
The one for whom he felt his being framed.'

The lines on the Loss of a Friend,
must close our citations.

'Tis this which whispers solace from the
bier

Where moulders all the heart hath cherished
here ;

'Tis this which glids the twilight of the tomb,
Thou art not lost for ever in its gloom,
For ever lost, my brother !—Oh ! not all
Shall slumber on ; but at the mighty call
Of the dread harbinger of endless fate
The captive soul shall burst its prison-gate.
Such is the glorious certainty which cheers
The sad survivor's manly-flowing tears ;
And pours the sweetness of immortal breath
Through the dark valley of the shade of death.

'Where is the spirit now ! th' immortal flame
Which glow'd beneath yon cold and lifeless
frame !

Where now that lofty and aspiring mind,
Lord of itself, and friend of all its kind !
It sigh'd not from the bosom ; for I knelt
Close to the heart, and its last pulses felt.
It flash'd not from the eye ; I watch'd its beam
Fix'd on mine own, and drank its parting
stream.

Yet is that bosom hush'd ; and faded now
The doubtful lustre which illum'd that brow ;
Mute are the lips which seem'd on life to dwell,
As if not yet content with doing well ;
Which linger'd on their utterance but to pour
To friendship's ear one gentle accent more.
Rent too are now those heartstrings which alone
Throb'd for our suffering, mindless of their
own :

Told not approaching death lest we should
weep,

And, when they ceas'd to beat, but seem'd to
sleep.

'Thought can but little trace the fearful way
The soul must traverse when it quits its clay :
The unfathomable depths of boundless space,
The viewless worlds which gird its resting
place.

Is it then sleep ?—yes ! long unbroken sleep ;
Chill is the couch thy slumbering limbs must
keep !

Curtain'd in night—the worm their bosom-
mate !

Their dream—ah ! who that dreaming can
relate !

And when they wake—when at their prison-
doors

Its all-arousing blast the trumpet pours;
When the dread herald rushes on the wind,
And summons forth the sons of human kind;
I see thee then, my brother!—to thine ear
Sweet flows the warning which the guilty fear;
The matin lay which heavenly minstrels sing,
“Joy to the blessed! Glory to their King!”
Fresh, as from light repose, I see thee rise,
Eternal hope bright gladdening round thine
eyes;

And holy meekness, and the sainted smile
Which rapture wreathes on lips and down to
guile.

Thou goest before me—some few steps before—
Ah! if we join, we cannot sever more!
I see thee beckon—lead me onward now,
If at the sapphire throne I dare to bow;
Till snatch'd for one brief moment from my
sight,
I lose thee in an endless blaze of light!

A TRIP TO PARIS.* PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE CHURCHES in Paris have been much reduced in number by the Revolution, particularly those which belonged to monasteries. Many of these have been turned into hospitals, museums, and places for other public purposes. With the exception of a few, the churches here have no lofty steeples, which makes the bird's eye view of Paris strikingly different from that of the city of London, with its numerous steeples. The metropolitan church of *Notre Dame* has only two low towers in the shape of truncated cones, and the *Pantheon* and the cupola of the hospital of the *Invalides* form the only lofty objects in the view of the buildings of Paris.

Notre Dame has nothing remarkable in it for a traveller who has seen the cathedrals of England. The description says that it was 250 years in building, and during the reign of 28 kings, which are very insufficient data; it had formerly immensely large bells; one of the three doors in front, I was told, nobody had ever been able to open; Buonaparte, I imagine, would have cut this Gordian knot, if he had suspected that any thing might be got by it.

St. Sulpice is a beautiful structure of Italian architecture, forming two stories of colonnades, without a pediment in the front, which has a tower on each

side; but these are not of the same style of architecture. The meridian of Paris is laid down with a brass rod on the floor of this church, and a contrivance was pointed out to me on the ceiling of the church, to make the rays of the sun fall on this meridian at noon. Buonaparte had several houses pulled down in front of this church, and a fountain placed in the open space, where its fine architecture may now be viewed to advantage.

La Magdalene is a beautiful rotunda with a cupola, in the *rue*, or *faubourg*, *St. Honoré*.

St. Roche, in *rue St. Honoré*, is a large parish church, with some good statues of saints, and altar pieces.

St. Eustache, *rue Montmartre*; *St. Jean l'Auxerois*, near the Louvre; *St. Merry*, *rue St. Martin*, which has a gilt ark suspended instead of an altar piece; *St. Gervais*, near the town hall; besides others; have all some good statues, paintings, or stained glass in them. There are also two, if not more, Protestant churches. Those in the *rue St. Honoré* and *rue St. Antoine* are large buildings, and seem to have been Catholic parochial churches. These were shut, it being a week-day. The Catholic churches are open every day, and almost all day long. In these you see at any time of the day a few distressed men and women ejaculating their sorrows before a crucifix or a picture or statue of a favourite saint, or

* Concluded from p. 398.

some maiden kneeling before a pretty image or statue of the Virgin Mary, or of St. Genevieve with a lamb, whispering a short prayer, then rising, making the sign of the cross with her thumb on her forehead, on her lips, and upon her breast, whilst she is dropping a courtesy to the image, repeating the same ceremony on going out at the door, and besprinkling herself with holy water, found in marble basons at the entrance of every church. This is water, over which the priests in a solemn manner have pronounced their prayer, that every one, who shall use it devoutly, may be purified from all sinful propensities; a ceremony which one might suppose to be a substitute for the lustrations of the Pagans. Indeed, the numerous ceremonies of the church of Rome might lead one to imagine that the early directors of the Christian churches endeavoured gradually to bring over the Pagans into their community, by finding them substitutes for the many rites of their religion, which were interwoven with all their daily domestic concerns in every place. The incorporeal, omnipresent, omniscient, divine spirit worshipped by the enlightened few, the *Mens quæ agit molem et magno se corpore miscet*, it was thought necessary to represent to the gross minds of the multitude as Jupiter in thunder, Ceres in the fields, Pan in the woods, Flora in the gardens, and as the Lares, or household gods, by their fire-sides. Moses himself from whom we receive the sublimest idea of the spirituality and unity of God, appears as if he had been sensible of the necessity of pointing out to the gross minds of the Israelites a locality and place for their God, viz. between the wings of the cherubim, which he had been ordered to place on the top of the Ark.

Persons acquainted with the calender of the Pagan Romans, would suppose them to have been the most religious people that ever existed, there being hardly a day in the year which has not some religious ceremony prescribed for it. Their greatest philosopher and statesman, Cicero, begins his instructions to his son with: *In primis venerare Divos!* Both the nations who have made the most conspicuous figure on

the theatre of the world, the Greeks and the Romans, bore a serious respect for their religious institutions in their best eras, and declined when their minds relaxed into irreligious levity; a bad prognostic for every modern nation, attempting to emulate these nations in glory, and beginning even with that relaxation with which those nations ended their career.

The Revolution has left these churches very poor; though I observed organs in several of them, I do not recollect having heard one of them played on, perhaps because the congregations could not afford to pay an organist.

The *Pantheon*, formerly the church of St. Genevieve, near the old church, bearing still that name, stands on, I believe, the highest ground within Paris, and furnishes one of the finest objects in the view of that city by its lofty and elegant cupola. It is surrounded by a gallery, like that of St. Paul's in London, but it is on that account thought by many people to be not so elegant as the cupola of the *Invalides*. Indeed, this gallery has proved too heavy for the arches and pillars within the church by which the cupola is supported, so that the pillars required to be strengthened by brick-work, which has taken away much of their former light appearance. The elegant front of this temple is built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, and consists of twenty-four columns, each about fifty-three feet high, supporting a pediment, along the bottom of which are inscribed in large characters these words:

AUX GRANDS HOMMES, LA PATRIE RE-
CONNAISSANTE.

In the centre of this pediment is sculptured a figure of France leaning on a shield, with the words, *Republique Française* engraven on it, and a figure of Liberty presenting her a label inscribed with, *Droits de l'homme*, and the words *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death*, are but half effaced. The whole height of this building is two hundred and eighty feet. A wide stone staircase leads down to the vaults, where the remains of some of the great men are deposited. Here you are shown the sarcophagus containing the body of Voltaire. His

heart, said my guide, is at Ferney, his body is here, and his spirit—every where. On the sarcophagus of Rousseau a hand with a burning torch is carved, as protruding from a door half opened, indicating, as the guide said, that from his tomb he still enlightens the world. Here are also the tombs of the Duke of Montebello, and of several generals, and some statesmen. The whole is rather too prettily arranged for a receptacle of the departed great; and it might bring to your imagination the boxes and shelves of a haberdasher's or milliner's shop. Is Buonaparte to be excluded from a place among these worthies; or will the *extinctus amabitur idem* be applicable to him also?

From this temple of the Revolution the mind by a natural transition is led to the contemplation of the *Abbey of St. Denis*, near Paris, the former depository of the first, if not the greatest, men in France. This building is considerably smaller than Westminster Abbey. It has two towers in front of unequal height. Here are no monuments, and a thorough repair of the inside was almost finished. In the vaults below, the remains of the sovereigns of France used to be deposited, as is generally known, as well as the revolutionary fury which the Parisian mob exercised against these relics of royalty. The guide opened a door leading into a small yard or garden, and pointed to a raised ground, covered with turf, and planted with a few stunted firs, as the place where the ashes of the royal remains, after having been burnt, were deposited. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* exclaimed one of the spectators.

The *Temple*, near the *Boulevard du Temple*, now exhibits an elegant modern structure, erected on the site where formerly stood the strong building, originally the property of the Knights Templars, and which during the Revolution became so memorable by having been the prison of the Royal Family, and of many other persons of consequence. The rooms still exist where the royal prisoners were lodged on the day when they were first sent thither. They imagined that these rooms were assigned for their occupation; but late at night, when the king was going to bed, a pe-

sumptory order arrived from the Committee of Public Safety to put them immediately into the strong towers, which was done of course. The porter who attends in this place has made an ingenious representation of the old strong square building, with the four towers; this model opens, and exhibits the different apartments, with figures, carved upon a proportionate scale, of the different persons of the Royal Family, who inhabited them. In one of these rooms the King is represented informing his family of his death-warrant having been issued; in another the little Dauphin is insulted by his keeper, Simon the shoemaker. At a table you see a number of the *Commis de Police*, of whom sixty were guillotined along with Robespierre. Pichegru is likewise represented lying strangled upon his bed; another room exhibits the Duchess of Angoulême after the fall of Robespierre, her mind almost destroyed by grief, having now a dog and a kid given her for her amusement, when she gradually recovered her senses.

The *Maison de Ville*, or town hall, is another building of revolutionary memory: it is of an ancient ornamental style of architecture, having a large open space in front, which adjoins immediately to the *Place de Greve* near the quay. Here criminals are executed, and the whole place has obtained an infamous notoriety from the sanguinary scenes exhibited there in the early days of the Revolution. The lamp-irons, of horrid memory, may still be seen here, one of them at the corner of a coffee-house, in which I sat down, endeavouring to recal to my imagination the impressions my mind used to receive from the accounts of what was then acting on that very spot, when that place resounded with the yell of an infuriated mob, dragging their victim to a mock trial and execution. Some of the judges of those tribunals are still alive, and perhaps ready to take their seats again, if merciful Providence do not refuse them the opportunity.

What golden promises did the authors of this Revolution hold out to this deluded nation, though they left them nothing but maddening disappointment!

Nous substituons la grandeur de-

l'homme à la petitesse des grands! said Robespierre in one of his speeches in the convention.

The THEATRES of Paris, at a first view, disappoint the visitor who is used to the brilliancy of the London theatres, or rather of the interior of the houses; particularly if his first visit should be to the *Theatre François*, which may be considered as the principal national theatre. The fronts of the boxes in this house have evidently not been cleaned, much less new painted, for many years past. Their original colour seems to have been an imitation of marble without any gilding. The whole inside of the house is illuminated by only one large circular frame with lamps, suspended in the centre from the ceiling. The oil in these lamps being very pure, a tolerable degree of light is thrown upon the upper stories of the house; but the lower parts and the pit lie in sombre darkness, in which the audience seem to hide themselves, as if ashamed of the dirty appearance that surrounds them. The old dusty stage curtain is in perfect harmony with the rest, whilst not a single female figure breaks the gloomy monotonous hue of the pit, that place being allotted for male spectators only. A person acquainted with the taste of the French for decoration and brilliancy, must naturally be led to ask the question, What can be the cause of the total absence of these qualities in their principal national theatre? I could not but suppose that it was from design, either to give more effect to the stage, or for the audience to appear to be assembled there for the purpose of having their attention attracted only by what is going on upon the stage, perhaps from both these causes together. A Frenchman in an adjoining box confirmed my supposition, which acquired an additional probability when at Catalani's concert in the *Salle de Favart*, I saw that room more brilliantly illuminated than any I had seen before. The performance I saw at the *Theatre François* was Iphigenia in Aulis, by Racine. The character of Iphigenia was attempted, as a first essay, by a sister of the celebrated Mademoiselle George. This actress appeared to have many friends in the house; the

influence of her sister, and her own youth and beauty, soothed the many-headed monster of criticism; she was, however, decidedly unequal to the undertaking. She succeeded better in a smart after-piece. Talma's representation of the haughty ungovernable Achilles justly drew forth bursts of applause; he shews rather too much of the stage manner, and on a close view his features appeared to me to exhibit much of vulgarity, particularly when assuming the features of contempt, or similar passions. Mademoiselle George performed Clytemnestra; though a fair and lusty woman, her features were capable of much expression. Agamemnon in this play is certainly a character under continual distress of mind, which, combined with the classic dignity of that monarch, will not allow of much action; yet I think the performer sunk into a too drowsy monotony throughout the whole performance.

The *French Opera, rue Richelieu*.—The inside of this house has a much better appearance than that before mentioned. The curtain of this stage was no doubt painted by the same Frenchman, who executed the present curtain of the Opera House in London, representing a real curtain, with an immense body, and depth of folds. Here the Opera of Joseph was performed: the splendid and appropriate scenery, decorations, and dresses, left nothing to wish for. When, in one of the scenes of this opera, Simon, at the head of his brethren, discloses to Jacob, that Joseph had not been devoured by wild beasts, but had been sold by them, the agonized father, stretching out his arms, exclaims, *I curse you!* a crash from the orchestra accompanies it like thunder, and all the sons of Jacob fall prostrate before him. I seldom have met with any thing equal to this for effect.*

At another theatre, I believe *des Variétés*, the Prodigal Son was performed; the same attention was there paid to the scenery and dresses. The *Theatre d'Orléon*, near the Luxembourg, is elegant as well in its external architec-

* The dancing here is, as might be expected, beyond any thing of that kind exhibited any where else.

ture as in its internal arrangements, but the company now performing there is but *mediocre*. Besides these theatres, there are those—of the *Vaudevilles*, where I was disgusted with seeing a man performing in woman's clothes; of the *Porte St. Martin*, and a number of inferior places for dramatic exhibitions, where nothing is paid at the entrance, and the expenses are raised upon the articles consumed. At these places, I understand, it is not allowed, that more than two performers appear upon the stage at the same time. The quietness, propriety, and decorum that reigned in all these public places at Paris, I must acknowledge, surprised me, as quite contrary to my expectation: nor could the least fault be found with the female dresses among the performers any more than among the spectators.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.—This celebrated spot, the rendezvous of the loungers, the idle and profligate of Paris, is situated rather centrally in the *rue St. Honoré*, where is the entrance to this palace of the Duke of Orleans. Opposite to the entrance, on the other side of the public street, is a large place for hackney coaches, and a large stone front inclosing a reservoir of water. The entrance to the palace is of a fine Italian style of architecture, and leads into a court of a square form, having buildings on each side, the left of which are occupied by national guards, doing duty there, together with the English and Prussians. Here also is the Exchange for the merchants, at present; that most splendid building begun by Napoleon, to serve for the same purpose, being left unfinished. This entrance forms one of the two narrow sides of the parallelogram, or oblong square of the whole palace, inclosing an open area intersected by walks among a few trees. The sides of the building form piazzas of about ninety arches on each side, and so many windows over them in the first story. Under these piazzas, smoothly paved, there are innumerable shops, coffee-houses, restaurateurs, &c. forming a lounge of about fifteen minutes round the whole, among a constant crowd of perambulators, male and female. Towards sun-set all these shops are illumi-

nated, the brilliant articles exposed in them increasing the light: the same takes place with the coffee-houses, and restaurateurs, which have windows down almost to the ground, with large panes of glass, through which you may behold almost the whole company, male and female, seated at different tables, with a profusion of dishes, fruit, and the long-necked bottles of French wine; whilst in the elegant bar you see the mistress, and sometimes her daughters, dressed in the fashion of the day, seated among heaps of fruit, and vases with flowers, and the whole of this assemblage, with all its lights, reflected by immense mirrors or pier glasses, placed in profusion, along the walls, with numerous gilt decorations, clocks, busts, and figures from the antique. The first floor of this range of building is likewise occupied by coffee-houses and restaurateurs, which increase the illumination after sun-set. Next to the French gilt clocks, vases, &c. the British fine cutlery contributes most to the brilliancy of these shops. The gaming tables are on the second floor, and open even to those who choose to be only spectators; at some of them nothing but gold was pushed about. Some of the cellars in this place are turned into places for entertainment, called *Caveaux*, where music is heard in the evening. The numerous book-stalls and reading-rooms furnish all the papers and pamphlets of the day; hither you may retire from the crowd constantly moving round, which is at present considerably increased by the numerous foreign military in their fantastic dresses and mustachios, dragging their clattering sabres over the pavement, as it were in defiance of the vanquished Gauls.

I have seen the King and some of the Royal Family at the Tuilleries walking to chapel through the *Salle des Marchaux*. *Vive le Roi! Vive le Duc de Berry!* was here and there cried among the spectators, but it seemed heartless, and reminded me of the raven, kept by the servant of the Prince of Condé at Wanstead, whom they had taught to cry *Vive le Roi!* The portraits of the marshals who have led the French armies to so many victories, are perhaps

not the most appropriate objects to occupy the attention of the crowds collecting here to see the Royal Family. The view of these portraits led me into a train of thought, mixed up with perplexity and doubt, as to the stability of the present state of things here ; and to relieve my mind I hastened to

The Louvre. At the entrance into this square building your mind is struck with the most pleasing and exhilarating effect, arising from the indescribable beauty of the architecture in its present state, as renewed by Napoleon, though that side next to the Tuilleries is I think rather overcharged with ornaments.

The Gallery of the Louvre, with its treasure of works of art, which never has been, nor ever will be equalled, is almost my daily resort. A few of the pictures have already been taken away by some of the foreign sovereigns now here, and there is no knowing where the operations of these imperial and royal collectors may end. Stern Justice says, Let every body have his own again ; and Policy insinuates that these illegitimate trophies ought not to remain as a proud display to future generations. I am conscious that I have contracted a friendly feeling for this most splendid temple of the arts, and am glad that I am not subjected to the perplexity of deciding upon its fate.

There are a great number of other places here of the highest interest, which I cannot now notice particularly, such as the French Institute, the *Jardens des Plantes*, Museum of Ancient Monuments, *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, the manufacture of the Gobelins, new palaces, fountains, markets, prisons, &c. But let me not omit, whilst I am thinking of it, *Le noble Jeu du Carrousel*. This is a machine, upon a large scale. Like the roundabouts at English fairs, with gigs and horses as large as life, on which, at the sound of trumpets, not only the young, but elderly French gentlemen and ladies, ride round tilting at rings—*Vive la Bagatelle !*

I am now going to leave Paris and this country, which has marked the era of our days in the annals of the world by its Revolution, ever to be referred to as a lesson both for governments and peo-

ple. It will hardly be denied that one of the principal sources of this Revolution may be traced to the character and conduct of the dynasty upon the throne, who from long possession and habit seemed to consider a great nation with all its faculties as their property. They, like the gods of Epicurus, reposed on their Olympian couches, careless of what was going on in the sphere below them ; unwilling or unqualified to understand the signs of the times, which called loudly upon them to bestir themselves in revising the institutions of the society over which they presided, and to adapt them gradually to the change which had taken place in the understanding and feelings of that society. The affection of the nation, which had before centered in this dynasty and government, no longer found a hold in such unsubstantial materials, and it returned as it were to the bosom of the nation, which now became ready to ally itself with any one or more demagogues who should understand how to flatter that interest and vanity which the government had neglected. Financial distresses forced the government to approach the nation as it were for a parley, to be reunited by reciprocal sacrifices ; but here talents, science, and energy unshackled by principle on the one side, were opposed to a blank nullity on the other.* The consequence was, that the whole political society of the French nation was resolved into its elements. Through this dreadful confusion, the principal characteristics of the nation—vanity, and a thirst after military glory, guided by military discipline, like the lava of a volcano, soon burst through the frontiers of France. Whoever did not enter into this course, remained involved in the night of anarchy. The atoms that were tossed about in this chaos had no centre of gravitation but destruction, no affinity but iniquity, and it soon expelled from its foul bosom whatever remained of virtue, and a decent respect for the

* What kind of men those were to whose hands the salvation of the monarchy was entrusted, may be collected from the work of M. Bertrand de Molleville, exhibiting such a degree of contemptible imbecility among the members, as is only capable of the addition, that it should be published by the first of these ministers himself.

character and institutions of their ancestors. Instead of liberty, whose coy charms are to be approached only by self-denial, they embraced the harlot licentiousness, and they erected their temple of reason upon the ruins of every thing that is rational. In the next period a sense seemed to arise in the leaders of their utter inability to restore order, and to provide security, if not for their power, at least for the plunder, they had acquired; nothing but a proportionate force could compress such disorganized elements, but such a force they could not presume to wield: they looked about for the man who might be competent to this—and behold a **NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE!**

This man, in the consciousness of his being the soul of the whole armed body, full of presumption inspired by success, and well understanding the nature and bent of the nation, placed himself on the vacant throne of the Bourbons, nay, of the Cæsars. Such a step is rarely unaccompanied by great crimes, for which compensation is too readily accepted in splendid talents. It was not owing so much to any use he made of the armed force in the interior of the empire, as to the general sense of his having it at his disposal, that the jarring elements of faction arranged themselves into some order and submission. The armed force was thus, from necessity as well as from choice, ready to be employed in the gratification of their thirst for conquest, glory, and plunder, as well as of Napoleon's own ambition. No compunctious feelings for the nation, which, sooner or later, assails the breast of a legitimate sovereign born and bred among them, checked his prodigality of the blood of Frenchmen. With the unqualified submission of the nation to a despot, giving promptness to the execution of his plans, he united the advantage of a democracy, which offered all the talents of the nation to the penetration and discrimination of Napoleon; and his contempt for the principal governments of Europe, finished the list of requisites for a conqueror. The nations of the continent, either palsied by the imbecility of their government, or benumbed by the torpid effect of their forms and institutions, beheld with terror this meteor blazing

along the political horizon, whilst the breath of execration was stopped by astonishment, nay, admiration! As far as success could deify a mortal, Napoleon was, in his own contemplation, a god! "As long as my descendants," he said at his coronation, "shall promote the glory and interest of France—*my spirit shall be with them!*"

"Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres."

After looking up with awful submission to an all-ruling Providence, and considering only natural means, we are convinced that nothing could overturn this military colossus but the very spirit and elements of which it was composed. No mind but such as was capable of that unfeeling waste of human life, by means of which Napoleon had overwhelmed so many armies, could have been induced to lead his whole collected force into the destructive climate of Russia. That contempt which Napoleon entertained for the sovereigns of the continent, even collectively, made him bid them that defiance, which produced the union of all of them, cemented by the spirit, fortitude, and extraordinary means, of the people of Britain. That pride with which his successes had filled his mind, prevented him from accepting those conditions of peace, with which he might have returned to France a demigod, but where nothing would satisfy him but being received by the enslaved nation with their acclamations in the language of the servile Roman poet to Augustus the emperor of the world:

"*Jarandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
Nil aratum alias, nil ortum tale, fatentes.*"

But this extraordinary phenomenon in mortal shape, thus taunting, as it were, Fortune, to turn every side of him to view, exhibited at last his fatal defect to the eyes of astonished nations. This self-imagined god proved not to be possessed of as much magnanimous fortitude as was exhibited by a common dancing woman, who after having become the Empress of *Justinian*, when the Emperor prepared to fly from an insurrection at Constantinople, stopped him, exclaiming: "*It is glorious to die upon a throne!*"

THE AËRIAL ISLES; BY J. INGLE.

From the Panorama.

THE beautiful appearance of the heavens after sun-set on a calm summer evening, (occasioned by the reflection and refraction of the rays of light on the dense medium of the atmosphere) is perhaps one of the most sublime pictures in nature; and the variety of glowing colours which tinge the floating vapours, and clouds scattered over that part of the horizon where the sun sets, presents to the eye a landscape surpassing any earthly scene, where the mind, lost in silent contemplation, may form to itself islands floating in a sea of gold; rocks and mountains arrayed with the most brilliant dyes, whose lofty summits seem to scale the vault of heaven; deep glens and caverns through which the eye obtains as it were the prospect of a much brighter region; and in fact every object lovely or sublime in nature, wrought in the brilliant loom and tinged with the ethereal dyes of heaven."

This note shews that the Author has contemplated the beauties of nature with no feeble eye, or feeble imagination; and the effect of the scene seems to us, to have formed the ground work of Mr. Ingle's poetical labours.

So far Nature warrants the poet: but to form a poem of several books, the imagination of the Bard must far exceed the warrant of Nature, and he must finish the picture of these islands, must people them with sentient beings, and must contrive to interest mankind by describing their manners, their enjoyments, and their powers, as sufficiently near to those of humanity, yet sufficiently distinct to delight and to *startle* us, without transgressing by excess, which would offend and repel us. To accomplish this, Mr. Ingle supposes a personage (Malcolm) led away by the powers of fancy, who wanders on the banks of the Dee, where he finds his Ellen, of course; she dies; and ever after the afflicted mourner strays over the scenes of his former delight, in the deepest sorrow and bewildering grief. While thus straying, his active imagination beholds fays and fairies, mermaids,

and spirits of mercy; and lastly, the spirit of Ellen herself. Each of these furnishes a song; and we would willingly insert that of Ellen, had it been, as it ought to have been, the best of them.

We give as a specimen, the Sea-Nymph's Song, with its introductory description; because it is one of the shortest of these imaginary odes.

THE SEA-NYMPH.

Ab! 'tis a lovely nymph of the wave,
Rising sae bright from her sea-green cave,
That lies deep beneath the fathomless ocean,
Where never is heard the storm's fierce commotion.
And see, as she glides o'er the watery sheen,
More lovely appears the enchanting scene.—
Bright in the gleam shines her long flowing hair,
And the zephyrs kiss these tresses sae fair;
And the glittering waves, as they sleep from the storm,
Wanton around that beauteous form.

Oh! 't is a lovely prospect to see!
Gliding sae fair o'er a waveless sea,
Youth blooms for aye in those sparkling eyes
That vie with yon gems in the radiant skies;
Whilst o'er those dear features such beauty displaying,
Sweet smiles and dimples for ever are playing.
Yes! fair was the sight! and Malcolm I ween
Had never beheld so lovely a scene;
That beauteous form so charming to view!
Those radiant eyes of the softest blue!
That snowy bosom the still waves among,
To which the calm billows now wantonly clung,
For Fancy ne'er saw in her wildest mood,
So fair a form as the Nymph of the flood.

And hark! as she lingers near yon craggy steep
Her wild ditty rings o'er the slumbering deep;
She's calling around her companions sae gay,
To bounè with her to those lands far away,
Where the bright star of night from its high arch sae blue
Sips from still ocean the evening dew.—
Ab! wild o'er the billow the descant was rung,
As thus the dear maiden her lay sweetly sung:

"On the mountains of Dee the moon-
beams glint,
And the waters are glowing with many a tint
Of wavy gold and silvery sheen ;
Oh ! 'tis a lovely enchanting scene !

Then come forth, ye nymphs of the dark roll-
ing deep,
The sun 'neath our realm hath sunk down to
sleep !
Leave, leave for a while your glittering caves,
To sport wi' me on the bright gleaming
waves :

For 'tis merriment all, in the moon's pale
gleam,
Now fades on the ocean day's rosy beam,
So, come, and we'll glide o'er the waves of the
Dee,
The lovely sweet glow of the evening to see.

We'll skim o'er the sea in the pale moon-light,
And our music shall float on the breeze of the
night ;
And the Dee's flowing stream shall join the
song,
And the mountain's wild echo the sweet strain
prolong.

And we'll bounce o'er the billow to lands far
away !
Where sweetly are glowing the last beams of
day ;
For the vesper planet is blazing above,
A beacon amid those islands of love.

Oh ! gay are the scenes that are glittering
there.---

And we will ere long the revelry share ;
For the star of love presides o'er the scene,
And our sea-green realm is rolling between."

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

From the Literary Gazette.

LETTER II.

TABITHA, my good sister, this head of mine is distracted. The cracking of whips, the bawling of newsmen, the grinding of organs, and a hundred carriages rattling through my brains—these are the tunes my pen is dancing to.

I have now travelled over a great part of the city, and such a city ! Actually, the people here make no difference between a mile and a step. They told me it was only a step from Bond-street to Temple-bar. Fancy then a step where you are jostled by two thousand passengers, and where, before you have struggled half way you feel the greatest mind in the world to turn into a shop and make your will. Here a fellow forces a slip of paper upon you, which directs you either to a property or to a pill. Next comes a creature four feet high, and attempts, as he passes, to raise his umbrella over your own. Then you must stand five minutes at a corner, while a black coal-heaver and his black horses go by in slow procession. I say nothing of mud. My washerwoman and I must settle that account.

But a still greater hindrance arises from a set of ungainly walkers who infest all the fashionable streets. They

consist, for the most part, of certain prim ladies and gentlemen, who have acquired a knack of walking too fast and too slow at the same time ;—too fast for the lazy loungers, and too slow for the smart men of business ; besides going so zig-zag, that just when you think you have got room to pass them, they tack right ahead and let you drop back into their wake. And yet, strange to tell, the pathways are crowded with girls, who, I am informed, are walkers of streets by profession. I wish with all my heart, these prim ladies and gentlemen would take lessons from them.

But nothing astonished me more, as I went along, than the unseemly contiguity of hovels and palaces. A butcher's trough and a nobleman's portico are no uncommon neighbours ; an undertaker sticks himself by the side of a toyman ; even a prince's house, they tell me, stands in a stable yard ; and I have myself seen jewels glittering next door to fat bacon, and thus, without a metaphor, throwing pearls before swine.

But no wonder these incongruities of architecture should occur, where we see just as great an anomaly of manners. The only difference here between men-

als and gentlemen is this, that the footman endeavours to be as genteel as his master, and the master tries hard to be as vulgar as his footman. Would you suppose there are coachmen in town worth thirty thousand a year? Truly there are, sister; but the jest is, that, so far from making their money by driving, they often contrive to lose every farthing of it! At first I missed seeing a number of our greatest characters, because I foolishly looked *into* their coaches for them. But, in this way, I saw all their coachmen and grooms. *These*, you must know, have the inside places, and commonly amuse themselves with grinning at the multitude; who, however, are too busy grinning at their masters, to perceive them.

As for the dresses of the people, were I not certain you repose unlimited confidence in my veracity, you should not have a single line on the subject. What will you say, when I tell you, that half our fine gentlemen are shod with horse-shoes? the fact is notorious; nay, often have I jumped aside from couples of them clattering at my heels, lest I should be run over.

But if they affect the dray-horse about the heel, they pique themselves upon having a waist like a wasp. You might think Garagantua had caught them by the middle, and squeezed it miserably; you might fancy a thousand horrid causes; some new disorder, some Ovidian punishment, but you would never hit upon a—pair of stays. Yet so it is, our beaux, our patriarchs, our very heroes wear ladies' stays. There was a most promising young fellow shot through the stays at Waterloo, who unhappily died of a hæmorrhage before he could be unlaced.

But how shall I describe to you the costume of the women? Though it is now the middle of winter, they clap whole baskets of flowers on their heads: they are walking gardens; Eves in the street by their roses, and Eves in the drawing-room by their nakedness.

Others, however, prefer black bonnets of a most awful height; so that if they have not the tongues of Babel, at least they have its tower. This bonnet is

surmounted with a drooping plume of black feathers, while the rest of the dress is gaudy to a very rainbow. The whole seems a composition between a Lord Mayor's coach and a hearse. Nay, 'tis said, that under this hearse they sometimes wear tresses cut from the scalp of a murderess, or a hanged she-poisoner of good natured families. There may be some moral in this intimacy between beauty and the grave, but really there appears to be very little taste.

As for their putting on trowsers, I confess I am not surprised at the phenomenon. If men will stoop to wear stays, it follows naturally enough, that women will wear the breeches.

But there is one natural charm which I had thought fashion itself would never attempt to change—a straight back. Yet, now-a-days, the spine must seem broken before a lady can be well made, and to make the fracture easier, the waist must take its rise under her arm-pits.—A little stuffing completes the piece of humpy gentility; but I shall never think the picture perfect, till she arrives at the decrepid appendage of a long cane.

Only last year, women walked with their pockets in their hands, and men with their hands in their pockets. Since then, times are grown bad; so men do not care to feel much where nothing can be found. But where should you suppose women have their pockets now? I will tell you—between their blade-bones!!! By the shades of the Ap Fluellens, 'tis true. The fillies strap portmanteaus upon their backs, and canter into the streets!

Any morning that I go out, and find the fashions altered, I shall let you know. In the meanwhile, there are other topics. I need not describe the public buildings, which the family I am amongst, (of whom, by the way, you shall hear,) have taken me to see. They have already shown me the Tower, St. Paul's, and the Bazaar,—a place where you buy bad things with bad money. We had fixed on yesterday for Westminster-Hall; but the place being too crowded, we went away. However, we found no bad substitute in a visit to Bedlam. Farewell.

COLONIAL POLICY. BY A BRITISH TRAVELLER.

From the *Paragon*.

THIS volume is the work of a reflecting mind, but a mind which sees the things it describes through spectacles of a certain colour. Many others have given the same accounts; indeed, so many others, that if the British government were not fully informed on the subject, it must be the most stupid under the sun. The motto of every traveller should be,

————— Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.

We are afraid that, in travelling through the country, this gentleman received a few shocks to his feelings, and his resentments did not vanish with his morning dreams. There is much truth and point in his description of the Americans as a people: but we do not warrant every line of it. There are such things as unfavourable likenesses, and though John Wilkes confessed that he every year grew more like his portrait by Hogarth, yet we do not wish the Americans to become every year closer resemblances of all the following traits.

"In surveying the American people, they appear to be of all nations the most active, enterprising, patient, laborious, frugal, persevering, cautious, and not deficient in ingenuity. None can excel them in the conduct of a lucrative commerce, or in daring feats of seamanship; they possess personal courage, are expert in the use of fire arms; and, traversing their forests, the American military are better adapted to the woody warfare of their own country, than European troops, whose discipline in such situations is rendered comparatively useless; irregular troops being able to hold veterans at bay, and destroy them at pleasure, while they themselves rest secure amidst their gloomy foliage."

"The Americans are exceedingly enterprising in their commercial transactions, particularly those who form the New England states, whose petty adventurers often risk their whole property in one small vessel, depending on their address, and the contingencies of trade, for their whole support. The very boys are spe-

culators. If they possess a few dollars, they are immediately expended in merchandize, which is committed to the care of a master or mate of a vessel for the West Indies. Thus the spirit of enterprise is universal among them, and would deserve high commendation, were it always conducted on just and liberal principles; but the reverse is generally the case: fraud, smuggling, and perjury, are practised with success and without reserve; and thus cupidity prevails among them to an astonishing degree. An eminent divine of Boston, thus justly characterised his countrymen from the pulpit, on "putting away the easily-besetting sin." 'There have existed at all times,' said he, 'not only personal and peculiar, but also national sins; for instance, among the ancients, the Asiatics were accused of effeminacy, the Carthaginians of perfidy, &c. So among the moderns, the French are said to be volatile and frivolous; the Spaniards proud and cruel; the English haughty, and evincing too great contempt for strangers; and we, my brethren, of being greedy of gain, and not over scrupulous how we obtain it!' Hence it would seem, that whatever portion of ability we may concede to the Americans, we must deny them the character of either a great or good people."

Many of the writer's hints concerning the West Indies, either have been realized, or are in progress for being realized. We have formerly done our utmost to recommend to public-spirited planters the trial of a greater variety of articles, which, in time, may become objects of demand at home. Every instance of this, every such discovery adds real wealth to the colony, and to the empire. What specimens of the following articles, carefully cleaned, have lately been shewn in London?

"The Cabbage tree, whose leaves are ligneous, and capable of producing a material resembling flax, the stringy fibres of which are remarkable for their fineness and strength, and free of those

occasional inequalities existing in the best dressed flax.—Linen made of the cabbage tree fibres and common flax mixed, would most probably improve the fabric in fineness of texture, smoothness of surface, and durability. The Creoles are the only persons who use it as a substitute for fine thread, by extracting the fibres without maceration, and drawing the leaf under the edge of a knife applied to the thigh. Myriads of cabbage trees could easily be raised; and it is worthy of remark, that bad soils and rocky grounds would be equally eligible for them. The tree is produced from seed which it yields copiously; and it is supposed the young plant when about ten feet high would produce the best fibres."

Our author adds, the Silk Grass or gigantic aloe, produces larger fibres than the former, and they are used singly as threads for sewing, &c.; their texture is firm, round, and thin shaped; the colour at first is a glossy white, but, without bleaching, it becomes in time a pale flaxen yellow. This plant deserves peculiar encouragement, as it is capable of being made into cordage of superior elegance, and, if not exposed to wet, of great durability. Though therefore unfit for cables, it would be very suitable for the standing rigging, braces, and bowlines of a ship; its surface being smooth and compact, would please the eye, and not injure the seamen's hands so much as the common cordage. In the manufacture of whipcord and twine, the silk grass would be found greatly superior, producing an article of peculiar smoothness and polish, divested of loose filaments. The Author has seen some twine manufactured of silk grass, both by the Indians of Guiana and the negroes of Barbadoes, far superior to that of British manufacture.

"A remarkable *Lochier* grows in every part of the West Indies, and that in great abundance, descending in festoons of considerable length from the branches of tall trees, particularly the silk cotton. It is found in greater quantities and higher perfection in Guiana than elsewhere. The Indians call it "*Wee weerie*," a name generally applied to substances of quick growth. This vegetable consists

of long curly fibres wonderfully ramified, and exactly resembling curled horse hair. These fibres are enveloped in a sort of brittle crust, to extract which, simple maceration alone is necessary. This article is eligible for all the purposes of horse-hair, as a stuffing material, with which it might be mixed to great advantage, or even used alone.

"There are various other things of great value that remain unnoticed, or neglected. These, in the present state of the country, should be explored and brought into use. Prohibitions and restrictions should be removed, and all new staples imported into this country, duty free, for ten years at least. The gamboge, the gum-arabic, the cinnamon, and camphor trees, are found to thrive, both on the Continent and islands. A fine specimen of the latter, grows in the Botanic Garden in Jamaica. The attention of the Creoles should be drawn to these sources of wealth, especially as the three former articles being produced from shrubs rather than trees, might be raised very conveniently in hedge-rows, without occupying much land; and experience has proved, that these useful articles can be procured from the plants in great perfection, insomuch that no well founded objection can be raised against their quality."

"A miserable race of beings are known in Jamaica by the name of "*Walk and Nyam Buchras*," or white men who only walk and eat. These abject wretches are, for the most part, those who once were industrious, and, descended from good families, had the fairest prospects opened before them, either as merchants' clerks, or book-keepers on some plantation. Nothing was wanting to make them valuable members of society, but the presence of relatives, honourable connexions, and the dread of censure. Solitary, and in a strange country, when a young man arrives in the West Indies, he knows not how to employ his leisure time, and looks in vain for those innocent amusements which he has left. The climate disposes him to sensuality: he enters loose company; is soon ridiculed out of those virtuous principles in which he was educated; or which he may have subsequently imbibed; and feeling a high

flow of spirits, he rushes amidst the pleasures of voluptuousness, to the very extreme of libertinism. By these means, he descends with rapidity to the lowest point of degraded existence, and meanly condescends to subsist as an absolute pauper. Rambling over the island, he abuses the hospitality of the planters, by begging food of one, a bed of another, and of a third the loan of a horse to ride to the next plantation. If the planter spurns him from his door, he goes to the negro-yard to beg from them; and if any charitable person procures him clothes to cover his half-naked body, he will immediately purchase with them a night's lodging in the hut of some negro-girl: in short, he will do any thing but work."

FUSELI'S LECTURES ON PAINTING.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THIS eminent professor and learned critic commenced, his annual course of lectures on his art to the students of the Royal Academy, the 11th January; the first lecture commencing with general principles, and criticisms on the rise and progress of the art among the Greeks, and its restoration among the Italians. Leonardo da Vinci was the first that displayed the light of genius after its first dawn in the time of Boccaccio: the principal feature of whose works was character: and this was the state of the art till the time of Michael Angelo, whose astonishing performances the learned professor justly compared with the epic works of Homer and Phidias. He introduced a series of admirable criticisms on his works, judiciously pointing out his defects, and dwelling strongly on his prominent beauties. Mr. Fuseli next proceeded to Raffaello, whose cartoons he considered as unequalled specimens of energy: he was not however faultless, his Madonnas having a weak and insipid character. He then examined and pointed out the peculiar graces of Corregio and of other subsequent artists, particularly Poussin, Titian, Parmigiano, and Carracci; and concluded with some judicious advice to the students.

The second lecture was devoted to drawing or *design*, which he considered as the extreme parts or outline of the figure, and remarked the difference between the copyist and the imitator, which have been too often confounded:—the performances of one must possess some originality, the works of the other are performed mechanically; the practice of both, however, is necessary for

the successful progress of the student. He adverted to the mode of drawing pursued by the students, and strongly pointed out to them the necessity of correctness. Mr. F. then made a few remarks on physiognomy, explained the distinction between style and manner with admirable precision, and concluded his second lecture with sound advice and general observation on instruction and genius.

The third lecture was chiefly on *chiaroscuro*, which the professor defined as the art of properly distributing *light and shade* in the mass of composition; its excellencies depend on unity and truth. He then took a survey of those great artists who have excelled or been deficient in this essential of the art. Among the latter he enumerated Raffaello, and among the former Leonardo da Vinci, as the first who brought it into notice. Tintoretto, and Corregio, whom he classed as superior to all. He then noticed the modern schools, and gave Reynolds as a superior instance.

The fourth lecture was most interesting, and principally on the subject of *colouring*. The art of painting was considered by the painter in a double light: as awful and sublime, inspiring the mind and touching the heart; or as the splendid and ornamental, conducting to the delight and deception of the eye;—the former, which elevates the human race, being the most useful to society, and the latter exciting only delightful sensations, being of secondary merit. Mr. Fuseli then entered minutely into the investigation of colours and their arrangements, method and handling; and divided historical painting into two

methods—chiaroscuro forming the distinctive characteristic of the one, and a strict adherence to nature in every respect, as well in light and shade as in colouring, that of the other. He classified and enumerated various masters under these two heads, the chief of the former being Michael Angelo, and of the latter Raffaele.

The fifth lecture related to *invention*, which was divided by the professor into three classes : landscape, or the delineation of animal or vegetable life in its utmost extent ; historical composition, or representation ; and a more elevated style, selecting and combining the most interesting parts of the other two, as dramatic and epic painting. The dramatic originated with Raffaele, the finest specimen of which is *Paul announcing the True God from the Arcopagus*. The epic is the loftiest species of human invention, astonishing while it instructs—belonging exclusively to Homer, Phidias, and Michael Angelo—a sphere situate between heaven and earth—causing gods to become men, and elevating men to gods. Mr. Fuseli in a spirited manner pointed out the paltry substitutes for the noble sphere of invention, and particularly mentioned that inferior sort of allegory called *emblem*. Before concluding, the energetic professor offered some

most judicious and acute remarks on portrait-painting, which in early times was confined to the highest classes of society ; princes and heroes were its only objects ; but as the various classes became equalized, luxuries crept in, and the folly of portrait-painting, said the professor, has extended so far, that if a man has a guinea in his pocket he squanders it to see some obscure member of his family in a picture,—if a picture it can be called which consists of mere daubs of red and white, possessing no interest but to its first owner.

The sixth and last lecture, on Feb. the 15th, comprised the important subjects *composition* and *expression*. The professor defined composition as “the illustration of invention,” and divided it into two parts, moral and physical ; the former being composed of unity, propriety, and perspicuity, the latter of perspective and chiaroscuro. He instances perfections and defects in the works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and other great masters, offering comments on most of the pictures of the latter. He also gave some perspicuous remarks on expression and the passions ; and concluded his most admirable course of lectures on painting amidst the loudest applauses from an assemblage of connoisseurs, students, and academicians.

JOURNEY TO ADAM'S PEAK,

IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

WE have pleasure in laying before our readers the following extract of a letter describing a journey to the summit of Adam's peak, recently performed by two officers.

“While we were in Saffregam we resolved to put in execution a project of which we had talked at Colombo, and before our return, to visit Adam's Peak. This plan we have accomplished ;—leaving Baddeggedera on the morning of the 6th, we gained the summit on the next day at half past two in the afternoon. Our first march from Baddeggedera was $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles of tolerable road, through a fine and interesting country, along the left banks of the Caltura river, to the

royal village, and extensive lawns of Gillemalley. From this place the King received his store of Jaggery. There are about 250 inhabitants, who are well looking and of a creditable appearance.

From Gillemalley at 3 o'clock, we set out for Palabatula, situated on the top of the Allehentune Mountain, at the distance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in a N. E. direction. The ascent is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. Here is a small religious establishment where the Priests live, who have the care of the holy impression of the foot on the Peak, and there is good shelter for travellers. We slept at this place and soon after day-light next morning renewed our journey, accompanied by one of the

priests as a guide, the road leads for a mile and a half over a very rugged and abrupt ascent to the N. E. up the Nulu Hilla, at the bottom of which about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from Palabatula, we crossed the Caltura river, and all the way up to the top of the hill, we heard it on our right hand running below. The next ascent is the Hourulla Hilla of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, still more rugged and difficult than the former, the road at some places having an angle of full 50 degrees, we then ascended the Gonatilla Hilla about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, still more steep, and the air became cooler and clearer. The next stage is to Deabetme rather more than a mile, and here is the summit of this mountain, the road up which is one continual rise of four miles without any intervening descent, although the hill has four names, and each division is marked by a white-washed stone on the right side of the road: there is here a small Ambelam (a Cingalese rest house) and the ruins of a building erected by Eyhevlapolle, (the late Dessave of Saffregam.) The Adikars and Dessaves, were accustomed to be carried as far as this point when they visited the Peak, which opens to the view bearing E. by N. The road now extends in a N. E. direction, four miles over the hills of Durmaraga, Pedrotollagalla, Malle Malla Kandura, and Andea Malle Hella, and is excessively steep and difficult. From the latter the Peak itself rises about a mile, or three quarters, in perpendicular height—from this place the way is fair climbing, the direction at first N. E. then S. E. again N. E. and lastly N. W. where the perpendicular ascent is encountered, this is only to be surmounted by the help of several massy iron chains, which are strongly fastened at top, let down the precipice, and again secured below; these chains are donations to the temple, and the name of the donor is engraved on one of the links made solid for that purpose; the height of the precipice is about 20 feet, and many holes are worn in the face of the rock by the feet of the numerous pilgrims who have ascended it with the assistance of the chains.

At half past two in the afternoon, we reached the summit. It is an area of about one fifth of an acre, surrounded

by a stone wall four feet and a half high, of four unequal sides, with two entrances, one on the south and another on the east, and an opening to the west in form of an embrasure. In the middle is a rock about nine feet high, on which is the famed impression of the Holy Foot. It has in fact a most shapeless appearance, bearing little resemblance to a human foot and what is most unfortunate for the tradition of its being the last footstep of Buddha, when he strode from Ceylon to Ava, the toes, if they can be discerned, are turned towards the west. The clouds which arose as we were ascending prevented our having any view, and we occupied ourselves till four o'clock in taking a plan of the summit; we then found it was much too late to think of returning to Palabatula, and resolved to remain during the night on the Peak. I can hardly attempt to describe the extraordinary grandeur and variety of the scene that opened upon us at sun-set; above our heads the air was perfectly serene and clear, below, a thick bed of clouds enveloped the mountain on all sides and completely intercepted our view. But every now and then the beams of the sun broke through a mass of clouds, and threw a brilliant light over the surrounding mountains: then suddenly the opening was closed, and all was again hid from our sight. These beautiful glimpses were often quite momentary, and frequently repeated, sometimes even twice in a minute, nor did the operation entirely cease until it was quite dark. We spent a wretched night in a most comfortless hut, about thirty feet below the summit. There was a piercing wind, and the cold was far greater than I had ever felt since I left England; unluckily we had no thermometer with us, but I think the quicksilver would not have risen above 40.

The rising of the sun presented a magnificent scene, but quite different from that in the evening; the whole surrounding country except Ouva, was covered with clouds above which only the tops of a few mountains were visible. Hunes Garee Kandy bore 25° N. E. and a mountain that we decided to be Idalgasina 22° S. E. The whole country of Ouva was exposed to view, and lay

stretched out in appearance just beneath our feet. The sea on that side was perceptible, and bore S. E. which must have been in the neighbourhood of Pal-too pane, and it was perhaps the Leway

or great natural Saltpan that we observed.

At seven in the morning, we began to descend the mountain, and reached Palabatula at noon."—*Panor.* Oct. 1816.

VENUS DE' MEDICI.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

IT is well known that a finger of the left hand of the Medicean Venus has been supplied by a modern artist. As every circumstance, however minute, relating to this master-piece is interesting, the reader will not be displeased to learn how the original finger was lost, according to the statement of the *Giornale encyclopedico di Firenze*. During the reign of Cosmo III. grand-duke of Tuscany, Lord Ossory, who then resided in Florence, was one day viewing, in company with the prince, this exquisite work, for which he offered him the sum of 100,000 livres, payable within two months in England; adding that he would send a ship on purpose to fetch it. The grand-duke smiled at the offer, and without making any reply turned to the Marquis Malaspina, who was present, and desired him to note down his lordship's name. In this manner he passed off the matter as a joke. Lord Ossory wore a cornelian ring upon which a Cupid was engraved. The Grand-duke, who had seen it some days before, had so admired it, that the British nobleman would have made him a present of the

ring, which, however the Grand-duke would not accept. His lordship now requested, as he was determined not to part from the Venus, that his Highness would permit him to marry her. The Grand-duke consented with a smile, on which his lordship fixed the ring as fast as possible upon the fore-finger of the goddess, as being that on which the marriage ring was worn among the Greeks and Romans, because a small nerve in that finger was supposed to communicate with the heart. Cosmo, who considered the figure of Cupid as quite appropriate to the statue, suffered the ring to remain, till some person coveting this ornament, stole privately into the gallery for the purpose of taking it off. The task was difficult; to this was probably added the fear of discovery—in short the finger was broken off during the operation. By whom this was done, how it was discovered, or whether the ring was actually carried off, we are not informed—but it is still preserved, attached to a gold chain in the crystal cabinet of the grand-ducal gallery.

SKETCHES OF A PEDESTRIAN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SKETCH II.

AS I only profess to give "sketches," and those of a desultory nature, of the most attractive features of this pleasing district, a minute historical account of every place visited by my footsteps must not be expected. I leave that labour to the more patient investigator. If, therefore, the liberal reader will oblige me with his company in my pedestrian ramble, he must indulge me in my wayward humour, and suffer me to sit occasionally beside a gushing spring, and gather the wild flowers nur-

tured by its limpid waters; or pause to survey from some jutting crag, an harmonious development of congregated beauties. Should I loiter too long on the road, I entreat him to saunter on; and, my musing over, I will overtake him with all due diligence, and join again in familiar chat without one reproach for his desertion.

Shanklin is certainly the "sweet Auburn" of this charming island. The deep seclusion of its situation, joined to the beauty of the surrounding coast and

country, imparts an air of unspeakable interest to its every feature. Its white cottages, with roofs of thatch, are highly picturesque and ornamental; but their ornaments do not detract from the natural charms of the scene, for they chiefly consist in the climatis and Virginian creeper, whose many-tinted leaves, spread over the white surface of the walls, give a pleasing variety to the whole.

The coast at this point possesses unusual attractions; for one of the finest natural objects in the whole island is Shanklin Chine. This romantic chasm in the cliff is descended by winding steps, and midway the un aspiring roof of the Chine House, a little place of refreshment, sends its curling smoke to the upward meads. At a farther descent is another humble dwelling. These cottagers, thrown with apparent carelessness on the suspended crag, whose rugged sides, clothed with dwarf trees and clustering shrubs, hang with threatening abruptness over them, produce an effect highly picturesque. At different intervals seats are placed, commanding views bounded only by the shades of distance over the broad bosom of the ocean. This magnificent assemblage of objects surveyed while a rising sun, emerging in renovated splendour from the east, dispelled the mists of morning, and gradually unveiled the beauties of this mountainous coast, raised the sublimest emotions of grateful admiration.

Descending the Chine, we pursued the course of the stream by which it has been gradually formed, upward to its entrance into this deep ravine. The varying sides of the parted cliff have an air of wildness and natural majesty pleasingly softened by the clear rippling current of the stream which falls at the extremity with harmonious murmurs into the brambly abyss.

On our return from this research, we looked in at the lower cottage. This is the village charity-school, and here, ranged in even rows, knelt its rising treasures. They had just assembled, and were pouring forth their accustomed orison to the beneficent Creator. Surely lessons of piety and morality must sink deep in the youthful mind, when inculcated amidst such scenes as these!

A chalybeate spring has been discov-

ered lately by the woman who inhabits this cottage. It oozes from the cliff at a short remove from her dwelling, and she has formed a protecting basin around it.

Having traced the sea-ward progress of the Shanklin rivulet, we surveyed its more elevated course. Rising to the south of the village, it pursues a meandering passage through picturesque acclivities, sprinkled with woodland, and spread with verdant lawns, till, passing the hamlet, it tumbles precipitously into the time-worn Chine.

As, with ruminating pace, we proceeded slowly on the elevated road that conducted us from Shanklin, and looked down on its peaceful groves and secluded cottages, it was impossible to avoid heaving a sigh, and exclaiming in the genuine language of poetic fervor:

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these

A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try.

And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

* * * * *
Onward he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

The steep ascent of Shanklin Down discloses at every step a fresh accession of prospect. The sea is gradually unveiled, and the fine range of coast that forms the bay of Sandown, bounded by the chalky eminences of the Culver cliffs, is here seen to great advantage; while a lovely extent of country, enriched by high cultivation, is spread at its base. The contemplative traveller will scarcely fail to pause at its attainable summit, and inspect the component parts of an impressive scene.

A curious circumstance is attached to this hill. In the last 60 or 70 years it has increased considerably in bulk, and upwards of 100 feet in height. Within the memory of persons now living, it was not distinguishable from St. Catherine's Hill (the highest eminence in the island), being hidden by the tall summit of Week Down, which it is now that height above. Thus is the face of nature continually changing. Scylla and

Charybdis, those bugbears of antiquity, have ceased to be objects of terror ; yet may their horrors not have been created by the warm imagination of the poets, but their features may have been gradually softened by the hand of time and its attendant convulsions. The Tarpeian rock, that awful precipice from which the state criminals of Rome were wont to be hurled with terrific justice, is now a mole-hill in the comprehension of the frolicksome school-boy. While nature thus declines in one instance, she rises in another ; and, perhaps, in some future age, Shanklin Down may become in altitude a second Teneriffe.

Shanklin may be considered as the commencement of a rich braid of jewels that encircles the brow of this southern tract, extending in ceaseless variety of brilliant display to Niton, where the character of the coast rises to a sublimity that realises the conceptions of the most ardent imagination. From Shanklin Down the road pursues a sinuous course ; at one time encircling a smiling dell, in which Luccombe Farm and its dependent cottages enjoy the healthful benefit of a stream, that here flows to its efflux through one of those numerous chimes that give variety to the coast, while a rich spread of woodland embowers the inland space. At another turn, the cool avenues of a shaded recess invite the steps of the traveller. The sea in all its splendour courts his unwearied gaze, and a pleasing country abounding with cultivated beauty, alternately engages his regard.

Conducted by a spiral course from these attractive heights, the scene assumes a new character. Here, tost in shapes of fantastic variety, huge heaps of disjointed rocks lie in wild disorder lashed by the indignant ocean, whose hoarse murmurs assume a more intelligible tone ; here, also, first bursts on the astonished eye of the rapt observer, the majestic view of the under cliff. This unique feature of the coast is assuredly an inexhaustible theme for the pen and the pencil. The boundary of a little world, torn from its rugged sides and precipitated towards that ocean that in vain rolls its waves against it, the inland cliff rises in all the frowning magnificence of solitary grandeur. Like some

huge giant formed amidst pigmy nations, for the gaze and admiration of mankind, this singular tract spreads its broad side in protecting vastness over the truant vale.*

The pedestrian in this favoured region who possesses taste for the picturesque, will find sufficient food to satisfy the most insatiable eye. At every step a new groupe of objects convey an idea of entirety, which, surveyed by the more comprehensive gaze, form harmonious episodes in a whole, comprising a rich variety of feature.

With that slow progression by which the meditative Rambler moves through scenes that alternately withhold his step, we arrived at Bonchurch.

Bonchurch is a truly attractive village. Its narrow limits are crowded with distinctive beauties. At the first approach, the farm which bears its name gives earnest of the interior scene. Near this stand two cottages that rival in beauty the loveliest of rural edifices ; their thatched roofs appear to cover the true abodes of Arcadian simplicity. That pastoral taste that formed their humble thresholds, has taught the woodbine and a rich variety of shrubs that love to climb the protecting wall, to vie in variegated luxuriance on their white fronts. Opposite to these, stands the elegant retreat of Colonel O'Hara, a structure of more ample character, but still retaining the characteristic charms of a cottage residence. The grounds attached to this house spread along the coast, and command marine views of uninterrupted extent, but perhaps the eye of taste will object to the arrangement, for, assuredly, the measured walk and trim parterre but ill agree with the beauties of the surrounding scene. Although at Bonchurch the hand of art has been more active than on many parts of this coast, her efforts have in general been comparatively chaste and disguised.

On an isolated rock, near this cottage, and within its domain, has been erected a mimic fort with its flag-staff. From

* The phenomenon of the under cliff has evidently arisen from successive landslips, occasioned by the freezing of the subterranean waters, the consequent expansion of which, acting on some peculiarity of soil, forces the rocks from their position, and precipitates them towards the sea, where they gain a settlement. Such landslips are not of infrequent occurrence on this part of the coast.

this eminence the finest view is obtained of this interesting neighbourhood. The whole scene wears a soft and attractive aspect, like the person of a lovely bride, attired in the most becoming robes, but blushing amidst all the estimable charms of unsophisticated nature. The little village exhibits its rustic cots in picturesque groups around, while the cool waters of many a collected spring, shaded by grateful umbrage, spread their inviting bosom beside them. Beyond these cottages, grotesque assemblages of several cliffs, which wanton in capricious arrangement, attract the eye to the base of a tall eminence that bounds the inland view; while no boundary is presented to the wandering gaze, beyond the expanse of the marine element.

The appearance of Bonchurch bespeaks the mildness and salubrity of its aspect. Scarcely a peasant's hut, but its walls are clothed with myrtle; while the neighbouring hedges abound with flowering indigenous shrubs, which fill the air with vegetable fragrance. On the borders of this charming village stands a residence of superior character, late the cottage ornée of Alexander Baring, esq. This is embowered by sheltering trees, which disclose, through judicious vistas, the romantic beauties of the surrounding objects.

We could not quit this place without inspecting its interesting little church. The traveller of pictorial taste will survey with gratification from its encircling enclosure the fine prospects it commands; the antiquary will pause to examine its door-way of Saxon architecture; while both will lament to see the antique character of the little edifice deformed by the rude frame-work of the modern carpenter, and other incongruous effects of tasteless innovation.*

* Bonchurch will be viewed with interest as the birth-place of the gallant Admiral Hobson, who was bred a tailor, but was inspired by the sight of a squadron of men of war coming round Dun-nose. He precipitately left the shop-board, and rowed to the Admiral's ship, where he entered as a seaboy. In a few days they encountered a French fleet, and, while the Admiral's ship was closely engaged with one of the enemy, Hobson contrived to get unperceived on board, and struck and carried off the French flag. The confusion produced by this event ensured the victory. Hobson's promotion was rapid, and his memory reflects credit on the place of his birth.

Through a grove of lofty trees we pursued our route to Ventnor. This neighbourhood is peculiarly happy in abundance of fine springs of crystal clearness, which gush at every step from the base of its hills, and impart an air of uncommon fertility and freshness to its surface. At the foot of Bonchurch Downs stands St. Boniface Cottage, an elegant and tasteful villa of the late Lieut. Col. Hill. This is most desirably situated; protected by a high ridge from the rude visits of the northern blast, its coastward prospects are agreeably varied, the eye from some of the windows reposing on a rich stretch of woodland, while others command sea views of unlimited extent.

Arrived at Ventnor, we held a council of war; and a most interesting debate ensued. Here are two inns, the one only perhaps deserving of that name from the amplitude of its accommodations; the other, humble indeed, but wearing an air of rustic comfort, and seated on a most desirable and lovely spot. I always prefer convenience to exterior shew, and I like not to have my self-complacency disturbed by the jostlings of pampered retainers of the proud and haughty. Domestic ease and unostentatious comfort did not appear to be attainable in a place where my Lord —, and my Lady —, with their respective suites, were endeavouring to dispel the effects of Bond-street ennui by salutary marine breezes. Considering that the humble pedestrian might here be despised, we wisely resolved to take the lowest seat ourselves, rather than be removed to it by others. We had yet another motive for preferring the smaller house; it had been recommended by honest Mrs. Pope of Shanklin. Here too the sentimental traveller would wish to repose, for it seemed that we were doomed to find matter of interest in the annals of this humble class. Unlike, indeed, our Shanklin hostess, our present landlady was young and beautiful, but sorrow had visited her early, and had cropt at its first blush the blossom of her promising spring. Her husband had followed the occupation of a fisherman, as an additional source of support. One morn he quitted his wife and child at the accustomed hour. Alas! did no prophetic sigh foretell the dire catastro-

phe? Fate was envious of their happiness, and before his returning vessel could reach the shore, an unlooked-for tempest convulsed the heaving ocean—wave after wave rolled in fearful volumes over it. “It yet lives, it yet rides on the foaming mountains,” exclaimed the anxious spectators. The storm grew louder, the sea increased in violence, till, overwhelmed by a towering deluge, the staggering bark sank to appear no more. The wild shrieks of his agonized wife still vibrate on the ears of her commiserating neighbours!

When we recollected this piteous tale of domestic woe, we were instantly determined; and the modest looks of our interesting hostess, her charms still partially hidden by the close habit of the widow, were no displeasing prognostics of the economy of her house.

Let us rest here awhile: the spot is inviting; and the calm serenity of the surrounding scene admirably harmonises with feelings produced by the contemplation of a range of natural beauties.

SUICIDE.

To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

SIR,

THE subject to which I would call the attention of the public, is one of the greatest importance, as it is connected with an attempt to save useful lives, and secure the peace and comfort of whole families, by diminishing the tendency to commit a crime of the most unnatural and atrocious description.

It has long been a source of deep regret to every well-disposed and reflecting mind, that the instances of self-murder are so prevalent, and continue daily to increase, as also that the Coroners' Juries are so ready by their verdicts to evade the penalty or stigma which the law of the land attaches to the body of the suicide, rendering its beneficial effects nugatory, by declaring the individual almost in every case to have been insane, satisfying their consciences that no person of a sane mind would or could commit such an act. It is to be feared that a natural fellow-feeling and a humane sympathy for the survivors, especially where property is at stake, may have a share in determining their decision, as it must appear the height of injustice to visit the crime of the father on his offspring.

The law of forfeiture of personal property to the crown, being introduced soon after the Reformation, shews in what a strong point of view suicide was considered at that period, and how anxious our forefathers were for its suppression. If this crime was held in equal

abhorrence by us of this age of universal benevolence and philanthropy, surely some means might be devised to lessen the evil. This subject has often suggested itself to my mind, but has made a deeper impression from witnessing a very distressing case, which was given in the public papers a few days since; and had the person, of whom the unhappy young woman bought the penny-worth of arsenic, refused, or even hesitated to sell it, the feelings she was then under might in a short time have subsided, and she been still a member of society. It is much to be lamented that the legislature have never wholly interdicted the sale of poisons, or at least put it under such restrictions as to prevent the facility of procuring them, owing to which, murder has been often committed; and many are the instances of children and others being poisoned by eating what was intended to destroy rats. This being, in my mind, a species of man-slaughter, by those who so wantonly expose poisons, ought they not to be treated as if actually convicted of that offence?

As it is only in melancholy madness that suicide is committed, and generally under lucid intervals, what a relief must it afford to the minds of a jury, if a medical gentleman shall establish that such was the unhappy situation of the deceased? The willing or sane suicide, trusting to the lenity of a Coroner's Jury that no infamy shall attach to his remains or

injury to his family, becomes fortified in his mind ; but were he to know that such juries would act up to the meaning of the solemn oath they have taken *in fore consensientia*, without respect of persons, it might in some instances prevent the horrid catastrophe. One more suggestion, and I leave the interesting subject to persons more competent to enforce it on the minds of those whose peculiar province it is to be the guardians of the suicide being buried in a cross road and a stake driven through the body, might it not act more *in terrorem* if the body were given to the Royal College of Surgeons for dissection ? The fear of such an exposure before their fellow-creatures, might operate more on their minds than the fear of appearing in the awful presence of their Creator and Judge.

To inforce this idea how shame acts on the minds of the most depraved characters, it is well known that even murderers dread being dissected more than hanging, and still more if their bodies are to be hung in chains. A re-

markable instance of this kind happened at York about 25 years ago, and was related to me by an eye-witness. The convict's name was Broughton : having robbed the mail, he was sentenced to be hung in chains near the spot where the crime was committed. He was so distressed in his mind at the latter part of his sentence, that his friends were induced to say, two days before his execution, that that part was remitted ; in consequence of which he became tranquil and resigned, talking and shaking hands with many on his way to the gallows.

To prove how exposure after death operated on the female mind, when neither the tears nor entreaties of agonized parents had any effect, I refer your readers to the story of the Milesian Virgins, whom nothing could prevent from hanging themselves till a decree passed that their dead bodies should be dragged through the streets ; and this enactment effectually restrained the practice.

If these hints prove useful, it will be grateful to
HUMANITAS.

VARIETIES,

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

THE ladies of Albert Durer and Berghem were both shrews, and the former compelled that great genius to the hourly drudge of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. At length in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone ; she wheedled him back, and not long afterwards he fell a victim to her furious disposition. He died of a broken heart ! It is told of Berghem's wife, that she would not allow that excellent artist to quit his occupation ; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence. The artist worked in a room above her ; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping !

The wife of Barclay, author of *The Argenis*, considered herself as the wife

of a demigod. This appeared glaringly after his death ; for Cardinal Barberini having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor, next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was so irritated at this, that she demolished his monument, brought home his bust, and declared that the ashes of so great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villainous a pedagogue.

The wife of Rohalt, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of Descartes, used to seat herself on those days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a genteel air. So convinced was she that to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband, it was proper to appear fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.

Salmasius's wife was a termagant ; and Christina said she admired his pa-

tience more than his erudition, married to such a shrew. Mrs. Salmasius, indeed, considered herself as the queen of science, because her husband was acknowledged as sovereign among the critics. She boasted she had for her husband the most learned of all the nobles, and the most noble of all the learned. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences which he held in his study. She spoke loud, and decided with a tone of majesty. Salmasius was mild in his conversation, but the reverse in his writings, as our proud Xantippe considered him as acting beneath himself if he did not pour out his abuse, and call every one names.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

The Assembly of Jamaica presented Captain Bligh with 5000*l.* for introducing the bread-fruit into that island. This piece of liberality seemed so surprising to old Hoffmann, Professor of Botany at the University of Göttingen, that in one of his lectures, holding up a specimen of the fruit, he related the anecdote, and with marks of ludicrous astonishment, exclaimed at least half a dozen times :—“Five thousand pounds for an apple !”—The young English then at Göttingen classed Hoffmann himself. His establishment consisted of a niece and two female servants : they therefore called him *Monundria trigynia*. He was, however, a very good man, and a diligent as well as able instructor.—*New Mon. Mag.*

PREMATURE TALENT.

The names of *Barrelier*, *Crichton*, *Meursius*, and *Pelisson*, are familiar to the historical reader ; at the age of nine years the first was master of five languages ; at that of one-and-twenty, the second challenged the learned of the Parisian University to a public disputation ; when thirteen years old, *Meursius* composed Greek verses which were universally extolled : and when but seventeen, *Pelisson* wrote a Paraphrase on Justinian's Institutes. With these and other instances of singular prematurity of talent, a living prodigy is well entitled to be classed ; indeed, should his intellectual advancement correspond hereafter with that of his tender years, and

his physical strength not sink under the efforts of his early genius, he may one day probably claim the first rank among his competitors in mental precocity. Of this I will leave the reader to judge from the subsequent notice of

S. M. W. *Otto von Praun*, the son of a captain in the Austrian service. He was born at Tyrnau, in Hungary, on the 1st of June, 1811. When but an infant, he showed a singular desire of instruction, and in his second year he had acquired such a readiness in the knowledge of his letters, in reading, and in decyphering prints of subjects from general and natural history, that, on the 1st of November, 1813, when but two years and five months old, he was deemed qualified to enter the second form of the principal National School of Tyrnau. Having attended the school about ten months, on the 26th August, 1814, he was examined with the rest of the pupils ; in reading and writing German, in Hungarian orthography, his catechism, and drawing, he bore away the highest prize from 70 of his juvenile competitors, and was advanced to the first form. On the examination of the 17th of March, 1815, this child, who had then attained the age of three years and three quarters, was again pronounced the greatest proficient among the 124 pupils of his form, in reading the German, Hungarian, and Latin languages, in arithmetic, and his catechism. This infant prodigy has excited still greater attention, from the extraordinary and more rapid progress he has made in music. From his second year he had studied the violin with so much success, that, after the examination of the 17th March, he astonished those who were assembled to hear him, namely, the magistracy, all the teachers of the principal National School, and a number of amateurs of music, with taking the leading part in a duet and trio of Pleyel's ; this he repeated on the 13th of April following at a party given by Prince Schwartzenburg at Tyrnau, before a numerous circle of nobility. Nor is the progress he has made in acquiring a foreign language, fencing, and drawing, inferior to his other advancements. During the summer of 1815, this boy gave a public concert at Vienna, when the astonishment and admiration of all present

were unbounded ; the production of it he bestowed on the Invalid Fund.

The authenticity of these particulars is verified by a certificate from M. von Berzaczy, the director of the principal national school, and mayor of the free and imperial city of Tyrnau, and the whole of the public teachers in the first, second, and third, national schools there.

Ibid.

ILLUSTRATION OF OBSCURE SAYINGS, PROVERBS, &c.

The character and manners of a people may be often correctly ascertained by an attentive examination of their popular sayings and familiar customs. The study, therefore, of these peculiarities ought not to be condemned, since the investigation has not only a tendency to enlarge the knowledge of human nature, but to illustrate national history, to mark the fluctuation of language, and to explain the usages of antiquity. We occasionally devote a page or two to this amusing subject, which we are confident is gratifying to the general body of our readers, though in the course of our inquiries we are sometimes obliged to relate many whimsical stories, and to quote very homely phrases and authorities.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The English have a proverb—"The old man's staff is the rapper at Death's door ;" and agreeably to the same sentiments, Spenser speaking of mankind, says that

"Every hour they knock at Death's gate."

Sackville also, in his "Mirror of Magistrates," introduces this figure of old age—

"His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door."

Chaucer gives a similar description of old age, or elde as he expresses it, thus—

The day and night her to torment
With cruel Death they her present
And tellen her erlish and late
That Death standeth armed at her gate.

"Death's door" was indeed a common phrase in early authors, and it occurs in our old version of the Psalms—"They were even hard at Death's door," Psm. cviii. 18. To these observations of Thomas Warton it may be added, that the same idea may be found in Virgil,

and various writers, Roman and Grecian, for it was taken from the mythological system, common to both, and making part of their established belief respecting the state of the dead, who were represented as entering into a vast and gloomy mansion through an adamantine door which turned inwardly and prevented all return.

A MOOT POINT.

"Moot" (as derived from the Saxon *motion*, to *plead*) is a term used in the inns of court, and signifies that exercising or arguing of cases which young barristers and students have been used to perform at certain times, the better to qualify them for practice and defence of clients' causes.

The place where such Moot cases were argued was antiently called the "Moot Hall," at which time the benchers chose a bailiff of the Moots. There was likewise an exercise termed *bolting*, which word intended a private arguing of cases.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

This is said when a person must either take what is offered to him or go without ; and took its rise from Hobson, an eminent carrier at Cambridge, in the reigns of James and Charles the First. Hobson used to let out horses to hire to the young students of the University, who were obliged to put up with whatever steed the ostler produced, according to the regulations of the stable, which, like the laws of the Medes, were unalterable. Milton has inserted two epitaphs on Hobson in his minor poems, in a very neat edition of which, published by Tonson, there is a portrait of him on horseback. Hobson realised a handsome fortune, which he bestowed in public charities, particularly at Cambridge, where he erected a conduit in the market place.

AS DRUNK AS A PIPER.

Why persons of this description should be so stigmatized is not very clear, unless it be alleged that, being usually called to play a distinguished part at merry meetings, they are peculiarly liable to temptation. Be this as it may, the following story by Sir John Reresby, in his Memoirs, has a fair claim to the origin of the proverb : "A dreadful plague

raged this summer, 1665, in London, and swept away 97,309 persons. It was usual for people to drop down in the streets as they went about their business; and a bag-piper, being excessively overcome with liquor, fell down in the street, and there lay asleep in this condition. He was taken up and thrown into a cart betimes next morning, and carried away with some dead bodies. Meanwhile, he awoke from his sleep, it being now about day's break, and rising up, began to play a tune; which so surprised the fellows that drove the cart, who could not see distinctly, that in a fright they betook them to their heels, and would have it that they had taken up the devil in the disguise of a dead man." It should be added, that according to an anonymous historian of the plague year, this man never took the infection, though he lay so long among the dead.—*Ibid.*

JOSEPH'S CUP.

"Is not this [cup] it in which my lord drinketh, and *whereby* indeed he divineth?" Genesis, Chap. xlv. 5.

It is remarkable that a similar superstition to that of the Egyptians alluded to in the above text should have been found to exist in an island in the Pacific Ocean.

"The King, who was one of our company, this day, at dinner, I observed, took particular notice of the plates. This occasioned me to make him an offer of one, either of pewter, or of earthenware. He chose the first; and then began to tell us the several uses to which he intended to apply it. Two of them are so extraordinary, that I cannot omit mentioning them. He said, that, whenever he should have occasion to visit any of the other islands, he would leave this plate behind him at T'ongataboo, as a sort of representative, in his absence, that the people might pay it the same obeisance they do to himself in person. He was asked, what had been usually employed for this purpose, before he got this plate? and we had the satisfaction of learning from him, that this singular honour had hitherto been conferred on a wooden bowl in which he washed his hands. The other extraordinary use to which he meant to apply

it, in the room of his wooden bowl, was *to discover a thief*. He said, that, when any thing was stolen, and the thief could not be found out, the people were all assembled together before him, when he washed his hands in water in this vessel; after which it was cleaned, and then the whole multitude advanced, one after another, and touched it in the same manner as they touch his foot, when they pay him obeisance. If the guilty person touched it, he died immediately upon the spot: not by violence, but by the hand of Providence; and if any one refused to touch it, his refusal was a clear proof that he was the man." Cook's Third Voyage, Chap. viii.—*Eur. Mag.*

AVALANCHES OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A frightful avalanche on the 18th Dec. 1816, buried two domestics of the hospital, and four men of the town of St. Pierre, without a possibility of relief. To heighten the misfortune, all the dogs were buried under the snows. There remains at the Convent only one of these courageous animals, so long the hope of the traveller—their race is extinct. It will require a long time and much attention to train new ones.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

"The Summer, having been remarkably cold and unfavourable, the harvest was very late, and much of the grain, especially oats, was green in October. In the beginning of October the cold was so great, that in one night there was produced on ponds, near Kinnell, in the neighbourhood of Bo'ness, ice, three quarters of an inch thick. It was apprehended by many farmers, that such a degree of cold would effectually prevent the farther filling and ripening of their corn. In order to ascertain this point, Dr. Rockbuck selected several stalks of oats, of nearly equal fulness, and immediately cut those which, on the most attentive comparison, appeared the best, and marked the others, but allowed them to remain in the field fourteen days longer; at the end of which time they too were cut, and kept in a dry room for ten days. The grains of each parcel were then weighed: when eleven of the grains that had been left standing in the field were found to be equal in weight to thirty of the

grains which had been cut a fortnight sooner, though even the best of the grains were far from being ripe. During that fortnight (from 7th October to 21st) the average heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer, was little above 43. Dr. Rockbuck observes, that the ripening and filling of corn in so low a temperature should be the less surprising, when we reflect that the seed corn will vegetate in the same degree of heat; and he draws an important inference from his observations, viz. that farmers should be cautious of cutting down their unripe corn, on the supposition that in a cold autumn it could fill no more."

PUNISHMENTS OF PREVARICATION.

Pascal, in his *Pensées*, says—"There is nothing, either just or unjust, but changes its quality by changing climate. Three degrees of polar elevation overthrow the whole system of jurisprudence; one of the meridian decides upon truth, or a few years of possession." How would the astonishment of this philosopher, accustomed to mathematical axioms, have been increased, had he been apprized that in Bohemia prevarication is punished with death, and in the contiguous kingdom of Saxony, with a fine of five rix-dollars.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the Monthly Review.

MEMOIRS OF THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH.

Published by C. SNEYD EDGEWORTH.

THE Abbé Edgeworth lived unknown to the world until the memorable day on which he attended Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and gave honourable evidence that he set at defiance the poignards of the Jacobins when the question lay between his personal danger and the discharge of his professional duty. His conduct on that occasion, and his power of communicating information concerning it, render his memoirs interesting; independently of which considerations, the publication of them is to be viewed only in the light of a tribute from a relative to the memory of a respected friend.

He was born in Ireland in the year 1745, at the vicarage-house of Edgeworth's town, in the county of Longford, in the immediate neighbourhood of which is the residence of the family of the well known female author of this name. His ancestors had been Protestants ever since the Reformation: but his father, having become a convert to the Catholic faith, determined to relinquish his living and to remove with his family to France, and settled at Toulouse. His son was educated first at the University of that city, and afterwards at the Sorbonne in Paris, which continued to

be considered as the proper seminary for giving a finish to Catholic studies. On undertaking the discharge of his professional duties, the Abbé preferred to reside in Paris; where he found, particularly among the poor Savoyards, many uninstructed and distressed objects. His ministry afterward received an extension among the humbler English and Irish of the French metropolis, many of whom stood in need of his attention and consolation. A man employed so much amid the abodes of poverty was not likely to take the steps necessary to gain favour at court; and, in fact, the modest and unassuming Abbé was not introduced to the King or the Queen till the time at which the terrors of the Revolution had driven from the metropolis, and even from France, all the most conspicuous ecclesiastics. His first patroness was the Princess Elizabeth, who had a strong tincture of devotion, and having been deprived of her aged confessor by death, applied for another to the *Supérieur des Missions étrangères*, a man of extensive acquaintance with his brethren. The superior had no hesitation in selecting Abbé Edgeworth as a person in whom the Princess might place implicit confidence, both in political and religious

communications; and he was accordingly appointed her confessor shortly before the Revolution.

We find in this little volume several letters from the Abbé dated in 1789, and subsequently, which are chiefly remarkable as pointing out the gradual progress of alarm on the part of the adherents of the royal family. The late Dr. Moylan (titular Bishop of Cork) having urged Mr. Edgeworth to come over and settle in Ireland, the latter answered, in the end of 1789, to the following effect:

“As for myself, I must allow that my former ties to France are now much weakened, and that the prospect of finishing my days with you is particularly enticing: but, alas! my dear friend, what would you do with me? I should be mere lumber in your diocese. You want strong and laborious operators; and I am not that. I must own to you, that from the beginning of our troubles, I had some thoughts of leaving France for good and all; but after taking advice from people who knew me, I resolved to stand my ground; or, if obliged to accompany my mother, to come back to my post. The reason given to me was, that Almighty God seemed to bless my weak exertions here, and of course that I should not give up my little flock, unless clearly called by Providence to some other place, especially as the little I do was mostly in favour of people who could not well do without me, or without some other person, who would equally be lost to the mission.”

‘The editor has carefully copied these letters from the originals in his possession, not venturing to alter the inaccuracies of style or orthography, which betray the Abbé’s estrangement from his native language, and that he not only habitually expressed himself but usually thought in French.

‘The sympathy of the public has been too long engaged by letters in rounded periods, full of affected description and pompons frivolity, composed to be handed about amongst literary gossips, during the life, and to be splendidly published at the death of the writer; but some readers will dwell with interest on the genuine simplicity of these humble epistles. They never could have been

intended for the public eye;—their very defects become their recommendation.

‘The illiberal, who suppose that something dangerous must flow from the pen of every Papist, when writing in confidence to a brother-clergyman, will be surprized to find in these letters neither bigotry nor treason. They shew the unambitious character and the pious occupations of the writer.—Could we follow him from his morning to his evening devotions, we should find the interval filled up with none of those inconsistencies, which so often make the good sigh and the wicked sneer.

‘In the midst of splendour, when the great, perplexed with intrigue and flattery, sought for simplicity and truth; in scenes of squalid misery, where repenting vice had crept to die; in the convent, or in the drawing-room, the Abbé Edgeworth was always the same. His serene countenance diffused tranquillity wherever he appeared.—With controversy our Abbé did not interfere; content with the sure and blameless course of his peaceful calling. His kindness and his charity led the way to the hearts of his flock, and no doubts of the truth of what he taught disturbed their understandings.’

From this time forwards, the Revolution continued to make progress, now under promising and then under threatening circumstances, until the unsuccessful flight of the King (in 1791) led to the preponderance of the republican party and to the alarming scenes of the following year. Mr. Edgeworth continued to obey the invitations of Madame Elizabeth in repairing from time to time to the palace, and excited the surprize of the King and Queen by the confidence with which he continued to resort to their suspected abode when no other clergyman ventured to shew himself at court, unless completely divested of his clerical dress. “When I turn my thoughts,” says the Abbé, “to these shocking times, I am surprized at my own boldness, but Providence, I suppose, made me blind to the hazard that I incurred.”—After the fatal 10th of August, the royal family were removed to the state-prison called the Temple, and the residence of the Abbé was broken open in the night by a revolutionary party. Fortunately, the first searches were too precipitate to

lead to the discovery of any important papers; and before a second visit the Abbé found means to destroy all such as might have operated against him. On the dreadful days of September, he incurred the most imminent hazard of his life; but, by quitting his clerical dress and leaving his house before the approach of the assassins, he succeeded in escaping their hands, and in reaching a place of concealment in the neighbourhood of Paris. Here he remained for several weeks, until the Archbishop of Paris, at the moment of his flight, sent him a letter empowering and requesting him to undertake the care of the Prelate's flock in his absence. The Abbé now began to think of returning to the capital; and, while pausing between a proper regard to himself and his duty to the cause of religion, he received, through the medium of the lamented Malesherbes, a message from Louis XVI., which, replete as the prospect was with danger, induced him to postpone every consideration for that of consoling the last moments of his sovereign:

"The fate of the King was not yet decided, when M. de Malesherbes, to whom I had not the honour of being personally known, and who could neither ask me to his house nor come to mine, requested me to meet him at Mad. de Senosan's, where I accordingly waited on him.—There M. de Malesherbes delivered to me a message from the King,* signifying the wish of that unfortunate monarch that I should attend him at his last moments, if the atrocity of his subjects should be contented with nothing less than his death.—If the danger to which I must be exposed should appear to me too great, he begged that I would name another clergyman to attend him. He left the choice entirely to me.—Any man would have felt himself inclined to comply with such a message. I felt it as a command that

could not be disobeyed; and I conjured M. de Malesherbes to represent to the King all that a feeling heart, broken by grief, dictated to me at the moment.—

"On the 20th of January, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a stranger called on me, and presented to me a note, containing these words: 'The Executive Council having business of the highest importance to communicate to Citizen Edgeworth de Firmont, invites him to come instantly to its sittings.'—The stranger added, that he had orders to accompany me, and that a carriage waited for us in the street. I went with him to the Tuilleries, where the Council held its meetings. I found all the ministers assembled. As soon as I entered, they arose, and all surrounded me with eagerness. The Minister of Justice first addressed me. 'Are you,' said he, 'the Citizen Edgeworth de Firmont?' I replied that I was. 'Louis Capet,' continued the Minister, 'having expressed to us his desire to have you near him at his last moments, we have sent for you to know whether you consent to the service he requires of you.'—I replied, that since the King had signified his wishes, and named me, it became my duty to attend him. 'Then,' pursued the Minister, 'you will go with me to the Temple, whither I will conduct you.'—And immediately taking a bundle of papers from the table, whispered a moment with the other Ministers, and going out in haste, ordered me to follow him. An escort of horse waited for us at the door with the Minister's carriage, into which I got, and he followed me. At this time all the Catholic clergy of Paris were dressed like other citizens, so that I was not in a clerical dress.—

"Our drive to the Temple passed in gloomy silence. Two or three times, however, the Minister made an attempt to break it: he drew up the carriage windows, and exclaimed, 'Great God, with what a dreadful commission am I charged! What a Man!' added he, speaking of the King. 'What resignation! what courage!—no!—human nature alone could not give such fortitude; he possesses something beyond it.'—

"When we reached the apartment

* I think it right here to repeat the words of Louis the Sixteenth, when he gave this message to M. de Malesherbes: "This is a strange commission, M. de Malesherbes," said the King, "for me to give to a philosopher; but if you should ever be doomed to die, as I must die, I wish that you may have, as I have, the support of religion. Religion would console you, far better than philosophy."—*Note by the Editor.*

of the King, all the doors of which were open, I perceived him in a group of eight or ten persons; it consisted of the Minister of Justice, accompanied by some Members of the Commune, who came to read to him the fatal decree, which sentenced him to death on the following day. He was calm, tranquil, even with an aspect of benignity, while not one of those, who surrounded him, had an air of composure.

“As soon as he saw me, he waved his hand for them to retire: they obeyed in silence: he himself shut the door after them, and I found myself alone with my sovereign.—

“He drew from his pocket a sealed paper, and broke it open. It was his will, which he had made in the month of December, at a period when he was uncertain whether any religious assistance would be allowed to him in his last moments.

“All those who have read this paper, so interesting and so worthy of a Christian King, can easily judge of the deep impression it must have made on me. But what most astonished me, was that the monarch had fortitude sufficient to read it himself, which he did nearly twice over. His voice was firm, and no change was to be seen in his countenance, except when he read names most dear to him—then all his tenderness was awakened, he was obliged to pause a moment, and his tears flowed notwithstanding his efforts to restrain them—but when he read passages that concerned himself alone, and that related only to his personal calamities, he seemed no more affected than if he had heard the misfortunes of an indifferent person related.

“Perceiving when he had finished reading, that the Royal Family were not coming, the King hastened to inquire from me the state of his clergy and of the French church. Some things he had learned notwithstanding the rigour of his confinement; he knew in general that the French ecclesiastics had been obliged to fly their country, and had been received in London, but he was entirely ignorant of particulars. The little that I thought it my duty to tell him, seemed to make a great impression upon his

Majesty's mind; he deplored the fate of his clergy, and he expressed the greatest admiration for the people of England, who had mitigated their sufferings. But he did not confine himself to these general inquiries, he entered into particulars that surprised me; he wished to know what had become of many of the clergy in whose welfare he took a peculiar interest. The Cardinal de la Rochefoucault and the Bishop de Clermont seemed to fix his attention, but his eagerness redoubled at the name of the Archbishop of Paris: he inquired where he was, what he was doing, and whether I had the power of corresponding with him:—‘Tell him,’ said the King, ‘that I die in his communion, and that I never have acknowledged any pastor but him.’—

“I don't know by what chance the conversation fell upon the Duke of Orleans; the King seemed to be well acquainted with his intrigues, and with the horrid part he had taken at the convention, but he spoke of him without any bitterness, and with pity rather than with anger: ‘What have I done to my cousin,’ he exclaimed, ‘that he should so persecute me? What object could he have? Oh he is more to be pitied than I am!—my lot is melancholy no doubt, but his is much more so. No! I would not change with him!’

“This most interesting conversation was interrupted by one of the commissaries, who came to inform the King that his family were come down, and that he was at length permitted to see them. At these words he appeared extremely agitated, and he broke from me with precipitation. The interview took place, as well as I could judge, for I was not present at it, in a little room, which was only separated by a glass-door from that which the commissaries occupied; so that they could see and hear all that past. Even I, though shut up in the cabinet where the King had left me, could easily distinguish their voices, and I was involuntarily in some degree witness to the most touching scene I ever heard. It would be impossible for me to describe this agonizing interview; not only tears were shed, and sobs were heard, but piercing cries, which reached

the outer court of the Temple. The King, the Queen, Monseigneur, the Dauphin, Madame Elizabeth, Madame Royale, all bewailed themselves at once, and their voices were confounded; at length their tears ceased, for their strength was exhausted: they then spoke in a low voice, and with some degree of tranquillity.

"The conversation lasted near an hour, and the King parted from his family, leaving them the hope of seeing him in the morning.

"He returned immediately to me, but in a state of agitation which shewed that he was wounded to the soul.

"Oh, Sir!" cried he, throwing himself into a chair, "what an interview have I gone through. Why should I love so tenderly, and why should I be so tenderly beloved? But it is past! Let us forget every thing else to turn my thoughts to that alone which is now of importance—to that which should at this moment concentrate all my feelings."

The Abbé was extremely desirous of administering the sacrament to the King, but had little hope that the barbarians appointed to guard him would enter into such feelings, or would allow their deposed master to receive this final consolation and support. Mr. E. ventured, however, to make the request, and met with considerable difficulty; several of the commissioners imagining that it was a mere pretext to conceal the taking of poison, and to defeat their grand end of a solemn execution. Of their religious creed it is unnecessary to say any thing, since at that time it would have been quite unfashionable, we might almost add treasonable, for Parisians to have professed a belief in any religion. Fortunately, however, one person more liberal or more persuasive than the rest found means to extract from this indifference a compliance with the King's request. "All forms of worship," he said, "are free; let us not oppose Louis Capet in the enjoyment of that which he prefers."—The remainder of the evening was passed by the King and the Abbé in anxious conversation; they took a few hours of rest in their respective apartments, and were awakened on the next morning at five o'clock; when the Abbé, repairing once more to the King's

chamber, found him in the same tranquil and even placid frame of mind which he had displayed the night before.

"My God," said he, "how happy I am in the possession of my religious principles! Without them, what should I now be? But with them, how sweet death appears to me. Yes, there dwells on high an incorruptible Judge, from whom I shall receive the justice refused to me on earth."

"The sacred offices I performed at this time, prevent my relating more than a few sentences, out of many interesting conversations which the King held with me, during the last sixteen hours of his life; but by the little that I have told, it may be seen how much might be added, if it were consistent with my duty to say more.

"Morning began to dawn, and the drums sounded in all the sections of Paris. An extraordinary movement was heard in the Tower—it seemed to freeze the blood in my veins; but the King, more calm than I was, after listening to it for a moment, said to me without emotion, "Tis probably the national guard beginning to assemble."

"From seven o'clock till eight, various persons came frequently under different pretences to knock at the door of the cabinet, and each time I trembled lest it should be the last. But the King, with more firmness, rose without emotion, went to the door, and quietly answered the people who thus interrupted us.—

"After having answered one of the commissaries who came to interrupt us, he returned, and said with a smile, 'These people see poniards and poison every where; they fear that I shall destroy myself. Alas! they little know me, to kill myself would indeed be weakness. No! since it is necessary, I know how I ought to die.' We heard another knock at the door—it was to be the last. It was Santerre and his crew. The King opened the door as usual. They announced to him (I could not hear in what terms) that he must prepare for death. 'I am occupied,' said he, with an air of authority, 'wait for me. In a few minutes I will return to you.' Then having shut the door, he knelted at my feet. 'It is finished, Sir,' said he, 'give me your last benediction, and pray

that it may please God to support me to the end.' He soon arose, and, leaving the cabinet, advanced towards the wretches who were in his bed-chamber.—The King cried out in a firm tone, 'Let us proceed,' at which words they all moved on; the King crossed the first court, formerly the garden, on foot: he turned back once or twice towards the tower, as if to bid adieu to all most dear to him on earth; and by his gestures it was plain that he was then trying to collect all his strength and firmness. At the entrance of the second court, a carriage waited, two *gens-d'armes* held the door: at the King's approach one of these men entered first, and placed himself in front, the King followed and placed me by his side;* at the back of the carriage, the other *gens-d'arme* jumped in last, and shut the door.'—

"The procession lasted almost two hours, the streets were lined with citizens all armed, some with pikes and some with guns, and the carriage was surrounded by a body of troops, formed of the most desperate people of Paris. As another precaution they had placed before the horses a great number of drums, intended to drown any noise or murmur in favour of the King; but how could they be heard, no body appeared either at the doors or windows, and in the street nothing was to be seen but armed citizens. Citizens, all rushing towards the commission of a crime, which perhaps they detested in their hearts.

"The carriage proceeded thus in silence to the Place de Louis XV. and stopped in the middle of a large space that had been left round the scaffold; this space was surrounded with cannon, and, beyond, an armed multitude extended as far as the eye could reach.—As soon as the King had left the carriage, three guards surrounded him and would have taken off his clothes, but he repulsed them with haughtiness: he undressed himself, untied his neckcloth, opened his

shirt, and arranged it himself. The guards, whom the determined countenance of the King had for a moment disconcerted, seemed to recover their audacity. They surrounded him again, and would have seized his hands. 'What are you attempting?' said the King, drawing back his hands. 'To bind you,' answered the wretches. 'To bind me,' said the King, with an indignant air. 'No! I shall never consent to that, do what you have been ordered, but you shall never bind me!' The guards insisted, they raised their voices, and seemed to wish to call on others to assist them.

"Perhaps this was the most terrible moment of this most dreadful morning; another instant, and the best of Kings would have received from his rebellious subjects indignities too horrid to mention—indignities that would have been to him more insupportable than death. Such was the feeling expressed on his countenance. Turning towards me, he looked at me steadily, as if to ask my advice. Alas! it was impossible for me to give any, and I only answered by silence; but, as he continued this fixed look of inquiry, I replied, 'Sire, in this new insult, I only see another trait of resemblance between your Majesty and the Saviour who is about to recompense you.' At these words he raised his eyes to heaven, with an expression that can never be described. 'You are right,' said he, 'nothing less than his example, should make me submit to such a degradation.' Then turning to the guards, 'Do what you will, I will drink of the cup even to the dregs.'

"The path leading to the scaffold was extremely rough and difficult to pass; the King was obliged to lean on my arm; and from the slowness with which he proceeded, I feared for a moment that his courage might fail; but what was my astonishment, when arrived at the last step, I felt that he suddenly let go my arm, and I saw him cross with a firm foot the breadth of the whole scaffold; silence, by his look alone, fifteen or twenty drums, that were placed opposite to him; and in a voice so loud, that it must have been heard at the Pont Tournant, I heard him pro-

* The Abbé Edgeworth has here, with admirable modesty, omitted, what his private letter to his brother mentions, that Louis the Sixteenth thought that the attendance of his Confessor had closed when he quitted the Temple, and was equally astonished and consoled by his accompanying him to the place of execution.—*Note by the Editor.*

nounce distinctly these memorable words, *'I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge; I pardon those who have occasioned my death; and I pray to God that the blood you are now going to shed may never be visited on France.'*

"He was proceeding, when a man on horseback, in the national uniform, waved his sword, and with a ferocious cry ordered the drums to beat. Many voices were at the same time heard encouraging the executioners. They seemed reanimated themselves, and seizing with violence the most virtuous of kings, they dragged him under the axe of the guillotine, which with one stroke severed his head from his body. All this passed in a moment.—At first an awful silence prevailed; at length some cries of *'Vive la Republique.'* were heard. By degrees the voices multiplied, and in less than ten minutes this cry, a thousand times repeated, became the universal shout of the multitude, and every hat was in the air."

On quitting the scaffold, the Abbé had sufficient presence of mind to turn his course in the direction in which the surrounding multitude were least closely wedged, and he was soon lost in the crowd. He then repaired to M. de Malesherbes, for whom the unfortunate Louis had given him a very important charge; and he found the venerable advocate of his monarch bathed in tears, and bursting forth into bitter effusions on the barbarity of his countrymen. The first use which he made of his recollection was to awaken the Abbé to a sense of his danger, and to urge him to "fly from this land of horror." There could be no doubt that the advice was sound, and that the vengeance of the Jacobins would soon overtake one who had shewn so much attachment to the King; but Mr. Edgeworth still lingered in the neighbourhood of Paris, in the hope of being serviceable to Madame Elizabeth, and perhaps of being permitted to compensate for the absence of the archbishop from his diocese. He soon, however, learned that strict inquiries were made after him, and found it necessary to exchange one place of concealment for another until the succeeding May, when he eluded observation and reached Bayeux in Normandy, a

retired town nearly 200 miles from Paris. Here he might easily have crossed the channel for England: but Madame Elizabeth was still alive, and he could not relinquish the idea that he might, by some means, be instrumental in her rescue. At last, he obtained intelligence of the death of this mild and excellent character, who was led to the scaffold only sixteen hours after she had been brought before a pretended tribunal. This catastrophe having taken place, it became the duty of the Abbé to withdraw from France, since he had been intrusted with certain commands from the Princess to be executed by him in this country in the event of her death. For this purpose he crossed the Channel and proceeded to Edinburgh, to wait on Monsieur, the present King of France; after which, returning to London, he had an interview with Mr. Pitt, and was apprized that government intended to settle a pension on him for life. He expressed a proper sense of gratitude, but nobly declined the pension, because he "could not think of adding to the expences already incurred by our government on account of the French emigrants."

Louis XVIII., having gone to Poland, invited Mr. Edgeworth to come to him, and, on his arrival, urged him to remain permanently with him and the royal family. With them he accordingly continued during the remainder of his life, comforting them in their distresses, and administering all possible assistance to the poor in the different places of their residence. It was in the exercise of these charitable offices, and in attending French prisoners at Mittau who laboured under a contagious fever, that he caught the same disorder, which brought him to his grave in the sixty-second year of his age.—The virtues of the Abbé were those of private life, and he appeared on the public stage only on one memorable occasion. The editor has abstained from all political discussion, and in fact gives scarcely any information of this nature beyond that which is contained in a few letters from the Abbé himself and others. The original French of these documents is given in an appendix, which is nearly of the same length with the memoir itself.

POETRY.

From the European Magazine.

DE COURCY.

SOFT sleeps the wanderer, while the snows
Of cloud-capp'd Cenis round him curl;
He heeds not how the death-wind blows

Nor sees the icy torrent whirl:
Again, again the 'larum tolls!
Near, nearer yet the ice-bolt rolls!
He starts!—no beacon-light is near
The wintry wilderness to cheer.
No path—no home!—all, all is lost
In one wide shapeless world of frost;
Blank, silent, dim, and desolate
As life, when life itself we hate!

Away!—away! the mountain-bell*
Has rung the hour of woe to tell!
The wolf-dog homeward o'er the plain,
Tois thro' assembled snows in vain,—
How from the swift descending surge
Shall faint and frozen feet emerge?
Thro' yonder flinty chasm rent
'Midst rocks on rocks in ruin bent,
Those feet may narrow egress find
And round the the shelving rampart wind—
Far, far beneath its frozen height
His long-sought valley cheers his sight.
Dimly thro' distant shadows seen
Like blissful days that once have been!
You cottage in the clefted rock
Still braves the freezing whirlwind's shock:
Its gleaming hearth and taper's light
The midnight wand'r's steps invite.—
Ah! who is she whose meagre hand
Uplifts the latch and lights the brand?
Faintly her hollow eyeballs scan
The visage of the muffled man,
Who stretch'd beside the faggot's blaze
Shrinks, inly groaning, from her gaze.

“Ungentle Armand!—ever now
Must midnight darkness hide thy brow?
They say this frozen dell is drear,
These icy hills are rude and bare;
And when the storms of winter scowl
'Tis sad to hear the torrent's howl:
Yet once I lov'd this rocky pile,
For here I look'd on Armand's smile.—
'Twas sweet along the torrent's side
To watch thy coming shadow glide:
Safe shelter'd from the mountain-storm
Our lamp was bright—our hearth was warm.

“When in this lonely cell I rest
And gaze upon the fading west;
'Tis not because in fancy's eyes
My father's castle-turrets rise—
It is because the wild weeds wave
Unheeded round my mother's grave—
Is cause no daughter's duteous tear
Dropp'd balmy on her distant hier—
And mine amidst these rocks shall be,
Forgotten by my babe and thee!

“My noble brother had me trust
To friendship ever firm and just;
But not for ruin'd wealth I mourn,
Not for the bonds of kindred torn—
O no!—I only weep to own

A softness to thy soul unknown.
Yet when a fonder kiss to claim
Thy image lips a father's name,
And trills these silent glens among
Our childhood's oft-remember'd song,
I will not—dare not fear to find
Thy soul forgetful or unkind—
For well I know thou could'st not press
His cherub lips and love me less:
Thou could'st not hear his voice and prove
A traitor to thy wedded love!”

“Behold thy Brother!—to his heart
He holds thee now, its dearest part!
Shall these unfathom'd caverns hide
De Courcy's sister, Armand's Bride?
Thy lord is ransom'd—well I know
How vengeful hatred laid him low—
But smile, beloved—ere morning's beam
My voice shall Armand's fame redeem:
Take now the warmth this heart bestows,
With thine it sprang—for thee it glows!”

“Detested slave of harlot pow'r!
False minion of her abject hour,
Receive thy death!”

———— With dying eyes
At Armand's feet De Courcy lies—
“Mistaken murder'—hence, and feel
Thy treason is thy ruin's seal!
This bleeding breast thy shelter plann'd,
Thy ransom fill'd this dying band:
Hence, wither'd with the doom of Cain—
A Brother at thy feet lies slain!”

* * * * *
A knell is tolling—shun the grave
Where recent wreaths of cypress wave:
Stretch'd by that lonely grave unseen
A white-hair'd mourner loves to lean;
Sudden he smiles, and from its earth
Tears the fresh flower of early birth—
“Perish, vain emblem of their doom!”
He cries and stalks to deeper gloom.
You porch where famish'd ravens wait
While moss obstructs the useless gate,
Once with its mantling jacinths laid
The weary wand'rer lov'd to find.
Those casements dark with ivy wild
Once thro' a hower of roses smil'd:
And yon grey clock with silver chime
Told the soft step of joyous time!—
Blest days!—but ye alone have wings!
Still Spring her balmy incense brings,
Still Summer crowns the laughing plain,
These vales—these golden meads remain—
Yon woods their songs of gladness pour—
But he who hears them feels no more!
Why with luxuriant pageants trim
The desolated dome for him?
Ah! rather leave his image there
A mould'ring ruin, cold and bare!
Why with these vagrant roses' pride
The damp funeral cypress hide?
Their lord has lost the latest rose
Which bloom'd to grace his wintry close!

The low'ring night begins to reign.
Dim mists are gath'ring o'er the plain—
From ev'ry grot and shrouded den
Forth rush the robbers of the glen—
“On, Brothers, on!—our task is done!
On, heroes, and our prize is won!

* An alarm-bell rung by the monks of Mount Cenis, announces the death-wind's approach.

Our foe stands weaponless and lone—
A Chieftain's ransom is our own !
They shout—but with a with'ring look
His cloak a giant stranger shook :
Back from a brow where noble rage
Shone thro' the timeless wreck of age—
“ Off, Bandit ! or my trusty brand
Shall stretch thee breathless on the strand !
Advance, my chief ! yon shallop trim
Glides smoothly o'er the current's brim—
This staff from oaken sapling torn
May steer us till the blush of morn ;
My arm thy ward'ring steps shall guide
While this true falchion girds my side !”

High on the prow erect he stood
And launch'd his light bark to the flood ;—
Thick as the sea-spray show'rs the shore
Stones, darts, and jav'ins round him pour ;
Till thro' the dark gulf's shaggy jaws
His oar the faithful pilot draws.

“ Now, stranger, if thy home is far
Avail thee of yon bounteous star ;
But leave thy blessing to illume
The darkness of an exile's doom—
Farewell !—thy noble soul requires
No beacon but its native fires !”

“ Kind guardian of a fenceless breast
Be thou my lonely mansion's guest !
A daughter fair as morning's ray
Once shone upon my closing day ;—
In far—far distant earth she lies
To demon-wiles a sacrifice !
Woe to the felon-hand that stole
The gem—the day-star of my soul !
Yet one remain'd—a precious one !
My hope—my pride—my valiant son—
O let me not his doom record
Till guilt has felt my vengeful sword !
But be thou mine !—thy hand shall weave
A pillow for affliction's eve !
Ere life's decaying fires depart
One ray returns to warm my heart !”

Now ever in that lonely dome
The nameless stranger seeks his home ;
He guards the white-hair'd mourner's bed,
His hands the silent banquet spread :
But purple evening's painted light
He shuns, and loves the noon of night.
His lurking eye 'tis vain to seek,
No banquet warms his hollow cheek ;
He looks not on the sparkling stream
He fears the moon's triumphant beam—
And when thro' groves and vallies dim
Wild warbles swell their choral hymn,
He starts, and with a giant's stride,
Hastes from the shadowy forest's pride.
His lean right hand beneath his vest
Seems in entangled folds to rest—
The secrets of that blighted hand
No mortal eye has ever scan'd.
Deep graven on a moss-grown stone
A nameless cross lies low and lone :
The moss around its reliques spread
Grows with mysterious blood-stains red,
And many a summer's dew in vain
Have wash'd away that scarlet stain.
There pausing with uplifted eyes
The white-hair'd mourner kneels and sighs ;
His silent guest with fearful tread
Shrinks from the sabbath of the dead !—

“ Seest thou this ruin ?—'twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full !
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat !
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot !
What dreams of rapture long forgot !
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Has left one trace or record here !—

“ Beneath this mould'ring canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye—
Yet start not at the dismal void !
If social love that eye employ'd,
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd
But thro' the dews of kindness beam'd ;
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light !—

“ Here in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue—
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
But where it could not praise, was chain'd—
If firm in virtue's cause it spoke
Yet gentle concord never broke :

That tongue shall kindred seraphs greet
When death is chain'd at mercy's feet !—

“ Say, did these fingers delve the mine
Or with its cluster'd rubies shine ?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them !
But if the page of truth they sought,
And comfort to the mourner brought ;
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

“ Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod ?
If from the bow'rs of joy they fled
To cheer the ag'd man's friendless bed,
If guilt's triumphant mask they spurn'd
And home to mercy's lap return'd ;
Those feet with angel-wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky !”

The sinner kneels—“ De Courcy's grave
No more shall tardy vengeance crave !
His blood in erring frenzy shed
Too long has stain'd my forfeit head—
But by thy son's untimely shroud
And by this with'ring hand I vow'd,
To guard the winter of thy age
And share its joyless pilgrimage !
O !—it had softer anguish been
On asps and serpents' teeth to lean,
Than thus to envy—thus to know
The balsam of thy guiltless woe—
I wither with the doom of Cain,
De Courcy, by my hand lies slain !”

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

(From “ *Angelica, or, The Rape of Proteus.*”)

By EDWARD LORD THURLOW.

I AM she, who smooth the seas,
And calm the stormy Cyclades :
I chant the dogs of Scylla down,
Whose songs make many sailors drown ;
Or would for me ; and them I save
From fell Charybdis' boiling wave.
I soften Amphitrite's ire :
And bring to peace great Ocean's sire :
Who bids them straight engulph the winds,
And Æolus in prison binds.
Who is 't that frights the whale away ?
And makes Leviathan give up his prey ;
Whose mighty sides would else undo
The reeling ship, and all her crew ?
Who sings at sea to boys o' th' mast,
And bids them to the sands not haste ?
Or swims upon the treach'rous wave,
And does from reefs and rocks of coral save ?
Who, when the ship is sunk, and drown'd,
Ten fathom down 't th' gulphy sound,
Who sings above the wat'ry vane,
And makes the merchant's ruin plain ?

Who is't, but I, that o'er the ocean pass,
And with my golden comb and crystal glass
Make smooth the wave? The cannon-bristling
ship,
And freighted merchantman, their prows may
dip

With safety in the flood, but by my aid,
Who am their guardian, and a sea-born maid.
I disperse the wintry clouds,
And Hecate's mist, that blackly shrouds
The silver orb o' th' waning moon,
And let her guide your courses soon.
I am link'd t' the polar star;
When other help to men is far
Then I unveil his fixed fire,
And give to sailors their desire.
I do this, and I do more,
On the seas and on the shore;
Then, O Antonio, heed my song,
And what doth to my art belong!
Over the prow the sands are deep,
The waves in shallow peril sleep:
Antonio, heed the mermaid's song,
Or do to Naples endless wrong!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

"SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

SHAKESPEARE.

OH! it is sweet to hush the sigh
That trembles on the lip of beauty!
To wipe the dew that wets the eye
Of her who pines 'tween love and duty!
Oh! it is sweet to soothe the breast
That throbbing swells with tender feeling!
To view the cheek in dimples drest,
Where languid sorrow's tears were stealing!
Too oft, in beauty's gayest hour,
The heart within is cold and gloomy;
Too oft the smile is like the flow'r*
That lives not—feels not—yet is bloomy.
Ah! hapless woman may not tell
She loves—though love each glance revealing!
Her heart may beat—her bosom swell—
Her only hope is in concealing.
And, 'mid the weight of inward care
Her eye with crystal light is beaming,
The smile still seems to linger there,
But sorrow's flood within is streaming.
So may be seen at eve's last hour,
When calm and bright the moon is shining,
The lily's spotless, virgin flow'r,
In tears, its tender head declining.

From the same.

THE SAVOYARD.

WHEN Morning beams with golden ray,
And jocund pipe the shepherd swains
The canzonet, the simple lay,
Dear are to me the native strains!
The flowery plain, the rocky glen—
The rill that murmurs in the vale—
The Alpine cliffs in distance seen—
The simple joys that never fail

The merry Savoyard!

With snow-shoes shod, and iron pole,
The bounding chamois' steps to trace;
Keen the fixed eye, and firm the soul—
Dear is to me the native chase!

* Globe Amaranthus, or everlasting flower.

And when the joyous sport is past,
As sounds the triumph in the vale—
The welcome home, the gay repast,
The simple joys that never fail

The merry Savoyard!

When Labour rests at ev'ning's close,
The village dance beneath the trees;
For the lov'd maid to wreath the rose,
Dear is the rural dance to me!
The converse sweet in myrtle grove,
As silvery gleams the dusky vale—
The fond delights of mutual love!
The simple joys that never fail

The merry Savoyard!

From the European Magazine.

THE PROGRESS OF BRITISH SCULPTURE.

Suggested by Professor Flaxman's Lectures.

ERE Music spoke, or Painting glow'd,
I sought my rude and lonely road
Thro' giant groves or mountain-caves,
To lurk in huts or shelter graves.
In dark Religion's dome I slept,
Or Glory's fading trophies kept,
Till in the plunder'd cloister's gloom
I shar'd relentless Tudor's doom.
Yet in a Tudor's tomb I rest,
A silent, not ungrateful guest,
From dim Oblivion's grasp to save
The wise, the beautiful, and the brave!
My cheek no living roses dye,
No lustre fills my sightless eye,
Yet Manhood's strength, and Beauty's grace,
Grow perfect in my form and face.
The world is old, but I am young!—
Without a soul, without a tongue,
The eloquence of thought I reach,
Lend life to looks; to gesture speech.
Tho' silent as the clay I guard,
As cold, as senseless, and as hard,
I mock the mould'ring touch of Death,
I rival Life in all but breath:
And he whose magic hands sustain
The glories of my rising reign,
Shall aid relenting Heaven's decree,
And give to man Eternity!

DARKNESS.

By LORD BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguish'd and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless
air;
Morn came and went—and came and brought
no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the huts,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing
homes
To look once more into each other's face;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye

* Westminster Abbey.

Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch :
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd :
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did

rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and
smiled :

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd : the wild
birds shriek'd,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawl'd
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stungless—they were slain for food :
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought and that was
death,

Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their
flesh :

The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead

Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no
food,

But with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies ; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton
hands,
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and
died—

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was
void,

The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths ;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they
dropp'd

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their
grave,

The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd ; Darkness had no
need

Of aid from them—She was the universe.

LONDON

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

FIGURE OF THE EARTH.—From the various anomalies which have been observed by the gentlemen occupied in the grand trigonometrical survey of this kingdom, it has been ascertained that a considerable difference exists between the latitudes and longitudes of places determined astronomically and again calculated by triangles from fixed points of survey. Some modern philosophers go so far as to assert, that astronomical calculations can no longer be considered as designating correctly the relative situation of places : and they consider these anomalies as proceeding either from irregularities in the figure of the earth itself, or from irregularities in the densities of the strata. Perhaps this applies only to the astronomical quadrant on shore, from the plumb-line being attracted out of its proper line of gravity : but not to observations made at sea ; or with the Hadley's quadrant and an artificial horizon.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Madame de Montolieu, the author of *Caroline of Litchfield* resides at present in Switzerland. She is employed in translating English novels into French, and has just published one under the title of "*Ladovico ou le fils d'un homme de Genie.*"

WINTER FOGS.—It has recently been ascertained that these fogs contain a greater portion of water, but not in a condensed state, being kept suspended by the opposing powers of the electric fluid, with which it is charged. A con-

vincing proof of it was afforded by a curious meteorological occurrence in Westphalia, where, the fog being driven by a gentle north-east wind against the trees, the electric fluid was attracted, condensation and congelation took place, and the largest trees were torn up by the roots, by the preponderating weight of ice upon their branches.

The hoar-frost is evidently a meteoric process upon the same theory ; but on a much smaller scale.—*Ibid.*

BAROMETERS.—Considerable improvements have taken place in these useful instruments, by which they become easily portable. Gay Lussac has invented a new one, which allows a free entrance to the air without danger of spilling the mercury ; of course it may be used without trouble or preparation in the ascent of mountains, &c. The measuring of heights by the barometer is likely to be much facilitated, and rendered more accurate, by a table invented by Dr. Bischof, which presents the correction of the length of the mercurial column, for every change in the temperature of the atmosphere. The necessity of such corrections is evident, even for meteorological purposes, and renders it essential that the barometer should have a thermometer attached to it.

An Account of the singular Habits and Circumstances of the People of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean ; by William Mariner, 2 vols. 8vo. is just published.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 8.]

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1817.

[VOL. I.

ACCOUNT OF THE TONGA OR FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM MARINER, SEVERAL YEARS RESIDENT THERE.

From the British Critic.

THE hero of the present production did not, like our venerable friend Robinson Crusoe, of antient days, discover in his early youth an irresistible propensity for maritime adventures. He was, however, intended by his father for the sea, and an accident placed him on board the *Port-au-Prince*, private ship of war, before he was fourteen years of age, in the capacity of captain's clerk. The voyage proved peculiarly disastrous. They sailed first to the river Plate, touched at the Falkland Islands, doubled Cape Horn, and commenced hostilities with the Spaniards, near the Bay of Conception. Their efforts were at first, in some degree, successful, and the result might eventually have been fortunate, but that most unluckily they lost their captain, Duck. He was succeeded in his command by a Mr. Brown, whose conduct appears to have been unwarrantable and absurd, exciting great disgust among the crew, and ultimately causing the loss of the ship and cargo.

It should be remembered that the groupe of islands which are here denominated the Tonga Islands, form a part of those to which our great navigator Cooke gave the name of the Friendly Islands. Cooke's chart, as it appears, does not include Vavau, the largest of them all, and at this time the most important al-

They are here altogether classed under the appellation of the Tonga Islands, being so denominated by the natives, themselves.

The ship on board which was our adventurer, brought too, for the last time, at the N. W. point of Lefooga, one of the Hapir Islands, in the very spot where Cooke had formerly anchored. Here the unaccountable infatuation of the commander occasioned the loss of the vessel, and the lives of many of the crew, and the captivity of the rest. He had already been warned of the bad intentions of the Indians, but received the intimation with contempt and anger. These admonitions were again repeated, and received with similar inattention, and no precautions of any kind were taken. The consequences are thus related :

"The following fatal day, Monday, the 1st December, 1806, at eight o'clock in the morning, the natives began to assemble on board, and soon increased to 300 in different parts of the ship. About nine o'clock Tooi Tooi, the Sandwich islander, before mentioned as having endeavoured to inspire the ship's company with a good opinion of the friendly disposition of the natives, came on board, and invited Mr. Brown to go on shore and view the country : he immediately

complied, and went unarmed. About half an hour after Mr. Brown had left the ship, Mr. Mariner, who was in the steerage, went to the hatch for the sake of the light, as he was about to mend a pen; looking up, he saw Mr. Dixon standing on a gun, endeavouring, by his signs, to prevent more of the natives coming on board: at this moment he heard a loud shout from the Indians, and saw one of them knock Mr. Dixon down with a club: seeing now too clearly what was the matter, he turned about to run towards the gun-room, when an Indian caught hold of him by the hand; but luckily escaping from his grasp, he ran down the scuttle, and reached the gun-room, where he found the cooper; but considering the magazine to be the safest place, they ran immediately there; and having consulted what was best to be done, they came to the resolution of blowing up the vessel, and, like Samson of old, to sacrifice themselves and their enemies together. Bent upon this bold and heroic enterprise*, Mr. Mariner repaired to the gun-room, to procure flint and steel, but was not able to get at the muskets without making too much noise, for the arm-chest lay beneath the boarding-pikes, which had carelessly been thrown down the scuttle the preceding evening: the noise occasioned by clearing them away, as the uproar above began to cease, would undoubtedly have attracted the notice of the Indians: he therefore returned to the magazine, where he found the cooper in great distress from the apprehension of his impending fate. Mr. Mariner next proposed that they should go at once upon deck, and be killed quickly, while their enemies were still hot with slaughter, rather than by greater delay subject themselves to the cruelties of cooler barbarity. After some hesitation, the cooper consented to follow if Mr. Mariner would lead the way. Mr. Mariner thereupon went up into the gun-room, and lifting up the hatch a lit-

tle, saw Tooi Tooi and Vaca-ta-Bola examining Captain Duck's sword and other arms that were in his bed-place. Their backs being turned, he lifted off the hatch entirely, and jumped up into the cabin: Tooi Tooi instantly turning round, Mr. Mariner presented his hands open, to signify that he was unarmed and at their mercy: he then uttered *aroghah!* (a word of friendly salutation among the Sandwich islanders) and asked him partly in English, and partly in his own language, if he meant to kill him, as he was quite ready to die: Tooi Tooi replied in broken English, that he should not be hurt as the chiefs were already in possession of the ship. He then asked him how many persons there were below, to which Mr. Mariner answered, that there was only one: he then called up the cooper, who had not followed him the whole way. Tooi Tooi led them upon deck towards one of the chiefs who had the direction of the conspiracy. The first object that struck Mr. Mariner's sight, on coming upon deck, was enough to thrill the stoutest heart: there sat upon the companion a short squab naked figure, of about fifty years of age, with a seaman's jacket, soaked with blood, thrown over one shoulder, on the other rested his iron-wood club, spattered with blood and brains,—and what increased the frightfulness of his appearance was a constant blinking with one of his eyes, and a horrible convulsive motion with one side of his mouth. On another part of the deck there lay twenty-two bodies perfectly naked, and arranged side by side in even order. They were so dreadfully bruised and battered about the head, that only two or three of them could be recognized. At this time a man had just counted them, and was reporting the number to the chief, who sat in the hammock-nettings; immediately after which they began to throw them over-board. Mr. Mariner and the cooper were now brought into the presence of the chief, who looked at them awhile and smiled, probably on account of their dirty appearance. Mr. Mariner was then given in charge to a petty chief to be taken on shore, but the cooper was detained on board.

* "Lest this should be thought a rash and presumptuous conduct, as sacrificing their own lives unnecessarily, it should be considered that it would be almost a certain preventive of such conspiracies for the future, when those on shore would witness the sudden and awful fate so unexpectedly attending the perpetrators."

"In his way to the shore the chief took his shirt from his back. The circumstance of his having just escaped death was by no means a consolation to him : reserved for he knew not what hardships, he felt his mind hardened by a sort of careless indifference as to what might happen ; if he had any consoling hope at all, it was that he might be going on shore to be killed by the hand of some chief not sated with that day's slaughter. His companions, for ought he knew, were all killed ; at least, he was morally certain that himself and the cooper* were the only persons living of all who were on board at the time this most bloody massacre was perpetrated : and as to those, who, from bad or injudicious motives, had left the ship the day before, they were probably, by this time at least, secured, and waiting, like himself, with anxious desire to know whether speedy death or degrading servitude was to be their portion.

"In a little while he was landed, and led to the most northern part of the island, called Co-oolo, where he saw, without being much affected at the sight, the cause of all that day's disasters, Mr. Brown, the whaling master, lying dead upon the beach : the body was naked, and much bruised about the head and chest. They asked Mr. Mariner, by words and signs, if they had done right in killing him ;—as he returned them no answer, one of them lifted up his club to knock out his brains, but was prevented by a superior chief, who ordered them to take their prisoner on board a large sailing canoe. Whilst here, he observed upon the beach an old man, whose countenance did not speak much in his favour, parading up and down with a large club in his hand. At this time a boy, who had just come into the canoe, pointed to a fire at a little distance, and addressing himself to Mr. Mariner, pronounced the word *mâte* † (meaning to

kill,) and made such signs that could give him to understand nothing less than that he was to be killed and roasted ; this idea roused him from his state of mental torpor, and gave him some alarm, which was not lessened by the sight of the old man just mentioned, who appeared in no other light than that of an executioner waiting for his victim. About half an hour afterwards a number of people came to the canoe, landed him, and led him towards the fire, near which he saw, lying dead, James Kelly, William Baker, and James Hoay, three of those who had first mutinied. Some hogs were now brought to be cooked ; and Mr. Mariner was pretty well undeceived respecting what he had understood from the gestures of the boy in the canoe, who, it was now sufficiently evident, merely meant to imply that some of Mr. Mariner's countrymen lay dead where he pointed, and that they were going to roast or bake some hogs there."

Fortunately for Mr. Mariner, Finow, the king, had taken an extraordinary liking to him when he first saw him on board the *Port-au-Prince* ; he accordingly took him under his protection, and provided him with every thing necessary for his maintenance and comfort. The anecdotes subsequently related of the manners of these islanders, and the occurrences which took place during Mr. Mariner's residence among them, have certainly a considerable portion of interest ; but it must be nevertheless acknowledged that this interest is by no means kept up to the conclusion of the work, indeed it so far lessens that the reader is in great danger of being sickened with the sanguinary details of the barbarous wars between these neighbouring islanders, and turns with disgust from scenes too frequently introduced, of the dashing out the brains of the Indian warriors with their massive clubs.

Among a great many local anecdotes which will be found amusing, we shall insert one highly characteristic of the constitution of mind of these extraordinary people.

"In former times there lived a *tōpi* (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people ; at length, when it was no lon-

* "There were two others, the boatswain, and one of the crew, who were on board at the time, and also escaped ; but they were taken on shore before Mr. Mariner and the cooper made their appearance upon deck. This circumstance he did not know till some time afterwards."

† "The word *mâte* (pronounced something like *mātlay*) is the common word throughout the South Sea Islands for "to kill ;" and Mr. M. had learnt it at the Sandwich Islands."

ger to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being however treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with his plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank, and she too would have sunk, the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would trust to his honour, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his: the shades of evening favoured their escape; whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he

might think promotive of their ultimate escape; her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after: they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him: he brought her mats to lie on, the finest gnatoo for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal wood oil, cocoa nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them: shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities;—secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition:—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often abated from her, and frequently for a length

of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to : nor was it a great while before an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and matabooes, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants, but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for their voyage. As they were on the point of their departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no ! but he should probably find one by the way : this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to such a point, and having approached close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife ; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was greatly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane : and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the greatest concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swam round and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise

them ;—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, when they saw him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person, whom they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family ; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape. All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji islands, and resided with a certain chief for two years : at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness."

After a long continuance in one or other of these islands, and being perhaps, from gratitude, as well as from a sense of personal security, the involuntary associate of many murderous scenes, Mr. Mariner contrived to make his escape on board an English vessel, in which he proceeded to China. The remainder of the work is occupied by a detailed account of Finow, the king, the benefactor and patron of Mr. Mariner, the situation and influence of the chiefs, the religious ideas and ceremonies of the people, and a general view of the state of society among them.

A chapter is also given to the medical knowledge which they possess, and the skill which they exhibit in the performance of certain operations. Such manufactures also as have been carried to any degree of perfection, with minute accounts of their dances, songs, and music, bring the reader not reluctantly to the conclusion. But the most valuable part of this performance, in the opinion of the editor, is what he terms a grammar of the Tonga language, with two vocabularies, of considerable extent, of Tonga and English, and English and Tonga.

From the Monthly Magazine.

UNCONNECTED SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY:

IN LETTERS TO A LADY.

*Villeneuve ; Sept. 14, 1816.**My dear Madam,*

IT is night,—I have just arrived at this village. We quitted Lausanne between eleven and twelve o'clock this morning ; a pure sky was expanded throughout the hemisphere. Another day of sunshine and of joy has passed, leaving such vivid traces of the delicious intensity of my happiness, that my remembrance of it will be as inerasible as the wild and stupendous scenes through which I have passed. A current of transport has coursed my veins throughout the day. I have sighed. I have been speechless with joy. I did not suppose that the human frame was capable, for hours in succession, of enjoyment so exquisite ; and I feel confident, that the scenery of Switzerland alone can generate such emotions : even while I write, recollection realizes my transports, and my eyes are filled with tears of joy : may these sensations visit my frame in after years, when age shall rob my limbs of their vigour, and circumscribe the feeble efforts of exercise to a garden, an orchard, and its adjoining copse !

Our route lay on the borders of the Lake ; its gently-agitated waters were expanded before us, glittering in the sunshine. Beyond the Lake rose the rugged Alps of Savoy, towering to an immense height ; their sides, for the most part, veiled in shade, and partially covered with snow ; not a trace of vegetation decorated their craggy summits. On our left, rich vineyards clothed the sides of the mountains, and were extended as far as our eyes could trace them.

We passed Lutri, Cuilli, and St. Saporin, on our way to Vevai and Clarens, which, you may well believe, we were most anxious to arrive at, however delighted we were by every object which lay around us. My mind was for ever occupied with the recollection of that master-work of genius, which is not the less delightful because it is fictitious :

yet why do I call the *Eloise* a fiction ? It must not be called a work of imagination, it is so perfect a copy of an original ; it is so pure a reflection of human feelings and actions, that we exclaim involuntarily—"Rousseau is not indebted to his imagination for this, but to his heart."

We had heard of the magnitude and impetuosity of the *Veveise*, which rises in the *Gruyere* mountains, and flows into the Lake at *Vevai*. We listened as we advanced, and expected that the hoarse voice of the river-god would salute our ears long before we approached his presence. We entered the town ; we stood on the centre of the bridge, and beheld the bed of the *Veveise*. How surprised were we to find that a feeble current only marked the course of the river ; yet all around this current, this playful stream that lives only in quiescence and sunshine, this offspring of the river-deity, we beheld traces of the power and impetuosity of the parent—of the mountain-torrent, whose voice appals—whose strength is irresistible !

I traversed the town ; my mind was filled with the recollection of the sentiments, which no lips but those of an *Eloise* and a *St. Preux* could breathe. I thought of them only ; of beings whose frames were agitated by feelings the most wild, yet the most refined, delicate, and intellectual : of those who had pictured to themselves an existence, whose joys would for ever partake of the meridian intensity ; for it is only in the morning of life when our sensations have the untiring activity which novelty begets, when the frame is verging towards a maturity of strength and beauty, when the blood seems to gush through the veins with the velocity of light, and its "rapids" hurry our imagination through regions of enchantment, that we picture to ourselves that visionary, unbroken happiness, the offspring of inexperience, from the pursuit of which we at length turn with languor, dejection, and despair.

when we discover the alloy which is inseparable from unregulated fruition.

As I gazed around me, I could not but exclaim, "On such a spot, surrounded by luxuriant vineyards; the quiet and delicious scenery which the opening between the mountains presents; a widely-spreading and quiet lake, bounded by an outline presenting the reverse of all these—the craggy inaccessible Alps;—here the language of enthusiasm is that of truth and nature."

We entered the great square, the south side of which opens upon the Lake: here we beheld the rocks of Meillerie, from which the unwearied gaze of St. Preux was fixed upon this spot. How fortunate was he that distance prevented him from distinguishing the particular object which he endeavoured to behold, since more was left to the visions of imagination.

The heat became intense as we approached Clarus; had my existence been merely animal, I should involuntarily have sought shelter at Vevai, but excessive happiness thrilled me—my heart bounded within my breast: what I beheld excited joy; but imagination hurried me from these objects to its own mysterious regions of beatitude; an indescribable transport, before unfelt, undreamt of, pervaded every artery of my frame. We entered Clarens, more memorable for its bower, where the imaginary St. Preux was surprised by a bliss surpassing perfect happiness,* than for having been at one time the actual residence of Rousseau: such is the magical power of genius!

We had not long quitted Clarens when we met an old Swiss, whom we found intelligent and most willing to communicate all that he conceived we should be interested in knowing: he was pleased by our eager inquiries; and our humble mode of travelling proved that we had visited, *con amore*, his native lakes and mountains. He directed our steps to the village of Montreux, on the mountain side, and particularly to a bridge thrown over a mountain-torrent: he pointed to the snow-covered heights, among which, he said, the

chamois is hunted; and spoke of a valley among the mountains, not far distant, where some plants are found which are no-where discoverable but on the summits of the Alps. In this valley have resided a race of beings who, from sire to son, have never quitted the scenes of their nativity; knowledge has not, by inflaming their imaginations, generated the desire of change. They are fortunate, indeed, who are incapable of conceiving a state of happiness more perfect than that which they enjoy: transported, as I now am, I almost envy those whose lives are so fixed, so quiescent, so insulated.

We proceeded to the bridge of Montreux, and from its summit looked down upon the torrent; it was roaring and foaming as it rushed impetuously through its rocky bed, at a fearful depth below us. The height on which I stood, and the wildness of the current, made me shrink from the fixed attention to that which I afterwards returned to contemplate, not with less emotion, but with less dread. I could not trace it far up the mountain; it was concealed by an almost perpendicular wood, which hung on its side. Never shall I forget the sensation which I experienced when I first bent over the parapet of the bridge; I glanced at the torrent,—my eyes shrunk from its overwhelming volume, and clung to the rich underwood which lay on its banks; a mixed feeling of dread and delight convulsed me: you may have felt the same, but never so intensely.

We did not resume the road which we had quitted, but continued our walk to Villeneuve, through the church-yard of Montreux, and by a slanting pathway cut on the precipitous declivity of the mountain-side. This track conducted us through orchards, meadows, and fields of India wheat. I could not have conceived the possibility of the cultivation of uplands so fearfully oblique, had I not beheld the peasantry making hay; had I not seen the closely-mown orchard, with its trees bending with fruit, and beheld the ripened wheat drooping and threatening parturition. Among these scenes we frequently beheld the self-planted beech spreading its

* See the *Eloise*—Letter 14.

thick and impenetrable branches, and the light ash, with its thin and sunny foliage. The orchard appeared to be separated from the corn or hay field, by irregular traces of rich underwood, which were

“Hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild;”

for, although the effects of cultivation lay all around us, yet was there so little art, so faint a shew of violence in the controul of Nature, that she still appeared to be almost unlicenced in her liberty.

The sun was declining as we wound among these enchanting scenes, but his slanting rays lighted up the rich verdure of the grass and the luxuriant foliage of the trees with unusual brilliancy. The murmuring of a thousand cascades, “above, below, and all around” us, some crossing our path, others sparkling through rich underwood, or rippling at its side; the gentle dashing of the waves of the Lake, whose sound was “by distance made more sweet;” and the song of the grass-hopper, sometimes at our feet, at other times so far removed as to be almost inaudible, yielded delicious music: for these unregulated sounds—differing, yet not uncongenial,—were to me most musical.

Through the trees we saw below us the dark towers of the insulated castle of Chillon, reflected on the bosom of the Lake: These objects awoke a train of painful reflections, and proved how entirely our happiness is out of our power, and that we are wholly the creatures of circumstance. I thought of that sanguinary era, when the ardor of religious reform violated the laws of justice and humanity—when the residents of the borders of this Lake became infuriate with the unchristian zeal of persecution—when this castle was the scene of

pinning and of hopelessness. I thought of that period when the meek, the philosophic, the enlightened, Michael Servetus, became the victim of the crafty, cold-hearted, Calvin. When will men discover that religion does not consist in the belief of that which surpasses their comprehension, and in the persecution, or hatred, at least, of those who do not believe, yet court conviction? When will they perceive that its divine essence consists in kindness, in generosity, in high-mindedness, in the cultivation of intellect, in promoting the happiness of a community if we possess genius, and that of our family and friends if we have it not?

During the time that the foregoing gloomy reflections were occupying my mind, the shades of evening were deepening on the Lake, and enfolding in their embrace the objects immediately on its borders; while the Alps, which tower above it, were enveloped in tints of purple light. Rousseau has faithfully and beautifully described, in his *Eloise*, this effect of the setting sun on the mountain summits. This is, indeed, a region of enchantment; it presents objects not embraced by the most sublimated fictions of poetic genius! I looked towards the Jura mountains; the sun had just sunk below their summits. We walked on, scarcely a word passed our lips; we were too much delighted to converse, for we despaired to communicate, and feared to disturb our happiness. The approach of night, that concealed those charms which had so transported us from our eager and ungratified gaze, could not deprive us of the delight which the sight of them had created. Never—never did I experience—never can I hope again to feel such heart-boundings: never was I so purely, delighted.

Adieu! Adieu! T. H.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES, OF 1815, 16, 17.

Oct. 29, 1815.

THEY are still busy at the royal library in selecting and delivering up the books which belonged to the conquered countries. As these works had

long been distributed in their respective classes among half a million of volumes, this is a herculean labour, on which account the library has this year prolonged its vacations till November. The Bur-

guindiana library as it was called, from Brussels, is returning for the second time from Paris to that city : the first restitution was in the reign of Louis XV. Many books will certainly not be recovered ; for during the Revolution the foreign libraries were intermixed with those of the suppressed convents in extensive depots at Paris. One of these depots contained not fewer than 200,000 volumes. Hence the libraries of the various authorities in the country were supplied. Many a private person who possessed some influence also selected what he thought proper from these collections, and many of the books which remained were sold to dealers.

The restitution of the manuscripts is effected with greater facility, as their number is not so considerable : most of them are therefore already delivered to their respective owners. In addition to theirs the Bavarians have taken 36 manuscripts which near two centuries since were conveyed with the Heidelberg library to Rome, and originally belonged to them. Who would then have imagined that the Bavarians would by conquest recover these literary treasures at Paris ? But a circumstance peculiarly galling to the French is, that the Prussians now demand 500 manuscripts as a compensation for the pictures, statues, and books not forthcoming, and are preparing to select them from among the ancient French MSS.

NEW METHOD OF ENGRAVING MAPS.

Dessay, the bookseller, has announced, under the singular title of *Cartes Encyprotypes*, a general atlas of 40 maps, which are to be engraved according to a new process invented by M. de Freyssieet. By this method the maps are not drawn upon paper, but at once on the copper itself, which is covered for the purpose with a certain varnish. The drawing is slightly traced upon it, and after this tracing the engraver works. The little inaccuracies which usually take place in the transfer from the paper to the copper are thus avoided.

ALLEGED PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS.

Some of the newspapers have attempted to give to the recent disturbances in the south of France the character of a

religious war. This misrepresentation is strongly condemned by the author of a small tract just published, who details all the persecutions which the royal party in the department of the Gard had to suffer during the short usurpation of Buonaparte, and which furnish an excuse, if not a justification for their hostility. The national guards who to the very last continued faithful to the Duke d'Angoulême, were hunted down like wild beasts by the savage Buonapartists ; they were fired upon, driven from all human habitations into the woods, or dragged away to prison, while the populace was instigated to insult and maltreat them. The author admits, that among the Protestants there were more Buonapartists than royalists, but most positively denies that any of them were persecuted as Protestants. Those only, whether Catholics or Protestants, who, during the short period of terror, had persecuted the partisans of the King with such fury, were chastised on the return of his Majesty by their exasperated fellow-citizens, before the magistrates had time to interfere. Fortunately, not many such acts of violence occurred, especially as the Austrians advanced into the department of the Gard.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

One day when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, Paris, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the *ecu* secreted after being carefully marked. When the two friends had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile, a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a chaise from Vincennes, saw the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding place. He alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn, in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in quest of the *ecu*, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the

chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller supposing him to be some dog that had lost, or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog: the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The traveller posted after him with his nightcap on, and literally *sans culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons of 40 francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterwards, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, Sir," rejoined the other smiling, "without doubt there is in your purse a six livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you."—The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had occasioned him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chace.

Some years since, two dogs performed the office of turnspit in the *Collège du Plessis*. Both were perfect masters of their business. They never let a joint

of meat scorch; they knew from the smell when it was done, and gave notice of this to the cook by barking.

Their work was no hardship to them; they took their turns at it, but with some difference, as the number of days are unequal, but that of the fast days equal. The cook's favourite was on duty every Monday and Wednesday; whereas his comrade's days were Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Friday and Saturday were holidays for both.

When once accustomed to this arrangement, they adhered to it with the utmost regularity. Men themselves submit cheerfully, and as a matter of course, to existing laws, so long as no violation of them is allowed by the higher powers.

One Wednesday, the dog whose turn it was, not being at hand, the cook would have employed the other which had been at work the preceding day in his stead. The latter, indignant at the injustice of this proceeding, snarled, ran away and crept into a corner. The cook followed. The dog growled more furiously and showed his teeth. The cook fetched a stick, on which the animal sprung up, ran out of the house, and posted away to the *Place Cambrai*, where he found his comrade at play with other companions of that quarter. He flew at him, pushed him away, drove him before him all the way home, brought him to the feet of the cook, and then looked calmly at him, as though he would have said—"Here is your dog—it is his turn, and not mine."

A shoe-black, who used to take his station before the entrance of the *Hôtel de Nivernois*, had a great black poodle, which possessed the extraordinary talent of procuring custom for his master. This animal would dip his large woolly paw in the kennel, and tread with it upon the shoe of the first person that passed by. The shoe-black lost no time in offering his stool, with the invitation—"Please to have your shoes cleaned, sir?"

As long as he was engaged, the dog sat quietly by his side. It would then have been useless to bedaub the shoes of another passenger; but no sooner was the stool unoccupied than he played

the same trick as before. This sagacious dog and his master, who was always ready to oblige the servant at the hotel, became advantageously known in the court-yard and kitchen, whence their fame spread from mouth to mouth, till at length it reached the drawing-room.

A wealthy Englishman, who happened to be there, was desirous of seeing the dog and his master. They were called. He liked the dog so well that he wished to buy him, and offered first ten, and afterwards fifteen louis d'ors. The shoe-black was dazzled by the fifteen louis d'ors, and likewise somewhat fluttered by the distinguished company into which he was ushered. The dog was sold and delivered; the following day he was conveyed in a post-chaise to Dover, where he embarked with his new master, and arrived safe in London.

The shoe-black meanwhile bewailed the loss of his four-footed companion, and bitterly repented what he had done. How immoderate then was

his joy, when, on the fourteenth day, the dog came running to his old station, with dirtier paws than ever, and began with his wonted skill to bring custom to his master.

He had taken notice of the road from Paris to Calais; he had observed that the chaise was here exchanged for the packet, and that a third carriage proceeded from Dover to London. Most of these coaches performed the same journey back again. The dog had returned from his new master to the coach-office, whence he followed perhaps the same vehicle that had carried him to London, and was now going in the contrary direction to Dover. The packet conveyed him over again to Calais, and from that town he followed the diligence back to Paris.

I was myself an eye-witness of what passed before the door, and in the hotel, of the excellent Duke de Nivernois. The circumstances are recollected by all the inhabitants of the *Rour de Tournon*.

VISIT TO THE VALLEY AND FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE,

THE RETREAT OF PETRARCH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,
OBSERVING in your Magazine for the present month Mr. Depping's Description of Petrarch's Villa at Arqua (Athenum, Vol. 1. p. 210.) it has occurred to me that the following particulars of the retreat of the poet at Vaucluse, where so many of his youthful years were spent, and which was the scene of most of his sonnets, might not be deemed an uninteresting sequel by your readers. A warm admirer of the Italian language and of Italian poetry, I had visited during my stay in Italy last year the scene of the poet's final retirement, and the close of his singular and romantic passion with his life, and I can bear witness to the general accuracy of Mr. Depping's description. On my return to England a few weeks since through the south of France, I did not fail to turn aside to view the spot to which he at first retreated to endeavour, though vainly it would seem to stifle that passion then but just

conceived, and which was burning with unextinguishable ardour in his breast.

The Valley and Fountain of Vaucluse are situated in that range of mountains which bound the fertile plain of the Comtat, and are about the distance of 16 English miles from Avignon. On setting out from this city, after passing over a small tract partly cultivated and partly barren, the traveller ascends a mountain of moderate size, and reaching its summit beholds at his feet the rich plain which I have mentioned, interspersed with towns and villages; among the former of which L'Isle and Carpentras stand conspicuous, and by their white buildings embosomed in the verdure of the plain form very striking and picturesque objects. Beyond L'Isle, a dark shade among the mountains, caused by the interstice which forms the valley, points out where is the object of his visit. Across the first part of the plain are considerable numbers of olive and mulber-

ry trees ; the latter are used for the sole purpose of supplying the silk-worms with their leaves. L'Isle is an insignificant place, surrounded by a wall, and round it flows the sparkling stream of the Sorgue, forming an island ; from which circumstance it derives its name. On the outside of the town is a small hotel for the accommodation of visitors, and the commercial travellers who occasionally resort hither on business connected with its manufactures. Vaucluse is about four miles from this spot, and the route is easily traced by the Sorgue which flows from the entrance of the defile, which at first could not be immediately perceived. Here the valley appears of moderate breadth ; the upper part of the mountains though bare, are, nevertheless, clothed towards the base with mulberry and olive trees, and the meadows on the banks of the Sorgue are peculiarly verdant and refreshing to the eye accustomed to a country where pasture land is not common ; while the river, perfectly limpid where the stream is uninterrupted, is covered with a kind of azure foam when it breaks over the opposing masses of rock which occasionally interrupt its course. As the village is approached, the defile becomes narrower, the mountains higher and more barren, the river more rapid and violent, till at length, on turning a corner formed by a projecting mass, the small groups of houses of which it is composed appear at the foot of a barren rock, crowned with the ruins of a castle. A short distance further all cultivation ceases ; and at the foot of a perpendicular rock of prodigious height, which closes the valley, is the fountain of Vaucluse, hence called Vaucluse (Vallis Clausa.) The fountain issues from a cave hollowed by nature under the rock, and the waters continually vary in height. When they are low, which was the case when I saw the fountain, they are inclosed in the basin which occupies all the interior of the cave, and the natural vault, the existence of which the traveller would not otherwise have suspected, can be distinctly observed. The surface is calm and unruffled, though the water escapes in prodigious quantities and with great force from a subterraneous opening some hundred yards, from the

spring, and the stream in its course receives the tribute of several minor sources which gush from the rock on each side : but after heavy rains the ordinary vent is insufficient—the waters rise, and bursting from the basin, rush over the rocks, form a cascade, and by the foam and waves deprive the spectator of the view of the lower opening.

From this spring the naturalist will perceive that this spring is not without some marks of singularity ; and accordingly the increase and decrease of its waters have been diligently noticed. Two inscriptions record the greatest height and depth to which, at least in modern times, the waters have risen and sunk. In 1683 they were very low, and the then viceroy (the Comtat being at that time a part of the papal territory) caused one of these inscriptions to be cut in the rock at the level of the water. The other, which commemorates the greatest height, is on the left of the fountain about four feet from the bank—

“ Hunc super ingentem solitus fons crescere
concham

Octaginta octo palmos decrescere visus

XXIII. Mart. Ann. M.DC.LXXXIII.

Franciscus Nicolinus Aven. cui cura guberni
est
Decrementum intus futura secula notavit.”

From it we also learn, that the difference between the extreme height and depth of the waters has been 88 palms or about 70 feet.

There are some other phenomena which might be noticed, but it is not necessary to trouble you with them, and I proceed to consider the scene in its most interesting light—as the selected retreat of the elegant and tender Petrarch.

Hoc procul aspexi secreto in litore saxum,
Naufragis tutumque meis aptumque putavi ;
Hoc modo vela dedi : nunc montibus abditus
istis,
Flens mecum è numero transacti temporis an-
nos. Lib. i. Epist. 7.

All vestiges of the House which he occupied are said to have been destroyed in 1335 by a band of robbers then infesting those parts, who after having pillaged, burnt it ; but it is supposed to have stood between the castle and the village. The former, of which the ruins are still extant, is styled by the inhabitants of the latter *Le Chateau de Petrarque*, but there is no

reason for supposing that he resided there, and in fact that edifice belonged to the Bishops of Cavaillon, lords of Vauchuse. A little to the left, beyond a dark passage cut thro' the rock which forms the principal entrance of the village, there is a garden and a small meadow bounded on one side by the Sorgue. This is called *Le Jardin de Petrarque*, and in the garden are some laurels, which the elder inhabitants of the valley declare to have been successors of former plants, which it is considered possible the poet might have planted. Here is also a natural grotto, narrow towards the bottom, and in such a direction that the rays of the sun cannot enter it. The description of Petrarch himself seems to apply to this spot—

*Parvæ amne profundo
Cingitur, ad partem præruptis rupibus ambit
Mons gelidas, calidumque jugis obversus ad
aestrum ;
Hic medio ruit umbra die, &c.*

Lib. Epist. 3:

and to the grotto in his garden he frequently refers as being the scene of his studies.

In many of his letters also the poet speaks in rapturous terms of the charms of this valley ; and like his great poetical predecessors, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, adverts to the lasting celebrity of his writings, and the importance which they had conferred and were afterwards to confer on the spot—"Qui per se olim notus (says he) meo longo post modum incolatu, meisque carminibus notior"—and again, "Quid usque nunc loco illi non dicam clarius, sed certe notius incolatu meo accidit ; opinari ausim, apud multos, non minus illum meo nomine, quam suo, miro licet fonte, cognosci."

But it is with regard to his ardent and hopeless passion which inspired so many of the elegant and tender strains of his sonnets that these shades are so generally interesting. He first retreated thither, as he tells us, "*juvenilem æstium qui me multos annos torruit, sperans illis umbraculis lenire, eo jam inde ab adolescentia sæpe confugere, velut in arcem munitissimam, solebam.*" and consequently to avoid, instead of to meet the object of his affections, as is frequently

supposed, though Laura was born, and her residence at one time was in this part of the country.

*I'ho pien di sospir quest'aer tutto
D'aspri colli mirando il dolce piano,
Ove nacque colci, ch'avendo in mano
Mio Cor, in sul fiorire, e'n sul far frutto.*

Son. 246.

How ineffectual his attempts were to banish the beloved image of his mistress from his mind, we find in his 27th Sonnet—

*Ma pun si aspre vie, ne si selvagge
Cercar non so, ch'Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.*

and again in the 239th—

*Or in forma di Ninfa, o d'altra Diva,
Che del pia chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a seder' in sulla Riva ;*

*Or l'ho veduta su per l'erba fresca
Ealcare i fior, com'una Donna viva,
Mostrando in vista, che di me l'incresca :*

and the sorrows which he endured and so plaintively sings in the 246th—

*Non e sterpo, ne sasso in questi monti ;
Non ramo, o fronda verde in quete piagge ;
Non fior' in queste valli, o foglia d'erba ;
Stilla d'acqua non vien di questi fonti ;
Ne fiore han questi boschi si selvagge ;
Che non sappian, quant'è mia pena acerba.*

I notice last, because to me it was the circumstance least interesting, the column erected in honour of the poet in front of the fountain ; not but that it is grateful to see distinguished talents honoured by posterity ; but I could not but join in the general condemnation of the incorrect taste which could place a pillar, handsome in its size and proportions, the latter being after those of the famous Trajan column, at the foot of a perpendicular rock of 6 or 700 feet in height, by which contrast it is rendered in appearance so diminutive as to be almost ridiculous. There are few, I think, who will not coincide with the superior taste of those who, at the time of its erection, proposed that it should be raised on the banks of the river, on the spot so generally supposed to have been the garden of Petrarch. The column bears no inscription.

B. D.

Feb. 10, 1817.

DECEPTIONS RESPECTING THE OOPAS, OR POISON TREE OF JAVA.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE island of Java affords a striking demonstration of that spirit of improvement, enterprize and research which distinguishes our countrymen in whatever region of the globe they may be placed. It is not too much to assert that the efforts of Englishmen, during the few years that we were in possession of that interesting island have done more towards diffusing just notions, and correcting erroneous opinions concerning it than those of the Dutch during the space of two centuries. To this desirable object the formation of a *Society of Arts and Sciences at Batavia*, and the publication of its *Transactions*, together with the patronage and influence of Mr. Raffles, the late enlightened lieutenant-governor have most materially contributed. The last volume of the *Transactions* of this Society (the seventh) contains *An Essay on the Oopas or Poison Tree of Java*, by Dr. THOMAS HORSFIELD, which is peculiarly interesting on account of the gross and impudent imposition practised on the scientific world by the description of it published in Holland, about the year 1786.

The history and origin of this celebrated forgery still remain a mystery. Foersch, who put his name to the publication, was a surgeon in the Dutch East-India Company's service. Having hastily picked up some vague information concerning the oopas, he carried it to Europe, where his notes were arranged, doubtless by a different hand, in such a form, as by their plausibility and appearance of truth, to be generally credited. It is in no small degree surprising that so palpable a falsehood should have been asserted with so much boldness, and have remained so long without refutation—or that a subject of a nature so curious, and so easily investigated, relating to its principal colony, should not have been enquired into, and corrected by the naturalists of the mother country.

To a person in any degree acquainted with the geography of the island, with

the manners of the Princes of Java, and their relation to the Dutch government at that period, or with its internal history during the last fifty years, the first glance at the account of Foersch must have evinced its falsity and misrepresentation.

But, tho' the account just mentioned, in so far as relates to the situation of the poison tree, to its effects on the surrounding country, and to the application said to have been made of the oopas on criminals in different parts of the island, as well as the description of the poisonous substance itself, and its mode of collection, has been demonstrated to be an extravagant forgery,—the existence of a tree on Java, from whose sap a poison is prepared, equal in fatality, when thrown into the circulation, to the strongest animal poisons hitherto known, is a fact, which is fully established by the author of the present paper.

The tree which produces this poison is called *antshar*, and grows in the eastern extremity of the island.

The work of Rumphius contains a long account of the oopas, under the denomination of *arbor toxicaria*: the tree does not grow on Amboina, and his description was made from the information he obtained from Macassar.

His figure was drawn from a branch of that which was called the male tree, sent to him from the same place, and established the identity of the poison tree of Macassar and the other eastern islands with the *antshar* of Java.

The account of this author is too extensive to be abridged in this place; it concentrates all that has till lately been published on this subject. It is highly interesting, as it gives an account of the effects of the poisoned darts, formerly employed in the wars of the eastern islands, on the human system, and of the remedies by which their effect was counteracted and cured.

The simple sap of the *arbor toxicaria*, (according to Rumphius,) is harmless,

and requires the addition of ginger and several substances analogous to it, to render it active and mortal. In so far it agrees with the antshar, which, in its simple state, is supposed to be inert; and before being used as a poison, is subjected to a preparation, which will be described after the history of the tree. The same effervescence and boiling which occurs on the mixture of the substances added to the milky juice by the Javanese in Blambangan, has been observed in the preparation of the poison of Macassar, and in proportion to the violence of these effects the poison is supposed to be active.

Besides the true poison tree, the oopas of the eastern islands, and the antshar of the Javanese, Java produces a shrub, which, as far as observations have hitherto been made, is peculiar to the same, and, by a different mode of preparation, furnishes a poison far exceeding the oopas in violence. Its name is *tsheettik*.

The antshar is one of the largest trees in the forest of Java. The stem is cylindrical, perpendicular, and rises completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. It is covered with a whitish bark, slightly bursting in longitudinal furrows: near the ground this bark is, in old trees, more than half an inch thick, and, upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice from which the celebrated poison is prepared. A puncture or incision being made in the tree, the juice or sap appears oozing out, of a yellowish colour; from old trees, paler; and nearly white from young ones: when exposed to the air, its surface becomes brown. The consistence very much resembles milk, only it is thicker, and viscid. This sap is contained in the true bark (or cortex,) which, when punctured, yields a considerable quantity; so that, in a short time, a cup full may be collected from a large tree.

Previous to the season of flowering, about the beginning of June, the tree sheds its leaves, which re-appear when the male flowers have completed the office of fecundation. It delights in a fertile and not very elevated soil, and is only found in the largest forests. Dr.

H. first met with it (the antshar) in the province of Poegar, on his way to Banjoowangee. In clearing the new grounds in the environs of Banjoowangee for cultivation, it is with much difficulty the inhabitants can be made to approach the tree, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known to produce when newly cut down. But, except when the tree is largely wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvia of which, mixing with the atmosphere, affect the person exposed to it with the symptoms just mentioned, the tree may be approached and ascended like the other common trees in the forests.

The antshar, Dr. H. observes, like the trees in its neighbourhood, is on all sides surrounded by shrubs and plants: in no instance have I observed the ground naked or barren in its immediate circumference.

The largest tree I met with in Blambangan was so closely environed by the common trees and shrubs of the forest in which it grew, that it was with difficulty I could approach it. And at the time I visited the tree, and collected the juice, I was forcibly struck with the egregious misrepresentation of Foersch. Several young trees spontaneously sprung from seeds that had fallen from the parent, reminded me of a line in Darwin's Botanic Garden,

'Chain'd at his root two scion demons dwell.'

While in re-calling his beautiful description of the oopas, my vicinity to the tree gave me reason to rejoice that it is founded on fiction.

The *tsheettik* is a large winding shrub. In large individuals it has a diameter of two or three inches, covered with a reddish brown bark, containing a juice of the same colour, of a peculiar pungent, and somewhat nauseous odour. From this bark the poison is prepared. It is very rarely met with, even in the wildernesses of Blambangan.

The process of preparing the antshar was performed for me by an old Javanese, who was celebrated for his superior skill in preparing the poison. About eight ounces of the juice of the antshar, which had been collected the preceding

evening, in the usual manner, and preserved in the joint of a bamboo, was carefully strained into a bowl. The sap of the following substances, which had been finely grated and bruised, was carefully pressed and poured into it, viz.—Aruu, Nainpoo, (Javanese,) *Kaemferia*, *Galanga*, *Kontshur*, *Amomum*, *Bengley*, (a variety of *zerumbet*), common onion and garlic; of each about half a drachm; the same quantity of finely powdered black pepper was then added, and the mixture stirred.

The preparer now took an entire fruit of the *capsicum fruticosum* or Guinea pepper, and, having opened it, he carefully separated a single seed, and placed it on the fluid in the middle of the bowl.

The seed immediately began to reel round rapidly, now forming a regular circle, then darting towards the margin of the cup, with a perceptible commotion on the surface of the liquor, which continued about one minute. Being completely at rest, the same quantity of pepper was again added, and another seed of the *capsicum* laid on as before; a similar commotion took place in the fluid, but in a less degree, and the seed was carried round with diminished rapidity. The addition of the same quantity of pepper was repeated a third time, when a seed of the *capsicum* being carefully placed in the centre of the fluid, remained quiet, forming a regular circle about itself, in the fluid, resembling the halo of the moon. This is considered as a sign that the preparation of the poison is complete.

The *tshetuk* is prepared by separating the bark of the root, and boiling it, and after separating the bark from the water, exposing the extract to the fire till it is about the consistence of sirup. After this, the preparation is the same as of the *antshar*.

An account of 26 experiments is detailed by Dr. Horsfield, on which he remarks, that he has selected from a large number of experiments, those only which are particularly demonstrative of the effects of the *antshar* and of the *tshetuk*, when introduced into the circulation. The poison was always applied by a pointed dart or arrow, made of bamboo.

The operation of the two different poi-

sons on the animal system is essentially different.

The first 17 experiments were made with the *antshar*; the rapidity of its effect depends, in a great degree, on the size of the vessels wounded, and on the quantity of poison carried into the circulation.

In the first experiment, it induced death in 26 minutes,—in the second, in 13 minutes. The poison from different parts of the island has been found nearly equal in activity.

The common train of symptoms is, a trembling and shivering of the extremities, restlessness, discharges from the bowels, drooping and faintness, slight spasms and convulsions, hasty breathing, an increased flow of saliva, spasmodic contractions of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, retching, vomiting, excremental vomiting, frothy vomiting, great agony, laborious breathing, violent and repeated convulsions, death.

The effects are nearly the same on quadrupeds, in whatever part of the body the wound is made. It sometimes acts with so much force, that not all the symptoms enumerated are observed.

The oopas appears to affect different quadrupeds with nearly equal force, proportionate, in some degree, to their size and disposition. To dogs it proved mortal, in most experiments, within an hour. A mouse died in ten minutes; a monkey in seven minutes; a cat in fifteen minutes.

A buffalo, one of the largest quadrupeds of the island, died in two hours and ten minutes, though the quantity of poison introduced in this experiment was proportioned to that which was thrown into the system in the experiments on smaller animals.

If the simple or unprepared sap is mixed with the extract of tobacco or stramonium, (instead of the spices mentioned in the account of the preparation,) it is rendered equally, perhaps more, active.

Even the pure juice, unmixed and unprepared, appears to act with a force equal to that which has undergone the preparative process, according to the manner of the Javanese at Blambagan.

Birds are very differently affected by this poison. Fowls have a peculiar capacity to resist its effects. A fowl died 24 hours after the wound; others have recovered after being partially affected.

In regard to the experiments made with the poison prepared from tshetik, its operation is far more violent and rapid than that of the antshar, and it affects the animal system in a different manner; while the antshar operates chiefly on the stomach, and alimentary canal, the respiration and circulation, the tshetik is determined to the brain and nervous system.*

A relative comparison of the appearances on dissection, demonstrates, in a striking manner, the peculiar operation of each.

After the previous symptoms of faintness, drowsiness, and slight convulsions, it acts by a sudden impulse, which, like a violent apoplexy, prostrates at once the whole nervous system.

In the two experiments, this sudden effect took place in the sixth minute after the wound; and in another, on the seventh minute, the animals suddenly started, fell down head foremost, and continued in convulsions till death ensued.

This poison affects fowls in a much more violent manner than that of the antshar, death having frequently occurred within the space of a minute after the puncture with a poisoned dart.

The simple unmixed decoction of the bark of the root of the tshetik is nearly as active as the poison prepared according to the process above related.

The resinous portion of the bark is by no means so active as the particles soluble in water.

Taken into the stomach of quadrupeds, the tshetik likewise acts as a most violent poison, but it requires about twice the period to produce the same ef-

fect which a wound produces; but the stomachs of fowls resist its operation.

The poison of the antshar does by no means act so violently on quadrupeds as that of the tshetik. Dr. H. observes he gave it to a dog; it produced at first nearly the same symptoms as a puncture; oppression of the head, twitchings, faintness, laborious respiration, violent contraction of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, an increased flow of saliva, vomiting, great restlessness and agony, &c. which continued nearly two hours; but, after the complete evacuation of the stomach by vomiting, the animal gradually recovered.

Rumphius asserts, that a small quantity may be taken internally as a medicine.

In animals killed by the antshar, the large vessels in the thorax, aorta and vena cava, were, in every instance, found in an excessive degree of distension: the viscera in the vicinity of the source of circulation, especially the lungs, were uniformly filled in a preternatural degree with blood, which in this viscus, and in the aorta, still retained a florid colour, and was completely oxygenated. On puncturing these vessels, it bounded out with the elasticity and spring of life. The vessels of the liver, of the stomach, and intestines, and of the viscera of the abdomen in general, were also more than naturally distended, but not in the same degree as those of the breast. In the cavity of the abdomen, a small quantity of serum was sometimes effused.

The stomach was always distended with air, and in those instances in which the action of the poison was gradual, and in which vomiting supervened in the course of the symptoms, its internal coat was covered with froth.

The brain indicated less of the action of the poison, than the viscera of the thorax and abdomen. In some instances it was perfectly natural—in others, marks of a small degree of inflammation were discovered.

An undulatory motion of the skin, and of the divided muscles, was very evident in some of the dissected animals.

The appearances observed in the animals destroyed by the tshetik were

* Mr. Brodie, in a paper on vegetable poisons, (Phil. Trans. 1811.) has given an account of some experiments made by him, with the *urucariant*, from Java, furnished by Mr. Marsden, from which it appears, that, when inserted in a wound, it produces death, (an infusion of tobacco does, when injected into the intestines,) by rendering the heart insensible to the stimulus of the blood, and stopping the circulation.

P. *Lon. Mag.* Vol. L.

very different. In a number of dissections, the viscera of the thorax and abdomen were found nearly in a natural state, and the large vessels of the thorax exhibited that condition in which they are usually found after death from other poisons.

But the brain and the dura mater shewed marks of a most violent and excessive affection. In some instances the inflammation and redness of the dura mater was so strong, that on first inspection, Dr. H. supposed it to be the consequence of a blow previously received, until he found, by repeated examinations, that this is a universal appearance after death from *tshetik*.

Rumphius had an opportunity of personally observing the effect of the poisoned darts or arrows on the human system, as they were used by the natives of Macassar, in their attack on Amboina, about the year 1650.

Speaking of their operation, he says, the poison, touching the warm blood, is instantly carried through the whole body, so that it may be felt in all veins, and causes an excessive burning, and violent turning in the head, which is followed by fainting and death.

After having proved mortal to many of the Dutch soldiers in Amboina and

Macassar, they are said to have finally discovered an almost infallible remedy in the root of the *Crium asiaticum*, (called by Rumphius, *radix toxicaria*,) which, if timely applied, counteracted, by its violent emetic effect, the force of the *coepas*.

An intelligent Javanese informed Dr. Horsfield, that an inhabitant was wounded in a clandestine manner, by an arrow thrown from a blow pipe, in the fore arm, near the articulation of the elbow. In about fifteen minutes he became drowsy, after which he was seized with vomiting, became delirious, and in less than half an hour he died.

The intelligent reader will not fail to remark the extraordinary resemblance, as well in regard to the plant itself, which yields the second of the poisons here described, as to its preparation and use, subsisting between the *tshetik* and the *wourali* of the Indians of Guiana, a curious account of which was given in our 35th No. [Ath. p. 339.] The existence of a practice so similar in two such distant quarters may afford a subject for interesting speculation to those who are fond of investigating the origin of the different nations scattered over the surface of the globe.

POETICAL CHARACTER OF AKENSIDE, THOMSON, &c.

From the Monthly Magazine.

"**T**HE Pleasures of Imagination," although disfigured by verbosity, and written in a style abundantly too ornate, is a poem which cannot fail of being perused with pleasure. In description, AKENSIDE is not happy: he labours to supply, by an elaborate accumulation of splendid epithets and gorgeous sentences, that freshness and richness of landscape which is to be seen nowhere but in Nature, and in the productions of those artists by whom Nature has been most closely copied. The superior effect of unsophisticated simplicity in description has been triumphantly shewn in our own times by the "Poet of Cumberland." Neither in abstract imagery is Akenside successful: his metaphors are confused, and his pic-

tures in general vague and indistinct. But the praise due to the author of "the Pleasures of Imagination" is on account of the beauty, justness, and sometimes sublimity, of his sentiments: the exalted spirit of independence which breathes throughout his writings; and the ease and elegance with which he clothes moral precepts in the most flowing and harmonious versification.

THOMSON is an author whose merits and defects have not been very accurately balanced—for, while some have exalted him to the right hand of Milton, others have placed him among the herd of imitators. Truth, in this instance, as in so many others, lies between the extremes;—in style he is an imitator, and a bad imitator, of Milton; but he has

nothing else in common with him. His descriptions are pictures of Nature, most accurately and strongly drawn, but they want the glow of imagination, which should raise them to a level with their prototypes. Nature, however faithfully copied, is not all we expect from the poet, for the copies will always want innumerable graces, which are to be found in the original; these it is the business of the poet to supply from the abundant sources of imagination. Thomson saw the beauties of Nature, but he did not feel their invisible and undefinable associations. When Shakspeare paints Nature, every hill and every glen swarms with spirits; if he looks into a cowslip-bell, he discovers the "delicate Ariel" nesting there; the hills on which his eye is feasting are "heaven-kissing hills;" and even the very air which he breathes "smells wooingly." So, too, when Milton points out to us the beauties of Nature, we perceive that "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth;" we hear voices "sole or responsive each to other's note," and the moon appears as—

"One who had been led astray
Thro' the heaven's wide pathless way."

It is such "fine frenzies" as these which charm us in the poetry of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth; and the want of which is the great defect of Thomson. He pleases the reader, but does not astonish him; he sports on the surface of Nature, but never plunges into her mysteries; his pictures are accurate, they are beautiful, they form a brilliant and gorgeous temple, but they want the presence of the inspiring Deity which alone can hallow and consecrate the fane.

YOUNG is the sublimest of poets since Milton: he astonishes principally by the grandeur and gloom of his abstract imagery. The passage beginning, "Oh treacherous conscience while she seems to sleep," is too trite for quotation; but I know of nothing which surpasses it, except that fine poetical exclamation of Shakspeare's Richard II. "Within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king," &c. Young moves

in gloom—it is his residence, his element; when he quits it, and attempts more cheerful and engaging pictures, he fails. This forms his most striking dissimilarity from Milton, with whom he has sometimes been compared; he may occasionally approach him in the terrible and the gloomy, but the poet of *Paradise Lost* knew every chord in the instrument, and could touch them all with a master's hand. Young when he would be tender is turgid, when he would be gentle is insipid. Those parts of his *Night Thoughts* which are purely didactic have been much praised, and, perhaps, beyond their merit; for in too many instances the matter is commonplace, and the style declamatory.

The "Task of Cowper" is the finest didactic poem in our language;—simplicity of style, energy of sentiment, and richness of imagination, are the rare characteristics of this original production. His satire is of the most caustic kind; it stops not at the little follies and imperfections which flutter over life, and darken the surface, but cuts deep into the root of vice, and hunts after her in the inmost recesses of the heart. His domestic pictures are enchanting; they sparkle with the vivid and unfading colourings of Nature; they have the ease and familiarity of Horace, without his grossness. The Roman bard is seldom without his bottle or his mistress; Cowper is surrounded by the endearments of friendship, and the feast of intellect. Another characteristic, which must not be passed over, is his honest and manly indignation at that pernicious system which has caused so much of the misery which has afflicted the world. The following lines furnish a lesson which should never be forgotten—

"War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well

To extort their truncheons from the puny grasp
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer them, their toy, the world."

HENRY NEELF.

Kentish-Town, April 4, 1817.

UNSUCCESSFUL MACHINATIONS;

OR, THE CASTLE OF DUNANACHY.*

An interesting Tale of other Times.

"As flies the inconstant sun over Larmon's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night. It is the voice of years that are gone : they roll before me with all their deeds."

TWICE had he visited Dunanachy, and for the second time repaired again to England, when, "in some few weeks after his departure, intelligence reached the inhabitants of the castle, that the Earl had espoused the daughter of an English nobleman, with whom, and a numerous party of their acquaintance and relations, it was their intention to visit Scotland ; and for that purpose orders were issued, and workmen instantly employed, to put the castle and its environs in the highest possible state of repair, to new furnish such apartments as were intended for the use of the new Countess, and to remove from sight every article which had belonged to her predecessor, or been in use in the suite of rooms, she usually occupied at Dunanachy. In a word, all was bustle, hurry, expectation, and anticipated pleasure on the part of the domestics, while the feelings of Malvina were various, and such as might naturally be expected to arise in the youthful bosom at one moment looking forward with lively hope to a share in the innocent amusements natural to her years and gaiety of disposition, at the next experiencing a thousand fears and apprehensions, lest she should not give satisfaction to her new mother, and feeling a saddening reflection at the idea of her father's strict prohibition of a single article belonging to her own mother, being permitted to remain in its place. "Ah !" thought she, "this gay new bride has completely superseded the recollection of the virtues and excellencies of my dear departed parent, and perhaps she, too, will rob the poor Malvina of the remains of a father's confidence and love. Alas ! I feel rejoiced when I think that my father will be happy, far happier than he has appeared since death bereft him of my sainted mother ; yet I know not how it is, but my mind is not at ease. A troubled joy rises in my

mind, like the red path of the lightning on a stormy cloud. O my mother, dear are you still to my recollection ; dear you will ever be to the bosom of your Malvina ; the memory of your virtues steals across my soul like the opening beams of the morning, like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful ; they dwell within my heart like the gale of the spring, that sighs in the hunter's ear, when he wakes from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill."

Surprise, not pleasure, dwelt upon the features of Mrs. Douglas, when informed of Lord Dunanachy's espousal of the Lady Gertrude Davenport. She had long perceived his indifference towards Malvina ; she had trembled for her happiness and for her interest, and had suffered much apprehension. Now she experienced a thousand fears for both. Personally she knew not Lady Gertrude, but she had frequently heard of her from the correspondents both in Scotland and in England, who transmitted her the news of either capital, and enlivened her retirement by regular details of what was passing in the theatre, where she herself had once performed a part, and became acquainted with the principal actors of the various dramas which, as in more modern times, were composed of a heterogeneous mixture of characters, strutting and fretting their hour upon the stage ; some good, some bad, some virtuous, and some profligate.

Of Lady Gertrude Davenport she had often heard ; but no part of her friend's communications had tended to impress her with a high opinion of her Ladyship's worth or talents. Beautiful she was said to be ; but it was invariably added she was vain, haughty, selfish, violent, and devoted to pleasure ; nearly thirty years the junior of the Earl, who was then in his fifty-second year, and so completely the slave of fashion, and all

* See Ath, p. 304.

amusements unsuitable to the age of his Lordship, that she appeared, and indeed was generally thought to be the most unfit partner he could possibly have selected.

The die, was however cast, and Mrs. Douglas, ever prudent and discreet in all her sentiments and conduct, conceived it her duty to endeavour to impress Malvina with a favourable opinion of the new Countess, and by suppressing the greatest part of what she knew of her Ladyship, preclude the possibility of his daughter's looks even conveying a reproach to her father for having committed an act of indiscretion, in espousing a woman much more suited to become the companion of his child, than as the Countess of Dunanachy to preside as her stepmother, and exercise the authority of a parent over her actions. But folly sets no limits to her empire ; universal dominion is her aim, and thus we must acknowledge it as a melancholy truth, she finds, in all ranks and classes of society, in every age and every turn of temper too large a proportion of mankind inclined to become her followers. It is not therefore surprising, that even Lord Dunanachy, though admitted to possess a superior understanding, was induced to add to the train whom folly leads along. " Flattery," as Sterne says, " is a delicious essence, which refreshes and invigorates the soul," and unquestionably is a weakness to which all mortals are in some degree subservient. Lady Gertrude was young in years, but she was mature in cunning, and had the art of taking advantage of the foibles of others. Soon she discovered that the Earl was assailable on the score of flattery ; and she failed not to administer the " delicious essence " with judgment and ultimate success.

Her attentions pleased, her assurance of regard were credited, and with a vanity pardonable only in a youth of nineteen, he really believed that the gay, the volatile, the admired votary of fashion, the beautiful Lady Gertrude Davenport, preferred the Earl of Dunanachy, a man some years older than even her own father, to any of the courtly youths who sighed and followed in her train ;

that she loved him for himself alone, nor felt a moment's joy at the thought of becoming a Countess, and wife to one of the richest peers of the realm. O vanity of vanities ! Lady Gertrude loathed, detested the person of Lord Dunanachy. Of real affection she was incapable ; she fancied she had loved, and assuredly had given a decided preference to more than one of her admirers, even to the utmost bounds of lawless love and pleasure ; but, with the pure passion as it inhabits the bosom of modesty, she was unacquainted. Her passions were violent ; she had found them ungovernable ; but she had sufficient cunning and address to veil her criminality, and hide the depravity of her disposition beneath the mask of innocence and simplicity : Little gilded by fortune she had been from childhood taught to consider a splendid alliance as the goal to which all her views were to be directed. Her heart was the seat of pride, and avarice a ruling feature in her disposition. The Earl of Dunanachy was the wealthiest of her suitors. Interest, that governing principle of a large proportion of the human race, swayed her in favour of his offers. She spread her snares to engage his affections, and he was soon entangled in her toils. Her own and her family's schemes and wishes were successful, and she became the Countess of Dunanachy, the boundless ruler of the haughty Earl, the sovereign director of his proud, imperious will, without his being sensible he had lost a particle of his former power. The gay bridal train, attended by a numerous retinue of servants, and a large party of what the world calls friends, arrived at the Castle of Dunanachy, whose courts, so late the scene of gloomy stillness became the gay resort of crowds, who wore, at least, the outward show of joy and pleasure. Those lofty apartments, so late the abode of dulness, now shone with splendour, and re-echoed with sounds of merriment and festivity. Again the voice of sprightly mirth arose : the trembling harps of joy were strung ; bards sung the battle of heroes ; the night passed away in song, and brought back the morning of joy. — *La Belle Assemblée*, April 1817.

From the British Critic.

LETTERS FROM NAPLES AND THE CAMPAGNA FELICE.

THESE Letters contain an account of a residence at Naples in the year 1802. They are the production of a person of no inconsiderable humour and vivacity, and will form a pleasing contrast with the more sombre cast of many modern tours. The face of the country, the antiquities, the works of art, are well described, and the account which the author gives of the society of Naples, of its amusements, and its peculiarities, is exceedingly amusing. The following is the account of his interview with the Pope, but our readers must remember that it was in 1803.

"Mr. L. appeared at the proper time this morning, and wedrove to the Pope's palace on Mount Quirinal, big with classic recollections and famed for the statues of Castor and Pollux and their horses, the immortal works of Phidias and Praxiteles. We were ushered into an anti-room full of people, in which a guard of young Roman nobles, splendidly dressed and armed, bespoke rather the presence of a warlike monarch, than the abode of the peaceable vicar of heaven. Cardinals and courtiers with papers passed to and fro in great bustle of office during the hour and half that our patience was put to a trial. At last a chamberlain came out to ask Mr. L. whether we were of the catholic persuasion. The object of this question no doubt was to ascertain whether we were to receive the papal benediction and the donative of a rosary, with which his holiness usually presents the orthodox in faith. Our answer, of course, was in the negative, but as I should have liked the present above all things, I added, that if the wish were not inconsistent, we should feel highly gratified by such a tangible token of the honour to which his holiness was graciously pleased to admit us, and hold the same in everlasting veneration. This observation was answered with a bow, but was soon found to have been of no avail.

"Shortly afterwards we were ushered into the holy father's presence. Con-

formably to the ceremonial we had previously enquired into, we stooped down with one knee, as if to kiss the holy slipper; but the pope seizing my hand with his, raised it so quickly that I received a pretty sharp knock on the forehead. He was plainly dressed in the habit of a white-friar, with a little black skull-cap on his head, had the appearance of a man of about fifty-four, below the middle size, black hair, pale countenance, but an eye full of expression, and features which indicated benevolence and good-nature. He kept standing close to us during the quarter of an hour that the audience may have lasted, and was ease and affability itself in his conversation. He asked how long we had been at Rome, where we came from, paid a handsome compliment to the valour of the English recently displayed in Egypt, and expressed his regret, that, owing to the circumstances of the times, Rome had not yet recovered sufficiently to prove as attractive to the English as it had formerly been: adding, 'It has suffered grievously, but, like the ants, we must, with the assistance of God, try to repair and restore as much as is in our power. On the conversation turning upon English literature, his holiness was pleased to signify his admiration of the genius of Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" he considered as the first epic poem of the moderns, if not of the ancients, too, although he regretted he could only enjoy its beauties through the means of a translation. Being on the chapter of English sacred poetry, I thought I might mention Young and his 'Night Thoughts.'—'I have read these in part,' replied the holy father, 'but they are too sombre, too serious for me.'"

We cannot omit to present the reader with a whimsical scene which passed on the first arrival of the author at Naples, as it gives a fair idea of the ingenuity and quickness of the mendicant friars.

"A Franciscan friar, with a charming no-e-gay, and a basket containing three oranges, meekly stepped in:—'The

prior and brethren of our congregation have favoured me with the grateful task of offering to you, *illustrious Sir*, our congratulations on your safe arrival in this capital, with our best wishes and prayers for your speedy recovery. We entreat your acceptance of this produce of our garden, *so much beneath the merits of your exalted person*, as the only token of sincerity which the poverty of St. Francis enables us to present to you.' This address, you will allow, contained no indifferent specimen of monastic rhetoric; it was eloquent, kind, and, above all, flattering. But for the 'speedy recovery,' I should have felt highly pleased. What! do my very looks betray inward disease to one who never saw me before? With civility, and, I dare say, with a trembling accent, I requested an explanation on this delicate point. 'If I have erred, Sir, it was from having espied that vial before I looked at your countenance.' Neither St. Francis nor your humble servant were the losers by this *éclaircissement*.

"Substituting a dollar for the half-crown which I had already destined to give to this *adroit*, but good natured monk, and kindly thanking him for all the pretty things he had said, I observed to him, that he appeared to be perfectly correct, although he had drawn a false conclusion,—that illness had brought me to Naples; but that, whatever my countenance might indicate, the contents of the vial in the window were rather intended to re-establish the looks of my boot-tops than those of my face. The venerable father paid a neat compliment to English ingenuity, bowed affectionately for the small donation, assured me that the mineral waters with which the environs of the city abound, would soon effect my cure, and, requesting to be permitted now and then, to enquire after my health, respectfully withdrew.

"This was not the only visit I received of the same kind, although the only one that had to boast of any other return than my best thanks."

CARDS.

From the European Magazine.

Alcam, quod mirare, sobrii inter seria exercent.
TACITUS.

Without the excuse of liquor, strange as it may seem, they resort in their sober moments to the gaming-table.

OF the amusements of fashionable society, music and cards may be considered as the two principal; and having endeavoured, in our preceding essay,* to set forth the advantages of the former, we will now proceed to a few observations on the subject of the latter.

A proper relaxation from study is as necessary as a proper abstinence from food; it gives time for digestion, and furnishes a fresh appetite. The ship cannot always be at sea; nor can the cord be long upon the stretch without breaking. Whilst the field that occasionally lies fallow is afterwards cultivated with double advantage: and so is it with the mind; by severe and unremitted study, it defeats its own purposes; its powers of digestion are destroyed, and it gradually decays; whilst, on the

other hand, by a moderate relaxation, it returns to its severer duties with renewed ardour, and labours with an increased success.

But the greatest caution must be used in the choice of our amusements; since nothing so much discloses the true quality and disposition of the mind, as the particular kind of entertainment it is most fond of: thus, such amusements as are best calculated to excite or gratify the passions will be the choice of the sensualist; and such as afford a rational and enlightened entertainment the favourites of the refined. Lascivious pleasures will be the preference of the base, and childish amusements the objects of the weak.

There is nothing which discovers so feeble an understanding as a fondness for cards; and amongst the improvements that are daily making in the amusements of the present age, there are none so meriting our estimation as the gradual exclusion of this mode of recreation to the introduction of music. That

* See *Ath.* page 123.

such indeed should be the case; and that the taste for cards should decline in proportion to the progress of refinement is not surprising; but considering the nature of cards, it is only astonishing that such an amusement should ever have prevailed in rational society, or have drawn from the reasonable and reflecting any other considerations but those of aversion and contempt. That there should be those, however, many of them men of the highest talents and respectability, who will not only approve such a recreation by their example, but, at the same time, sanction it by their recommendation, is still more wonderful; and it is difficult to conjecture on what grounds their approbation can be founded: they state the moderate use of cards to be a rational, harmless, and agreeable pastime; but from whence do they draw the inference? Such an opinion must rather be derived from habit than founded on reflection. With respect to the *rationality* of the amusement, one would imagine that the sitting down for a series of hours, occupied in little else than the counting of pips and jumbling together of fifty-two pieces of painted pasteboard, to the utter exclusion of all rational conversation, one would naturally suppose that an attachment to such a method of filling-up time could not add much to the rationality or dignity of a sentient being. What, O ye advocates for cards, what would be the opinion of a Plato or a Socrates concerning you, could he but ascend upon earth, and behold you thus occupied?

And next; as to the *harmlessness* of cards. If the stake be large, the vicious principles of such an amusement cannot be questioned for a moment: and if it be small, the spirit is still the same. It tends equally to irritate the temper, and equally excites the passions. Those who lose will feel disappointment at their loss; and though they may not regard the sum, their pride is humbled at defeat; whilst, on the contrary, those that win, encouraged at their success, are too frequently decoyed into the love of an amusement, which increasing by habit, at length terminates in vice and ruin. Cards in moderation are only another term for the nursery of gaming—Here is

it that our youth, initiated in this school, imbibe the fatal spirit; and he whom we once beheld sitting down to the table, for the passing an idle hour in an innocent recreation, pursuing it as a trade, is now seen at his last stake ruined in his resources, and weltering in his blood.

But laying aside the pernicious tendency of cards, let us now consider their *agreeableness*. Does it then consist in our winnings? The stake that is lost, though it might not be an object to us, may possibly be an inconvenience to our adversary; and whatever is gained to ourselves is taken from our friends; such is the agreeableness of winning. But to be pleased with our defeat is impossible—if our losses are not felt as a pecuniary inconvenience, yet the disposal of our time and money in so useless and unsatisfactory a manner cannot be at least an agreeable reflection. From what source, then, do we derive our amusement? Is it from that feverish disposition of mind, that peevishness of temper, or that spirit of contradiction, which cards are so calculated to excite, and which so frequently separate the best friends, and produce the worst consequences? But independently of this, to a mind of any scope, the obligation of bestowing its attention upon a pursuit so frivolous and unmeaning, must, of itself, be a great restraint! and the compulsion of sitting down for the space of so many hours, in the same posture, to a body in health, a great discomfort and confinement. So that in what the agreeableness of this recreation consists it is difficult to imagine.

Taking into consideration, indeed, the nature of cards, in general, one would think that it were impossible for any thing but a weak and sordid mind to delight in so servile and idle a pleasure; a method of amusement that must be considered by the rational rather as a toil than a pleasure, a drudgery than an amusement: in young minds, in particular, there is nothing which betrays so unhappy a turn as a preference for such a recreation; a recreation beneath the notice of sentient minds; only fitted for the amusement of the deaf and crippled, the feeble and superannuated; in short for such intellects only as are incapacita-

ted, by reason of their infirmities, for the enjoyment of more rational entertainment; and better were it for these to do nothing, or even to sleep away their

time, than engage themselves in an occupation so detrimental, as an example, to the young, and so derogatory to the dignity of the old.

THE DRAMA.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

THE astonishing ability shewn by Mr. Kean in those particular characters that call forth the natural energies of this great actor, is a subject that must always interest while the British stage continued to possess its present influence over the manners and conduct of society. That a man so little physically gifted by nature, as respects voice and person, should thus command universal attention, and receive the plaudits of admiring thousands, is a demonstrative proof of the undeniable merit that he must possess; and whatever the envious part of mankind (for envy it must be) may assert in contradiction to this statement, I must frankly confess, that no actor since the days of Garrick has so justly elicited the notice of the public by his wonderful powers. It is my intention, Sir, with your permission, to dilate a little upon this subject, for the purpose of proving him one of those extraordinary men that are so rarely seen, and who, when they do appear shed a brilliancy that the lapse of ages cannot extinguish. His peculiar power of electrifying his audience by one of those sudden starts and bursts of passion which come home to the feelings of every human being and cause us almost involuntarily to rise and applaud: if this be not a strong proof of his ability, by what criterion are we to judge of the merits of an actor? But we need not be astonished, when even the immortal Roscius that preceded him had enemies daring enough to depreciate his unrivalled performance. How much more has Kean then to contend against, when it is considered that nature has not bestowed upon him those external qualifications that other performers, at various periods, have so pre-eminently possessed! It is truly gratifying to think that Kean has so completely surmounted these defects by the transcendent efforts

of his powerful intellect. What man is there that can (impartially speaking) deny him merit; and that of the highest kind? He is not one of those meteors who for a short period dazzle with their brilliancy and then are seen no more; his fame rests upon the strong and immutable basis of public opinion, against whose judgment there is no appeal. He has now, I believe, been nearly four years before a British audience, and is still followed by all the real lovers of good acting: those who admire the true school of nature (in opposition to the more laborious acting of John Kemble) will find a most excellent transcript of it in Mr. Kean's performance. It has been remarked by some of his opponents, that there wants variety in his performance—in short, that his acting is of too confined a nature, and that he only occasionally shows the actor in the more violent tumults and agitations of the soul. That he does not possess that universality and equality in his performance which so much distinguished his great predecessor, I am ready to allow; but in those particular traits, where the hidden and more malignant passions of the soul are suddenly and unexpectedly to be called into action, it is that Kean shines out above all his competitors: none then can excel him—he reigns triumphant; all criticism becomes superfluous—the feelings stamped upon the human heart are the best and only true testimonies in his favour that can never err. I have seen him in most of those characters that have contributed so much to his present fame, and in others, which for the credit of the managers as well as Mr. Kean, might have been omitted;—but in all he has shewn in a greater or a less degree, the wonderful powers with which nature had gifted him.—His Sir Giles Overreach and Richard III. may be considered as *chef-d'œuvres*. He has still one adious performance

to attempt, that of *King Lear*, which doubtless will excite the universal attention of the dramatic world; these are parts in that tragedy which are peculiarly calculated to elicit those dormant powers which we so frequently see in Kean's performance, till some unexpected event brings them forth to the admiring multitude. It would be invidious at present to make any particular remarks on the comparative merits of Kean and Booth. The latter certainly is a very clever young man; which is a sufficient plea for him to obtain the patronage of the public, but it is an absurdity to place him on an equality with an actor whom it is impossible for him ever to rival. It has been asserted that Booth is a

strong imitator of Kean—this may be true; but let it be recollected, that no man was ever great by imitation. Mr. Booth's recent performance in *Shakespeare's* admirable play of *Cymbeline* was strongly corroborative of the above remarks:—he had evidently studied him deeply; for though Kean has not performed this identical character himself, yet others which he has played were so similar, (his *Iago*, for instance,) that every motion of Booth's was an attempted imitation of Kean's manner.

A part of your excellent publication being particularly devoted to the drama, I am induced to send the above remarks for insertion in your truly liberal pages.

Holloway, March 20, 1817. J. D.

THE BATHS OF BAREGES.

From the Literary Gazette.

A GERMAN nobleman who visited those baths in August 1816, wrote to a friend some interesting letters during his stay there, of which we have seen several extracts, "I have seen," says he, "the banks of the Loire from Blois to Tours; those of the Elbe from Dresden to Meissen; but they are surpassed by La Chalosse, which is the name of this part of Bearn, about fifteen leagues in breadth. Here are vast plains covered with the finest corn, meadows, woods, of oak and ash, large fields of Turkish wheat (maize) in the vineyards! not of such a melancholy aspect as those of Medoc; on the contrary, nothing can be more pleasing, more picturesque. The vines are planted in extensive fields, in the form of a quincunx, ten or twelve feet from each other. Every vine six or seven feet high, is supported by a cherry-tree, round which it twines, the tendrils embrace the boughs which are inwreathed with the beautiful foliage of the vine, and from the top the longest shoots descend, and are carefully led in festoons to the next cherry-tree, forming in all directions the most lovely bowers with the fruit hanging on every side. The cherry-trees are adorned with the glowing red of their own fruit, and the ground below is covered with maize and other corn. The whole forms a most delight-

ful scene of fertility, of the finest productions of nature, and the most luxuriant vegetation. These truly Elysian fields are watered by the Adour, which, pouring down from the mountains of Bigorre, flows in various arms, until, uniting at Bayonne, these fall into the sea. In the bosom of this lovely landscape are numerous villages, almost touching each other, and all testifying the prosperous situation of the inhabitants. The wine however, is not good, and is distilled into brandy. But on the other hand, the cultivation of the vine, elsewhere so expensive, here costs the peasants hardly any thing. The cherry-trees are the permanent, and of themselves profitable props, which in other places are very expensive. The fields are ploughed by oxen.—Such is this part of the country of Henry IVth."

The writer describes Baresges itself as a most gloomy abode, buried deep between high mountains and rugged rocks which exclude the beams of the sun, and almost the light of the day, and scarcely leave room for a few inhabitants to settle near the wonder-working springs.

The power of these hot baths is astonishingly great. They are so tonic that the writer says he was more than once obliged to interrupt the use of them for a time. They are a sovereign remedy

for severe wounds, for corporeal injuries of long standing, for gout, and for cancerous swellings, which are dispelled by these waters. For the latter, the neighbouring baths of St. Sauveure, however, seem to be more salutary, being milder and of a more soponaceous quality.—

“Bareges is uncommonly full, notwithstanding the dreadful weather. A third of the houses are occupied by five numerous English families, who have been here for two months. Among them are some persons more celebrated and honored in these parts for their beneficence, than for their great wealth.

General Crawford is here for the second time. Fourteen years ago he was cured in Bareges of a dreadful fit of the gout, and out of gratitude to the Divine Author of Nature, and as a charitable

gift to the unfortunate, he founded an annual revenue in perpetuity of 20 pounds sterling for the poor sufferers who seek relief in the Royal Hospital here. The following is a pleasant anecdote of the noble lord, which shows at once his wealth and his generosity. Last week he took it into his head to send for one of the first dentists in Paris, to put his teeth in order. The dentist comes, examines his lordship's mouth, finds that nothing is necessary to be done to it, says, ‘My lord, since your mouth frequently with vinegar and water,’ and gets again into his carriage to return 160 leagues and more to Paris, with 100 louis d'ors which his lordship presented him for having given him so much trouble in vain. This is surely a truly characteristic English anecdote.”

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

By the late JOHN CROMBIE, Esq.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

GENERAL DALRYMPLE.

MY acquaintance with the late Gen. Dalrymple, commenced about the year 1763. His manner and address were pompous, and he did not express himself with facility and conciseness, which induced many to depreciate his parts. His understanding was excellent, clear, and comprehensive, wholly employed on military subjects; his judgment and precision on every point of his profession were unquestionable. He calculated with great exactness the time it would take to embark or disembark troops on any expedition, and pointed out with skill and discrimination the strong posts they should and would probably occupy. He was an excellent geographer, and would instantly give the distances from one place to another in every part of Europe, and the source and course of the principal rivers. When he commanded in Ireland, his plan for the defence of that neglected and menaced country was, in the opinion of one of the best officers in the service (Lord Hutchinson,) most judicious and masterly. His knowledge in naval affairs, as connected with the military, was equally just.

I lived in great intimacy with General Dalrymple above forty years, and always found him a generous and attached friend. His table was elegant, and his great delight was to entertain a convivial select party; for he hated a crowded dinner, which obliges the company to split into sets, and substitutes a confused noise instead of general agreeable conversation.

The last time he sailed to America, he earnestly pressed me to go and dine with him at Hounslow on his way to Portsmouth. I observed that he was unusually grave and dispirited; after a cheerful bottle he began to talk of presentiments, and at last owned that he had conceived an idea that he should die in America, and never see England again. I was surprised at this, as he was of a firm, high, cheerful temper, and as little tinctured by superstition as any man I ever knew. To dissipate this mental gloom, I related an anecdote which happened to myself not many months before. I dreamed that Moses had appeared and acquainted me that on such a day of the month and day of the week I should surely die. I told this dream the next day at dinner at Mr.

Blair's in Portland place; but it made so little impression on me that I had forgot both the dream and the Mosaic dates. Mrs. Sharp, a Scotch lady, who was present, privately made a memorandum of the fact; and as I accidentally called on her at her mother's, Lady Sharp, in Tichfield street, she reminded me that the fatal day was come to verify Moses's denunciation. The surprise and suddenness of recalling this singular dream to my recollection, in defiance of all my efforts, depressed my spirits so much, that I was obliged to step into Devaynes's shop, in Spring Gardens, in my way to the Ordnance Office, and take forty or fifty drops of Lavender Drops to revive me; nor did I recover from the gloomy impression till the day was past. I assured the General on my honour that I had not invented the anecdote for the occasion. I appealed to Mr. and Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Sharp for the truth and accuracy of my relation. The singularity of this dream, its accidental impression upon me, with the enlivening aid of another bottle, had a most propitious influence on the general. He pursued his journey to Portsmouth in the evening, and was no longer disturbed by his presentiment. I have often reflected since, that if my dream had been accidentally verified, it would have had more effect to prove the divine legation of Moses, than Warburton's Treatise.

RT. HON. GERARD HAMILTON.

Mr. G. H. was of a most jealous and irritable temper, and would fain be thought a man of gallantry to the last. I shall relate a ludicrous instance on this topic.—He and I passed an evening at Lady W.'s: Mr. P. the present Earl of C. was there. She produced a favourite little dog, which she fondly hugged and caressed, and desired P. to kiss it, which he laughingly refused, and said it resembled a rat. Mr. H. instantly looked discomposed; I could not guess the reason; but as we returned home in his carriage, the mystery was explained, as he earnestly asked me if I had noticed P.'s contemptuous expression, as he certainly alluded to him for deserting Mr. Pitt on the Regency Question. I en-

deavoured to persuade him to the contrary but in vain. He requested me to call on him the next morning, which I did; he still dwelt on the same circumstance, (jealousy, I perceived, was the true motive,) and avowed his intention of calling on P. for an explanation, and enjoined me secrecy till he had formed his determination. He appeared too angry and serious for me to attempt laughing him out of this whim; I therefore immediately called on Mr. P. and mentioned Mr. H.'s surmise and high displeasure. He thanked me repeatedly for my kind interference, and at once explained the ludicrous mistake. The spaniel it seems that Lady W. had caressed had been given her by Colonel S.; as P. and he were rivals, whenever a love quarrel took place between her ladyship and P. she fondled and kissed the dog to vex him, and this was the reason of his calling it a rat; that he never could have the least idea of alluding to Mr. H. whom he had always been taught to esteem and admire from his boyish years; and besides, the word *rat*, in a political sense, might more justly be applied to himself.

The next morning I again called on Mr. H. well knowing his nervous impatience, and could scarcely keep my countenance. Perceiving it he immediately accosted me in his usual familiar manner: "Courtenay, I see by your face that you have got some d—d piece of buffoonery in your head." I then gave him the explanation *verbatim*, at which he was highly pleased. P. called on him the same day, and we dined together at Mr. H.'s soon after, and not a word more passed on the subject.

From the Monthly Magazine.

EMERSON THE MATHEMATICIAN.

Mr. Emerson was in person something below the common size, but firm, compact, well made, very active, and strong. He had a good open expressive countenance, with a ruddy complexion, a keen and penetrating eye, and an ardor and eagerness of look that was very expressive of the texture of his mind. His dress was very simple and plain, or what, by the generality of people, perhaps, would have been called grotesque

and shabby. A very few hats served him through the whole course of his life; and, when he purchased one (or, indeed, any other article of dress,) it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the form and fashion of it was that of the day, or of half a century before. One of these hats, of immense superficies, had, in length of time, lost its elasticity, and the brim of it began to droop in such a manner as to prevent his being able to view the objects before him in a direct line. This was not to be endured by an optician; he therefore took a pair of sheers, and cut it round close by the body of the hat, leaving a little to the front, which he dexterously rounded into the resemblance of the nib of a jockey's cap. His wigs were made of brown or a dirty flaxen-coloured hair, which at first appeared bushy and tortuous behind,

but which grew patchy through age, till at length it became quite straight, having, probably, never undergone the operation of the comb: and, wither through the original mal-conformation of the wig, or from a custom he had of frequently inserting his hand beneath it, his hind-head and wig never came in very close contact. His coat, or more properly jacket, or waistcoat with sleeves to it, which he commonly wore without any other waistcoat, was of a drab colour. His linen came not from Holland or Hibernia, but was spun and bleached by his wife, and woven at Hurworth—being calculated more for warmth and duration than for shew. He seldom buttoned more than two or three of the buttons of his waistcoat—one or two at the bottom, and sometimes one at the top; leaving all the rest open.

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS.

From the London Magazines.

A NEW novel, called *Rob Roy*, by the author of *Waverley*, Guy Mannering, and *Antiquary*, is now in the press, and will speedily be published.

For why? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them,—the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Rob Roy's grave—Wordsworth.

Mr. Moore's long expected poem of *Lalla Rookh*, has at length been published. It is divided into four parts, the first entitled, *The Veiled Prophet of Rhorassan*; the second, *Paradise and the Peri*; the third, *The Fire-Worshippers*; the fourth, *Light of the Haram*. The poem opens with the following lines.

"In that delightful province of the sun,
The first of Persia's lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'ers and fruits, blush over every stream;
And fairest of all streams the Murra roves
Among Meron's bright palaces and groves;
There on that throne, to which the blind believe
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet Chief—
The great Mokona; o'er his features hung
The veil—the silver veil which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till men could bear its light;
Far, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were even the beams miraculously shed
O'er Mokona's cheek, when down the mount
he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God."

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold believers stands;
Young, fire-eyed disputants, who deem their
swords,

On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with
braud

Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,
Their vesture, helms and all, in snowy white;
Their weapons various;—some equipp'd, for
speed,

With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems that bloom on Iran's
rivers;

While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-
axe,

And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they
seem

Like a cedar-tree grove, when winter throws
O'er all its tufted head his feathering snows.

Beneath the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the siltken net-work, glancing
eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that
glow

Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp
below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would
dare
To hint that aught but heav'n's bath plac'd you
there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring
mind?
No—wonderful thought!—commission'd from
above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and
eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise;)
There to recline among heav'n's native maids,
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never
fades!—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done,
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at Brahma's burning
founts,
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's
mounts;
From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small half-shut glances of Kathay;
And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker
smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
All, all are there;—each Land its flower
hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But there was one, among the chosen maids
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—you saw her pale dis-
may,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah Zelica! there was a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest
prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touched a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace.
Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah!—not bright for
thee.

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poetry and music breath'd around
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that Heaven, her destined
sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that
lay

Upon the spirit's light, should pass away,
And realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd she should forever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her Arim's side
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house;—through all its
streams

Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud she too can shine!
And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread
Seemed through the bluish death-light round
them cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she passed—
There, in that awful place, when each had
quaff'd

And pledged in silence such a fearful draught
Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's dark language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them
both,
Never, by that all imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever—
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed “never,
ever, never.”

The Journal of the late Captain TUCKEY,
on a Voyage of Discovery into the Interior of
Africa, to explore the Source of the Zaire, or
Congo; with a Survey of that River beyond
the Cataracts; will soon be published by au-
thority.

MR. JOSEPH LANCASTER has printed pro-
posals for publishing, by subscription, in one
volume octavo, a Matter-of-Fact Account of
many Singular and Providential Events, which
have occurred in his public and private Life.
This work will especially embrace the details
of his interesting Travels in Ireland, and de-
velopes many interesting facts highly honoura-
ble to the native character and hospitality
of the Irish nation. In traversing almost the
whole of the three kingdoms; in mixing in
every circle from the cottage to the family on
the throne; in lecturing to above 300,000 per-
sons in the chief towns in the empire; many
most novel and interesting events have occur-
red, a number of which, being by no means of
a confidential nature, will freely be brought
into view, for public instruction and infor-
mation.

A volume of Comic Dramas, from the pen
of Miss Edgeworth will soon be published.

Mr. William Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, has
a new poem in the press, entitled, *The Swiss
Patriots*: also a new edition, of a very much
admired poem, *The Sorrows of Seduction*.

A French edition of the *Duchess d'An-
goulême's Journal*, with Biographical Notes
by the French Editor, is just ready for publi-
cation by Mr. Colburn, handsomely printed in
8vo. uniform with the work of *Lué* and the
Journal de Cléry.

Mr. W. SAVAGE, printer, of London, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *Practical Hints on Decorative Printing*; with specimens in colours, engraved on wood. Containing instructions for forming black and coloured printing inks; for producing fine press-work; and for printing in colours. As an ornamental book—it is hoped (says the Editor) that it may be deemed worthy of a place in the library of the amateur. Respecting typography, it is intended to class with the finest works issued from the press; and, with regard to decorative ornament—the volume will be perfectly unique. The subjects printed in various coloured inks will be selected from the chastest productions of antiquity—medals, fragments of ruins, buildings, landscapes, flowers, quadrupeds, birds, and insects; and executed at the printing-press in the colours of the originals. As a practical work—it will contain instructions for forming the finest black and coloured inks, embellished with numerous engravings on wood, by the first artists, to serve, not only as specimens of the different inks, but also of ornamental printing. There will be an attempt to shew, that the use of brass-rule is capable of being extended beyond its present application. It will moreover contain directions for producing fine press-work; and comprise more practical information for the improvement of printing, generally, than any book on the art which has preceded it; tending to prove, that any printer, possessing good types and a good press, may execute the finest work.

Mr. BAYLEY, formerly of Merton College, has in the press, *Idwal, the Narrative of Brito, and the Hostage*, detached portions of an epic poem; with a poem in Greek hexameters.

Memoirs of European and Asiatic Turkey, from the manuscript journals of modern travellers in those countries, are preparing by ROBERT WALPOLE, A. M. in one volume, quarto, illustrated with plates. It will contain manuscript journals, and remarks on parts of Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, by late travellers; and statistics, antiquities, natural history, and geography, of those countries, will be elucidated by drawings and observations which have never yet been before the public, and which will communicate information as correct as it is new.

The fourth and concluding volume of Captain BURNER's *History of Voyages and Discoveries in the South Seas*; comprising all the voyages and discoveries, antecedent to the reign of his present Majesty, bringing down their history until the point where Hawkesworth's three voyages begin.

A new edition of Dr. THOMSON's *System of Chemistry* is in the press, and will speedily be published. The work will be entirely remodelled, and will be comprised in four octavo volumes.

A new work, entitled, *the Dance of Life*, intended to form a companion to the *Dance of Death*, is in the press. The designs are by Mr. ROWLANDSON, and the illustrations in verse by the author of *Doctor Syntax's Tour*. The first Number will appear on the first of May. There is also in the press a handsome edition, in royal 8vo. of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, with designs by Mr. Rowlandson.

Ms. GARRISON, author of "*the House of David*," is preparing for the press, another historical romance of the fourteenth century, where-in the manners of our ancestors are displayed, and the singular adventures related of a god-daughter of King Richard the Second, and some particulars of that monarch not yet made public.

The Rev. HUGH PEARSON's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan*, will soon appear.

Sir WILLIAM ADAMS is about to publish, a *Practical Enquiry into the Causes of the frequent Failure of the Operations of extracting and depressing the Cataract*, and the description of a new and improved series of operations, by the practice of which most of these causes of failure may be avoided.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY has stated an opinion, in a recent communication to the Royal Society, that falling stars could not be owing to the combustion of gaseous meteors; but that they must be solid ignited masses moving with great velocity in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

A new mode of giving additional strength to iron and steel, is proposed by Mr. DAWSON. His plan is to twist metal, in the same manner as strength and compactness are given to hemp and flax.

Mr. JAMES THOMSON has in the press, in an octavo volume, *De Courci, a Tale*, in two cantos, with other poems; including commemorative addresses, written for several public institutions.

Under *Biography*, this month's list presents *The Lives of the more Eminent of the Fathers of the first Three Centuries*, by the Rev. ROBERT COX. It is rather illustrative of character than recordant of fact, and is well calculated to give a correct general idea of the writings of those Christian leaders, and of the periods in which they flourished—a kind of knowledge which is by no means abundant.

The third volume of *Village Conversations*, by Mrs. RENOW, has just been published; it is an attempt to familiarise moral and political philosophy by conversational dialogue. Her design is very respectably executed, and will materially assist parents in drawing out the minds of their children, with a view to the establishment of sound principles.

In the Bath Literary and Philosophical Society, the Rev. Mr. WATGAT has described a very ingenious method of working a ship's pump by mechanical means, when the crew are too few in number to attend to that duty, and particularly in a heavy gale. It was used by Capt. Leslie in June last, during a voyage from Stockholm to America, when the crew were exhausted with pumping, and the ship was sinking. He fixed a spar aloft, one end of which was ten or twelve feet above the top of his pumps, and the other extremity projected over the stern; to each end of the spar he fastened a block; he then fastened a rope to the spears of his pump, and after passing it through both pulleys along the spar, dropped into the sea astern: to this end he fastened a cask of 110 gallons measurement, and containing, 60 or 70 gallons of water, which answered as a balance-weight; and the motion of the ship made the machinery work. When

the stern of the ship descended, or any agitation of the water raised the cask, the pumps spars descended, and the contrary motion raised the spar, and the water flowed out. The ship was thus cleared in four hours.

MR. HATCHETT has contrived a process for sweetening musty corn. Musty grain, which is so bitter as to be totally unfit for use, and which can scarcely be ground, may be rendered perfectly sweet and sound by simply immersing it in boiling water, and letting it remain till the water becomes cold. The quantity of water to be double that of the corn to be purified. The musty quality rarely penetrates through the husk of the wheat; and in the very worst cases, it does not extend through the amylaceous matter which lies immediately under the skin. In the hot water, all the decayed or rotten grains swim on the surface, so that the remaining wheat is effectually cleaned from all impurities, without any material loss. The wheat is afterwards to be dried, stirring it occasionally on the kiln, when it will be found improved in a degree which can scarcely be believed.

The late Prof. ROBINSON'S System of Mechanical Philosophy, with Notes and Illustrations by DR. BREWSTER, is printing in four octavo volumes, with numerous plates.

In a few days will be published, the Bible Class Book, or scripture Readings for every day in the year, being Three Hundred and Sixty-five Lessons selected from the most interesting and instructive parts of the Sacred Scriptures. This selection is made upon a plan recommended by Dr. Watts, and its chief aim is that of becoming a School Class Book for youth in all stations of life, and of all religious denominations, for doctrinal and controversial points have been studiously omitted.

The Rev. MR. BICHENG has in the press, An Examination of the Prophecies with a view to ascertain the probable issue of the recent restoration of the old Dynasties; of the revival of Popery; and of the present mental ferment in Europe: as likewise how far Great Britain is likely to share in the Calamities by which Providence will accomplish the final overthrow of the kingdoms of the Roman Monarchy.

MR. RICHARD DAVENPORT has published some curious particulars relative to boiling tar. Some know, and many probably have heard without believing, while to others it will be quite new to hear, that a man can dip his hand into boiling tar without suffering. Being lately at Chatham Dock-yard, where he saw a cauldron of tar in a state of ebullition, Mr. Davenport asked the workmen if they had ever seen any one dip his hand into tar in that state. "One of them," says he, "immediately dipped his hand and wrist in, bringing out fluid tar, and pouring it off from his hand as from a ladle. Satisfied that there was no deception, I dipped in the entire length of my fore-finger, and moved it about a short time before the heat became inconvenient." He repeated the experiment with the tar thoroughly boiling, and the thermometer at 220°, plunging in his finger, and making three oscillations of six or eight inches, which occupied between two and three seconds of time. The heat did not arise to any painful degree, though it adhered to the skin just like any other liquid of similar viscosity. From subsequent experi-

ments he has found that he cannot bear the heat of water at 140° so long as that of tar at 220°.

DR. ARNOLD has communicated to the *Linnæan Society* a description of a remarkable volcanic mountain in the island of Java, drawn up from actual observation. It is called by the natives Tankubanprau. The road to it is very difficult, being through an almost impenetrable jungle. The crater has nearly the form of a truncated cone inverted. The sides are about 500 feet high, and in many places nearly perpendicular. At the bottom is a small lake, the water of which has the taste of a solution of sulphuric acid. This water was boiling in several parts of the lake; but its temperature on the edge was 112°. It was surrounded by a soft mud, apparently a mixture of sulphur and clay. The doctor is of opinion, that it occasionally emits flames, as the trees round its edge had the appearance of being scorched. On the west side of this crater, and merely separated from it by a thin partition of rocks, is another crater, rather larger than the first, having at its bottom a lake of cold water, from which circumstance it is presumed that the two craters, though so near to each other, have no connexion.

The translation of Lady MORGAN'S (formerly Miss Owenson) last novel has been found some fault with in Paris, on account of the details relative to French manners, of which the author is said to have given an unfaithful delineation, and because she attributed to her characters, who are supposed to have lived at the time of the League, the ideas and manners of the 18th and 19th centuries. This is a fault, however, which is to be found in most historical novels, and which Madame de Genlis herself, has not always avoided.

A French translation of so much of FRANKLIN'S *Correspondence* as has yet appeared, is already published at Paris, in two vols. 8vo.

MARTIN HENRY KLAPROTH, one of the most celebrated modern chemists, died at Berlin on the first of January. He was born in 1743. His labours were principally directed towards the improvement of the processes which serve to determine the nature and the proportions of the elements of mineral substances. In order to succeed in researches of this kind, it is necessary to combine the talent of observation with a perfect knowledge of the properties of all simple and compound bodies, and above all, extraordinary sagacity; and no person ever possessed these qualities in a more eminent degree than Klaproth. Chemistry is indebted to him for a vast number of analyses, which have served as a ground-work for the classification & distinction of varieties. Independently of the numerous phenomena which he has investigated in the combinations of substances previously known, he has enriched the empire of chemistry with four new substances—tellurium, titanium, and zircon. Any single one of these discoveries would be sufficient to shed lustre on the name of any chemist.

The public prints have recently given, on the authority of an English gentleman at Rome, some curious details relative to the Stuart papers in the possession of the late Cardinal York at the time of his decease. His letter, dated Jan. 10th, is as follows:—

"Latterly the Stuart papers have been the chief subject of conversation here. The whole of those which had been in the possession of the late Cardinal York, forming a supplement probably to those in the Scotch College at Paris, had been traced and purchased by a Scotch gentleman of the name of Watson, a resident here during part of the late war. They have since been secured and sealed by order of government; the person from whom they were purchased is arrested, and at this moment a papal gendarme keeps guard in the house. I had a short view of them before they were seized. How the papers first got out of the cabinets of the Cardinal I have not heard; but they came into the possession of Tassoni, auditor of the Pope, and were confidentially entrusted to a priest of the name of Lussi. Watson heard of this, and, after assuring himself of the authenticity of the information, applied for them to the priest. Lussi required the permission of Tassoni, and it is understood, that by well-directed douceurs his concurrence was obtained. A receipt was given for two hundred crowns, and the papers secured in Watson's lodgings. The new possessor of them talked and would take no advice. The circumstance at length transpired. Tassoni regretted the affair, and applied to the Secretary of State, who interfered, on the ground of a fraudulent misrepresentation by Lussi. The latter and the papers were immediately seized. The papers are numerous, authentic, and valuable. They are supposed to amount to half a million. Many of them were not unpacked when I saw them, and covered, in great packages, the sides of a small chamber. The whole weighed seven tons. They begin with James the Second and go down to the death of the Cardinal York. In those which I saw, every thing public and private is embraced, from plots for invasion and correspondence with foreign powers, &c. to the amours of the Pretender, and the details of the domestic *menage* of the Count of Albany. Several letters are in the hand-writing of James and the Pretender, and the whole collection is arranged with an elaborate care which does credit to the mere mechanical talents for business of the exiles and their party. I saw among the political papers four proclamations of the son of James, particularly to the Universities; the Pretender promises the entire establishment of their ecclesiastical rights, and his full support of the Protestant church in all its privileges, however ample. A short date after, comes a letter of the Cardinal, congratulating him on his open avowal of the Catholic religion! Of course, these are admirable illustrations of each. Then there is a letter to James, from the General of the Jesuits, offering him the support of himself individually, and his order, for any religious purpose he might design them; it is very short and vague, signed, I think, Ritz, or Retz. Almost all the principal families of Ireland and Scotland are implicated. A Colonel O'Bryan seems to have been a remarkably active personage. Many that have hitherto been only suspected, are now deeply compromised, particularly the Wyndam family, who give most minute information, and many other members of parliament of the day. There is a very long letter of Atterbury, arranging a plan for invasion; one from the Duke of Leeds, offering Admiral Baker, then in command of the Channel fleet,

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a peerage and 400,000*l.* in the result of his defection. There are letters of the Duke of Norfolk, signed N., but of no importance; he seems to have been the most cautious of the party. I have heard something, but not with that precision which you require, of a scheme for the assassination of the Pretender. This, if accurate, is a serious charge, and may develop a singular scene of this strange drama. The letters of the queen are principally introductions of Irish families, exiled and fugitive, to her Roman and Italian friends. They enter, though numerous in the extreme, but little into the political intrigues of the day. Perhaps the most curious of the whole, are the letters of Miss Walkinshaw to Prince Charles; the letters of her daughter to the same; the letters of James to him; and the remonstrance of his friends in Scotland.

P. Virgilii Maronis *Bucolica*, *Georgica*, *Æneis*. Accedunt in gratiam Juventutis *Notæ quædam Anglicæ Scriptæ*. Editio Secunda. 18mo. Just published.

"This edition of the Mantuan bard, independent of its typographical accuracy, is rendered equally valuable for the school and the closet, the young student and the reader of extensive knowledge. The body of notes forming the Appendix constitutes an excellent commentary upon Virgil; and must prove of peculiar benefit to the pupil in clearing up difficulties of the sense or the metre. But these explanatory notes are of still farther utility, as tending to lead juvenile minds into a train of inquiry that will expand their ideas and facilitate their progress in classical literature. These elucidations, which are taken chiefly from Heyne, Martin, and Voss, are neither so diffuse as to be tedious, nor abbreviated as to become dry, obscure, and uninteresting. The notes of Voss, in particular, contribute highly to enrich the present impression, because they have been little known in this country, and were till now confined to the original German of that learned and acute critic."—*New Mon. Mag.*

Dr. BADHAM is preparing for publication, an *Itinerary* from Rome to Athens, by the route of Brundisium, the Ionian Islands, and Albania. This work will contain an accurate account of distances, the modes of travelling, expences, preparations, and precautions; with other miscellaneous particulars, interesting to the traveller. It will include classical recollections of the various sites which occur in the journey, as well in Greece as in Italy, and, in the latter country, a particular account of Horace's *Iter*.

It is proposed to publish in monthly numbers, eighteen original Journals (each by a general officer,) of the Eighteen Campaigns of the Emperor Napoleon: (being those in which he personally commanded in chief.) To which will be added all the Bulletins, now first published complete. The first Journal contains Campaign in Italy, 1796-7.

Mr. RYAN has in the press, a Treatise on Mining and Ventilation, embracing in a particular manner the subject of the coal stratification of Great Britain and Ireland; with the most approved methods of discovering, working, and ventilating the same.

Mr. William Gifford, the Editor of *Mas-singer* and *Ben Jonson*, is preparing an

edition of Shirley, of whose valuable Plays no collection has hitherto been made; they will consist of 6 vols. 8vo.

A new and greatly enlarged edition, by the author, of the Rev. ROWLAND HALL'S Village Dialogues, is in the press, and will be completed in twenty-four numbers.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES, PUBLISHED.

The Absent Man; a Narrative. 12mo.
Gumal and Lana, or the African Children. 2 vols. plates, 7s. 6d.
The White Cottage, a Tale, 12mo. 7s.
Favourite Beauties and Amours of Henry of Windsor. 3 vols. 15s.
Six Weeks at Long's, a Satirical Novel; by a late Resident. 8 vols. 12mo.
Pomsonby. 2 vols.
Modern Manners, or a Season at Harrogate. 2 vols.
Family Annals, or the Sisters. By Mary Hays. 12mo.
Fortitude and Frailty. By Fanny Holcroft. 4 vols.
Hardenbrass and Haverhill, or the Secret of the Castle. 4 vols.
The White Cottage. 12mo.

The Life and Manners of the Baroness Koenigsmark. 2s. 6d.

Oina Morul, one of the minor Poems of Ossian; in English Verse. 1s.

A Prize in the Lottery; or, the Adventures of a Young Lady, written by herself. From the Italian of L'Abbate Chiari. Translated by Thomas Evanson White. 2 vols.

Education, or Elizabeth, her Lover and Husband, a Tale for 1817; by Elizabeth Taylor. 3 vols.

Stories for Children, selected from History of England, from the Conquest to the Revolution. 18mo.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, translated into French; by M. Voullaire. 18mo.
Les Soirees De Londres; par Madame Herberster. 12mo.

POETRY.

The House of Mourning, with some smaller pieces. By John Scott, author of a Visit to Paris. 8vo.

Royalty Beset, or, a Pill for Ministers. By Peter Pindar, esq. 8vo.

The South American; a Tale, in four Cantos. By James Scott Walker. 12mo.

VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

LORD VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

ON the 26th January, 1796, the *Dutton*, East Indiaman, in the transport service, was wrecked under the citadel of Plymouth, and totally lost. Lord Viscount Exmouth (then Sir Edward Pellew) was with many others a spectator from the shore of the dreadful calamity; and after offering a most liberal reward to any one who would convey a rope on board, but which none could be found to undertake, he boldly resolved to attempt the hazardous enterprize himself, and instantly dashed into the foaming waves, swam to the sinking wreck, which he never quitted until he had completed his work of humanity, by saving the lives of nearly five hundred of his fellow-creatures, who, but for his exertions, must inevitably have perished. The freedom of the Borough of Plymouth was presented to him in an elegant silver box; and at a public entertainment given on the occasion, the following stanzas, written by a gentleman of Plymouth, were recited:—

While, o'er the reeling wreck, the savagest storm,
Poured all its lightnings, thunders, blasts,
and hail;

And every horror, in its wildest form,
Smote the firm heart—that never knew to fail;

'Twas thine, Pellew, sublimely great and good!
For man, thy brother man, distress'd—to dare
The dreadful passage of the raging flood,
And join the frantic children of despair.

There, it was thine in comfort's balmy tone,
To soothe their sorrows, 'mid the tempest's roar:

To hush the mother's shriek—the sick man's groan—

And bear the sufferers, trembling to the shore.

So, when this mighty orb, in dread alarm,
Shall crash in ruins, at its God's decree;

The saving Angel, with triumphant arm,
Shall, from the wreck of all things—rescue thee.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

PRESENCE of MIND in an ENGLISH SAILOR at the BATTLE of ALGIERS.

Mr. Stenhouse, surgeon of the Glasgow frigate, relates the following anecdote:—The captain of the fore-top, on his leg being so wounded that only a small portion of skin kept it connected with the

thigh, with a view of obtaining surgical aid as soon as possible, grasped a rope by which to lower himself upon deck. When he had descended about half way from the fore-top, the mangled limb, over which he could not possibly have any control, became so entangled among flying ropes, that he was under the necessity of hauling himself upwards full three feet that he might disengage it with the assistance of the sound one, whilst he was still hanging by his arms in the air, and with a shower of shot and shells flying round him. At length having accomplished his end, he descended quietly upon deck.

When placed in the cockpit, and waiting till Mr. Stenhouse had completed the amputation of an arm in which he was then engaged, the death of the bugleman, whose wife was at this time in the cockpit, was announced. The poor woman was instantly thrown into a violent paroxysm of grief, and while she was thus bewailing her loss, the wounded captain of the top, with much compasura and naïveté, called out—"Come, Poll, leave off blubbing—you shall not be a widow long; I will marry you myself directly I am well!" He has since performed his promise.—*Mr. Stenhouse's Official Report to the Transport Board.*

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

Dr. Leacock, of Barbadoes, has, in a late inaugural thesis, detailed a variety of experiments on animals, by which it would appear that transfusion of blood from one animal to another is not only safe, but, in all analogical probability, would be, on certain occasions, such as profuse bleeding, instrumental in saving life. Animals, on being bled to syncope, in general died when left to the efforts of nature; but when the warm blood of other animals was allowed to flow into their veins, they suddenly and rapidly recovered. These experiments were varied in a great number of ways, but always with the same result. Dr. Leacock concludes thus:—"When the danger is imminent, and common means ineffectual—as when a parturient woman trembles on the brink of the grave, from uterine hæmorrhage; or when a soldier is at the point of death from loss of

blood; what reason can be alledged for not having recourse to this last hope (transfusion) and for not attempting to recruit the exhausted frame, and turn the ebbing tide of life?"

IMMOVEABLE JAWS.

The wonderful power of the human constitution, in compensating for natural defects or artificial derangements, is strikingly exemplified in the case of a man whose cranium is now preserved in Mr. Heaviside's Museum. At the early age of four years a violent inflammation on both sides of the face produced a disease of the jaw-bones, followed by ankylosis or immobility of the lower jaw. During the next fifty years there was no mastication whatever of the food, and yet he never experienced a day's illness. In eating he was in the habit of thrusting in his food with his fingers by the left side of the mouth where several of the teeth were deficient.

THE INCUBUS, OR NIGHT-MARE.

Mr. Waller, a navy surgeon, has written a very interesting little treatise on this distressing complaint. *Refreshing sleep* is not only such a criterion of health, but such a solace of our woes, and such a rest to our waking enjoyments, that an investigation of the cause of any interruption therein, is not beneath the dignity of a medical philosopher. Mr. Waller has successfully combated several erroneous but popular opinions respecting this curious malady—such as, that it only happens while we lie on our backs, and after having eaten heavy suppers, &c. Hence the causes have been ascribed to mechanical pressure on the lungs, from an extended stomach. But these are fallacious positions. Mr. Waller knew one instance where it proved fatal, and has been credibly informed of several. Virgil draws an exquisite picture of Incubus in the 12th book of the *Æneid*—

Ac velut in somnis, oculos ubi languidos pressit
Nocte quies, nequicquam avidos extendere
cursus

Velle videmur, et in mediis conatibus ægri
Succidimus; non lingua valet, non corpore
notæ

Sufficient vires, nec vox, nec verba sequatur

The celebrated Caledonian bard has also drawn a picture of this fiend—

In broken dreams the image rose,
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake,
Now leader of a broken host,
His standards fall—his honour's lost.
Then—from my couch may heav'nly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!

Lady of the Lake

Incubus will sometimes occur in the healthiest persons, when any indigestible food happens to lie in the stomach, or bowels, during sleep. But a peculiar habit of body is necessary to render a person *subject* to it. Thus chestnuts are very apt to give origin to a paroxysm, as was long ago remarked by Hildesheim, who says—“*qui scire cupit quid sit Incubus? Is ante somnum comedat castaneas, et superbibat vinum feculentum!*”

The causes of incubus Mr. Waller ably traces to derangements in the stomach and bowels, and particularly to an acid there. After various trials on himself and others, he found the best preventive of this midnight intruder was carbonate of soda dissolved in a little ale or porter, and taken going to bed. The following is Mr. Waller's favourite recipe; and we can vouch for its utility from personal experience and its effects on others. It is a draught to be taken going to bed; and is not to supersede the carbonate of soda taken in common drink: a drachm of the soda may be used in the 24 hours; it renders ale just beginning to turn acid, very pleasant.

Night draught:—ten grains of salt of tartar, or carbonate of ammonia, whichever may best agree with the stomach; compound tincture of cardamom, three drachms; syrup, one drachm; mint, or cinnamon water, two ounces: mix, and take at bed-time.

The bowels should be kept open by small doses of neutral salts, magnesia, or rhubarb. Intemperance of every kind is to be avoided, particularly bad wine. Of eatables, fat and greasy meats, most vegetables, fruit and pastry are to be avoided, or used sparingly. The same may be said of salted meat, which is very improper for people of weak digestion. Moderate exercise is salutary: seden-

tary employments, and particularly intense study, with late hours, are highly prejudicial.

ARTIFICIAL WINDPIPE.

A gentleman was nearly suffocated by inflammation of the upper part of the windpipe [*cynanche laryngea*] and the operation of bronchotomy, or division of the tube, was performed close down to the breast-bone. A silver tube was introduced through the wound, and he immediately breathed with freedom.—Such, however, was the magnitude of the original obstruction in the windpipe, that he has now breathed *three months* through the silver pipe, and there is, as yet, no appearance of the natural passage becoming free. The tube gives him very little uneasiness. He eats, drinks, and sleeps as well as in perfect health, but voice and speech are gone.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

Smollet, in his Travels in Italy, remarks, that a porter in London quenches his thirst with a draught of strong beer; a porter of Rome or Naples refreshes himself with a slice of water-melon, or a glass of iced water. The one costs three half-pence, the last a farthing—which of them is most effectual? I am sure the men are equally pleased. It is commonly remarked that beer strengthens as well as refreshes; but the porters of Constantinople, who never drink any thing stronger than water, and eat very little animal food, will carry a load of 700 weight, which is more than any English porter ever attempted to raise.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR—Your correspondent J.L. requests a solution of the following query, “as all substantives in grammar, are said to have existence, how can nothing be a substantive?” To which profound question, I hope the following reply will not be deemed too formal and laconic, if a plain and satisfactory solution should be proved to have *existence* therein. I shall frame my answer, by proving that nothing is something, and consequently, that nothing in grammar has a legitimate claim to the appellation of substantive. What is a word—

A word is something.

Nothing is a word.

Therefore nothing is something.

POETRY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

By JOHN MAYNE.

BY morn'ring Nith, my native stream,
I've hail'd thee with the morning's beam,
Woo'd thee among the falls of Clyde,
On Leven's banks, on Kelvin side;
And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,
I welcome thy return again!
At Hanwell! where romantic views,
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse;
And where, lest erring man should stray,
Truth's blameless teacher leads the way.

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,
Rearing thy head to brave the storm,
That would thine innocence deform.
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear.

Sprung like a Primrose in the wild,
Short, like the Primrose, Marion smil'd—
The Spring, that gave her blossoms birth,
Tore them for ever from the earth!
Nor left, ah! me, one bud behind
To tranquillize a parent's mind,
Save that sweet bud that strews the way,
Blest Hope, to an eternal May.

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,
Emblem of Virtue in the shade!
Pure as the blossoms on yon thorn—
Spotless as her for whom we mourn!
Of all the flow'rs that greet the Spring,
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,
To me, while doom'd to linger here,
The lowly Primrose shall be dear.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE TOMB OF LOVE.

FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "MELINCOURT."

BY the mossy weed flowered column,
Where the setting moon beams glance,
Streams a radiance cold and solemn
On the haunts of old romance:
Know'st thou what those shafts betoken,
Scattered on that tablet lone,
Where the ivory bow lies broken
By the monumental stone?

When true knight-hood's shield neglected,
Mouldered in the empty hall;
When the charms that shield protected
Slept in death's eternal thrall:
When chivalric glory perished,
Like the pageant of a dream,
Love in vain its memory cherished,
Fired in vain the minstrel's theme.

Falshood to an elvish minion,
Did the form of Love impart;
Cunning plumed its vampire pinion,
Avarice tipped its golden dart.
Love, the hideous phantom flying,
Hither came no more to rove;
There his broken bow is lying
On that stone—the tomb of Love!

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS said the rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
And Winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For though young Love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still his faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But, ah! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows, with sadly-soothing care,
To deck the grave of Bloom and Beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth chuse,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
Alas! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
But be the rose and amaranth twin'd,
And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

HEREWITH I send you an original
Poem, by Lord Byron, taken from the
silver mounting of a Goblet made out of an
Human Skull, found at Newstead. J. T.

START not! nor dream my spirit fled,
In me behold the only scull—
From which (unlike a living head)
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived—I lived—I quaff'd like thee:
I died—let earth my bones resign;
Fill up! thou canst not injure me,
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy breed;
And circle in the goblet's shape,
The drink of gods, than reptiles feed.

Where'er my wit perchance hath shone
In aid of others, let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff whilst thou canst; another race
(When thou and thine like me are sped)
May rescue thee from death's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day,
Our heads should sad effect produce;
Redeem'd, from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is thine to be of use.

NOTE.

On digging near the Abbey for the purpose of making a cold bath, several human skulls were found: two or three of them in a very perfect state: one of these, his lordship formed the horrid idea of having fitted up as a goblet, which was filled with ale, and handed about to his guests after their choice!

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Spoken by Mr. JOHN KENBLE, at the Edinburgh Theatre, on Saturday, April 3.

Written by WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

AS the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,

Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns;
And longs to rush on the embattled lines;
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last!

But years steal on—and higher duties crave
Somewhere between the theatre and the grave;
That, like the Roman, in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle e'er I fall:
My life's brief act in public service done,
The last the closing scene, must be my own!

Here then adieu! while yet some well-graced parts

May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men!
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came,
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal SHAKESPEARE's magic wand,

Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!

By memory treasur'd, while her reign endures,
These hours must live—and all their charms
are yours!

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,

For manly talent and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from
my tongue;

And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and—FARE
YOU WELL!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE SONG OF A LOVER UNDER THE WINDOW OF HIS MISTRESS.

AMANDA come—the moon's pale beam
Now rests upon the mountain,
Her brightness sleeps upon the stream,
And trembles in the fountain;
You'd think 't was noon,—so fair—so bright,
Her silver light is given,
Oh come!—with thee on such a night,
I well might dream of Heaven!

The groves are hush'd,—the woods are still,
And not a breeze is waking,
And save the fount, and mountain rill,
There's nought the stillness breaking;
Then sweetly may we rove awhile,
Ere eastern sky adorning,
Bright Phoebus wakes with golden smile,
And bursts upon the morning.

'Tis dear, Amanda, at this hour,
When all the world is sleeping,
To press the dewy mountain flower,
Beneath fair Cynthia weeping;
And dear, by her pale light to view,
Those eyes of starry brightness,
That beam by night, like drops of dew,
Surpris'd by morning lightness.

Then come, my love,—while none are near,
We'll taste the joy of roving;
All is so still and peaceful here
This hour was made for loving;
And sure, a purer heart than thine
Ne'er glow'd at lover's greeting;
Thou know'st away how faithful mine,
How blest,—how warm at meeting.

Haste, Amanda!—softly stealing,
From thy peaceful couch arise;
'T is for thee, this hour's revealing,
Brighter stars—serener skies;
Amanda haste!—it is for thee,
Fair Cynthia still is beaming,
And I, thy lover, wait for thee,
Then cease, my love, thy dreaming.

F. L.

From the Panorama.

JONAH'S GOURD.

From "Jonah," a prize Poem. By J. W. Bellamy, M.A.

BENEATH yon gourd that nods above the glade,
And eastward broadly spreads its grateful shade,

Why turns the Prophet with an angry eye
To Ninus' domes, that rear their splendour high?

Is it, that late, with mournful sackcloth spread,
In contrite grief her children how'd the head,
Turn'd from the daring evil of their way,
And shunn'd the deeds that darkly loathe the day?

Is it that God, enthron'd in sapphire light,
Boundless in love, in mercy infinite,

Heard every prayer, and mark'd each rising
sigh,
And bade His angel pass innocuous by ?
That He, who wields the fierceness of the main,
And showers His vengeance on the offending
plain,
When Ninus trembled at His servant's word,
Paused in his wrath, and stayed his lifted
sword ?

Ah ! check, weak Seer, that evil heart of pride,
Nor rashly wield the bolt to man denied ;
Renounce the vain, the impious wish to rise
Beyond thy strength :—be humble, and be
wise.

Thine is a gracious God, whose pitying eye
Beams not with joy, where'er the wicked die ;
His voice benign will hail the wand'ring child,
By treacherous Sin, and Pleasure's lure be-
guil'd,

To weeping Penitence a pardon give,
Calm every fear, and bid the suppliant live.
Not His the shortened arm, nor heavy ear,
That cannot rescue and that will not hear ;
He lists alike, as Sovereign Lord of all,
The prayer of princes, and the captive's call.
No tear of Penitence unheeded flows ;
Unmark'd no pang that silent Sorrow knows ;
Nor, when Affliction breathes her feeble moan,
Unheard ascends the sigh before His Throne.

Grateful to thee the gourd's refreshing shade
While Summer's beam in burning radiance
play'd ;

But when the worm, with venom'd tooth un-
seen,
Preyed on its strength, nor spar'd the foliage
green :

When the fierce east wind scourg'd thy faint-
ing head,
The heaven thy curtain, and the earth thy bed ;
How didst thou weep the transient comfort
flown

Sprung of the night—ere day departed, gone !
Yet, shall not God repentant Ninus spare,
Mark all her grief, His threatened wrath for-
bear ?

Shall not her tears impending vengeance stay,
And wash the record of her guilt away ?
What though the Almighty mark'd the traitor
train

Of hideous Sin troop wildly o'er the plain,
And by thy voice the awful menace spread
Of treasur'd wrath to scourge each guilty head,
To lay the stubborn pride of Ninus low,
And whelm the scoffer in her overthrow,—
If thou, fond man, in fancied power array'd,
Couldst weep the ruin of thy favourite shade,
Tho' the frail root ne'er own'd thy culturing
hand, [land ;—

Plucking the wild weeds from the encumber'd
Say—shall not God forbid his wrath to burn,
When from their guilty trance His children
turn ?

Grateful to Him ascends the contrite prayer ;
And shall not He the mighty city spare ?
Shall He to Death her infant offspring doom,
Her flocks and herds in one vast wreck con-
sume,

Whose care the hungry lion's want supplies,
Nor, unrelenting, notes the raven's cries ?

Lord of all power and might ! whose plastic
hand
Built worlds on worlds, and all creation
 spann'd ;
Prompt at whose word the winged whirlwinds
fly,

And the red bolt fulfils its destiny ;

Who shall reprove with noisy babblings vain
The righteous judgments of thy boundless
reign ?

Hence, child of Pride, with specious reason
blind,
Nor scan the purpose of the Eternal mind ;
Blame not the arm that spares the prostrate
foe,

Nor deal Heaven's vengeance round, and chide
the tardy blow.

God of all Love ! where'er Eve's silver star
Rears her pale crest, and guides her wander-
ing car,—

Where'er the day-spring visits from on high
The heart insensible, the darken'd eye,—
Thine be the incense of each grateful shrine,
And all the praise of love unequalled—Thine.
Low at Thy Throne, let earth's frail children
bend

And hail Thee, Lord, their Father and their
Friend.

And chief may we, illum'd by Mercy's rays,
From thousand temples swell the hymn of
praise :

Teach us to tread, forgiving and forgiven,
The path of life, and wait the joys of heaven ;
Havens at last, where loveliest prospects rise,
Our home of promised rest, our Eden in the
skies.

From the European Magazine.

LOVE'S VISIT.

By the Author of *Don Sebastian*, *Hohenstaun*,
De Courcy, &c.*

SLY Love borrow'd April's new buskins of
green,
Her white daisied cap, and her pink pelerine,
Then flew to the dale where sev'n Hermits
preide,
Whim, Grief, Spleen, and Folly, Shame, An-
ger, and Pride.

"Who comes ?" said the Porter, and scowl'd
thro' the gate—

"A poor little flow'r-girl your orders to wait !
My basket I fill'd in the gardens of Spring,
And hyacinths, jonquils, and violets bring."

"I chuse a Narcissus," said Folly, and smil'd,
"Or this scarlet tulip, so vagrant and wild."

"First shew me your basket," said Pride, "if
you please—

"Let's see if at last I can purchase heart's-
ease !"

Said Whim—"Pretty nymph, from your gar-
land I take

This pink and wild rose for my cousin Wit's
sake ;

These sprigs of fresh laurel he cannot refuse ;
And now, Brother Hermits, what next shall
we chuse ?"

The flow'r-bearer whisper'd—"This fragrant
bouquet

Young Beauty has bought on her toilet to set—
But here is the myrtle, whose ever green leaf,
Distill'd by her hand, is a balsam for grief.

"I found it half-starv'd in an Anchorite's cell,
Where the dew-drops of Charity froze ere they
fell ;

* See Ath. Vol. I. pp. 111, 433, 513.

This myrtle will lend your lone hermitage
shade,
When spring-roses droop and narcissuses
fade."

Spleen said, 'twas a gift fit for Vanity's
shrine;

Pert Folly cried laughing, he wish'd 'twas a
vine;

And Pride, their historian, replied with a
sneer,

That women and coxcombs such trifles might
rear!

Cried Anger—" 'Tis monstrous for sages like
us

To cheapen bouquets with a profligate puss—
Go! turn out this thief in a gipsy's attire!
I'll take her starv'd myrtle to light up our fire."

Love, laughing, exclaim'd, "Ye are all April
fools!

That myrtle, my sceptre, the universe rules:
The flame it has kindled, for ever shall burn,
But Love, once rejected, disdains to return!"

* * * * *

The Hermits next day called a council of state,
On Cupid's sly visit incog. to debate—

Said Pride, their grave chairman—"A visit
so strange

Our whole commonwealth, and its basis will
change.

"My statutes are libell'd—Spleen raves, and
looks queer;

Shame hardly remembers how poor he came
here;

And Anger, lock'd up in his closet above,
Stays seeking the olive-branch left here by
Love.

"While Folly sits learning old sonnets to trim,
Mirth enters incog. to electrify *Whim*;
He stifles us all with his patent gas-lamp,
And Grief when Love call'd here thought fit
to decamp.

"We soon on a worthy successor must fix,
Unless we reduce our small synod to six;
Since Grief follows Love, and is plotting to
wrong us,
Let good Common Sense supersede him among
us."

Thus duly purpos'd, and elected nem. con.
Good Sense the attire of a Hermit put on:—
Love saw the new member, and said with a
sigh,

"This stranger will govern them longer
than I!

For Spleen chas'd by Mirth must depart in
disgrace,

While Folly to Prudence surrenders his place;
Shame, Anger, and Pride, to old Coventry
sent,

Will make room for Honesty, Peace, and
Content.

"Gay *Whim*, of his chemical vapours bereft,
Some sweets may distil from the roses I left;
But Love can the hermitage enter no more,
While good Common Sense keeps his seat at
the door!"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ORPHAN.

*Verses spoken by one of the Boys of the LONDON
ORPHAN ASYLUM, on the departure of a Visi-
tor.*

STAY, gentle stranger, stay awhile,
And hear an Orphan's tale;
An Orphan's piteous tale might make
The ruddiest cheek turn pale.

Ah! once I did not need your ear
To listen to my woe:
No cause had I to make complaint,
No sorrow did I know:

But as the lark that mounts the sky
And sings from morn till night,
So did my little heart rebound
With undisturbed delight.

Oft did I with my father play,
And prattle on his knee;
And, at those times, I used to think
No child was glad like me.

But, ere I well could speak his name,
He died on foreign shore;
And then, I often sigh'd, and thought
I should be glad no more.

My mother—Oh! 't is long ago
Since I could call her so—
I have no mother!—no! she's fled
From this sad world of woe!

My father's death quite broke her heart
And withered all her joy;
She'd look at me—and weep—and say—
"Poor little orphan boy!"

"What, mother, is an orphan boy?"
I sometimes did reply;
And then she'd sob, and weep so much,
I feared lest she should die.

Full many a month she mourned away,
By every sorrow tried,
Till quite worn out, she gently groaned,
And said, "Poor boy!"—and died.

Ah! how I wept upon her face
And called her name in vain,
My childish heart could scarce believe
She would not speak again!

And, now, I think of that sad day,
My grief is running o'er;
I seem to see my mother die,
And weep her death once more.—

Perhaps you bear a parent's name,
And call your child your joy;
Oh, never may that child become
A wretched orphan boy!

Perhaps the woes that fill my breast,
Are partly felt by thine;
You had a father—mother—who
Are dead, as well as mine!

Then join with me to bless the hands
That gave me refuge here;
That made this aching heart rejoice,
And wiped away each tear.

CALAMUS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 9.]

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1817.

[VOL. I.

ON THE POETRY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

From the European Magazines.

*"Corvus poctus, et poctridas picas
Centare credas Pegaseium males."*

PERSIUS.

WE have been told it as the expression of a lady, after reading a late effusion of a certain noble Poet on a domestic occurrence, that if the appeal had been made to her, she could not have forborne flying into his arms : and certainly the warm and unconstrained feeling with which his lordship's verses abound, will justify us in supposing this sentiment to be pretty generally extended. Mr. Scott, whenever he chooses to send a poem into the world, can depend upon a rapid and wide circulation of it, for indeed it must be read : every one asks his neighbour if he has seen the new poem ; though this can scarcely be called a distinction, for the palm is divided with, I may almost say, every novelist of the day ; and to judge from the continued torrents the press pours out, every minor rhymster has his share of bays.

When an author is read and applauded by every body, his fame seems to have the most sure foundation, and it is like the portent of an earthquake to question it, or try its solidity. And yet a curious speculator may find some exercise for his ingenuity in inquiring into the poetical taste of the present day ; and if the subject were well followed, it might not, perhaps, prove a superfluous examination.

There is no need to go far back to enter upon this inquiry. The Ancients is a term so familiar, as to imply every thing of character and persons ; and those authors, as they are the originals and models of the literature now so universally diffused, are enshrined in the perfection of their different characters, and without descanting upon them, we have only to look towards them, and ask why and how we have departed from their examples. Fabius and Scipio were inflamed with the desire of glory from beholding the images of their ancestors ; and the commencement of modern literature was by copying the writers of the classic ages. The consciousness of mind inspires every man with the lust of being distinguished, and emulation is its first impulse. The fire of poetry was long kindled on the altars that had outlived the ruin of many ages ; and that this was not a superstitious reverence, we have sufficient proof, from its having been observed by the best of the later poets. But learning, even in later times, was still confined ; and it has been progressively, and during a comparative dearth of the exalted genius of Poetry, that it has spread itself over this country. The competition for fame has naturally followed its course ; and the cloud of candidates who found in the path of classical taste and beauty the vestiges of those who had preceded

them, who tread it seldom, but whose marks are indelible, started from it to trace a road for themselves in the wildness and exuberance of their own imagination. On the revival of letters in Italy, some of the learned men laboured to re-establish the taste for poetry, by compositions which were rigid but servile copies of the ancient poets; they followed them strictly in the metre and rules of composition; but in this attention they lost sight entirely of their spirit and beauty. Genius was rising in the nation, and was disgusted with the insipid imitation. To this disgust we owe the delightful and romantic wanderings of Ariosto. But it is only an illustrious spirit that can assume originality with success, and we have not an Ariosto now. Since the pursuit of letters became general amongst us, there have been many examples of failure in imitation; but I am afraid our deviations are not more successful. The permanent reputation of our authors has not risen since booksellers sunk from scholars to tradesmen. When every one reads something, and even a partial approval insures a momentary circulation for a work, publication becomes a traffic, and, as Puff says, in the Critic, "the surest recommendation of a book is, that every body reads it, and that nobody ought to read it." This is not to be understood as general; but I believe the same cause that gives our modern poets their easy careless style, provides them with readers; the author pours out a rhapsody of vulgar images in jingling metre; and while he runs on in a strain of commonplace phrases, imagines that his course is urged by the *divine particularum aura*, and mistakes a rhyming knack and slovenly expression for the force of genius and the impulse of inspiration; while with his reader, what is understood without effort and read without trouble often imposes itself as the production of taste and skill. The greater part of society who make pretensions to literary knowledge, have naturally but a small share of it, and they are perfectly content to let their imaginations be caught with the tinsel of improbable inventions and false colouring, provided their judgment is not engaged in the development: and

gratitude renders them the admirers of the author who does not impose on them the task of perusing his works with cautiousness and attention. No one in the present day can live in society without some degree of learning; but society itself is an obstacle to a depth of learning; and most people seek improvement merely for the sake of mixing with others, and only read to talk. The classical taste of this major part, therefore, cannot be correctly formed, and they are willing to give the character of genuine poetry to the wildest and most unformed effusion, which dazzles and surprizes them at the first view, rather than offend their self love by examining it more closely, and by discovering its imperfections be compelled to acknowledge the infirmity of their own judgment, and the error of their taste. The poet, of course, takes advantage of this indulgence, and gives himself credit for the talents that the public are too indolent to dispute with him. From abuse springs still greater licence; and hence we are overwhelmed by monsters and fictions which have neither elegance nor moral to support their mass, and which are presented in all the irregularity and ruggedness of diction that the inventor finds convenient; who cannot be expected to give himself more pains than are demanded from him. Unity and perfection of action are found in the barren plot, which is developed the moment it is entered upon; and as if *Mythos* meant a prodigy, vast and unnatural conceptions are substituted for grandeur and sublimity. Nature is certainly the same she was when the first poets followed and described her; but those who think it necessary to look beyond her for their subject, are led rather by their ignorance of her magnitude than by a failing in her abundance: the accidents and revolutions of the world, the objects of notice and inquiry, every circumstance that roused or soothed the earliest genius, are still supplied from a constant source; and if we do not find them seized and amplified with the vigour and graces which Nature only can give, it is because she is more sparing in bestowing genius than matter for the exercise of it.

It must be this consciousness that has

turned to so extraordinary a style the labours of our present race of poets, and to which they owe that class of admirers who are as incapable of enjoying the majesty of sublime composition as they are themselves of displaying it. The voice of the majority gives a temporary bias to public opinion, and every age has had its peculiar style of poetry ; but the poets of those ages have died away and are forgotten, and they have left the few who will always live while taste remains, however it may swerve occasionally, and whose lasting reputation gives the severest reproof to the levity of false taste, and shews most clearly the ridicule and vanity of exulting in the ephemeral glare of present popularity. *March 1817.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

FRENCH PECULIARITIES.

ACTIVITY OF THE WOMEN.

AT the hotel or inn where you arrive you may find the husband in the habit of going to market, and of keeping the books ; but all other business, such as receiving the travellers, adjusting the bills, superintending the servants, male and female, falls under the province of *Madame*. Again, if you go to an upholsterer's to buy a few articles of furniture, you may observe the husband superintending his workmen in the back shop or yard, but leaving it to his fair partner to treat with customers, to manage all cash receipts and payments, and, in many cases, to fix on the articles to be purchased out of doors. The mercer's wife does not limit her services to the counter, or to the mechanical tasks of retailing and measuring—you see her at one time standing beside the desk, and giving directions to the clerks ; at another you hear of her being absent on a journey to the manufacturing towns, and are desired to suspend your purchases, not till her return, which would be remote, but for the few days necessary to let her send home some marks of her progress, '*car madame nous fait ses envois à mesure qu'elle fait ses achats.*' In short, women in France are expected not only to lend an assisting hand to their husbands in business, but to take a lead in the management, to keep the correspondence, to calculate the rate of prices, and to do a number of things that imply not merely fidelity and vigilance, but the habit of deciding and acting by herself in the most important departments of the concern. We need hardly add, that they are abundantly zealous in points so nearly connected with the welfare of their families, and

that the extent of assistance thus afforded to the husband far exceeds any idea that can be formed by those who have not resided in France. But all advantages have their drawbacks, and this assistance is not afforded without several important sacrifices, among which we are to reckon the almost universal neglect of neatness in the interior of the house, and the more serious charge of inattention to the health of their children. The greater proportion of the latter are separated from their mothers at the time when parental tenderness is most wanted, and entrusted to country nurses, who are frequently very deficient in the means of preserving their health, or providing for their comfort.

If we look to the higher circles, we shall find every where example of similar activity and address. Your readers may have fresh in their minds the multiplied letters and applications of *Madame Ney*, and the more fortunate exploit of *Madame Lavalette*. They will not have forgotten the courageous stand made by the *Duchess of Angoulême* at *Bordeaux*, in *March 1815*, and her repeated addresses to the troops of the garrison.

MORALS.

This is a very delicate topic, and one on which I take the liberty to differ from a great number of our countrymen. In nothing does the exaggerating propensity of the French appear more conspicuous than in the tale of scandal ; not that such tales are particularly frequent in this country, but, because, when they do come forth, they are arrayed in a garb that would hardly ever enter into the imagination of any of our country-

women. On our side of the Channel a rumour, whether among the fair or the mercenary part of the public, generally has probability, in some degree, for its foundation; but in France all you require is the direct allegation, the confident assertion. Nobody thinks of scrutinizing your evidence, and you are in no danger of being afterwards reminded of your fallacy, in a country where almost every thing was absorbed in the thirst of novelty. A lady in France, who may happen to have a quarrel, or who may give rise to a hostile feeling by her vanity or affectation, is not, as with us, merely satirised for the eccentricity of her dress or manner, but is doomed forthwith to encounter the most vehement attacks on her reputation. Lovers are immediately found out for her, and the circumstances of assignations are recapitulated with as much precision as if the parties had been present at the forbidden interview; if she has eclipsed her rivals at a ball, or received the marked attentions of a leading personage, the unkindly rumor will fly from mouth to mouth, without exciting, among at least nine-tenths of the public, the least doubt of its reality. It lasts, indeed, only for a few weeks, until some other female becomes equally the object of jealousy, and is made to furnish materials for a fresh series of wonderful anecdotes.

A residence of several years in a provincial town of considerable size and of much genteel society, has satisfied me that nine-tenths of the tales circulated against particular individuals are unfounded, and were never meant by the inventors to produce any thing beyond a temporary discredit to the obnoxious party. Common sense tells us, that, in every civilized country, a woman will look for her happiness in the affection of her husband, and in the esteem of the respectable part of her sex; nor can France be accounted an exception, unless it can be shewn that, by some strange peculiarity, the men in that country are indifferent to the chastity of their wives and daughters, or the women callous to every thing in the shape of vice. Gallantry is the vice of an idle man; it is characteristic of the higher ranks in France, in the same manner, and perhaps

in a somewhat higher degree than in other countries; but how small is the proportion of these idlers to the great mass of the population! The middling and the lower ranks follow the same habits of industry as with us; a married couple can find a maintenance for their family only by a cordial support of each other; and the time of the husband is occupied to a degree that leaves him very little leisure for planning projects on his neighbour's wife.

There is, however, a very marked distinction in the degree of reprobation affixed by French and English ladies to individuals of their sex, labouring under unfavourable imputations. While, with us, the exclusion from society takes place on a general scale, in France it is only partial, owing not (as the wags will argue) to a community of impropriety on the part of those who still continue their countenance; but to a facility of temper, a wish to view things on the favourable side, a credulity in listening to the vindication of the accused party, a partiality to whoever courts protection; in short, to a variety of causes that do more honour to the heart than the head.

Parents in France are very scrupulous in regard to their daughters, and make a rule of not allowing them to go into company or to places of amusement without the protection of a relation or friend, whose age or character will prevent any loose conversation from the young or giddy part of the other sex. This, to be sure, is paying but a bad compliment to the male part of the society; but it gives an English family residing in France an assurance, that their daughters may go without hazard into female society, particularly of an age corresponding to their own. Music, drawing, and dancing, form in that country, as with us, the general occupation of unmarried ladies.

Paris.—There is a material difference between the French of Paris and the provincial towns, so that the favorable part of my picture is to be understood as applicable chiefly to the latter. Paris has always been the residence of an extraordinary number of *oisifs*, whether officers, *noblesse*, or others, who have

just money enough to pay their way from day to day; and who, without being absolute adventurers, are perpetually falling into all the exceptionable habits of the inexperienced and idle. A Frenchman is the creature of habit, he has no fixed principles, and follows, with all imaginable pliancy, the example or solicitation of those with whom he happens to be connected for the moment. Such a flexibility of character must inevitably pave the way to a variety of irregularities, and eventually to vices; time is wasted at theatres, at shows, or at the more dangerous occupation of the gaming-table: and, although the habitual exaggeration of the French leads them (when speaking of the vices of the metropolis,) to exhibit a very *outré* picture, particularly in what relates to the fair sex, there can remain no doubt that Paris is a place to be avoided, and that it is the scene where, of all others, the national character of the French appears to the greatest disadvantage.

FRENCH HOTEL.

The kitchen of a French inn is so frequently placed in the front part of the house, that the chance is very much in favor of its being the first room into which the stranger is shewn; and here M. Anglais receives the respects of Madame, the mistress of the hotel; not of her husband, whose pleasures and pursuits seem to be confined to sauntering about and taking snuff in the morning, presiding at the table d'hôte, and in the evening playing back-gammon or picquet with the cook. While congratulations on safe arrival and other compliments are passing, the stranger has a glance of the interior of this important department. The principal cook, in his white cap and apron, is busily employed in looking into stirring, and tasting the contents of at least a score of copper stew-pans, ranged in due order on a long stove; and which, in the midst of their hissing and frying, send up one of those compound savoury smells that go to remind me of Smollett's "least after the manner of the ancients." As the roast is probably more to his taste, he sees with no small satisfaction a fine turkey, and three or four excellent fowls, revolving before a brisk wood-fire. But he must remove from this hot stewing bustling scene to attend "*Leonore*," the *fille de chambre*. A Frenchman who by this time steps forward with vivacious countenance, dainty white-cap, black sparkling eyes, and hoop ear-rings, as large as a half-crown, and kindly offers to conduct M. Anglais, "*en haut*," whither he proceeds, by a staircase, quite as dirty as the street, "to make himself comfortable."

In the French chamber there is more decidedly an appearance, at least, of a want of what is so well understood by us in the word, *comfort*:—no ponderous mahogany four-post bed takes its station in the principal part of the chamber—no warm curtains hung by rings, on a rod; the sound of which, when closed upon the tired traveller, is so grateful to his ears; but a couch-like, or sofa-looking, bed, wheeled up with its side to the wall, and not unfrequently in a recess, with doors to close and exclude it altogether from view, as an unimportant piece of furniture. The curtains, pending, tent like, from an ornamented point, are capable of more tasteful arrangement than those in the square solid English form, and much space is obviously gained by this compact disposition of the beds. No carpeting, not even by the bed-side; the linen frequently damp! The floors, in the best houses, of dry-rubbed wainscot, laid in various diamond forms, but very commonly paved with octagonal red tiles, even to the garrets; and, to increase the chilly appearance of things, the set of drawers and tables are covered with the almost universal marble slab—a shallow oval wash-hand basin, with a tall jug in it, resembling the one with which the stork in the fable entertained the fox—a large, thin, damp napkin—a small morsel of "*veritable Windsor*"—a few stained rush-bottom chairs—a couple of easy ones, stuffed, caned, and covered with crimson velvet—and several magnificent mirrors, reflecting the elegant landscape paper-bangings, about complete the furniture of a bettermost French chamber.

February, 1817.

From the European Magazine.

THE LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

* * * * *

ANOTHER awful pause was broken by our scheming Brother's exclamations. "Eurekas, I have found it!—Never had Archimedes himself greater reason to rejoice in a discovery! In this portfolio is a piece of oriental music, in which every sound is expressed by a corresponding image, and every concord or discord in it forms a picturesque groupe. Let us borrow the old Brahmin's idea, and obtain a patent for publishing sonatas in the shape of landscapes. A purling stream might indicate a succession of soft notes; a forest thick with innumerable leaves would represent the difficulties of a fine chromatic passage; and a full thundercloud behind might express the sublime burst of sound usual at a grand finale."

"Certainly," said Clanharold, "the sister arts of music and painting might be beautifully blended by associating lovely forms with ideas of melody; but this specimen of ancient Hindoo harmony seems to suggest an improvement on Lavater's system. Might you not obtain a more profitable patent by devising a gamut of human faces expressing the gradations of intellect and beauty?"

"Many thanks for the hint, Brother Poet. And as base and treble notes admirably shew the contrast between the shrill sounds of female eloquence and the growlings of deep masculine wisdom, we might contrive an instructive example of the concords and discords resulting from both united. For this purpose, I have already sketched a gamut of faces exhibiting the seven stages of spleen, as displayed in our own fraternity, with an accompaniment composed of seven female heads whose scornful beauty affords a tolerable excuse for us."

We all gathered round this whimsical caricature—"These fair heads," continued Philowhim, "which I have placed according to nature, an octave lower in the scale than ours, are borrowed from a certain institution established by seven wealthy spinsters. They reside in a romantic seclusion, admit no strangers,

and amuse themselves with collecting all the legends left in favour of their sex by historians of seven nations. But as the compilation of so many female heads required adjusting, they inquired for a confidential amanuensis to transcribe it. I was a candidate for the task, and had the felicity of a moment's glance at seven heads worth a thousand pounds to Drs. Gall and Spurzheim."

"Pray," said Sir Pertinax, surveying them through his eye-glass, "is the office of secretary vacant now?"

"O most probably. King Boleslaus, who employed a hundred clerks, or Cardinal Dubois, who hired one merely to scold at, never gave an amanuensis more trouble. In addition to my task of transcribing seven legends of female virtue, I was employed in copying sonnets, making extracts from lectures on conchology, craniology, and pathology, and composing paragraphs for the scandalous chronicle. In my haste and confusion, I communicated a recipe for the best noyau to the Antiquarian Society, instead of a dissertation on a petrified owl found by one of the sisterhood; and sent an order for a bottle of patent Parisian cream in an envelope designed for a sentimental ode. My dismissal followed, and I came here, like other ex-secretaries, to reveal the secrets of my office."

"I have heard such institutions proposed," said Dr. Beauclerc, "as fit and desirable asylums, but have fearful doubts of their utility. Mineral poisons may lose their inveteracy by mingling, but those of the moral world grow more malignant when collected. Imagine a society of females infected with vain and dissatisfied self-love, consequently with envy, ambition, and uncharitableness! Imagine how each would consume her talents in frivolous devices, and blight her associates by spleen and calumny! Such a female circle would form a place of torture beyond all that tyranny ever devised—a torture too various to be described, and too ridiculous to be pined." "Very true!" sighed forth our poetic

Clanharold—"flowers perfume the air if unconfined, but poison it if covered in a close jar."

"Your axiom may be elegant," interposed the Cynic, "but it is not true. Flowers may dephlogisticate the air, as you say, in a close jar; but they never purify it any where. It has been proved by Ingenhouz and others, that the stem and leaves, not the flowers, of plants have power to improve our atmosphere."

"Allow me," said I, "to pursue your thought. If there is any resemblance between the beauties of animal and vegetable nature, it is not the gaudy, variable, and fading decorations of modern females which sweeten social life, but the soft and steady virtue that gives support and diffuses balm like the leaves and stem of an aromatic plant.—Let us carry the analogy still farther. As flowers diffuse a malignant air only in the absence of the sun, I conceive that the florid talents of women, which you suppose mere poisoners of existence, require always the correcting influence of a kind and benevolent spirit. Such a principle fixed in their own minds, would render their ornaments both innocent and lovely, as the presence of light gives colouring and health to vegetables."

"How tenderly expressed!" retorted my opponent with a glance of malice; "but I am not quite convinced that the globules of light have any share in colours: nor is a lady's character always so flowery as it seems. Many a traveller has found nothing but senna and coliquintida where he expected poppies and -----"

"A truce," said our eldest Brother, "to this contest between science and imagination. Let us all remember that wit owes its attraction to good-nature, as the violent ray of the sun gives magnetic power to the needle. But as we enjoy without understanding the principle of light, I choose rather to admire than to define the genius of woman. I look on the female mind as I look upon the sea. Without presuming to explain, I know the noble and necessary element which composes it; but I also see its fluctuation, its insolidity, its uncertain and often violent motion. Therefore, though ma-

ny encounter it with safety and success, I am content to walk at a sure distance on the shore."

"Brothers," said Counsellor Lumiere, very gravely, "though corporations may legally and necessarily employ a secretary or prolocutor, I know not whether a community of spinsters can be considered in the eye of the law, and according to its statutes, a real and effective corporation. For it requires, 1st. lawful authority; 2dly, proper persons; 3dly, a name and place fitting thereunto; and, finally, it must be an assembly whereof one is head or chief. Now it is evident that females cannot exercise lawful authority, inasmuch as, though a woman may be a sexton herself, or vote in the election of one (*vide Strange, 1114*), the law allows her no other office, wisely intimating that her chief concern and pleasure is to bury her husband; or, as one of the sex expresses it—"to plague him first and bury him afterwards." Nor can a community of spinsters ever elect a chief, as it is their profession to be uncontrouled, and each a sovereign of herself. Nor is the name of Tabby appropriate or fitting, being derived from a tame domestic animal no way similar to a feme sole, quoad spinster. But if these points should not be litigated, and this institution can maintain itself, I will venture to offer my aid, being experienced in all the forms of law:—which forms are necessary (*saith Hobbes, 232*), or the law would be no art. But as spinsters ought to be named *generosa* (see *Dyer, 46 and 68*), I shall expect a retaining fee, and believe their verdict would be *non obstante*."

"Brother Hermits," exclaimed Sir Pertinax, after a long yawn—"are we not debating like the philosophers who reasoned on the golden tooth? Before we dispute about this female institution, we should be very certain that it exists. Let us choose one of our fraternity by ballot, and send him to ascertain the fact:—if he can obtain a view of these rich recluses by offering himself as amanuensis, we will all assist him in transcribing their miraculous legends, provided he supplies us with a copy of their rent-rolls."—Every voice gave assent—the balloting-glasses were prepar-

ed, and my name drawn forth. Our speculating buffoon, Philowhim, gave my hand an honest shake of congratulation. "But be not too sanguine," he added, "in your hopes of obtaining a clue to the bower. If you can find credentials enough to recommend you to the office of copyist, you may possibly be entrusted with the precious manuscripts, but not with a glance at the seven heiresses. Remember your duty to us, however; and as a member of the Talletelling Club, or Brotherhood of Bioscribes, endeavour to furnish us with a new romance, at least."

"Fear nothing," was my answer—"We once called ourselves the Euno-mian Society, because we intended to seek the law of happiness: and as we borrowed our name from Hesiod's loveliest female personage, we may find teachers of happiness among women."

* * * * *

And now imagine me, like a second Baron of Triermain, in quest of a most perilous adventure. Having passed under the arch of a giant-rock which forms the colossal portcullis of Dovedale, I followed the narrow path hewn on the edge of a chasm whose sides are clothed by the arbutus and mountain ash, and whose depth would seem unfathomable if the glistening of the Dove did not betray its channel. The alpine bridge which hangs over this chasm brought me to the threshold of Willow Hall. But there the alpine scenery disappeared; a screen of interwoven oaks concealed it,

and I saw only a sunny slope, regular enough for a *bal champêtre*, and bordered by the river which spreads itself there into a clear and broad mirror. Forest trees complete the amphitheatre: and the village spire, the smoke of a few cottages, and the outline of a grey mountain, were just visible beyond. I leave you to fancy it with the rich gold and purple colouring bestowed on the superb pavillion of rocks by the setting sun. "This might be the home of happiness!" said my imagination when I looked round. Do not smile, sagacious Editor, for this is my first thought in whatever place I enter. And why should we not view every habitation with a wish to think it pleasant? There is a reserved and feminine spirit in happiness which will not be won unsought.—When the portress had opened the iron gates of Willow Hall, I found myself in an ancient parlour, where the sun shining through an ample damask drapery, reminded me of a kind heart seen through a glowing face, and gave a charming *couleur-de-rose* to the assembly. In a chair of state sat the foundress of the institution, surrounded by her sisterhood. Had I been a pupil of the Great Henry's first tutor, *Le Gaucherie*, I could not have presented my credentials with less grace; but they were successful. The historian of the hermits became the spinners' chronicler; and if they are deserving credit, they may claim a place in the same pages.

V.

March, 1817.

To be continued.

PRINCE MALCOLM.

A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS. BY JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, JUN.

From the *European Magazine*.

THERE is a dreadful fascination in the subject of this Poem, which is calculated to give it interest with every class of readers; and for that sensation we are indebted to Shakspeare, who calls our attention to the Prince at a moment when he must be less than a man that could pass over his situation without feelings of horror, compassion, and dread for his future escape from the merciless fangs of his father's murderer and the usurper of his own throne. At this pe-

riod the author takes Malcolm under his poetical protection, and in due time he conducts the Prince to the exalted situation fate had ordained for him. The notes subjoined require consultation, therefore we analyse them for the use of our readers. It will be observed we speak in the person of Mr. H. who thinks it would appear at first sight that Malcolm must have suspected Macbeth had caused his calamities, or he would not have fled from Inverness. This

conjecture he opposes with the argument that "Macbeth stood high in the opinion of his countrymen, and his loyalty could not be impeached without strong proof, at the very moment when, at the hazard of his life, he had quelled a powerful rebellion, aided by the Norwegian power, and placed his monarch in quiet possession of the throne." According to Shakspeare, Macbeth retains his loyalty and an unsullied character till supernatural means were employed to warp his reason, and rouse that ambitious spirit which led him to commit his first dreadful crime. "Malcolm's flight was naturally the consequence of that fear, which the murder of his father, under such strange circumstances, would produce; and took place before sufficient time had elapsed to collect the circumstances necessary to fix the crime on any one, much less on Macbeth."

The second note refers to Glamis Castle, which belonged to the family; and on its forfeiture to the crown, in consequence of Macbeth's death, was given by Robert II. "to his favourite Sir John Lyon, *propter, laudabili et fidei servitis, et continuis laboribus*." Only one of the towers remains of the original structure, which consisted of three long courts, with a square tower and gateway in each. Miss Spence having described the present castle, in her "Sketches of the present Manners, &c. of Scotland," Mr. Humphreys offers it to his readers as follows:—

"Glamis Castle, in the vicinity of Kinnottles, is one of considerable distinction. This venerable structure is the property of the Earl of Strathmore, and is his seat in Scotland. Many noble edifices are called castles, without the least analogy to that style of architecture: this is not the case with Glamis. There is a stately grandeur in the formation of the building, which carries the imagination back to feudal times. Its pondrous walls, small turrets, and numerous round towers surmounted with gold balls, high narrow windows, and rude diversity, give a character and effect to the whole which is very striking." Miss Spence mentions that she was shewn the chamber in which Duncan is

said to have been murdered. This small, gloomy, and antique apartment is in the south wing, from which the bed has been removed to the upper story. The castle is situated between Perth and Brechin, in the vale of Strathmore, and about six miles north of Forfar, in the eastern part of Scotland.

Siward, Earl of Northumberland, is introduced as a principal in the poem; of whom Camden says, "Among these (the earls) Siward was a person of extraordinary valour; and as he lived, so he chose to die in his armour."

The notes to the fifth canto are from Shakspeare's Macbeth, Act IV. Scene 3. Sir John St. Clair's Statistical Account of Scotland furnishes our author with other illustrations, from which we learn a tradition common at Dunsinane, that Macbeth resided at the castle of Carnbeth for ten years after his usurpation, where vestiges of it are yet to be seen, and at that time two of the most powerful witches in Scotland lived near him, at Callace and Casse, not far from Dunsinane House; the country-people also point out the moor where they met, and a stone called the Witches' Stone. It was by their advice that Macbeth erected a castle on Dunsinane hill of uncommon strength, both natural and artificial. Upon the arrival of Malcolm Canmore with the English auxiliaries, he marched towards Dunkeld to meet his friends from the north; and this led them to Birnam-wood, where some motive induced the troops to carry the branches of trees either in their hands, or placed in their bonnets: hence Shakspeare's prevaricating prophecy of the witches respecting Birnam-wood coming to Dunsinane. "And when Malcolm," says Sir John, "prepared to attack the castle, where it was principally defended by the outer rocks, he immediately deserted, and flying, ran up the opposite hill, pursued by Macduff; but finding it impossible to escape, he threw himself from the top of the hill, was killed upon the rocks, and buried at the *Lang Man's Grave*, as it is called, yet extant. The neighbouring peasants point out a spot where they say Banquo was murdered."

The traditions above noticed also as-

sert, Macbeth to have been of gigantic stature.

Other notes relate to Macduff and Scene ; and the two last are as follows :

"Malcolm the Third, commonly called Malcolm Canmore, from two Gaelic words which signify a large head, but, most probably, his great capacity, was the eighty-sixth King of Scotland, from Fergus the First, the supposed founder of the monarchy. He was a wise and magnanimous prince ; and in no respect inferior to his contemporary, the Norman conqueror, with whom he was often at war." "Malcolm the Third married Margaret, daughter to Edward, surnamed the Outlaw, son to Edmund Ironside, King of England. By the death of her brother Edgar Atheling, the Saxon right to the Crown of England devolved upon the posterity of that princess, who was one of the wisest and worthiest women of the age, and her daughter Maud was accordingly married to Henry I. of England. Malcolm, after a glorious reign was killed, with his son, treacherously it is said, at the siege of Alnwick, by the besiegers."

Such are the facts on which Mr. Humphreys founds his very interesting poem—a poem which, we think, may be classed with the best productions of the day : and this opinion we shall endeavour to establish by the following extract.

At the opening of the second canto, we find Malcolm in danger from Dunmack, who keeps the castle of Glamis, then belonging to Macbeth, where the prince had taken shelter, ignorant who was the cause of his father's death. A monk who knew the prince takes the first opportunity of warning him to fly.

"The wav'ring lamp, with dying gleam,
Spreads a still, religious gloom ;
And oft is heard the night-bird's scream :
Foretelling sad the wretch's doom.
Now come with me to Glamis tow'r,
While still the sullen night doth low'r ;
And view the gothic chamber wide ;—
But come, when there is none beside
The stately bed, with lofty plume,
Now dimly seen conceal'd in gloom.
While by listening fancy led,
The mind, by wild'ring terror fed,
Is fill'd with thoughts and phantoms dread ;
—Moves not that form so gaunt and grim,
With frowning brow, and giant limb ;

Or was it shadow of the brain !—
'Tis but the pictar'd tapestry,
Portray'd in colours bold and free,
Now sudden shrieks the warm blood freeze
—'Twas but the howl of the midnight breeze.
Hark! Malcolm speaks—tho' wrapp'd in sleep:
And mutters threats, and curses deep—
'Tis on his father's murd'rer.
Soft—soft—I heard a distant tread,
With stealthy pace, and faint ;
Now all is silent as the dead ;—
Soft—hush—'tis heard again.
What figure's that in mantle black,
Which doth the straining eye-sight rack,
Slow moving tow'rds the bed ?—
His cheek is pale—his eye is sunk ;
Sure 'tis the wither'd, aged monk—
Or shadow from the dead !
Now Malcolm wakes from starting dream—
His eyes upon the form are fix'd ;
His brain confus'd with figures mix'd,
And by the lamp's dim, parting gleam,
He deems it Duncan's shade !
"Ah, dost thou come, thy son to chide ?"
His voice in terror then was hush'd ;
And from the form he strove to hide ;
While through his brain the hot blood rush'd :—
"O ! calm, my son, thy troubled mind,"
(The monk with gentle voice replied ;)
I come with counsel sage and kind,
Thy rash and headlong youth to guide ;
"To me are weighty secrets known ;
Which strange and wild to thee appear ;
O'er this old head grey time hath flown,
And chill'd my aged blood with care ;
"Now list ! and mark the horrid knell,
By which the gentle Duncan fell ;
And learn to doubt false smiling show,
And men by actions only know :
"And to thy young and flatt'ring heart,
Let it the sober truth impart ;
Tell thee to doubt, ay, think the worst,
And 'scape the storm before it burst :
"I would not have thee shrink with fear ;
Nor with disgrace thine honour sear ;
But trusting youth doth often rue
The friendship deem'd secure and true :
"On proud Macbeth, thy father lean'd ;
And loyal, frank, and bold he seem'd ;
The wary tiger feigns to sleep ;
The cruel crocodile to weep ;
"Tis not for me to tell thee more ;
'Scape while thou canst the fatal shore ;
Before the morrow's coming night
Mouset thy swift steed, and speed thy flight."

From p.123 to the end of the volume are Poems on various subjects, many of which are pleasing, and some masterly.

CORPULENCE,

OR OBESITY, CONSIDERED AS A DISEASE. BY WILLIAM WADD.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE good opinion which we expressed of this pleasant but scientific Treatise when anonymous, is not lessened by the respectable professional name under which it is now published.

"These remarks first appeared," Mr. Wadd observes, "with a confession that they had never been prepared for the public eye. For that reason they were published without a name.—In this imperfect state they passed through two impressions; and as no pains were taken to conceal the Author, he soon became generally known. It was therefore his wish to render the work more systematic; but professional duties, and publications, have prevented his attempting more than to arrange such facts as have occurred in his practice or reading. They have gradually accumulated; and judging of the importance of the subject, by the reception with which such a trifle has been honoured, he is induced to submit them again to the corpulent good-humoured part of the community, in their present shape."

Though Mr. Wadd has occasionally treated the subject with much pleasantry, it is nowhere mixed with levity.

"The English nation," he tells us, "has at all times been as famous for beef, as her sons have been celebrated for bravery. That they understood good living, even in the earliest ages, we may learn from Cæsar, who, speaking of the diet of the Britons, says, '*Lacte et carne vivunt.*' Nor have the '*cibi crassi ac fæculentæ turbidæque potiones*' of our ancestors, been a subject of less admiration with all succeeding historians, down to the days of the good Sir Lionel Duckett, who, anno 1573, restrained the 'great housekeeping in the City, that had caused such great consumption of venison, as to give offence to the Queen and Court.' It has been conjectured by some, that for one fat person in France or Spain, there are a hundred in England. I shall leave others to determine the fairness of such a calculation.... It

is not a little singular, that a disease which had been thought characteristic of the inhabitants of this island, should have been so little attended to. Dr. Thomas Short's discourse on Corpulency, published in 1727, with a small pamphlet by Dr. Flemyng, and some occasional remarks in a few systematic works, will, I believe, be found to comprise all that has been said in this country, on what Dr. Fothergill termed 'a most singular disease.'"

After noticing the principal articles that have been resorted to in the treatment of this disease, we are informed, that "the person who depends solely on the benefit to be derived from the use of any of them will find himself grievously disappointed.

"How can a magic box of pills,
Syrup, or vegetable juice,
Eradicate at once those ills
Which years of luxury produce?"

"Abstinence from animal food was considered a moral duty, by the learned Ritson, ten years ago; and we have very lately had an erudite exhortation, to 'return to Nature,' and vegetable diet, by a gentleman whose whole family live according to the following bill of fare. 'Our breakfast,' he observes, 'is composed of dried fruits, whether raisins, figs, or plums, with toasted bread, or biscuits, and weak tea, always made of distilled water, with a moderate portion of milk in it. The children, who do not seem to like the flavour of tea, use milk and water instead of it. When butter is added to the toast, it is in very small quantity. The dinner consists of potatoes, with some other vegetables, according as they happen to be in season; macaroni, a tart, or a pudding, with as few eggs as possible: to this is sometimes added a dessert. Onions, especially those from Portugal, may be stewed with a little walnut pickle, and some other vegetable ingredients, for which no cook will be at a loss, so as to

constitute an excellent sauce for all other vegetables. As to drinking, we are scarcely inclined, on this cooling regimen, to drink at all; but when it so happens, we take distilled water, having a still expressly for this purpose in our back kitchen.—The article of drink requires the utmost attention. Corpulent persons generally indulge to excess; if this be allowed, every endeavour to reduce them will be vain.—Newmarket affords abundant proofs, how much may be done by exercise. Jockies sometimes reduce themselves a stone and a half in weight in a week.

“The Author of the Pursuits of Literature remarks, that Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one (by no means the least important) is, that it makes us laugh, a well-known recipe for making us fat. The Royal Society of London, after neglecting this laughter-making property of Philosophy for some years, seems, in one instance, inclined to revive it.—Lest it should be suspected that I have misrepresented the important paper thus alluded to, and its accompanying specimen, I shall offer a slight analysis of the first. The latter has been analyzed by a chemist, not less celebrated for his accuracy than his modesty, of whom it need only be said that he is the very able successor of Davy at the Royal Institution.”

For this analysis it may be sufficient to refer to the Tract before us; as we have no intention to examine more closely into the oily substance “which, procured under circumstances which precluded all possibility of deception, was laid on the table of the Royal Society.”

Many scientific observations are added to the present edition, and several remarkable cases; among which is the following anecdote, related by Sir N. Wrexall, of our venerable Monarch.

“He (George III.) seemed to have a tendency to become corpulent, if he had not suppressed it by systematic and unremitting temperance. On this subject I shall relate a fact, which was communicated to me by a friend, Sir John Macpherson, who received it from the great Earl of Mansfield, to whom the

King himself mentioned it; forcibly demonstrating that strength of mind, renunciation of all excess, and dominion over his appetite, which have characterized George III. at every period of his life. Conversing with William Duke of Cumberland, his uncle, not long before that Prince's death in 1764, his Majesty observed, that it was with concern he remarked the Duke's augmenting corpulency. ‘I lament it not less,’ Sir, replied he; ‘but it is constitutional; and I am much mistaken if your Majesty will not become as large as myself, before you attain to my age.’ ‘It arises from your not using sufficient exercise,’ answered the king. ‘I use, nevertheless,’ said the Duke, ‘constant and severe exercise of every kind.—But there is another effort requisite, in order to repress this tendency, which is much more difficult to practise, and without which, no exercise, however violent, will suffice. I mean, great renunciation and temperance. Nothing else can prevent your Majesty from growing to my size.’ The King made no reply; but the Duke's words sunk deep, and produced a lasting impression on his mind. From that day he formed the resolution, as he assured Lord Mansfield, of checking his constitutional inclination to corpulency, by unremitting restraint upon his appetite:—a determination which he carried into complete effect, in defiance of every temptation.”

Many of the cases of “Preternatural Obesity,” which form the Appendix, are curious and entertaining, particularly those furnished from theatrical history. The last of these Cases is of a very serious nature, a fatal accumulation of fat about the heart. The subject was Dr. Higgins of the Navy; but for this we have no room.

“Here,” says the ingenious Author, “I shall close this motley collection, formed from much and varied reading, medical correspondence, and personal observation. The statement of many of the cases is given in the language of the parties. In some, no more is said than is sufficient to identify the fact. In others, where the public journals or private authority warranted it, the history is more explicit.”

ON SHAKSPEARE.

From the European Magazine.

THE GLEANER, No. I.

"I shall think it a most plenteous crop,
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps."

SHAKSPEARE—*As You Like it*,
Act. iii. Scene 3.

WHATEVER praises may have been lavished on our immortal dramatist, by the admirers of his genius and the panegyrists of his writings, the correct judgment of the critic who does not suffer himself to be led away by the momentary impulse of his passions and feelings, has found something to censure as well as much to applaud. That daring and bold imagination which serves to raise his productions so far above the level of those of men of ordinary capacities, and to stamp them with an evidence of powers peculiarly his own, regardless of rules and impatient of restraint, has been, in many instances, productive of a relation of circumstances far removed from all the rules of probability; whilst the taste of the times in which he wrote has too frequently led him to indulge in a strain of low humour and indecent allusion, and at other times to sacrifice common sense to the rapid jingling of uncouth rhymes.

But Shakspeare possessed qualities which have been individually the privilege of very few, and which, perhaps, collectively, were never before, nor have ever been since, united in so eminent a degree. Occupying, as he did, several of the lowest stations in life, and associating with characters who filled those which were still lower than his own, his earlier years afforded his acute and penetrating discernment a wonderful insight into the varieties of the human character. His descriptions are not those of the man who derives all his knowledge from books, who takes every thing, as it were, upon credit, who forms his own opinions upon those of others, whose means of information were, perhaps, more scanty and circumscribed than his own—who, unused to the bustling variety and active scenes of human action, draws a flattering picture in his garret of the charac-

ters of those whose voices he hears but at a distance below; and repeatedly holding up this creature of his fancy to his gaze, pronounces it an exact resemblance of an original which he has never seen—No—Shakspeare heard the opinions of mankind from their own mouths; saw the effect which particular causes produced; drew his inferences from the surest premises; and painted his portraits from Nature herself. Not relying upon that distant prospect of human life, which throws an appearance of universal uniformity upon every surrounding object, he entered so closely into its scenes, that he was a personal witness to all the minute discriminations which diversify the natural character, and which are only discoverable by a narrow and close inspection. Hence, if he wishes us to become acquainted with the original of his resemblance, he accompanies the description with a train of little incidents, which, though they might have escaped an ordinary observer, convince the most ordinary capacity that they are correct. Every speech is expressive of that particular sentiment which we are led to expect from the character in which it is made; and if we are occasionally surprised with an unlooked-for trait, we are soon reconciled to its introduction, and rather blame ourselves for having formed a wrong conception of the writer's intention, than the writer for differing from us. His images are very frequently so lively, that when he attempts an exact delineation, we are no longer reading the poet's description, but the object of his representation stands full before us, with every feature and lineament nicely portrayed. In perusing some of Shakspeare's plays, and noticing the distinguishing characteristics of his dramatis personæ, the reader feels as if he were contemplating one of Hogarth's pictures, and is ready to exclaim, the farther he looks—"Tis the very life."

But the praises of our great dramatist are not to be confined within the narrow limits of such a paper as the present: they have already filled volumes; and a

correct discernment of his distinguishing characteristics alone has been sufficient to immortalize a female, who has nobly vindicated the cause of English merit against the invidious remarks of Gallic jealousy.

There is one point of view which more particularly relates to the subject and design of this essay, to which we are anxious to draw the attention of our readers.—Referring again to those remarks with which we commenced, and acknowledging that, in many respects, Shakspeare deserves censure, still, however, we must admit, that amid the surrounding earthy particles is so much pure and valuable ore, that his trouble is most amply repaid who takes the pains to search and collect the precious substance. Many, who have very properly been cautious how they permit youth to resort to any source of amusement and reading, where there might be a danger of their tender minds being contaminated by impure and indelicate ideas, have objected to Shakspeare's being put into the hands of those whose principles

are not yet sufficiently fixed, and whose moral and religious opinions are in danger of being perverted by the imagination being gratified with prohibited objects of attraction. Perhaps the best way to prevent the evil, and insure the good which would result from a perusal of the productions of our immortal bard, would be to select those passages which are particularly worthy of notice, and, by an elucidation of their meaning, and an application of the sentiments conveyed by them, at once impress the memory and enlarge the understanding.

With this design, the writer intends the present as the commencement of a series of Essays, in which, adopting such passages in Shakspeare as appear worthy of remembrance, for mottoes, it will be his endeavour, in the remarks which may be made upon them, to combine amusement with instruction, and thus prove the truth of the frequently quoted sentiment of Horace,

"Omne tulit Punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci."

Portsea, March 1817. ALFRED.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
DR. JOHNSON was once requested by a lady of Lichfield to tell her what books were proper for her children, who were just learning to read:—his answer was, "O, madam, Tom Thom, and Jack the Giant-Killer;" intimating, as I suppose, that he thought it of no consequence what kind of books, were put into the hands of children. But, with all due respect for the opinion of this great man, I think it of very great consequence, and am convinced, that correct early impressions are of vital importance. I was therefore pleased to see the matter taken up by Y. Z. in the Monthly Magazine for March,* though I must beg to dissent from the opinion of this writer in regard to fables. Fables may, I grant, convey strong impressions of moral instruction to those who are of sufficiently mature age to separate the

moral from the tale; but, as this cannot be expected from young children, I think them highly improper.

I would have nothing presented to the thoughts of children but plain matter of fact, or what has at least the probability of truth; and, such is the curiosity of young people, and the elements of useful knowledge are so multifarious, and their accession is so very attractive, that it is worse than absurd, it is both culpable and cruel, to abuse the juvenile thoughts with the vagaries of fiction and romance. Children too may be early taught a love of truth, that shall contribute to all that is lovely and dignified in the human character. A forward boy, of seven years old, requested, a short time since, that I would lend him a book to read;—I found him Robinson Crusoe: after looking over the contents, he came, and said, "But, sir, is it all true? because, if it is not, I should not like to read it, for I

* See *Athenaeum*, Vol. I. p. 317.

don't know what to make of books that are not true."

We have many publications that are quite unexceptionable for the use of children; but the one which pleases me the most is the Book of Trades: I think it might be extended with advantage; nor should I be sorry to see it accompanied by a book of youthful pastimes, and athletic exercises, with plates,—for it is absolutely necessary that the thoughts of children should be dissipated by play and diverting exercises.

Tales of fairies and hobgoblins are now pretty well discarded from the nursery, though not entirely so; I was obliged to discharge a nurse lately, who persisted in telling tales of wonder: but every thing that is erroneous and visionary should be carefully discarded too; and it is also proper to avoid, as much as possible, whatever cannot be satisfactorily explained; the mental food of children, as well as their corporal food, should be easy of digestion. Great injury may be done by over stimulating juvenile thoughts, even with what is in itself perfectly rational, though unfit for the tender ideas. Now, if the thoughts of children may be excited to a diseased action by what is in itself rational, the most fatal consequences may be expected from filling their heads with what is erroneous and visionary; and no doubt but that the most lamentable perversities of human nature, and the most humiliating and degrading complaints, have often had their origin in the ridiculous tales of the nursery. I have had a patient who was af-

flicted with mental derangement at eleven years of age, and another at fifteen, evidently from this cause; and another, a female, who was not afflicted till after marriage, tells me that those visionary ideas, that have been the source of so much trouble and affliction to herself and nearest connexions in life, had their rise from the flattery of a fond brother, older than herself, who was in the habit of telling her, when a little girl, that she should be a great lady, and keep her own coach: she being extremely beautiful, the brother was most likely the dupe of his imaginations, and entertained a hope that she might make her fortune by marriage; instead of which, it was her lot to be united to a worthy clergyman, who, though he might start in life with the hopes of a good living, never obtained one. Had her "sober wishes never learned to stray," she might most likely have avoided the most deplorable disease. Nor is there any question but that the leading features in the human character depend, in a great measure, on the power of early mental impressions. Happy then for those whose early impressions were favourable to wisdom and virtue, and whose tender thoughts were kept free from the contaminations of falsehood and of folly. That the mind is most susceptible of strong and indelible impressions in early life does not admit of a doubt; the great importance of strict attention and caution, as to what those impressions are, is therefore incontrovertible.

Spring-Vale; April 4, 1817.

ON HEALTH.

To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Walthamstow, April 9, 1817.

On the Common Causes of Ill Health arising from Indigestion.

MR. URBAN,

I SHALL send for the Gentleman's Magazine, with your permission, some observations and recent experiments on the destructive tendency of Spirituous Liquors: the following are some preliminary observations on Health, for the next Number.

Yours, &c.

T. F.

Previous to the observations on the injurious influence of High Feeding and Spirituous Liquors on the Health, it seems proper to present the Reader with a familiar view of the process of nourishment, and of the healthy action of the digestive organs by which that essential function of the animal machine is effect-

ed. I shall consequently take a survey of the several processes which take place during the digestion of our food ; of the causes by which those operations are improved or injured ; and of the means of restoring the digestive viscera, when disordered, to a healthy performance of their functions.

1. *Of the first Process, called Chymification.*

The food which we swallow being chewed and received into the stomach, excites in that organ, when healthy, the effusion of a liquor from its coats, called the gastric juice ; which juice from the coats of the stomach so acts on the food contained in its cavity as to convert it into a viscid and pasty matter, called chyme ; and this conversion into chyme is the first process. In a healthy state this process occupies about two or three hours, or perhaps four according to the quality and quantity of the food, and the degree of appetite which preceded. It is retarded and rendered imperfect by exercise after meals, or by any thing which agitates the mind. Thus, to sit still in agreeable society after dinner is a pleasant custom, not wholly founded on conviviality, but on medicinal utility. And thus, exercise soon after eating is not only unpleasant and irksome, but is injurious, and defeats in some degree the end of eating, by retarding the nutritive functions, and causing the undigested food to irritate the stomach. This accounts for the sick head-aches which persons subject to them often get up with in the morning, from having taken exercise too soon after dinner the day before. It should be recollected that exercise before meals creates an appetite, and prepares the stomach for digestion ; but after meals it injures the first process of nourishment, and irritates the digestive organs.

2. *Of the Second Process, called Chylification.*

When the food has been converted into chyme in the bag of the stomach, as described above, it passes into the duodenum, or first of the intestines, through the lower orifice of the stomach, called the pylorus, or the watchman, because it

is said to watch, and not to let pass any unchymified food. This is generally, but not always true ; for in certain imperfect and irritable actions of the stomach, the undigested food passes through into the intestines, and irritates them, producing great mischief.

When the food, properly converted into chyme, has passed into the duodenum, through the pylorus, it undergoes a change to a matter called chyle, a white milky fluid, which is drunk up by the absorbing vessels, carried into the heart, and converted into blood to nourish the body. And this change of the chyme into chyle is effected by the operation of three fluids poured upon it in the duodenum : 1. the bile, which is secreted by the liver ; 2. the pancreatic juice from the pancreas ; and 3. the succus intestinalis, from the coats of the duodenum and small intestines. These three juices separate the chyme into two parts ; the chyle, afore described, which is taken up into nourishment ; and the fecal residue, which is precipitated down the intestines. Any thing which irritates the stomach, liver, pancreas, or intestines, impedes these processes, and creates numerous diseases, by that general sympathy by which disorders of the digestive organs affect other parts of the body.

3. *Of the Times of taking Food and Exercise.*

As it is not what we eat, but what is properly digested, which nourishes the body ; so the principal object is to obtain a healthy appetite for the purpose of having a good digestion. Exercise in the open air is the best receipt for this purpose ; but it should always be when the stomach is comparatively empty : rest after meals is as essential to good digestion as exercise before them ; and many people who, forgetting this, take exercise immediately after dinner, complain they do not derive from it that benefit which physicians usually ascribe to it.

The same observation, that what is digested, and that alone, can nourish the body, should ever prevent people from eating when they are not hungry, as hunger is the criterion of the digestive power.

DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME'S PRIVATE MEMOIRS.

From the Eclectic Review.

THERE is scarcely any thing which is more calculated to awaken and call into exercise the tenderest feelings of our nature, than the contemplation of the privations and sufferings of those individuals especially, who seemed born to a better destiny. A diversity of opinion will probably ever continue to prevail, in regard to the actual circumstances which originated the French Revolution. Whether it arose out of the profligacy of the court, and the oppression of the aristocracy; what share the people themselves had in producing the convulsion; in what degree it is attributable to the writings of the French philosophers, which had preceded it; are questions of extremely difficult solution, and will long divide the opinions of the political world.

The tale before us is truly a tale of horror. It is formed of notes, taken by the only survivor of those who were personally the subjects of the shocking scenes it describes; and who herself, for eighteen long months, endured not merely all the hardships and indignities of a rigorous confinement, but the heart-sickening uncertainty of the fate, and even of the existence of her own mother!

Hue and Clery have already given a detailed account of these transactions; but neither of these individuals was in possession of the many minute circumstances which make up the materials necessary to constitute a complete history of this horrible affair. The incidents which are omitted by the above narrators, the tract now under notice professes to supply. It is, as we are told, received at Paris, as a publication of indisputable authority; and indeed, it seems to possess all the internal evidence of an authentic narrative.

'The king and his family,' it informs us, 'reached the Temple at seven o'clock in the evening of the 13th of August, 1792. The gunners wanted to take him alone to the Tower, (a detached part of the Temple never frequented, and hardly

known,) and to have the other prisoners in the palace of the Temple. Manuel had by the way received an order to conduct the whole family to the Tower. Petion appeased the anger of the gunners, and the order was executed.'

The history then proceeds to describe the several instances of personal insult, which the members of the Royal Family, and the King especially, were exposed to daily, by the men who were employed as constant guards of their persons, and inspectors of all their actions. One man in particular, who had headed the mob to force open the palace doors on the 20th of June, was ever exercised in contriving some mode of shewing the cruelty of his hatred by acts of vulgar revenge. Knowing that the Queen had a particular aversion to tobacco, he would puff it in her face, and in that of the King, when they happened to pass him. He would retire early to bed, because he knew that the family must necessarily go through his room, in order to reach their own. But it was not within doors only, that these vulgar insults were constantly shewn. 'The garden was full of workmen who insulted the king. One of them even boasted before him, that he wished to split the queen's head with the tool with which he was working.' It is, however, added, that Petion caused this man to be arrested.

Madame de Lamballe,* who was at first confined with the family, was soon forced away from them. While they were in anxious suspense respecting her, there was one day an uncommon tumult, accompanied with the most horrid shouts. It was insisted by some who entered the Temple, that the King should show himself at the windows. This, however, was over-ruled; but upon the King's asking what was the matter, one of the guards replied, 'Well! since you will

* Madame de Lamballe was of the house of Savoy; the widow of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, son of the Duke of Penthièvre.

know it, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to shew you.'

This was the only occasion, the Duchess of Angoulême informs us, on which the firmness of her mother was overcome. She adds, that when the municipal officers shewed their anger against the young man who had thus unfeelingly made known this horrible transaction, her father, the King, excused him, taking the fault upon himself for having questioned him.

The trial and condemnation of Louis, and his conduct during the time the trial lasted, as well as the firmness and resignation with which he died, are then briefly related; and the narrative continues in the following words.

'On the morning of this terrible day, the princesses rose at six. The night before, the queen had scarcely strength enough to put her son to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her own bed, *where she was heard shivering with cold and grief all night long.* At a quarter past six the door opened; the princesses believed that they were sent for to see the king; but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for the king's mass. They did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till the shouts of joy of the infuriated populace came to tell them that all was over!'

After this, we are not surprised to hear that nothing could calm the agony of the Queen, and that 'she would sometimes look upon her children and her sister with an air of pity that made them shudder.'

Another dreadful trial soon awaited her. On the third of July, a decree of the Convention was read to the Queen and Princesses, purporting that the Dauphin should be separated from them. The Queen heard this decree with the utmost agony of horror, and she actually 'defended against the efforts of the officers, the bed in which she had placed him.' Her horror was augmented when she learnt that one Simon, a shoemaker by trade, whom she had seen in the Temple, was one of the officers to whom her unhappy child was confided. This miscreant's principal duty, we are told in

a note by the Translator, was to debilitate the child's body, and impair his understanding. Simon was eventually involved in Robespierre's overthrow, and was guillotined the day after him, July 29th, 1794.

The Queen was ordered at length to prepare for her trial; and, as a preliminary step, her separation from the princesses was ordered, and put into execution. The infamous Simon, in the mean time, was teaching the young Dauphin the most horrid oaths and execrations against God, his own family, and the aristocrats. Happily, the Queen was ignorant of these horrors. Her earthly course had terminated, before the child had learned this infamous lesson. 'It was an infliction which the 'mercy of heaven was pleased to spare her.'

'It was on the 16th of October, 1793, that Marie Antoinette-Josephe-Jeanne de Lorraine, daughter of an emperor, and wife of a king, was executed. She was thirty-seven years and eleven months old. She had been twenty-three years in France, and had survived her husband eight months.

'The princesses could not persuade themselves that the queen was dead, though they heard her sentence cried about by the newsmen. A hope, natural to the unfortunate, made them believe that she had been saved.

'There were moments, however, at which in spite of their reliance on foreign powers, they felt the liveliest alarm for her, when they heard the fury of the unhappy populace against the whole family. Madame Royale (the Duchess of Angoulême) remained for eighteen months in this cruel suspense.'

This tract contains also a circumstantial account of the manner in which the life of the Dauphin was terminated. It seems the choice was given to the shoemaker Simon, whether he would continue to be the keeper of the Dauphin, or accept the situation of a municipal officer. As he preferred the latter, the unhappy child was absolutely abandoned to misery and wretchedness; he continued for more than a year without any change of linen, so that every kind of filth and vermin was allowed to accumu-

late about him, without being removed during all that time.

‘His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of this horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself more clean than he did; but overwhelmed by the ill-treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon, and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of

time which he resisted this persecution shews how good his constitution must originally have been.’

In consequence of this cruel neglect and ill-treatment, the Dauphin fell into a disorder attended with swellings of his joints and fever, of which he died, according to this account, on the 9th of June, 1795, at three o'clock in the afternoon. ‘He was not poisoned,’ says the history, ‘as some have believed. The only poison which shortened his days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness and cruelty, of which there is no example.’

Here the Memoirs terminate. It is stated in a note, that the Duchess remained six months in the Temple after the death of her brother, and left it on the 19th of December, which was the seventeenth anniversary of her birth.

CONTINUED ENORMITIES OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE had a very interesting conversation with Capt. B*****, who lately returned from a voyage to the Rio Plata for his health; and, as you are a true abolitionist, I will detail what he has related to me concerning the Slave Trade.

At Buenos Ayres the trade is abolished; and the children of slaves, born since the declaration of independence, are free. When a negro becomes a soldier, his pay for three years is considered the property of his master, and after that time he is perfectly enfranchised. The negroes are fond of a military life, and make excellent soldiers, and in Buenos Ayres they have seven fine regiments. In Rio Janeiro and at Bahia there were such an abundance of slaves, and so little attended to, that they were rotting in the streets; for, the roll tobacco and produce, with which they are purchased, being very cheap, the slaves themselves are considered as scarcely worthy of care. However, many cargoes from Africa are not landed, on account of the Custom-house duties; but, after obtain-

ing provisions, they are dispatched to better markets.

Capt. B. went afterwards to the Havannah, where he remained nearly three months. He inspected the returns, and found that ABOVE TWENTY THOUSAND SLAVES had been landed in that city during the time of his residence. Seven vessels have entered in a day; and, when he sailed, there were four French vessels in the harbour—one of them, a large ship, with EIGHT HUNDRED SLAVES, two brigs, and a schooner. Cuba has two other harbours, in which many slaves are landed, and many are received at Porto Rico: so that we must allow to Spain about a hundred thousand slaves a-year, and to Portugal as many more; whereas, before our Abolition Act they did not drag to wretchedness above forty thousand! Yet this is not surprising, when we consider how greatly the purchase is diminished on the coast of Africa, and that from 2*l.* to 5*l.* a-head will procure slaves in any port; and, how great must be the profit,—in the Brazils 75*l.* a-head being paid for them, in the Havannah 100*l.*, and, when

smuggled to the Floridas and to New Orleans, a good slave, male or female, will fetch 200*l*. ! Thus, after abolishing the trade, and preaching so much about the miseries of Africa, we seem to have augmented that horrible traffic, and increased the negroes' suffering! In ten years, of nearly two millions of slaves we have captured about ten thousand, and expended at least a million and a half of the public money ; only to advance the wealth of Spain and Portugal, and enable those nations to undersell us in every foreign market, not only in sugar and coffee, but in all tropical produce ; for, in the Brazils, the Portuguese (having obtained above a hundred Chinese instructors) have been enabled to cultivate TEA in great quantities, and of excellent qualities. Surely humanity,

as well as common policy, pointed out the necessity of establishing a universal abolition at once ; and no one can be so infatuated as to suppose, that, while Great Britain was preserving Portugal and Spain as independent nations, she could not have insisted on their abolishing the Slave Trade.

A most feasible plan was judiciously thrown out by Dr. Thorp, to prevent Spain from renewing the royal licence for slave-trading after the 16th of February, 1816, by entering into a negotiation with the Havannah merchants, by whom the court of Spain has always been influenced in all Slave-Trade concerns ; yet nothing that could *actually* diminish this nefarious traffic seems ever to have been attempted.

Trinity-Square, March 31, 1817.

OBSERVATIONS DURING A TOUR IN POLAND, &c.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
THE interior of Poland is perhaps less known than any other European country. As I passed about six months in that interesting kingdom in the years 1813 and 14, perhaps some account of what I saw may not be uninteresting to your readers. If you are of that opinion, all I can say is that I shall in the relation endeavour to state facts only, and to avoid *fine writing*.

Proceeding from Warsaw to Wilna, in February, 1813, I passed through Tykocyn, a small town in the department of Lomza. It lies out of the direct road between those cities ; but it was thought that by a circuitous and comparatively unfrequented route, I should be less likely to be interrupted by the Russian military, now advancing under Bennigsen to form the reserve of the grand Russian army on the Elbe near Dresden. Tykocyn is a frontier town, situated on the river Narew, which here separates the Duchy of Warsaw from Russian Poland. The country for several miles round is marshy, interrupted occasionally by sandy hills, sometimes cultivated, but more generally covered with fir and birch trees. Near the town

of course there are some spots of cultivation, in the nature and after the manner of common fields in England. The town consists of one street and two squares, about 320 wooden huts with chimneys, and divided generally into two apartments on the ground floor ; 30 of one apartment without any chimney ; six brick houses of one story and of three or four apartments, occupied by the military commandant of the place, the office of the sub-prefect, and one or two noble families. There is a large magnificently furnished Catholic Church ; an extensive monastery, containing about twenty Dominican friars, and another building of the same description uninhabited and partly in ruins ; a large synagogue, a small Lutheran chapel, parish school, vapour bath, Jewish bath, &c. &c. The regular population consists of about 2,300 Jews, 106 Christians laity, and chiefly Germans, and 30 clergy chiefly Poles. Of extraordinary population there were about 1,000 sick of all nations, but chiefly Russians, in houses or barns set apart as hospitals. In addition to these, when any Russian troops passed through the town, the officers were quartered in the houses ; but the

men and subalterns lay in the streets or fields. Occasional bands of prisoners made from the French armies were marched through on their route to Siberia. These were either tied arm to arm or leg to leg, by means of boards with holes for their legs, &c. chained on and padlocked. When they stopped all night, they were turned into a barn, spread with straw, sometimes loose, but more generally tied two and two. They were constantly guarded by Cossacks with drawn swords and short whips. Their food was black bread, generally mouldy, and water. I prevailed on the commandant to let it be cut up and toasted, which made it more palatable.

I arrived at Tykocyn on the 28th of July, and after going through the usual regulations as to passports, which are much less rigid in Poland than in Russia or France, I was conducted across the Narew to the Russian barrier. Here the Russian officer either pretended or believed that he had no authority to admit an Englishman into the Russian empire. Indeed, though a colonel, he seemed doubtful as to whether England was to be reckoned a friendly power, and did not know, or at least pretended not to recognize the hand-writing of the Russian General Lanskoj, at that time Governor of Warsaw. He therefore kept my passport, and sent two Cossacks to reconduct me across the Narew to Tykocyn, where I was necessitated to remain nearly four months deprived of what an Englishman would call every real comfort; but amply gratified with the unbounded hospitality and kindest wishes and attentions of the Polish nobility of the neighbourhood, and of every class of the inhabitants. It is to this circumstance and that of being generally accompanied by a Pole who was well acquainted with both the French and Polish languages, that I know more of the detail of life, and of some of the country customs in Poland, than can fall to the lot of most general English tourists.

I took up my abode at a Jewish inn, consisting of two apartments with a small cellar and a large barn or shed; which last, as is usual in Poland and Russia, serves as a lodging-house for every description of domestic animal, as a coach-house, a cart-shed, and on the

floor of which, in any clear corner he may be fortunate enough to pick up, the traveller generally spreads his bed. The first night I slept in this barn as I had done in all the route from Warsaw; but this being a more frequented inn than any I had met with, I was too much annoyed with insects of every description and noisome smells to try it a second time. I then got my bed spread in a corner of the house, but found this little better: I next tried the cellar, in which I continued about a fortnight, till I changed my lodgings to the house of a gardener's widow, a free woman, a sort of noble, in the outskirts of the town. My Jewish host had a good deal of custom whilst I remained with him, from a desire to converse and traffic with me, and before I left the town he had dignified his *kuback* or public-house with the title of *Pratschdom Angielska*, or *Hotel d'Angleterre*.

A day or two after my arrival I had a dispute with my Jewish *fuhrman*, or coachman, whom I had engaged in Warsaw by written contract to conduct me at so much a mile to Wilna. He was ready to perform his part of the contract, and therefore insisted on full payment. I took him before the sub-prefect of the department, who reduced his demand; I discharged him, his six horses, and a sort of stray soldier, whom I had hired in Warsaw, as guard to my luggage, and general domestic.

As the Jew bribed the sub-prefect's secretary on this occasion with a silver rouble, I was obliged to apply a Prussian dollar and a medal of the Duke, then Lord Wellington, to the same purpose; and have occasion to believe they prevailed. At all events the medal was the immediate occasion of procuring the personal attentions of the sub-prefect Baron Dombrowski, who two days afterwards gave a sort of rout, which as I afterwards learned was in compliment to me.

The Baron being a bachelor, lodged in the mansion of the Countess of Tworoszka, and the rout was given in her house. This was of brick, and contained two large apartments and a kitchen *en suite*. The outer or principal apartment was about 20 by 30 feet, plaistered but not coloured. The furniture consisted of three rough red painted canvass

bottomed fir sofas, used as beds; two red painted fir tables, a bureau of stained birch, some fir rush bottomed chairs, a glass, a print of Buonaparte, some bad prints of saints, and views of St. Paul's London and St. Peter's Rome. The deal floor was strewn with leaves of the *acorus calamus*, or scented flag, which when trod on diffuses an agreeable odour. The second room was furnished with two inferior bed sofas, a table, some chairs, and a writing-desk, with trunks and boxes. The kitchen had a fireplace exactly like our smithies, and was furnished with a number of earthen jars with which they cook. In the chimney hung ham and dried mushrooms.

About four o'clock, Baron Dombrowski and the Count Zerembi, an accomplished gentleman, who had travelled the greater part of Europe with the late King Stanislaus, called on me, and conducted me to the Countess, whom I found sitting in the outer room, together with about twelve ladies. I found the Countess about 35, rather elegantly formed, but much marked with the small-pox, fair, indifferently dressed, in a coarse Saxon cotton print, six or eight rings on her fingers, glass imitation pearl beads round her neck, and her hair hanging loose and uncurled. The other ladies were dressed in the same general style, (excepting one in silks,) but with caps and straw bonnets of an old French pattern. Three of them were elderly the others between 18 and 30. They talked a great deal of the inconvenience of having one's passport taken away, the Jews, Jewish coachman, and England, where they understood the ladies to be strictly guarded by their husbands. Madam Von Pretorius, the lady of the postmaster, a German, said her husband had not known an Englishman in Tykocyn, during the period of his official services, a space of about ten years.

Country squires and their ladies now began to arrive, chiefly in cars and creels and small one-horse carts of wickerwork; though some of the higher classes rode on horse-back. Every one saluted the Baron twice, once on each cheek; relations only saluted the Countess at entering, but all the company saluted her at leaving. *Ischey*, or Prussian-tea, a

punch made of tea, rye or oats whiskey, and sugar, was produced and drank at first in cups and saucers, but as the company became more numerous, in tumblers, or whatever could be come at. In a short time the large room was crowded, and *lête-a-têtes* were held in the back room, kitchen, and back yard, most of the gentlemen standing or walking, but part of the ladies sitting, numbers in the court or open yard. About seven o'clock, cold meat, fowls, rye bread, and salted cucumbers, were brought in and put on a side table; they were carved and eaten without plates, and with little assistance from knives and forks: every one cut off a piece and took it between his fingers and thumb, and devoured it walking; the bones of course were thrown on the floor. A good deal of laughing, drinking, complimenting, and embracing, took place in the Polish language and manner, but as all were anxious to speak to me, when I was addressed it was in French or German. I was according to custom embraced by the men both at their entering and leaving, which I found sufficiently disgusting, as did some French and Italian officers (convalescent prisoners), who seemed highly to enjoy the scene. Great attention was paid to them by the ladies, and even by the men, who at that time were all French in their hearts.

About eight o'clock the company began to break up: full of good nature, and eager to shew their gratitude to the hospitable Countess, and she now received a profusion of embraces, I may say on every part of her body. There were two or three embracing her head and neck, and others embracing her back, sides, shoulders, and legs, all at the same time. They embraced me only on the cheeks, which, from the effects of their beards and whiskers, were sore for some days after.

At ten I observed three of the ladies and most of the remaining gentlemen (about six or eight) intoxicated. I left them with Baron D. not in a much better state. We called at his favourite Jewess's, and drank some bad wine, and I left him there at eleven o'clock, and went to my cellar, where I may be supposed to remain yours, &c. WAC PAN ANGIELSKI.
London, Feb. 17, 1817.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF J. NEILD, ESQ. THE BENEVOLENT VISITOR OF PRISONS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I WAS born May 24, 1744 (old style,) at Knutsford in Cheshire, in the neighbourhood of which my family possessed some good estates. My father died when I was too young to retain the slightest remembrance of him, leaving myself, three brothers, and one sister, to the care of our mother, who carried on the business of a linen-draper. She was a woman of merit and piety, and devoted herself to the bringing up, and virtuously educating, her children. I passed through the ordinary course of education at the town where I was born, with tolerable success, but quitted it before I was thirteen. A skilful preceptor would, about this time, have discovered the true bent of my temper or disposition, from the manner in which I was struck, at seeing a print of Miss Blandy, in prison, fast bound in misery and in irons, for poisoning her father; and another of Miss Jefferys and John Swan, whom she procured to shoot her uncle; and my frequent visits to the shop where they were exhibited for sale. The real principles of action, and a character impressed by nature, are in this way most likely to be found; for the efforts of nature* will very rarely, if ever, deceive.

After quitting school, I went to live with my uncle, who farmed one of his own estates; with him I continued about two years, but not liking the farming business, I solicited my mother to put me apprentice to some trade or profession. An opportunity presented itself, and Doctor Leaf, of Prescott, near Liverpool, (all surgeons and apothecaries in the country are called *Doctors*) was desirous of having me; but in the conclusion of his letter he says, 'After Mr. Neild's five years are expired, he needs only take a trip or two to Guinea, and he will be qualified to practice any where.' This excited my curiosity and inquiry, and final rejection of the offer.

An advertisement about this time appeared in the Newspapers, from a person styling himself a jeweller; and of this business I had formed some idea, from the good-nature of a Jew, who, being a kind of itinerant jeweller, passed through Knutsford every year, and seemed pleased at the effect and inquiries which the shewing me his box of stone buckles, buttons, &c. produced; a treaty was set on foot, and soon concluded.

I accordingly set out for London without either friend or recommendation there, and arrived the latter end of the year 1760. In a very short time (about a month) I found my situation very different to what I had expected, and that the preservation of my character required my immediate removal. Without a single acquaintance, and not much money in my pocket, I knew not what to do. I wrote a particular account of my situation to my mother; and my aunt, who was a woman of singular merit and abilities, wrote to a gentleman, who had been an officer of high rank in the Army: he interested himself so far as to get me released from my then situation, and placed me with Mr. Hemming, the King's goldsmith. After a short trial, I disliked the business; but in this connexion I was enabled to choose for myself, and soon agreed with a jeweller. Having a mechanical turn, I had here ample scope to indulge it; and in the latter part of my apprenticeship made many very curious articles,† with which I waited upon several of the Nobility‡ and Gentry, who patronized genius; and, among others, one of the Vice-presidents of the Society of Arts. Here I had frequent opportunities of meeting men of genius and learning, and of cultivating acquaintance, which was of the greatest service to me after-

* One of which was a man of war in full sail, with guns on board, which I set in the head of a ring.

† Duke of Marlborough, Countess Welden, Ladies Gage, Gideon, and Banks.

* Ulysses adopted this mode to discover Achilles.

wards. We had an old German in our shop, a good Chemist, and he took great pleasure in communicating knowledge to me; till, in one of my experiments, I had nearly destroyed myself, and blown up the workshop. This put an end to my chemistry, in which the injudicious use of quicksilver had likewise done my nerves some injury. To the stated hours of work I generally added one or two daily; sometimes learning to engrave; sometimes to model, sometimes to draw. I was extremely assiduous in whatever I began, but wanted patience to make myself perfect, before a fresh pursuit engaged my attention. I learned to fence tolerably well, and was very expert with the *single stick*. In 1762 the young man (W. Pickett) who had been my elder apprentice, got embarrassed, and thrown into the King's Bench for debt. As soon as I was acquainted with his situation, I visited him. There appeared nothing of what I conceived to be a prison except the door of admission, and high walls. There was a coffee-room and a tap-room, both filled with persons drinking, though it was Sunday, and I had never before seen such a number of profligates and prostitutes, unabashed, without fears, without blushes. I thought, to be sure, all the wicked people in London had got together there. With this impression I hastened to his mother's, who lived in Denmark-street, and told her to get him out directly, or he would be lost—he would be ruined for ever. I visited him several times during his confinement, which was not of long duration, nor did it seem any punishment: he felt much less for himself than I felt for him. What became of him after he was liberated I know not: I believe he went to sea: I never saw him afterwards. My ideas of a prison not being at all answered in the King's Bench, I procured admission into Newgate, as far as the press-yard and the room extending over the street, which had a windmill ventilator. In this room all the prisoners were in irons, and amongst them, one, a very stout man, seemingly at the point of death. The tap-room was lighted by lamps, though it was noon day, and struck me with horror: the shocking imprecations, and the rattling of the

chains, the miserable wretches ragged and drunk, frightened me so, that it was some time before I durst venture into another prison. I had gone alone into the tap, without knowing any person for whom I could inquire, and was glad to leave a shilling for a gallon of beer to secure my person from insult.

About six months afterwards, going down Wood-street when a felon was being taken to gaol, I went and peeped through the apertures of the wooden-grated door, and the turnkey said I might go in; yes, but, says I, will you let me out again? he said he would; so in I went, and looking down a very long flight of steps, a cellar seemed full of people in irons, drinking; this was called the tap-room, but I had been so frightened in Newgate that I durst not venture down. So, putting threepence into the turnkey's hand, for a pot of beer, was glad when I got into the street again. I concluded that all the gaols in which felons were confined were the same, and my curiosity would bring me to some mischief, therefore dropt the pursuit. In 1766, being then in my 22d year, I had a desire to see my friends in Cheshire; but I took the stage only to Derby, intending to pass one day there, to see if the gaol was like those in town. This gaol had not been long built, and the situation was both airy and healthy; there was a large dungeon in it down a few steps, but in every respect it was so much better than Newgate or Wood-street, that it gave me courage to visit others before my return. The conveyance by the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal to Warrington cost me but sixpence; and for about half a crown more I reached Liverpool, and from thence to Chester for a few shillings. As I had never seen either of these places, I carefully concealed the motives of my visits, particularly from my uncle, who doated upon me, and made his will during my stay, in which he left me almost the whole of his property. At Liverpool there was the same promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, the same drunkenness going forward, which I had observed in London; but the dungeons were worse, and so very offensive I did not stay to examine into them. In the Bridewell I saw a ducking-stool com-

plete, the first I had ever seen ; we had two at Knutsford : one in a pond near the Higher Town, and another in a pond near the Lower Town, where the school-boys were accustomed to bathe : in these, scolding and brawling women were ducked ; but the standard in each, was all that remained in my memory. I never remembered them used, but this at Liverpool enables me to describe it. A standard was fixed for a long pole, at the extremity of which was fastened a chair, on this the woman was placed, and soured three times under water till almost suffocated. At Liverpool, the standard was fixed in the court, and a bath made on purpose for ducking ; but why in a prison this *wanton* and *dangerous* severity was exercised on *women*, and not on *men*, I could no where learn. This mode of punishment seems formerly to have been general, for it is in the memory of persons now (1806) living, when a machine of this kind was in the Green Park. This, however, was not the only cruel punishment used at this Bridewell, for the women were flogged *weekly* at the whipping-post. In the polite city of Chester I expected to find better prisons ; a better police I certainly did. The keeper appeared to me to be a civil humane man ; but, as I went down steps, near seven yards below the court, to visit the dungeons, I almost now feel the horror with which I was then struck. There were six of them, very small, and as dark as pitch ; three felons slept in each every night ; not a breath of air but what was admitted through a small hole in the door. The same drinking and intercourse of the sexes as in Liverpool and London. The dungeon of the North-gate was yet worse than those of the Castle ; it was nearly as deep, and had 14 inches deep of water in it. These subterraneous places, which are totally dark, are beyond imagination horrid and dreadful. On my return to London I do not recollect visiting any prisons ; till, in 1768, I re-visited my native county, calling at Derby as before. My uncle died soon after I came down, having quitted the farming business in a short time after I left him in 1760. I was now out of my

apprenticeship, and had taken up my freedom of the city. This year I employed myself in embanking some meadow land to protect my tenant from again suffering the great loss which the floods of a preceding year had occasioned. The large sum of money requisite to set up as a jeweller, made me hesitate whether I should go into business or not. The first thing I did was to pay off the legacies and incumbrances on my father's estate, which I did by selling some detached property. My rental then was not sufficient to support me as a gentleman, and I returned to London to consult my friends. They were unanimously in favour of trade, and their opinion was decisive. In 1770 I settled in St. James's-street, and immediately made it known to those ladies and gentlemen who, when I was an apprentice, had promised me their support. At this time French fashions were prevalent, and I thought a trip to Paris would give me a sanction and advantage. My house was under the care of my excellent aunt, and I left my shop to the care of a jeweller with whom I had been long acquainted, and set out, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller, of King-street, Covent Garden. This gentleman could speak French fluently, and had several Correspondents at Paris. On our arrival at Calais we went to see the prison, and likewise at St. Omer's and Dunkirk, and the city prison at Lille ; there were, I think, no prisoners in any of them. Some years afterwards, I visited Sir William Burnaby, bart. who resided there, but he was not willing to accompany me to the prison in the Citadel, and I could not gain admittance. When we arrived at Paris, I got, through the interest of a bookseller, admission into a prison called Fon l'Eveque, and Petit Chatelet. The dungeons were dreadful, and, I then thought, worse than any I had seen in England. There were several prisoners in both, but I think not in irons. My recollection of them is, however, very imperfect. Col. (afterwards Sir Eyre) Coote lodged in the same hotel with us, and I made application to see the Bastille, but was unsuccessful. Mr. Evans said he believed I was prison-

mad, and that my impertinent curiosity would perhaps send us both to prison: after this reproof I was silent on the subject. He however accompanied me to many of the hospitals, which appeared to be affectionately attended by some female religious order: and this I observed in the provincial gaols, which in my several visits to France I visited. On my return home I found I had lost a diamond ring, in the place of which some sharpers had substituted one of paste.

Fresh imported from Paris, from whence I had brought many curious articles, my shop soon became visited by carriages, and I found my business increase beyond my capital; but I found no difficulty in borrowing 500*l.*; which, with the frugal management of my aunt in my household concerns, soon opened flattering prospects. In 1772 a sermon was preached, on behalf of persons imprisoned for small debts, at which I was present. A general approbation of the idea was declared, and a few of us formed ourselves into a committee, and visited the prisons to search out proper objects. The distress and extreme wretchedness to which we were eye-witnesses, determined us to lay an account before the publick, who instantly caught the flame, and enabled us to reach out the hand of pity to a very large number of miserable sufferers in confinement.

In May 1773, the Society for the Relief and Discharge of persons imprisoned for Small Debts, was instituted or formed; and, in 1774, I was unanimously elected the Treasurer. At this time I visited some of the prisons in and about the metropolis, and reported upon them every week. The finances of our Society increased, and my visits and inquiries extended; so that in a few years I had travelled over a very considerable part of the kingdom.

In 1778 I married the eldest daughter of John Camden, of Battersea, esq. by whom I had two sons and a daughter.

In 1779 I went through Flanders into Germany, and getting acquainted with Col. (afterwards Gen.) Dalton, I was, through his interest, permitted to visit La Maison de Force, at Ghent. This was, without exception, the best

planned and the best regulated prison I had seen before, or, I think, since. It is situated near a canal; the plan octagon; separate courts for men vagrants and men criminals: one side is for women, and in the middle of their court is a basin of water for washing the linen of the house; and a large wooden horse, to ride by way of punishment; their bed-rooms uniform, and in a range, something like Chelsea Hospital; every range opens into a gallery or lobby, which is open to the air of the court: the prisoner has an uniform clothing, with the number of his room. The work-rooms are on the ground floor, and there were more than 100 prisoners, with only one person to superintend them; he was at one end of the room, with a desk before him, and a large book, in which were entered the names of the prisoners, the crimes for which they were committed, the time of imprisonment, from one to twenty years, according to their crimes; the day the work was begun, the day it was finished, the measure of the piece, the task due per day, observations, such as sick, lame, &c. &c. and deficiency of task, punishment, &c. &c. &c. Though this room was so crowded, not a word was spoken by any of the prisoners during the time we inspected it; no noise or confusion, all were silent and attentive to their work; in short, it appeared a most noble institution. A few years after, being at Ghent, I think in 1784, having no acquaintance there, I could not gain admission; but was told the manufactory was destroyed, and the whole in a very bad state. At Bruges the prison is on a much smaller scale; some were employed in making cloaths, and others in making saddles, bridles, &c. &c. for the army. In 1780 I had the honour of the King's commission in a corps of volunteer infantry, in which I was actively employed, till there was no further occasion for our services. In 1781 I visited Warwick Gaol, and in the dungeons caught the gaol fever or distemper. Mr. Roe, the keeper, was too ill to accompany me, and sent his turnkey. Roe's death was, I believe, accelerated by drinking. When I found myself sick, which was almost immediately, I took a post chaise to Stratford,

where I arrived just as the coach was setting out to London. I got into it, and soon reached St. James's-street. I did not, however, recover, for some time. This sickness, and my young family, made me more cautious of entering dungeons, which had now become less necessary, from the labours of the immortal Howard, whose visits and inquiries comprehended every class of prisoners, whilst mine were particularly directed to the debtors.

I did not wholly abstain from making remarks on felons, particularly in the dungeons of the two prisons at Chester and Liverpool.

The acts which passed in consequence of the benevolent Howard's Reports, produced an immediate and general reform in prison police, by the abolition of taps. Several new gaols were built, in which solitary cells supplied the place of dungeons; and, in many prisons, women were not loaded with irons. From this period to 1791 my visits were less frequent, and extended to the country, as business would permit.

This year I lost a most amiable wife, my own health was rapidly on the decline, and my business increased beyond my abilities or power to manage. In 1792, having only two sons to provide for, I retired from business with a very ample fortune; and, as my health became restored, recommenced my prison visits and inquiries, reports of which (as far as related to debtors) I made regularly, at the meetings of the committee, in Craven-street. In 1800, when the excessive dearness of provisions, and the difficulties of the poorer classes of the people required an extraordinary relief, the necessity of a general visit and inquiry into the state of all the gaols struck me very forcibly.

I set about it immediately, and in 1801* published my first Account of Debtors, by which it appeared there were 39 prisons in England and Wales which did not furnish the debtor with any allowance whatever; and in these there were, in the month of April 1800,

427 persons confined to this wretched state of captivity. Lord Romney, as President of our Society, did me the honour of presenting this book to the King, and his Majesty was pleased most graciously to receive it. The approbation with which it was honoured by the public, together with the very considerable benefactions to the Society for Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts in consequence of it, induced me to publish a new and more copious edition, in 1802, and likewise extend my visits to Scotland and Wales.

As I kept a diary, so I wrote to my benevolent friend Dr. Lettsom, an account of the most striking occurrences; and to his suggestions alone the publishing my prison remarks owe their origin. It had been my constant practice, in my various prison excursions during a period of 30 years, to wait upon the magistrates, particularly of cities and boroughs, and respectfully to represent what I saw amiss in their gaols. I was always received with cordiality and kindness; and, as they were struck with compassion at the recital, reform was determined upon, and resolutions entered into; but, after a lapse of eight or ten years, guess my surprize, when I found nothing done! So total and general a neglect must be produced by some cause. I inquired into it, and found many who were magistrates, from local situations, and before they were acquainted with its duties, were out of the commission; others, whose active situations in commerce denied them time; some, who had large families, were afraid to venture *inside* of the prison; and many were numbered with the dead. Under these discouraging circumstances I had almost despaired, when Providence raised up a man, by whose labour the cloud was dispelled; and that life, hitherto spent uselessly, became fruitful. If Howard owed any thing to Fothergill, I am in a ten-fold degree indebted to Dr. John Coakley Lettsom. He first suggested, nay, requested permission to publish some of those crude remarks, which I had sent for his perusal, and by which communication I had found a sensible relief: they were begun and continued without

* The two-penny loaf in London, August 1783, weighed 21 ounces. In March 1801, the two-penny loaf in London weighed only six ounces.

design ; written in the hours of fatigue, lassitude, sickness, and the bustle of inns ; little calculated to appear before the publick, except in matters of fact.

These remarks on prisons were introduced with a preface, which caused a general sensation, and brought a degree of celebrity on the Visitor of Prisons he neither desired or deserved ; whilst it enriched his funds as Treasurer to the Society for Small Debts, in the sum of 32*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* evidently occasioned by the reading the Gentleman's Magazine, in which they were inserted.

The benevolence of my friend did not rest here ; for, as he was no stranger to the *inside* of the prison-house, so did he frequently accompany me to those abodes of guilt and misery, and suggest what his professional skill so well enabled him to do, to my great advantage, and the prisoners' comforts. Many new gaols are now (1806) building ; and, from the alterations and improvements which have been making these four years, and are now daily making, the particulars of which my 'State of Prisons' will notice, my visits will become less necessary. As soon as this Work is published, and I can provide for my necessary absence, I propose visiting Ireland ; and happy will the short remaining period of my life be spent, if I can suggest to a brave and generous people, any improvements in their prison police, and of which I am informed there is much need.

[The Memoir here terminates, but not so the benevolent labours of Mr. Neild. His health did not, however, allow him to visit Ireland as he intended ; but he continued to inspect the various prisons of England, Scotland, and Wales, and to suggest numerous improvements, both in regard to the construction of the wards, and the internal management of these establishments. In 1812 he published the "State of Prisons," above alluded to, in a large and very elegant 4to volume, with a portrait of the author. It is a Work teeming with valuable information.

He continued his exertions, as Treasurer of the Society for Small Debts, until the time of his Death, which took place Feb. 16, in the year 1814.

April 1817. T. J. PETTIGREW.]

ON JAMES NEILD, Esq. LL.D.

By Miss PORTER.

Hence the true Christian, lord of Appetite,
The conqueror of low but fierce resentments
Which in a painful fever keep the soul
Free from impediments, pursues with ardour
All that adorns and meliorates the man ;
That polishes our life, or soothes its ills.
Where'er Compassion with her glist'ning eye
Points to the squalid cottage of Affliction,
Jews, Moors, and Infidels, are all his Brethren.
Could he, in some remote and barbarous land,
By powerful gold, or salutary arts,
Make pale Distress give way to blooming Joy,
He'd traverse wilds or swelling seas to court
The god-like office ; his expanded heart
In every climate feels himself at home.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

A NEW CHANGE of AIR for CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS.

DR. Wells some time ago proved, by authentic documents, that consumption was infinitely less prevalent in those fenny counties where agues prevail, than in the otherwise most healthy counties of England.

A young lady very far gone in consumption, applied to the doctor for advice ; and as he thought she could only be

saved by uncommon methods, he advised a removal to a very aguish part of Essex. He accompanied her to a relative's house on the spot. The consequence was, that within three days, she was seized with a tertian ague, and never coughed once after the second fit. He kept her there until she had seven returns of the paroxysm, and then bringing her to town, he easily stopped the ague by proper remedies.—*New Mon. Mag.*

ILLUSTRATION OF PROVERBS, &c.

MERRY ANDREW.

Formerly every itinerant quack doctor, who made a practice of haranguing the people at fairs and markets, was attended by a buffoon, dressed in a motley garb, and whose business lay in playing tricks for the amusement of the spectators, while his master cheated them out of their money. The servant was invariably named "Merry Andrew;" but it is singular enough that the original Andrew was the doctor himself, being no less a man than Andrew Borde, a native of Pevensey in Sussex, and bred at Oxford, where he took a degree and then became a Carthusian in London; but disliking the severity of that order, he quitted it, and studied physic, for which purpose, and being of a rambling disposition, he travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and even into Africa. On his return he settled first at Winchester, but in 1541 he went to Montpellier, where he took his doctor's degree, which was confirmed to him afterwards by the University of Oxford. The practice of Andrew Borde, notwithstanding his education and the honour which he enjoyed of being physician to Henry the Eighth, ill became the gravity of his profession; for it was his custom to travel about from town to town, entertaining the populace in public with witty stories, while he administered to their complaints. On this account he obtained the name of "Merry Andrew," and when he died, several empirics arose, who, having neither his knowledge nor his humour, endeavoured to make up for both by hiring some lively and agile fellows, whose business it was to play tricks and put the crowd into good humour.—*New Mon. Mag.*

ROMANCES.

There is a romance little known, entitled "Galienus restored," which, from the specimen which an ingenious French writer gives of it, must probably be very interesting. The account of a visit, which, the author says, Charlemagne and his twelve peers paid to an Emperor Hugo, at Constantinople, and the reception which that prince gave to them, is, as the same writer expresses it, "Une des plus grand naivetez qu'on ait jamais ecrites." After a magnificent en-

tertainment, these noble guests were conducted to a sumptuous bed-chamber, by the Prince Tiberius and the beautiful Princess Jacqueline. Thirteen pompous beds ornamented the vast apartment; that in the middle was for Charlemagne, who, being in no humour for sleeping, proposed to amuse himself and his twelve companions by a species of conversation, which the author of the romance call "Gaber,"* and which consisted in making the most ridiculous rhodomontades. He began with vaunting that, with his good sword Joyeuse, he could cut a man in twain, although defended by the best tempered armour. Orlando, his nephew, professed, that by one blast of his horn he would level with the ground fifty fathom of the walls of Constantinople. Ogier, the Dane, undertook to overturn the edifice in which they had been entertained, merely by tying a cord round the centre pillar of the hall, and exerting his force in pulling at it. In short, every peer had his peculiar boast, and that of the Marquis Oliver was the only one which distinguished itself from the rest; but, unluckily, from its ludicrous nature, even it cannot be repeated. The "Gabs" being completed, the party composed themselves to sleep, with a calmness of mind which they would hardly have possessed, had they known what was to befall them the next morning. For it chanced, that the Emperor Hugo, who had expected that from the conversation of thirteen such paragons of valour and wisdom he should gain documents of importance towards the good government of his empire, had placed a spy, concealed in a hollow column, who was directed to note every word which passed, and to report it in the morning. The person appointed executed his commission faithfully; and having, by means of a private stair-case, acquainted Hugo with the whole conversation, he was so much disappointed to find, in the room of the maxims which he expected, a pack of improbable lies, that, forgetful of the laws which hospitality enjoins, he sent word to the whole party, by a her-

* From "Gaber," it is supposed, is derived "The gift of a Gab," which has much the same sense as is mentioned above. Gab, or Gob, is used in the North to signify mouth.

aid, that unless they performed each man his "gab," completely and without deceit, he had taken a solemn oath to hang up every one of them, not excepting the venerable Charlemagne himself. It is certain that nothing but a very bitter aversion to liars could have driven the good prince to this hasty measure, since he was obliged, in the execution of it, to expose the honour of his family in a very delicate point. The remainder of the story is somewhat too long, rather too profane, and much too free, for this work : wherefore those who wish to know how Charlemagne and his peers were extricated from the scrape must consult Menage, who will inform them of the unprecedented condescension and humanity of the fair Princess Jacqueline, and of the very indifferent figure which a celestial messenger made by undertaking a business quite out of his line.

SAILORS.

The race of sailors are so truly eccentric, that notwithstanding the numberless anecdotes with which they supply conversation, there are many interesting circumstances relative to their very peculiar character yet left untold. Like other arts, that of navigation possesses a number of technical terms peculiar to itself. The sailor forms these into a language, and introduces them, without hesitation, into all companies, on all occasions, and, generally, with brilliant success, as nautical expressions are pointed, humorous, and easily adapted to the situations of common life.

Inured to hardships, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the seaman contracts a species of stoicism which might raise the envy even of a Diogenes. "Avast there !" cried a sailor to his comrade, who was busied in heaving overboard the lower division of a messmate just cut in halves by a chain-shot, "Avast ! let us first see if he has not got the key of our mess-chest in his pocket !"

As their enjoyments are simple and few, sailors are equally at home at Port Royal, Halifax, Canton, Cape Coast Castle, or the Point at Portsmouth.

From the admiral to the cabin-boy, their attachment to the fair-sex is earnest, lasting, and almost indiscriminate. The wives of seafaring men are far from be-

ing remarkable for beauty or youth, yet few women live happier in the conjugal state, as the heartiness, the sincerity, and the general good humour (not to mention the frequent absences) of their mates, make ample amends for those small deficiencies, as to delicacy or politeness, which they sometimes might complain of.

Two of the brightest points in the character of a seaman seem to be, intrepidity and presence of mind. Without partiality we may say, that it is in the British mariner particularly that these qualities are to be observed. In the hour of extreme danger, he does not, like the Portuguese, the Italian, or the Russ, either ask assistance from, or denounce vengeance against, his patron saint. No, he trusts to his own agility and resolution for safety ; and if he imprecates curses on any head, it is on his own, or on that of some lubber who is not as active as himself in the general work of preservation.

Superstition and profaneness, those extremes of human conduct, are too often found united in the sailor ; and the man who dreads the stormy effects of drowning a cat, or of whistling a country-dance, while he leans over the gunwale, will too often wantonly defy his Creator by the most during execrations and the most licentious behaviour. But most assuredly he is thoughtless of the fault he commits, and (like the poor* fellow who spied land, after many days intolerable sufferings of hunger and thirst in the boat of the shipwrecked Centaur) thinks that he is at liberty to express his gratitude, or his distress, by the method which to him appears most apt and most expressive.

But the sailor's character must not be dismissed, without some notice being taken of that fraternal regard which reigns among them *all*, let the outsiders of *some* be ever so rugged. No tie of freemasonry, no oath, no bond of society, can unite any denomination of mankind together as *sailors* are united. It is in the most trying situations of life that the effects of this union are most seen. If a sea-officer dies, leaving a family behind him unprovided for, his sons become the children of his frater-

* See "Captain Ingfield's Narrative."

nity, and are handed up in life, by their father's friends, from one station to another in the service, until they are enabled to provide for themselves. As a proof of this emanation of genuine philanthropy, amongst this gallant race of men, the following circumstance may be properly brought forward.

Not many years past, an unknown benefactor gave three hundred pounds per annum, to be divided among thirty sea-officers' widows. In order to appreciate the merit of the competitors, each who applies brings in a list of her children, and how they are provided for.

We have with pleasure remarked, that there is scarcely the name of one male, among the numerous offspring of thirty mothers, but what has some provision in the navy, and is, at least, in the right road to an honourable competence.—*Europ. Mag.*

An unfortunate accident befel a STEAM-BOAT within the month at Norwich, which has damped the ardour of many friends to their general introduction. We have taken some pains to enquire into the circumstances, and we find no ground of alarm, or any just ground of objection to steam-boats generally, more than might be taken against culinary fires, or lamps, or candles, from their occasionally setting houses on fire and burning persons to death; or against stage-coaches, which are so often fatally upset; or against horses, which kill above a thousand persons in England annually; or to ships and boats, which are cause of the death of tens of thousands in every year. Multitudes of the most powerful steam-engines are in daily use in every part of Great Britain, yet how seldom are they a cause of any fatal catastrophe. In this new application of them, an accident may be likely to result from inexperience; and in this instance, at Norwich, the conductors of the boat are reported to be exceedingly blameable. It appears there was an opposition steam-boat, and, in order that one might go off in high style, and run a-head of the other, the regulating valve was so fastened down that, when the danger became apparent, it could not be raised, and an explosion of the confined steam was inevitable. A law should punish proven

wantonness of this kind, in an exemplary manner, and forbid the use of high-pressure engines such as this in steam-boats, as a security to passengers, and as a protection to a navigating power so essential in opposing the current of rivers. In this Magazine a foreign correspondent has suggested the application of a greater and a safer power than steam, which is worthy of attention; and, in the use of steam itself, the fears of the public may be removed by employing the steam-engine in a separate vessel, with which to tow that which is laden with passengers or goods. Our readers, too, cannot have forgotten, that we lately submitted to them the project of a TEAM OR HORSE BOAT, the machinery of which may be worked by horses as in a common horse-mill; while the keep of the horses amounts, it is said, to less than the expence of the fuel in a steam-boat.

MADAME STAEL is said to have sold her Memoirs of M. Neckar to an association of English, French, and German editors, for 4000*l.*; the work is to appear in the three languages at one time.

Dr. DRAKE, the elegant author of the *Literary Hours*, has a new work in the press, entitled, *Shakspeare and his Times*; including the biography of the poet, criticisms on his genius and writings, a disquisition on the object of his sonnets, a new chronology of his plays, and a history of the manners, customs and amusements, superstitions, poetry, and elegant literature, of his age.

We learn from the last London Medical Journal, that *Datura Stramonium* has been exhibited with success in the form of tincture, in asthmatic and catarrhal cases, by Mr. WARD, of Sloane-street; and it merits notice, that Dr. MARCET has found an extract of *Stramonium* efficacious in a very violent case of sciatica and tic douloureux.

In the same Medical Journal, Mr. BEECH, a chemist of Manchester, on the important subject of gas-lights, states, that the oil of bitumen, or coal-tar, is considered by those who make and burn gas, as waste; but, if coal-tar be mixed with dry saw-dust, spent logwood, or fustic, to the consistence of paste, and the same remain until the water be drained

off, 2cwt. of the mass put into the retort, instead of coals, will produce more gas, and be less offensive, than the same weight of cannel coal : and the process may be repeated till the whole of the tar is consumed into gas. This, he says, will not only be a saving of about one half the expence of coals, but will add to cleanliness and neatness, as the residuum is well known to have a very offensive odour.

Early in the ensuing month will be published, a Narrative of a Voyage to Hudson's Bay, in the national ship *Rosamond*; containing some account of the north-eastern coast of America, and of the tribes inhabiting that remote region; illustrated with plates, by Lieut. EDW. CHAPPELL, of the British navy.

The journal of CAPTAIN TUCKEY holds out no encouragement to prosecute the researches into that part of Africa which he visited. Beyond the determination of a geographical problem, there is, it is said, not a single benefit to be derived. The inhabitants are represented as of the lowest scale of human beings, and have nothing to offer in exchange. The soil is hard and sterile: from the river Congo to the extremity of the progress into the interior, a distance of 30 miles, it was observed that the ravines only were covered with a thick mould; the rest of the ground was rocky and full of stones. The scientific gentlemen, it is added, employed in the expedition, felt no interest in exploring this desert region, beyond what arose from the mere circumstance of their treading upon ground which till then had never been trod by any European. Intelligence has been received that Major Peddie, who commanded the other expedition, which was intended to penetrate from Senegal through the deserts to the banks of the Niger, has also fallen a victim to the climate. He died before he had reached the banks of the river, and was succeeded in the command by Lieut. Campbell, who, we understand, proceeded to carry into execution the object of the expedition.

Two lizards were lately discovered in a chalk-bed in Suffolk, sixty feet below the surface, and the publication of this fact has given rise to the following affidavit—"We, William Mills and John Fisher, both of the parish of Tipton in

the county of Stafford, do hereby certify and declare, that a few years ago, in working in a certain coal-pit belonging to the Right Honourable Viscount Dudley and Ward, at which is called the Pieces in the parish of Tipton aforesaid, and on cleaving or breaking the stratum of coal called the stone coal, which is about four feet thick, and in that situation lies about fifty yards from the earth's surface—we discovered a living reptile, of the snake or adder kind, lying coiled up, imbedded in a small hollow cell within the said solid coal, which might be about 20 tons in weight. The reptile when discovered visibly moved, and soon afterwards crept out of the hole; but did not live longer than ten minutes on being exposed to the air. The hollow in which it lay was split or cloven in two by means of an iron wedge; and was rather moist at the bottom, but had no visible water. It was nearly the size of a common tea-saucer; and the reptile was about nine inches long, of a darkish ashy colour, and a little speckled."

It is to be regretted that men of genius should ever mistake the path in which nature has qualified them to walk with grace and freedom. This appears to have been the case with Mr. MATURIN, whose abilities, splendid as they undoubtedly are, seem fitted rather for the displays of poetic enchantment, and the reveries of a magnificent imagination, than for the portraiture of dramatic substantialities, or the creation of natural character. MANUEL is a beautiful and highly-coloured poem, of which the conceptions are vigorous, and the language is eloquent; but which, we apprehend, will scarcely become a theatrical favorite, inasmuch as its declamatory tone and deficiency of incident, which, in the closet might be overlooked, give to this last offspring of Mr. Maturin's Muse, a character too remote from, and foreign to, the varied action and brief diction required by the genius of the drama.

BRINE BATH RECOMMENDED to be kept in FAMILIES by DR. SIMS.

Take as many gallons of water as will fill the third of the bathing tub you intend to use. To this add about as much common sea salt as there is water; if the water be boiling at the time of using

it, the whole will be immediately dissolved ; if not, some of the salt will remain granulated at the bottom at first, but will be gradually dissolved afterwards. This bath will keep good any number of years, and is not expensive in the end. Nervous, weak persons, for whom bracing is requisite, often cannot bear a bath of common water—nay, even of sea water ; but they will always bear this without injury. It may be employed in the midst of frost and snow without danger of catching cold. Persons come out of it with a glow on their skin, and very agreeable sensations. A sponge or towel may also be wetted with the brine, and used all over the body where the bathing-tub cannot.

The admirers of elegant disquisition, and chaste and lively humour, have recently been favoured by two very pleasant volumes, published under the title of *'The Round Table.'* This work, consisting of essays printed under the same denomination in the *Examiner*, are now collected together and given to the world with additions and improvements. The title of *'Round Table'* originated in the agreement of a knot of friends, to supply a series of essays on literature and manners, for the Journal above-mentioned ; but the plan was followed up only by two of them—Messrs. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt. Assumed character, at this time, is rather an incumbrance than an advantage to popular dissertation ; and the ingenious lucubrations of these two gentlemen as now given to the world, are relieved by dropping an expedient, which, from continual repetition, has become vapid and tedious. The *'Round Table'* is, therefore, to be considered simply as a brief collection of essays, rendered peculiarly attractive by the well-known fineness of tact of the two contributors, and the exquisite originality of mind, and breathing freedom displayed in their critical observations, especially upon the poets ; and, above all, upon Shakspeare. The view taken of men and manners, too, evinces the same polished acumen ; and there is little doubt but this small work will find a welcome place in the libraries of the polished and cultivated portion of British society.

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RHEUMATISM.

Light infusions of ginger alone, taken twice or thrice a-day, have been found very efficacious by the French surgeons in rheumatic affections. The pains are rendered at first more excruciating—then follows copious perspiration and relief.

Exhibition of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

Every succeeding year of this exhibition presents fresh claims to public patronage. The list of its members comprises many, who by their talent and industry are not only highly creditable to the Society, but who cast around the British school of art some of its choicest honours. In the department of historical painting it is decidedly inferior to the Royal Academy or Royal Institution ; but in landscape painting it may claim a superiority over any annual exhibition in London or in Paris. The pencil of TURNER, of CALLCOTT, and of a few others, adorn and ennoble the walls of the institutions boasting a royal name, but the remaining productions in this branch of the art are imbecile and inferior, and in number far exceed their more meritorious companions ; whilst in the exhibition of this modest but excellent society the great proportion of pictures in landscape painting, possess at least the merit of being well studied and well composed, and most of them are of a very high and valuable character, both to the artists themselves and to the arts of Britain. Warm, however, as we are in our approbation of the beautiful landscapes, to some of the few historical compositions which occur we must direct the primary notice of our readers :—

Hermia and Helena. JOSEPH SEVERN.

Hel. "We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler." *Mid. Night Dream.*

This is an elegant and masterly illustration of one of those beautiful images of Shakspeare, which unites the peculiarly tender recollections of infancy, and the cemented feelings of maturer years. Two sylph-like figures are seen, alike in form, alike in poetical and exalted character, occupied in creating "*both one flower, both one sampler.*" A profusion of flowers are scattered around their embroidery,

and the light coming in solely at one window, throws an equal and undivided light on the two figures. A more congenial union of painting and poetry we never saw ; and we entreat Mr. Severn (whose works till now have escaped our observation) to pursue a path in which he is well qualified to tread, and to occupy his pencil in embodying the scattered and lovely passages of him, "*who was not for an age, but for all time.*"

Latona, and the Lycian Peasants.

J. CRISTALL.

Is a very beautiful picture in oils, a style but latterly adopted by the painter. He has however succeeded in maintaining his peculiar character of force and importance. His figures remind one strongly of the antique : a breadth of muscle, and boldness of contour is observable, which is rarely found in union with so much knowledge of landscape painting. The goddess is seen clasping to her exhausted breast her two infants, the surly and barbarous clowns not only refusing water to her parched lips, but purposely rendering it unfit and foul. The scenery is beautiful and romantic ; the marshy spring covered with floating vegetation is admirably managed, and the accompaniments are so characteristic that one expects every moment to see the deserved punishment befall the clowns, and witness their transformation into frogs.

The Judgment of Daniel. BROKEDON.

This picture, the production of a gentleman, with whose works we have been hitherto unacquainted, promises many of the first requisites of an historical composition. The story is delightfully and feelingly told. The grouping is picturesque and natural, and the colouring and management of the subordinate parts perfectly just and happy. The Elders, who have been just detected in their fruitless endeavour to vituperate Susannah, are on the one hand of Daniel, and on the other hand, the husband exulting in the complete acquittal of his injured wife, and the intended victim herself in meek and grateful adoration, turning her tear-swollen eye to that heaven which has befriended her innocence and virtue. Her aged father, and the other kindred of her house, evince strongly

the part they bear in the general joy occasioned by the result of this painful trial. The figure of Daniel is very well conceived and executed. The husband is a fine picture, of robust manhood, and the wife exhibits the dark commanding character of Jewish beauty in great perfection. The flesh of the legs of the executioner, whose back is towards the spectators, is rather too smooth and glossy, but it is almost invidious to seek for faults in a performance abounding as this does in beauties both of design and execution.

An Essay is printing on *Capacity and Genius* : endeavouring to prove that there is no original mental superiority between the most illiterate and the most learned of mankind, and that no genius, whether individual or national, is innate, but solely produced by, and dependant on, circumstances ; followed by an enquiry into the nature of ghosts and other appearances supposed to be supernatural.

MR. HENRY RICHTER has presented the amateurs and professors of the fine arts with as pleasing an essay as we recollect to have seen, under the title of "*Day-light, a recent Discovery in Painting.*" He has adopted the fiction of a dialogue between some modern critics and the ghosts of certain ancient painters, at an exhibition of their works, which is supported with great spirit and originality. The author is nevertheless more intelligent when he expresses his good common sense on the subject of Art, than when he wanders into the labyrinths of the Kantian philosophy, the due comprehension of which evidently depends more on faith than on reason. Every page, however, proves that Mr. Richter is a man of research and genius.

A new edition of Philidor on Chess is nearly ready, with considerable improvements, and an original portrait of the author.

MONS. DORTON has discovered that the bark of the pyramidal ash, in powder, thrown into the boiling juice of the sugar-cane, effects its clarification ; the planters of Guadaloupe had given him 100,000 francs, and those of Martinique a like sum, for communicating his discovery.

We are reminded of the literary pleasures of our youth in the appearance of a third volume of *Mr. d'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*. We remember no work since their first appearance, that has gratified our palate to an equal degree. They did not consist of sirloin and plum-pudding, but they presented a feast of sweetmeats and delicacies, derived from all seasons and countries, which were capable of gratifying a literary epicure. The present volume sparkles less with that vivacity of manner, which, in his former works, has sometimes been ascribed to the author as a fault ;—in this feature he seems to have corrected himself, while, in his discrimination of subjects, he has been quite as happy as in his former volumes. His entire table of contents is, in truth, a list of curiosities, and no book ever answered better to its pretensions. The Historical Essay on Pantomimical Characters, on Charles the First and his Queen, and on Licensers of the Press, are peculiarly pleasing and original ; the Anecdotes of Audley the Miser, of Felton, and of Tea and Coffee, are rare and curious ; and the defences of Defoe, and of the partizans of Mary Stuart, are just and generous ; while every article is marked by the good taste of its criticisms, by the propriety of its selection, and by the purity and elegance of its style. Mr. d'Israeli has had many imitators, and he must expect to see many others, but he will have few rivals in this walk of literature.

The grand desideratum of rendering sea water potable, seems at length to be attained by simple distillation. The French chemists have been unable to discover, in distilled sea water, any particle of salt or soda in any form ; and, it is ascertained, that one cask of coals will serve to distil six casks of water. A vessel going on a voyage of discovery by order of the French government, commanded by M. Freycinet, will only take fresh water for the first fortnight ; but, instead thereof, coals, which will be but one-sixth of the tonnage ; distilled sea water being perfectly as good as fresh water that has been a fortnight on board.

POEMS.—In Poetry, Dr. SYMMONS' translation of the *Æneis*, from the magnitude and difficulty of the attempt, claims our first consideration. It is, we grant, a respect-

table performance—but when we compare it with the masterly and vehement version of Dryden, or even the inferior, though harmonious and correct, translation of Pitt—we are compelled to say, that Dr. Symmons does not shine with the lustre we could wish to behold in all the works of so excellent a man, and elegant a scholar. The *House of Mourning*, by Mr. JOHN SCOTT, is a poem replete with rich, but gloomy, fancy, such as may be imagined to characterise the efforts of a powerful imagination, exercised upon a subject so afflicting as the premature death of a darling and blooming son. We might advance a few legitimate objections as to metre and cadence, but sacred be the accents of sorrow, and revered the deep and heavy sadness that breathes in the lines of him—who was a father. Of Mr. P. BAYLEY's *Idyl*, we regret that we cannot speak in terms calculated to encourage the author in his design of publishing the poem, of which the present is only a part. The verse is laboured, tame, and diffuse, abounding in expletives, and deficient in the fire and energy, the *vivida vis animi* of poetic inspiration. The *Bower of Spring*, by the author of "the *Paradise of Coquettes*," is a beautiful effort of imagination ; the diction is peculiarly soft and splendid, and the fancy of the reader is at once warmed and dazzled by the glowing loveliness of its conception and imagery.

In this department we are called upon with pleasure to notice a new production of the Nestor of modern poets, in an *Epistle to the Emperor of China, on his uncourtly and impolite Behaviour to the sublime Ambassador of Great Britain*, by Dr. JOHN WOLCOT (olim Peter Pindar, esq.), who, at the age of fourscore, has recalled to memory the age of the Lousiad. The motto indicates the resurrection of the veteran poet, after a silence of several years :—

"I, who dropp'd the Muse's quill,
And long had left the Aonian hill,
Start from my slumbers with my wonted might ;
To scourge a monarch of the East,
For mocking monarchs of the West,
A lord of Britain, and advent'rous knight."

An advertisement annexed announces a lyric epistle to Lord Amherst and Sir George Staunton, by the same venerable and inimitable bard.—*Mon. Mag.*

POETRY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

*The two following Pieces are from Poems by
Miss CAMPBELL, just published.*

STANZAS.

ALL hail, thou solitary star!
To me how dear thy dewy ray,
Which, kindly streaming from afar,
Illumes a pensive wand'rer's way.

By this sequester'd nameless stream,
Which strays the lonely valley through,
And trembles to thy fairy beam,
Thee and the tranquil hour I woo.

For, while beneath thy lovely light
The misty mountains round me rise,
The world receding leaves my sight,
And daring fancy mounts the skies.

Forgetful of my sorrows here,
Entranc'd, I muse on joys to come,---
And far above thy lucid sphere
My trembling spirit seeks her home.

Then sweetly shine, thou ev'ning star!
And long, with dewy radiance pale,
Beam on these tow'ring hills afar,
And light this solitary vale.

BLITHE as the birds that wing the air,
Erewhile my mountain lyre I strung;
And deem'd the rudest scenes an Eden fair,
Through which its wild notes rung;---
The sterile vale, the green inconstant sea,
And barren heath-clad hills, were all to me.

But now no more they give delight,
As in departed days, I ween;
For gloomy Sorrow's long and starless night
Envelopes ev'ry scene:
The zephyr's wing, that gently flutters by,
Scatters in air the frequent sigh.

Then, faithless flatt'rer, Hope, adieu!
Thy song no more can soothe my heart;
Thy fairy pencil, dipp'd in rainbow hue,
No longer can impart
To this deluded breast one moment's joy;
There pangs of cureless woe thy loveliest
scenes destroy.

Ah! wherefore should this feeble hand
Essay again to strike the lyre;
No cherish'd friendship shall the lay demand,
Responsive to the wire;
No seraph-voice of love or friendship dear,
Shall steal, like strains from heav'n, upon
mine ear!

From the European Magazine.

STANZAS

From the Deserter, by Alfred Bunn; just published.

IN every change of busy life,
Thro' paths of pleasure---scenes of strife---
By rapture mov'd, or grief oppress'd,
To find one gentle, constant breast;
When misery dims the silent eye,
Or passion steals the trembling sigh;
When madness darkens round the heart,
And cannot rest, nor will depart:

By many scorn'd, by most forgot,
To meet one smile that changes not;
When every beam that shone before
So calmly clear, now shines no more:
Thro' present ills, or tumults past,
To view one set not to the last;
And, if reclaim'd from Earth above,
Along the path where all is love,
The same sweet Spirit, there, to know,
That watch'd our hapless hours below:
A Spirit, smile, and breast, like this,
Of purest light, of softest bliss:
Engender'd here---enshrin'd in Heav'n---
The first and last to sorrow giv'n:
Bright, calm, and clear, and never less---
---The full delight of happiness!"

From the same.

ERIC AND AMABEL.

By the Author of Don Sebastian, De Courcy, &c.

THRO' dark Salzberist's argent mine
New floods of sudden splendour shine;
Down the deep gulf the lighted bark
Comes gliding like a meteor-spark,
While through the column'd cavern's maze
A thousand lamps of silver blaze;
Unnumber'd torrents thunder round,
Unnumber'd echoing strokes resound,
From slaves that grin in ghastly mirth
Toil like the restless gnomes of earth.
Slow thro' their wan and livid throng
An awful stranger stalks along
The margin of the milky tide,
Whose waves the silver halls divide.
Musing he starts---"Are seraphs near
To greet with songs a stranger's ear?
In dens of slavery and death
Can mortals boast such tuneful breath?"

"Hid in these chambers of yon cave,
Far stretch'd beneath the frozen wave,
Where scarce a lonely cresset burns,
Her wheel a gentle lady turns;
To cheer a wretched husband's doom,
She lingers in our living tomb;
Her eyes are dimm'd---but wait her lips
Repay those lovely eyes' eclipse,
And while the sullen ore he smooths,
Her tender song his labour soothes;
When Love is rash and Fortune kind,
Fortune and Love, they say, are blind;
But Chance has veil'd her eyes, to shew
That Beauty may be sightless too!"

"Is there such love," the stranger cried,
"On earth to feed a mortal's pride?
Why wears he chains?---Can faith so pure
The sordid touch of guilt endure?
Such strains of holy harmony
Ev'n Hatred's self might bear and die."

"Long since, upon the frozen bank
Of Mosko's idle shallow sank;
By Eric guided o'er the waste,
A noble exile's steps were trac'd;
But drops of curdled gore reveal'd
His doom by secret murder seal'd;

His dying deer and shatter'd sledge
Lay bloody on the torrent's edge,
And scarce avenging Pow'r could wrest
From Eric's grasp his mangled vest,
Where hidden lay the precious ring
Rich with the signet of our king:
Thou seest his doom!"—With closer hold
The stranger prest his ermine's fold,
And turn'd his silent steps to find
Love in the cell of Woe enshrin'd.
She sleeps—her chamber's secret shade
The stranger's stealing steps invade;
Swarth as a demon of the mines
Sad Eric at her feet reclines,
And pausing, with a lover's sighs
Looks on her long-extinguish'd eyes,
Then breathes the tender thought which brings
Balm to the anguish whence it springs.

" 'T is true—the rose has left thy cheek,
Thine eyes no longer shine,
And vulgar souls in vain may seek
The charm so priz'd by mine.
But there is one which loves to trace,
Amidst the ruins of that face,
Departed Beauty's shrine;
There is an eye that could not dare
To lose the light still living there!

" Yet it is sad to think those eyes,
Now dim and sightless grown,
Had once the beam which love supplies,
And shone on me alone:
But sweeter 't is to mourn thee blind,
Than from unclouded eyes to find
The spark of kindness flown—
O! it had been a pang too dire
To see that cherish'd spark retire!

" But thou art blest—for life's decay
Thine eye shall never see,
Nor trace the chill and blighting sway
Of ruthless time in me:
Thou canst not watch my transient sleep,
Nor grieve while by thy side I weep,
For joys withheld from thee!
Thou seest not how I hate the light
Which brings no blessings to thy sight!

" Still those dim eyes a speech possess
Which beauty's voice excels;
The pow'r of brightest eyes is less
Than in thy darkness dwells!
A light which asks no sunbeam's aid,
Like stars that reign in midnight shade,
Thy earthly gloom dispels:
Fate may thy mortal sight remove,
But gives thee still the eye of love!"

She wakes—and from her mossy seat
Springs his returning voice to meet;
Then scans with fingers soft and fair
His dewy brow and tangled hair—
"Cheerly, my love!—our board is spread
With spicy roes and honied bread—
See!—from the soft asbestos won,
My hands this downy web have spun,
Thy scorch'd and throbbing brow to veil
From fiery spark and burning gale:
But toil not thus!—my sightless eyes
Mourn not the loss of summer skies:
No winter in the clime can be,
Where Eric lives, and lives for me!"

" For thee, and only thee, my love,
Till ransom'd spirits meet above!
Sweet Amabel!—tho' ev'ry breath
Is here a lengthen'd sigh for death,

There is no darkness on thy brow—
Thou still art faithful—none but thou!
But thou wert guiltless—"

" Why that gasp?
Why shrinks thy cold hand from my clasp?"
He stiffens at her feet—his eyes
Have seen the dead before him rise!

" Eric awake!—Gustavus calls!
For thee he seeks these dreary halls;
Nor Pain, nor Shame, nor Pow'r has wrang
His secret from thy constant tongue.
He sank not in the wintry flood
Where bandit-traitors sought his blood;
Safe thro' the whirling waves he drew
To light and land thy firm canoe:
My foes lie low in Treason's grave,
In peace my rightful banners wave,
And he who to thy loyal breast
Came but a weak and wounded guest,
Returns a King!—Of Cimbria's realm
Thy faithful hand shall aid the helm;
Come to my side, if Pow'r can prove
More rich in gifts than duteous Love!"

Then thrice his beck'ning hand he rais'd—
The sable crowd around him gaz'd:
" Norwegians, hear!—a royal Swede
First gives to faith its holy meed:
From you I claim my sceptre's pride,
My bounteous host, my faithful guide!"

Shouts from the silver halls ascend,
Caves, rocks, and gulphs, their echoes blend;
But Amabel!—an instant light
Burst through the film which veil'd her sight—
" And thou wert guiltless, then!" she cried,
Clung to his conscious breast, and died.

* * * * *

There is no sound in Eric's sigh,
No language in his tearless eye;
He feels the pang which passes speech,
The pang remembrance dare not reach!
Avaits it now above the mine
Rich in its burnish'd spoils to shine?
Pomp cannot rear a dome so fair
As Love, which built its temple there!

V.

From the same.

LINES SENT WITH A REPEATING- WATCH,

INSCRIBED "Ah! vous dirai-je?"

AH! could it speak!—And there are few
Old Time might plead so softly to,
For years of pain and care have past,
And on thy brow no snow-drops cast:
No wrinkle yet is there to show
What Time might tell.

Ah! would it speak!—if then thine ear
Should gentle tales incline to hear,
Thou might'st a secret legend learn
Of Hope that lives without return,
And whispers to the flying year,
"Soon Time shall tell!"

The shell upon the sea-rock's side
Still echoes to its native tide:
Tho' motionless and cold it lies,
The list'ning ear may hear its sighs:
So pines the heart in sullen pride,
As Time shall tell.

It linger'd once in *Borrow's* cave,
Then rose on *Fortune's* sparkling wave ;
But one disdain'd the prize, nor knew
The rarest pearl is dark in hue :
Shall none the slighted wand'rer save ?
Time comes to tell—

Now let the kind adviser teach,
Tho' feeble, brief, and slow in speech,
Like Friendship when it speaks in death,
Like Love, which fears its own soft breath,
And leaves the word it cannot reach
For Time to tell.

Fair Lady ! Time is in thy hand—
Use it with touch discreet and bland,
And while it speeds on diamond feet,
Its golden tongue shall truth repeat—
But if thy heart can understand,
'Tis Time to tell.

March, 1817.

EXTRACTS

from *LALLA ROOKH*, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's
daughter !
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh fair as the sea-flower, close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart ! till love's witchery
came

Like the wind of the South o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its
frame !

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the
doom

Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl
islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her
tomb.

And still when the merry date-season is burn-
ing,

And calls to the palm-groves the young and
the old,

The happiest there from their pastime return-
ing

At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers
she dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall *IRAN*—Beloved of her hero !—for-
get thee—

Though tyrants watch over her tears as they
start,

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set
thee,

Embalin'd in the innermost shrine of her
heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beautiful that grows in
the deep,

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the
billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;
With many a shell in whose hollow wreath'd
chamber

We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have
slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
darkling,

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian
are sparkling,

And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet
fountain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on
that mountain,

They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in
this wave.

NOTE. *Peri*, pronounced *Pairy*, is the same
word with our *Fairy*, (which came to us from
the Persian,) and is to it analogous in meaning.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

A SONG.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's
stream,

And the nightingale sings round it all the
day long ;

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget :

But oft when alone in the bloom of the year
I think—--is the nightingale singing there yet ;
Are the roses still bright by the calm Ben-
demeer ?

No—--the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er
the wave ;

But some blossoms were gathered while
freshly they shone,

And a dew was distilled from their flowers,
that gave

All the fragrance of summer when summer
was gone.

Thus Memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year.

Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Ben-
demeer.

SONG.

TELL me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss
Truer, happier, than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this !

Tell me not of *Houri's* eyes !—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would like some that burn below !

Who that feels what love is here ;—
All its falsehood—--all its pain—
Would for e'en *Elysium's* sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again !

Who, that 'midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they !

SONG.

(FROM THE SAME.)

I KNOW where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play,
I know each herb and flower's bell
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flow'rs will fade.

The image of love that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine-flower, that sighs
As soul like her in the shade.
The hope in dreams of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes---oh! touch not them---
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem
That shrieks when torn at night.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

SONG.

(FROM THE SAME.)

FROM Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Called by that moonlight garland's spell---
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music morn and night I dwell---
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song.
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain, that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delights obey---
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like genii, hovering round.

And mine is the gentle song, that bears
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon-seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure,
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory lurks the tone that is gone,
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Thro' the field has shone, yet waves with a
breath.

And oh! how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars that wink and listen
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

AZIM.

Or the Veiled Prophet.

(FROM THE SAME.)

THOUGH few his years, the West already
knows
Young Azim's fame:---beyond th' Olympian
snows,
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,
He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his
chains:
Oh! who could, e'en in bondage, tread the
plains
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who with heart and
eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior,---no, too well
For his soul's quiet, work'd the awakening
spell;
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly
grand,
Haunt the young heart;---proud views of hu-
man kind,
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd;---
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav' but seem alas, to
meet!---
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and behold, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA's host, unfurl'd
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the
World."
At once his faith, his sword, his soul, obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edg'd for this world and the
next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bondage
bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,

In virtue's cause; never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what is most desir'd
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling,
pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Of nausea, cost, and pain,
Is trusted to in vain,
If Men will not abstain!—
On the reverse, 'tis plain
How much they save and gain,
Who fear not to abstain.
April 3, 1817.

From the same.

CHURCHILL'S GRAVE...A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED.

By Lord BYRON.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone
With name no clearer than the names un-

known,
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd
The Gardener of that ground, why it might be
That for this plant strangers his memory tasked
Through the thick deaths of half a century;
And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know
"Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so;
"He died before my day of Sextonship,
"And I had not the digging of this grave."
And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip
The veil of Immortality? and crave
I know not what of honour and of light
Through unborn ages to endure this blight?
So soon and so successful? As I said,
The Architect of all on which we tread,
For earth is but a tombstone, did essay
To extricate remembrance from the clay,
Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's
thought,

Were it not that all life must end in one,
Of which we are but dreamers;—as he caught
As 't were the twilight of a former Sun,
Thus spoke he,——"I believe the man of whom
"You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,
"Was a most famous writer in his day,
"And therefore travellers step from out their
way
"To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er
"Your honour pleases,"—then most pleased I
shook

From out my pocket's avaricious nook
Some certain coins of silver, which as 't were
Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare
So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,
Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.
You are the fools not I— for I did dwell
With a deep thought and with a softened eye,
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,
In which there was Obscurity and Fame,
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,
SIMPLE as the following lines may appear,
their brevity may induce some person to
retain them in his memory. And if so, it may
arise at a convenient season to prevent one fit
of intemperance; which circumstance would
amply repay the writer.

Abstain, O Man! abstain!—
Medicine, with all its train

ODE TO SLEEP.

By J. C. CLARIS, Canterbury.

OH Sleep! and must the only hour
In which my soul is free,
My lonely joy, relentless Power!
Be sacrificed to thee;
Oh! turn thy leaden wing,
Nor veil as yet mine eyes;
For I must taste the Classic spring
Day's hurried course denies.

Go, hie thee to the couch of Pain,
Where anguish'd wretches weep,
And calling on thy name in vain
Unwelcome vigils keep?
With lib'ral hand thy balm dispense
To soothe the tortur'd breast,
Till sweetly ev'ry throbbing sense
Is lapped in downy rest.

And should this fragile frame refuse
To bear me through the night,
Steep me in those delicious dews
That shed a mild delight;
Oh let me trace the moments o'er
My dawn of being knew.
When all my playful wishes wore
Young Fancy's golden hue.

When lightly ev'ry feeling rose
Unbiass'd, unconfin'd;
As yet unfelt the worst of woes—
The slavery of the mind!—
But if a vision pure as this,
Dull Pow'r, thou canst not bring,
I will not bear a meaner bliss—
Again, avert thy wing!
March, 1817.

From the Panorama.

THE KEEPSAKE.

From a Winter in Canada, by Ann C. Knight.

OH! know'st thou why, to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift, that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power?

Still, when it meets the musing view,
Can half the theft of time retrieve,
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear idea live?

It boots not if the pencil'd rose
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye,
Or India's sparkling gems enclose
The talisman of sympathy.

"Keep it; yes, keep it for my sake!"
On Fancy's ear still peals the sound,
Nor Time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell by Nature bound.

Canada.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 10.]

BOSTON, AUGUST 15, 1817.

[VOL. I.]

NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE.

From the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE VISION ; OR HELL, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE, OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. TRANSLATED BY
THE REV. H. F. CARY, A. M.

IN Mr. Cary's translation of this sublime Poem, the spirit of the original is kept up in terrific grandeur.

As a specimen of the Translation we select a part of the thirteenth Canto.

" Ere Nessus yet had reach'd the other bank,
We enter'd on a forest, where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue ; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares
deform'd

And matted thick : fruits there were none,
but thorns

Instead, with venom fill'd. Less sharp than
these,

Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide
Those animals that hate the cultur'd fields,
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.

Here the brute Harpies make their nests,
the same

Who from the Strophades the Trojan band
Drove with dire boding of their future woe.
Broad are their pennons, of the human form
Their neck and count'nance, arm'd with talons
keen

The feet, and the huge belly fledged with wings.
These sit and wait on the drear mystic wood.

The kind instructor in these words began :
' Ere farther thou proceed, know thou art now
I' th' second round, and shall be, till thou come
Upon the horrid sand : look therefore well
Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold.

2Y *Eng. Mag.* Vol. I.

As would my speech discredit.' On all sides
I heard sad plainings breathe, & none could see
From whom they might have issued. In amaze
Fast bound I stood. He, as it seem'd, believ'd
That I had thought so many voices came
From some amid those thickets close conceal'd,
And thus his speech resum'd : ' If thou lop off
A single twig from one of these ill plants,
The thought thou has conceiv'd shall vanish
quite.'

Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,
From a great wilding gather'd I a branch,
And straight the trunk exclaim'd : ' Why
pluck'st thou me ?'

Then as the dark blood trickled down its side,
These words it added : ' Wherefore tear'st me
thus ?

Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast ?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spar'd us, had we
been

The souls of serpents.' As a brand yet green,
That burning at one end from th' other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter words and
blood.

I, letting fall the bough, remain'd as one
Assail'd by terror, and the Sage replied :
' If he, O injur'd spirit ! could have believ'd
What he hath seen but in my verse describ'd,
He never against thee had stretch'd his hand.
But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,
Prompted him to this deed, which even now
Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast ;

That, for this wrong to do thee some amends,
In th' upper world (for thither to return
Is granted him) thy fame he may revive.'

'That pleasant word of thine,' the trunk
replied,

'Hath so inveigled me, that I from speech
Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge
A little longer, in the snare detain'd,
Count it not grievous. I it was, who held
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd
the wards,

Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,
That, beside me, into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.
The harlot, who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
From Caesar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflam'd the minds of all;
And to Augustus they so spread the flame,
That my glad honours chang'd to bitter woes.
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust towards myself.
By the new roots which fix this stem, I swear,
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honour; and of you,
If any to the world indeed return,
Clear be from wrong my memory, that lies
Yet prostrate under Envy's cruel blow.'

First somewhat passing, till the mournful
words

Were ended, then to me the Bard began:

'Lose not the time; but speak, and of him ask,
If more thou wish to learn.' Whence I replied:
'Question thou him again of whatsoever
Will, as thou think'st, content me; for no
power
Have I to ask, such pity's at my heart.'

He thus resum'd: 'So may he do for thee
Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet
Be pleas'd, imprison'd spirit! to declare,
How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied;
And whether any ever from such frame
Be loosen'd, if thou canst, that also tell.'

Thereat the trunk breath'd hard, and the
wind soon
Chang'd into sounds articulate like these:
'Briefly ye shall be answer'd. When departs
The fierce soul from the body, by itself
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf
By Minos doom'd, into the wood it falls,
No place assign'd, but wheresoever chance
Hurls it, there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,
It rises to a sapling, growing thence
A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves
Then feeding, cause both pain, and for the pain
A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come
For our own spoils, yet not so that with them
We may again be clad; for what a man
Takes from himself it is not just he have.
Here we perforce shall drag them; and
throughout
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade.'

THE LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

From the European Magazine.

MY return to the Eunomian Society* was greeted by innumerable questions respecting the institution I had been sent to discover, and the means of my success. "These," I replied, unfolding a roll of manuscripts, "will explain all the mysteries of both. They contain legends of seven nations, preserved in the isle of Lampedosa by a female anchoress, whose rocky chamber is still visible, where she received and deposited the narratives of travellers from various countries. Their present possessor has only added one of recent date, which will be found, perhaps, not wholly unconnected with our own private histories, our opinions, and purposes. These legends shew the character of woman capable of

tints as various as the "seven-fold light" to which our gallant associate compared it. Let us begin with the simple record of the remotest nation, and observe her in her first gradation from the darkness of savage nature.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torskfish, a thrush,

* See Ath. vol. I. p. 615.

and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."—"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth."—Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leaped to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet.—"Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."—"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save

life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"—"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and, exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Maelstrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the pro-

bable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year, with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant, whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us entrust this boy to her care, and if in one year——" "in one year, if I live, I will reclaim him?" said the stranger solemnly:—"Shew me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern-entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down-feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetyeth year, was busied amongst his winter-stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity

peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness:—I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor;" said Hans Hoafind, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well-satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Fredericstadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, ad-

ded to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet, preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake."—"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.—"Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!"—The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the love-

liness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured.—"My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield." Brande advanced, slinging his musquet behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—"Not to-night!" said Claribell; "a snowfall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed."—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage-contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence.—All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well."—"He is safe," returned the lover, and sat down gloomy on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance.—"Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "Will you be my wife to-morrow?"—"I am the Lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell—"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry."—Claribell cast her eye on the heap of rubles, and on her lover's face.—"Brande, you have murdered him!"—With these half-articulate words, she

fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me, then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight—"Sir," said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the reindeer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract—"Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it."—Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. "Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a desperate gesture—"Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"—"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—"and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?"

Brande turned away his face, and wept. At that terrible instant, the door

burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Holland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Cronenburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden on her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head, and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."—"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."—The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "*I accuse him!*"—At this awful cry, from lips

which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed ;—" There was but one witness, and I go to him !"—With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet and expired.

Six years glided away ; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide—" It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendent of the miners ; " and that white-haired man was his kinsman, and supposed accomplice."—

The woman is his widow, then ?" said the viceroy, shuddering.—" No, my lord :—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours : that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us."—While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande,

whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave ; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, " Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ancles, and placed him, with his daughter and the blind boy, in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.—" It is the traveller !" exclaimed Claribell ; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.—" My son !" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.—" Claribell !" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, " I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence ; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt ; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself :—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by an union with your virtues."

V.

April 1817.

THE DRAMA.

From the *European Magazine*.

DRURY-LANE, MAY, 1817.

MAY 14th, 1817, Mr. Kean made his first appearance in the character of Eustache de St. Pierre, in Colman's historical play of *The Surrender of Calais*. We shall not stop to examine whether the author has raised in this drama a superstructure worthy of the noble foundation furnished by history: our business here is with those by whom the characters of the piece, such as it is, were personated. The excellence of Kean as its hero adds if possible, to his former reputation. The cynic, the warm patriot, and the father were alternately portrayed by him with a force and fidelity which irresistibly claimed the heartfelt applause of the audience. His rebuke of the mutinous citizens; his commiseration of the distress of his old townsman to whom he gives his last morsel; his reproaches of his son who proposes to secrete provisions for themselves; his offer of himself as the first victim to save his fellow-citizens; and his ironical address to the King at the place of execution, were passages that demanded particular approbation.

The *Macbeth* of Mr. Kean has afforded an excellent opportunity for the display of his peculiar abilities—or at least in the way in which he performs this character. In the dignity and majesty of the character, he is evidently not equal to Kemble. In the passion, and ardour, and inspiration, he greatly excels him. We think, however, that in one instance he was deficient of a proper understanding of his author, or rather of a peculiar feeling of the mind, and of the expression of that feeling in a particular scene. In the banquet scene *Macbeth* is struck with horror, not indignation, at the appearance of the ghost of the murdered *Banquo*. He forgets the prejudice of every one and every thing but the object of his terror, and disturbs the feast "with most admired disorder." *Lady Macbeth* hastily dismisses her guests, and then seizing the arm of her husband, reproves

him, at least by a look and attitude, for his imprudent self discovery. *Macbeth* answers her, "As I stand here, I saw him." This is spoken under the continuance of the same impression of horror, but upon the point of recovery. Kean did not give this part in its proper spirit, and we think he was decidedly wrong. There are two things which are required to constitute an excellent actor—judgment and natural powers; the knowledge of what he has to do, and the physical faculties of doing it.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the 3d of May, *The Apostate*, a tragedy from the pen of Mr. Shell, was performed for the first time. The scene is laid at Grenada, in Spain, during the reign of Philip II. The piece opens with the entrance of Hemeya, (C. Kemble) the heir of the Moorish Kings, with two of his friends, who endeavour to rouse him to a sense of the wrongs of his oppressed nation. He deplores their hopeless condition and his own; avows his love for Florinda, (Miss O'Neill) the daughter of Count Alvarez, (Murray) and his despair at the encouragement given by her father to the suit of Pescara, (Macready) governor of Grenada. The mansion of Alvarez suddenly takes fire; he vows to give his daughter and fortune to the man who shall save her. Hemeya ignorant of this promise, rushes through the flames and bears the swooning Florinda in safety to the gardens of the castle, where love and gratitude break the bonds of maiden reserve, and she acknowledges the passion which she had long secretly cherished for her deliverer. Scarcely has Alvarez, in fulfilment of his own oath joined the hands of the lovers, when Count Pescara enters and produces a royal edict forbidding upon pain of death any Moor to marry a christian woman without previously renouncing the Mahometan faith. Alvarez demands an immediate abjuration of Hemeya, who finding that he must relinquish either his mistress or his religion, consents after a violent inward struggle

to become an apostate. At this critical moment, Malec, (Young) his old preceptor, who has been endeavouring to rouse the remains of his nation to reassert their independence, in the hope of placing the crown of his fathers on the head of Hemeya, arrives at Grenada. He employs the strong arguments of patriotism and honour to dissuade Hemeya from his purpose, and has nearly prevailed, when Florinda appears and fixes her hesitating lover. Malec, enraged by the effect of her charms on the mind of his pupil, advances to stab her, but her beauty unnerves his arm, and he drops the dagger at her feet. Hemeya retires with Alvarez to prepare for his abjuration; while Malec repairs to his friends, to acquaint them with the intended insurrection. They are interrupted by the sudden entrance of Hemeya, who advises Malec to fly, as the officers of the Inquisition are coming to seize him. The undaunted Moor commands his friends to withdraw from the danger, but though he has the same opportunity of escape, he, with more resolution than prudence remains to be taken himself. The servants of the inquisition headed by Pescara, force the gates; Malec is accused of having endeavoured to seduce a convert, meaning Hemeya, back to the Mahometan faith, but is informed that he may save his life by becoming a christian. The unhappy prince now perceives the artifice of his rival, who under the mask of friendship, had sent him with the warning to his preceptor. Malec is led off: Hemeya draws upon Pescara; they fight, but are separated by Florinda, who rushes between them, and the governor retires. Hemeya vows to save Malec or perish; and before he goes, he makes Florinda swear, that she will die rather than become the wife of Pescara. A train of inquisitors lead Malec in chains to execution: Hemeya follows in disguise, and with the assistance of the Moors rescues his preceptor from the stake. Malec and his friends fly from Grenada, with Florinda, while Hemeya, left alone to defend the pass and afford time for their escape, is overpowered. Florinda is retaken, and as the only means of saving the life of her lover, she consents, notwithstanding her

solemn vow, to become the wife of Pescara. The fifth act opens with an exquisitely beautiful moonlight view of Grenada, and the Moors, from the Alpuxerra mountains, hastening to rescue Hemeya. The scene changes to the prison; Florinda enters in bridal garments to free her lover, who spurns her when he learns that she has married his mortal enemy. Pescara follows his bride to the prison, and enraged at the affection which she breathes for Hemeya, orders him, in breach of his promise, to instant death. The executioners seize him: at this moment an alarm proclaims the success of the Moors. Pescara attempts to stab Florinda; Hemeya breaks loose, wrests the dagger from his grasp and plunges it into his heart. The Moors rush in: Hemeya's exultation is complete, till Florinda, pale and faint, declares that she had swallowed a deadly poison before she approached the altar. Hemeya in despair stabs himself, and Florinda sinks lifeless on the body of her lover.

That meritorious favourite of the public, Mr. John Kemble, is going through his principal characters, preparatory to his final farewell to the stage. On the 25th of April, he appeared for the last time in the part of the Stranger, and on the 8th of May in that of Penruddock. The 13th was fixed for his last representation of Hotspur in the play of Henry IV. but at the conclusion, the fire and energy of his performance produced an unanimous cry for his repetition of the character, and the promise of his reappearance in it was hailed with a long-continued burst of acclamation. On the 15th he personated Cato, and on the 17th Brutus, for the last time.—*New Mon. Mag.* May 1817.

THE LADY MACLEAN, OF DUART.

SOME time since, a very interesting and popular little piece was brought out at our theatres, entitled *The Lady of the Rock*, and which, no doubt, many of our fair readers have witnessed with much feeling for the fate of the unhappy lady. The origin of this tale is literally taken from the history of the Highlands of Scotland; and the facts from which

the dramatist borrowed his story are as follow :—

In former times one of the Macleans, of Duart, married a sister of Argyle. This lady was amiable and beautiful, but unfortunately she had been married some years without producing an heir to the house of Duart, with whom her sterility was her crime ; her husband hated her on this account, and resolved on her destruction. In order to screen himself from detection, he hired ruffians to convey her secretly to a bare rock near Lismore ; and there she was left to perish at the coming up of the tide. Here the hapless lady sat watching the rolling tide which she expected every moment to overwhelm her ; when fortunately she perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the very direction of the rock on which she was sitting. She displayed every signal she could think of to attract the notice of the crew ; and, at length, they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She soon made herself known, and informed them that it was by order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock. The sailors, with that usual generosity belonging to mariners, took pity on her, received her on board, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

Maclean of Duart made a grand mock funeral, and pretended deeply to lament his departed lady, whom he announced to have died suddenly. He wrote some very disconsolate letters to his relations, and particularly to Argyle, on whom he waited, after a decent time given to seclusion, clad in deep mourning ; where, with the greatest shew of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said nothing, but sent for his sister ; whose appearance, blooming with health, acted as an electrical shock on the perfidious husband. Argyle was of a mild and peaceable disposition, and took no other revenge on Maclean than by commanding him instantly to quit his presence ; at the same time advising him to keep out of the way of his brother Donald, who would, if he met him, certainly take his life for having attempted to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him afterwards in the streets of Edinburgh, and stabbed him for the intended murder of his sister, when Maclean was eighty years of age.

The Castle of Duart is now a heap of ruins on a promontory in Mull, and stands nearly opposite to the Lady's Rock in the Island of Lismore.—*La Belle As. May 1817.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

RECENT SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY.

IN LETTERS TO A LADY.*

Bas, Canton of Berne ; Sept. 15, 1816.

My dear Madam,

WE were about to sit down to supper last night, when the compliments of a gentleman were brought, with a request that he might be permitted to join us : on enquiry, we found that he was a *pèlerin à pied* like ourselves, but alone, and it was the conjecture of our acute hostess that he was an Englishman ; this hypothesis appeared to originate in the quality of the words of which he made selection, which were not of the best, and of his pronunciation, which was decidedly of the very worst. He proved to be a German, who was about to traverse the

Vallais and the Alps. On separating for the night, we felt that our new acquaintance would prove, what new acquaintances rarely do, an acquisition.

Between five and six o'clock this morning, our dreams had abandoned us to the enjoyment of realities only less transporting than themselves, and we were preparing to leave Villeneuve ; shortly after six we were quitting the borders of that beautiful lake which may never again delight me.

The most enchanting scenery now presented itself ; we appeared to be travelling through a valley, perhaps, three miles wide : here we first observed groves of chestnut-trees of great age and

* See Ath. Vol. I. p. 536.

magnitude ; and such was the unchecked luxuriance of Nature, that the field and the forest appeared mingled together ;—yet was there no forest ; it was the wild growth and irregularity of the trees which presented this delightful intricacy. Surmounting these, and on an insulated rock to the right, we saw the ruins of the castle of St. Tryphon ; and, towering above this, a snow-encrusted craggy mountain, called *la dent du midi*.

As we continued our route, I had occasion to notice that our German acquaintance stopped frequently to observe the rocks on our left, with the scrutinizing eye of one who thought of that which was lying beneath their surface. I found that a quarry, or even a heap of stones, were objects of deep interest to him ; we had indeed a mineralogist in company, but neither myself nor my friend could avail ourselves of the knowledge which was readily and bounteously proffered to us. The induction to knowledge is dull, even to those who devote their lives to it ; but how much more irksome would it have been to one who had long and successfully cultivated the science of mineralogy, who was intimate with every ramification of the theory of it, and who was travelling for the purpose of associating theoretical with practical information ? I could not, for one moment, think of imposing the painful service which the politeness of our friend dictated.

About ten o'clock we stopped to breakfast at Aigle. In little more than a day's journey from this place is the extreme northern point to which Hannibal came when he invaded Italy ; it is now believed that he passed the Alps at the little St. Bernard, and entered Piedmont by Aosta and Ivrea. For the discovery of this interesting fact we are indebted to General Melville, who explored the route of Hannibal, directed by his minute and philosophic historian Polybius, the friend of Scipio. Among these scenes, the exterior only of the forms of Nature undergoes that change which the elements dictate ; the splendid outline of her works remains unchangeable. The mountains and their rugged summits, traced by Gen. Melville, are the same as those on which

Hannibal gazed ; the beds of the Rhone and the Isere, whose banks were trodden by Hannibal above two thousand years since, are the same ; neither has tempest riven, nor time wasted, these gigantic features of Nature ; neither has the dissolving breath of the south wind, nor the intense heat of noon, exhausted the icy beds of the glaciers—they are eternal. Yet these rivers, which continue to flow, which never pause even for an instant, have flowed for centuries ;—the imagination cannot conjecture a period when they did not flow, or when they shall cease.

It might have been two o'clock when we quitted the road to cross the country in the direction of the mines. Our first visit was to the house of crystallization ; we afterwards inspected that enclosing the machinery by which the soft quality of the saline water is distributed : this is effected by filtration through bundles of thorns, raised tier above tier, until the water, sufficiently impregnated with salt, is finally precipitated into conduits communicating with the house where it is crystallized. We now ascended the mountain by a steep and rugged pathway, until we arrived at the entrance of the mine ; here each enveloped himself in the dark cloak of a miner, and, taking a lamp, entered the regions of eternal humidity, to traverse an extent exceeding three thousand feet, excavated in the solid rock. The gallery, from its narrowness, can admit only one person at a time ; the miner led the way, the man of science followed him, I was the third, and my friend the last, that entered. The German had studied a plan of the interior of the mine before we entered it ; and his frequent pauses to observe, with the up-lifted lamp, the succeeding strata of minerals, and the conversation which this inspection gave rise to between himself and the miner, had nearly exhausted the patience of my friend. I was much amused by observing the diversity of taste and feelings as illustrated in my companions : it appeared to me, as we continued to penetrate the shaft leading to the saline source, that my friend was the disciple of Health, and our associate was that of Science ; that the latter had travelled from Berlin to Bex to view this

mine, and that he was now amply repaid for expense, time, and fatigue, by the inspection of that which affected my friend with feelings the reverse of those which he was enjoying; with fears for his health, arising from subterranean damp; the respiration of noxious exhalations; and the sight of objects repulsive to his nature.

How entirely our thoughts and feelings may become perverted is amply illustrated by the infatuated attachment of the miner to his gloomy and life-consuming avocation. Our companion, who had visited many mines in Germany and elsewhere, informed us that the unfortunate victims, who are doomed to premature inhumation, are not merely resigned to their melancholy destiny, but that they are satisfied with the occupation to which they for ever condemn themselves; that they would not quit their dark and cheerless labour to partake of the vigour and cheerfulness which air and sun-shine inspire: like Jaffier, these men are enamoured of ruin.

When we contemplated the works around us, we paid an involuntary tribute of wonder and admiration to the genius which conceived and directed these prodigious labours;—galleries of fatiguing extent, hewn in solid rock to the centre of the mountain; a wheel, thirty-six feet in diameter, revolving in the heart of it, while, from the narrowness of the shaft, we wonder by what means its massive materials can have been introduced; immense reservoirs of brine; a well three hundred feet below, a shaft for the admission of air five hundred feet above, us. When we reflected that we were standing in the centre of the mountain, affected by mephitic effluvia, in a gloomy excavation, where the blackness of midnight is broken only by the lamp of the ghostly miner, we could not but feel deeply affected by our situation,—we could not contemplate the objects around us without emotions of dread.

It is curious to reflect that the actual source of the brine should not have been discovered, although the first gallery was excavated in 1684. That which is called the cylinder, and from whence the water flows, is enclosed in the centre of the

mountain by grey rock; it is easily separable, and is of an argillaceous quality: it has been penetrated in many places, as exhaustion required, and the latest source is worked at a depth of some hundred feet below the spot at which the first excavation took place. Another shaft is now in process; it is twelve or fourteen years that the miners have been working it, and as many years must pass before the shaft will reach the cylinder. It is the opinion of Haller, who was during six years director of these mines, that, as the sources of acids have always continued vinous, as the sources of brine have always remained saline, as the sources of warmth have always retained their power, so these qualities derive their origin from immense subterraneous reservoirs, which are congenial to them, and that their diminution is insensible.

It is impossible to survey the interior of a mine without feelings of deep interest; but these feelings were but remotely allied to pleasure in my breast, or in that of my friend, for it was with emotions of delight that we approached the entrance of the mine, and beheld again sun, sky, mountains, trees, shrubs, and rippling streams.

As we wound down the mountain side in the direction of Bex, my mind was occupied by contemplating the most healthy sources of happiness; it led me to conclude, that the love of Nature is the most pure and exalted, and the only inexhaustible source of mental enjoyment. With what fidelity and animation has Wordsworth depicted the love of scenery, in speaking of his early years. The preference of Nature to Books is beautifully expressed!

“The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite: a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.”

You remember, no doubt, that sentiment of Shakspeare, in which he speaks of finding—

“Tongues in trees,
 Books in the running brooks.”

That Rousseau was an ardent lover of Nature, and that he preferred her society to that of books, is proved by innumerable passages of his writings, but in none more strikingly than in the following quotation from his *Rêveries*: it is taken from the account of his short residence at the island of St. Pierre, on the Lake of Bienné. "*Le précieux sarniente fut la première et la principale de ces jouissances que je voulus savourer dans toute sa douceur ; et tout ce que je fis durant mon séjour ne fut, en effet, que l'occupation délicieuse et nécessaire d'un homme dévoué à l'oisiveté.*"

* * * * *

"*Un de mes plus grands délices étoit, surtout, de laisser toujours mes livres bien encaissés et de n'avoir point d'écrivoire.*"

It is this pure affection for Nature which has led many Englishmen to study the means of domesticating her most enchanting scenes, without violating their characteristic wildness or beauty. The pleasure-grounds of many of our nobility and men of fortune prove the happy accomplishment of this endeavour; and, from the writings of those who have

treated of landscape gardening, may be framed a system to satisfy the most jealous admirer of Nature's charms. As I write, the delightful productions of Bacon, Orford, Uvedale Price, Payne Knight, Mason, Gilpin, and Repton, occur to me. The Abbé de Lille is, I believe, the only French writer who has written on this delightful source of happiness; and his poems are, I conceive, better understood and more deeply loved in England than in France.

On arriving at the base of the mountain, I observed that *la dent du midi* which we had been approaching the entire of the day, was nearly opposite to us.

Before we reached Bex, darkness had almost succeeded twilight; and shortly after our arrival, we found an excellent *table d'hôte* prepared. The inn at this place, which was esteemed one of the best in Switzerland half a century since, when Saussure visited the Alps in this neighbourhood, still merits the eulogium which it then received. Travellers, commanding more leisure than ourselves, would find a few days' residence at this place very delightful. T. H.

JACOB. COUNTESS OF HAINAULT.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE records of history seldom present a narrative more interesting than that of the Princess Jacoba of Hainault.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

For a detailed account of her misfortunes, I refer your Readers to Shaw's *Sketches of the History of the Austrian Netherlands*; from which I chiefly extract the following abridgement. Connected by consanguinity and affinity with some of the most illustrious families in Europe, and distinguished by beauty and mental accomplishments, Jacoba was married, at the age of fifteen, to the Duke of Touraine, the second son of Charles the Sixth, King of France, who, by the death of his elder brother, became Dauphin a few months after their marriage. The flattering prospect which was opened to her by this alliance soon vanished; for the Dauphin in the sec-

ond year of his marriage died suddenly, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by his unnatural mother Isabella of Bavaria, to whom may be applied the character given by Dr. Robertson of Catherine of Medici, that "her boundless and daring ambition never recoiled from any action necessary towards attaining the objects which she had in view." No sooner did Jacoba become a widow, than her father, with the view of strengthening the inheritance of the House of Hainault, planned a matrimonial alliance for his daughter with the Duke of Brabant, a Prince who had neither personal nor mental accomplishments to win the heart of Jacoba. Her father, however, upon his death-bed requested that she would give her hand to the Duke of Brabant; and his request was backed by the solicitation of her mother, who foresaw that the match would ultimately prove advantageous to

the House of Burgundy from which the Duke of Brabant was sprung. Jacoba, from deference to her parents, who were influenced solely by motives of state policy, consented at the age of eighteen to be united to a man for whom she had no affection. This ill-advised step proved the grand source of her subsequent misfortunes : soon after their marriage, an occasion presented itself of exhibiting the conduct of her husband in a light which converted the indifference of Jacoba into feelings of the utmost contempt. Her uncle John of Bavaria, having asserted a groundless claim to Holland and Hainault, took up arms in the former province ; and Jacoba, who was *graced with both Minervas*, took the field at the head of her troops of Hainault, and performed prodigies of valour, which were rendered ineffectual by the pusillanimity of her husband, who spread dejection and dismay among the ranks of the Brabanters. At length, that he might hide his shame, he drew away his forces from Holland, commanding Jacoba to follow him into Brabant ; and an ignominious peace was concluded with John of Bavaria. In that age of romance and chivalry, when ladies used to appear in the field of battle, armed cap-a-pee, we may easily conceive the impression which the dastardly conduct of the Duke of Brabant was likely to make upon the mind of his high-spirited and martial consort : she was filled with shame and disgust, and, upon her return to Court, she gave vent to her feelings in strong and indignant terms. This want of policy on her part produced the effect that might naturally be expected upon a narrow and base mind. Neglecting the Princess, the Duke gave himself up to the lowest gratifications ; and, not satisfied with estranging himself from her society, he treated her with every mark of contumely, harshness, and brutality. Personal neglect from such a man, under all the circumstances of the case, could only excite, in the mind of Jacoba, remorse for having bestowed her hand without being able to give her heart ; but his brutal treatment, which must have alienated the affection of any woman, was intolerable to Jacoba ; her contempt was now changed into resentment ; and, giving way to the dictates of anger, she formed the resolution of withdrawing entirely from her husband and from Brabant, and retiring into her native country, Hainault. This resolution she carried into effect in the full lustre of her beauty, and when she had attained only her twentieth year. With a heart susceptible of all the tenderness of love, and feeling the anguish of the bitterest disappointment in her union with the Duke of Brabant, she availed herself of a plea for dissolving it, which had been thought so powerful an objection to the marriage, as to render a Papal dispensation necessary, namely, the nearness of blood ; and while she sought, upon that ground, to annul her marriage with the Duke of Brabant, she happened to cast her eyes upon a Prince who quickly made a complete conquest of her heart ; and this was no other than the handsome, the brave, and accomplished Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the youngest brother of Henry the Fifth, King of England.—Jacoba, at their first interview, had made a visible impression upon the Duke of Gloucester ; and the ardour of their mutual attachment soon arose to such a height as is seldom met with, except in the fancy of Poets.—But, although the Duke of Gloucester was captivated by the charms of Jacoba, he was not dead to ambition ; and the prospect of attaining the sovereignty of so many rich and powerful provinces stimulated his eagerness to annul the former marriage of Jacoba. But, whilst the fond pair were indulging the hope of a speedy accomplishment of their wishes, a powerful obstacle to their union arose in a kinsman of Jacoba—namely, Philip Duke of Burgundy, who, already master of large domains in the Netherlands, was ambitious to augment the power of his House in that country. He aspired to the fair inheritance of the Princess of Hainault ; and, with that view, he resolved to use all the efforts of political intrigue to prevent her union with the Duke of Gloucester. But, notwithstanding his powerful opposition to the match, especially in the English Court, where his influence was very considerable, he was unable to hinder the lovers from accomplishing their purpose. The former marriage of Jacoba was an-

nulled by the Pope ; and the Princess of Hainault came to England, where she was received with the most flattering marks of attention by the King and the Court, and married with pomp to the Duke of Gloucester, who now took the title of Count of Hainault, Holland, and Zealand. After some time, the Duke, accompanied by a body of English troops, passed over with the Princess into Hainault, and every thing seemed to promise to Jacoba an uninterrupted enjoyment of public and domestic felicity ; but this sunshine of prosperity was of short duration, and Jacoba's union with the Duke of Gloucester proved to her a source of greater misery than she had yet experienced. Soon after her return to Hainault, she began to experience the effects of the resentment of the Duke of Burgundy, who inveighed with the utmost severity against the levity of her conduct ; and, after loud complaints of the wrong done to the Duke of Brabant, he joined his troops to those of that Prince, to oppose the Duke of Gloucester, who was defeated with great slaughter at Braine in Hainault. The Duke returned to England with the view of collecting a force sufficient to make head against his antagonists.—Jacoba at first had determined to accompany him thither ; but, overcome by the importunate supplications of the citizens of Mons, the capital of Hainault, who promised to defend her during the absence of the Duke, she consented to fix her abode in that city, until succours should arrive from England ; but she soon had cause to repent of the confidence she had placed in their promises ; for the people of Mons having been seduced from their allegiance by the intrigues of the Duke of Burgundy, she was compelled to surrender, and was conveyed as a prisoner to Ghent. The courage and address of Jacoba did not forsake her in this extremity. Disguising herself in man's apparel, and passing through the streets of Ghent by night, she found means to escape into her province of Holland, where she soon found herself at the head of a numerous force, with which she overpowered her disaffected subjects in that province. The Duke of Burgundy, who, under the pretext of supporting the rights of the Duke of Brabant, had

an eye to the aggrandisement of his own House, alarmed at the success of Jacoba in Holland, advanced with his army into that country, where he defeated an English force which had been sent thither in aid of the Princess. This was a severe blow to Jacoba, which was followed by fresh disasters in other parts of her dominions. These calamities were followed by domestic troubles, which more deeply affected her mind. Pope Martin the Fifth having triumphed over Benedict the Thirteenth, by whom the first marriage of Jacoba had been annulled, was prevailed upon by the Duke of Burgundy to confirm that marriage, and to issue a bull dissolving the second marriage, with the addition of a severe clause, by which the Princess was restrained from marrying the Duke of Gloucester, even if she should become a widow by the death of the Duke of Brabant. But the blow that imprinted the deepest wound on the mind of Jacoba was the inconstancy of the Duke of Gloucester, who, under various pretexts, which thinly veiled his passion for the daughter of Lord Cobham, whom he afterwards married, declared his purpose of separating himself from the Princess of Hainault, thereby leaving a stain upon his memory which all his great and popular qualities will never be able to efface. Pressed by the armies of the Duke of Burgundy, deserted by her perfidious subjects, forsaken by the ungrateful Duke of Gloucester, the unfortunate Jacoba, after many displays of a noble and valorous spirit, was obliged to yield to the Duke of Burgundy ; and the terms which he prescribed were of such a nature, as plainly declared the motives by which his conduct had been actuated. By one article it was stipulated, that all the dominions of Jacoba were to be governed by himself, with the title of her Lieutenant. By another, that, being now a widow by the death of the Duke of Brabant, she should never contract a future marriage without the consent of the States of her Provinces, and of the Duke of Burgundy. Jacoba was not more than twenty-seven years of age when these rigorous terms were imposed upon her ; she submitted to her hard fate with a magnanimity becoming her character as a heroine : and

being divested of all authority as a Sovereign, while she retained the name, she retired into the province of Zealand, where she lived upon a slender revenue whic she derived from the parsimony of the Duke of Burgundy. There, in those islands that are surrounded by the Scheld, where, dividing itself into many channels, it pours its waters into the ocean, she indulged those melancholy reflections which the unhappy vicissitudes of her life suggested. Sometimes, to relieve her melancholy, she joined in the village sports, and instituted exercises in horsemanship, or in archery. In these exercises, wherein she excelled, and which were so congenial to her active and martial spirit, she was delighted to win the prize, and to be proclaimed by the voice of the villagers Queen of the rural sports. In this manner did Jacoba pass her time during a period of two years, her beauty as yet but little impaired by time or the sorrows of her life—when Love, which had proved to her the source of so many distresses, once more surprised her in her retirement, and prepared for her new misfortunes. Among the Lords of Holland who had been the most adverse to the interests of Jacoba, and who on that account had been rewarded by the Duke of Burgundy, was Francis Borselen, Lord of Martendyke. This nobleman had large estates in Zealand, where he frequently resided. His opposition to the interests of Jacoba had long kept him at a distance from that Princess, till an accidental circumstance gained him access to her acquaintance. Margaret of Burgundy, the mother of Jacoba, having sent to her daughter a present of a fine horse from Hainault, and Jacoba, from the extreme meanness of the Duke of Burgundy, being unable to reward the person by whom the horse had been brought, so liberally as she wished; Borselen, who had learned her distress from a domestic, took occasion to present a large sum of money with such grace and delicacy, that Jacoba, touched with his generous sympathy, forgot all the prejudices which she had entertained against him, and intimated her wish to have an opportunity of thanking her benefactor in person.—Kindness from a person whom she had so long considered as an enemy had melted

the tender heart of Jacoba into feelings of admiration and gratitude, and personal acquaintance prepossessed her still more in his favour (for Borselen to a graceful person joined the most engaging manners.) At length her inclination for this nobleman, growing from the solitude in which she lived, and perhaps also from the hard restraints imposed upon her, became so strong that she could no longer conceal the impression he had made upon her, and love took possession of her heart. The charms of Jacoba had inspired Borselen with a reciprocal passion; and she, forgetting the disparity of rank and the engagements by which she was fettered, united herself with him by a private marriage.

The Duke of Burgundy, who had employed spies to watch the conduct of Jacoba, was no sooner apprised of this marriage, than he hastened to draw from it that advantage which it afforded to his ambition. While he was inwardly pleased, he affected violent indignation. He ordered Borselen to be apprehended, and conveyed from Zealand to the Castle of Rupelmonde in Flanders, situated at the confluence of the Rupel and the Scheld. With a view to alarm the Princess, he caused a report to be spread that the life of Borselen was to atone for the presumption of which he had been guilty. The Princess of Hainault, anxious to save her husband from the danger in which his attachment to her had involved him, collected a small force in Zealand; and, having armed some vessels, sailed up the Scheld, in the hope of surprising Rupelmonde, and delivering her husband. On her approach to Rupelmonde, she learned that her design had been discovered, that a large force was assembled to oppose her and that the Duke himself was in the Castle. Disappointed in her scheme, Jacoba requested that she might be permitted, from her vessel, to speak with her cousin the Duke of Burgundy: and the Duke not declining the conference, she inquired with all the anxiety that love and fear could dictate, if her husband was yet alive.—In answer to this question, the Duke gave orders, that Borselen should be brought forth on the terrace that bordered the river, when the Princess, with the ardour that was nat-

ural to her, transported with joy at the sight of a person so dear, and forgetting that she gave herself into the power of the Duke, instantly sprang from her vessel upon the shore, and ran with eagerness to embrace her husband.

Philip had now obtained the advantage which he sought; and, detaining the Princess, wrought so powerfully on her fears for her husband, that, in order to purchase his freedom and his life, she consented to yield up to the Duke of Burgundy the entire Sovereignty of all her dominion: so high a price did the ambition of the Duke require for the ransom of Borselen! Having thus obtained the object to which he had long aspired, the Duke took possession of the States of Jacoba; and those Provinces, accustomed to his controul, and by his arts indisposed towards their Sovereign, submitted quietly to his government. In return for the ample concessions of Jacoba, certain estates were assigned to her in Holland and Zealand, which she, setting no bound to her affection for her husband, bestowed in free gift on Borselen, who was created Count of Ostervant by Philip, and decorated with the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Thus was acquired by Philip Duke of Burgundy, and by him transmitted to his descendants, the Province of Hainault, and with it the Provinces of Hol-

land, Zealand, and Friesland. This Prince has been distinguished by the title of Philip the Good, an appellation to which he is in some degree entitled from the general mildness of his government; but impartial history will always reproach him with the wrongs done to the Countess of Hainault: and his unkind and ungenerous treatment of this Princess, his kinswoman; and the unfair advantage that he drew from her errors in conduct, errors that merit great indulgence, imprint a deep and indelible stain on his memory. Jacoba, who, in place of all her pompous titles, now bore only the title of Countess of Ostervant, retired into Zealand, to taste the pleasures of a comparatively humble station, in the society of a husband who had given her such unequivocal proofs of entire affection, and whose love she rewarded with the possession of her whole heart. Jacoba died at the age of 36, and was buried in the tomb of the Counts of Holland. During the last and happiest period of her life Jacoba used to amuse herself in framing vases of earthen ware. Many of these were afterwards found in the lake that surrounded the Castle where she resided, and were long religiously kept by the people of the country, who named them the Vases of the Lady Jacoba of Hainault.

OBSERVATIONS ON ILL HEALTH.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

§ 4. On the Quantity and Quality of Food.

I HAVE already adverted to the fact, that the principal object of medicine, in cases of defective digestion, is to obtain a good appetite and digestion, rather than to load the stomach with food in hopes of producing nourishment.

Whatever is undigested, is not only useless, but becomes a source of irritation, and creates disease in the organs of nutrition. Persons who are weak, and who appear to require much nourishment for the recovery of their health, often fall into a palpable error, in suppos-

ing that by taking nutritive food when they have a weak appetite, they really gain strength. Instead of doing this, a proper period of fasting, perhaps combined with bitter medicines as stomachics,* should rather be resorted to, in order to enable the stomach to digest its food, which should be given in small quantities, that the whole of it may be properly converted into nourishment. Nutritive food, in moderate quantities, taken at intervals of not less than 6 hours, seems to me the most proper for weak and irritable stomachs; and long ex-

* See Ath. Vol. I. p. 630.

3A Eng. Mag. Vol. IV

* The *Infus. Gentianæ comp. cum Senna*, is a good medicine to be taken three hours after breakfast, for stomachic weakness combined with constipation.

perience and observation have convinced me, that one of the most fatal errors into which people in general fall, is that of supposing they should eat frequently, instead of allowing the stomach, by a moderate fasting, to recover its powers of digesting.

Concerning the quantity of food, it is well known that different things (from the effect of early habits, and of peculiar idiosyncracies of the constitution) agree variously with different people; yet it is a mistake to suppose that what appears to agree with the feelings of any individual stomach, may not ultimately lead to mischief. There is such a thing as *inducing*, and rendering familiar, healthy habits of diet, which at first are almost repulsive. In general we should consult the feelings of the stomach, find out by observation what is best digested, and always avoid repletion, and all foods of too stimulating and heating a quality. It is quite curious to observe the various things which different physicians have condemned as pernicious, but which healthy persons are in the daily habit of using. Dr. Lambe considers animal food and common water as unwholesome; and he has many supporters. I have paid particular attention to many of these cases, and am convinced that in general some peculiar irritability of constitution has been the cause why vegetables have agreed best, combined with this circumstance, *that people are induced to eat less of them than they would eat of meat and other delicacies of the table.* The principle of their health or recovery may therefore be reduced to that of *temperance*. The celebrated John Hunter observes, that most people are living habitually what he calls *above par*; and that this is the cause why diseases so often occur, and prove fatal. And I am positive that the generality of human diseases may be referred to this source, as well as to the mistaken views people take of the manner of curing disorders at first only trifling. Porson, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, used to say, he preserved his health *α του μηδενος υπερεισθιεν* (from not over-eating of any thing :) got ill sometimes *α του υπερεισθιεν πολυ* and *α του πινειν τον σικερα*, but always cured his complaints, *α του μη πινειν και εσθιεν* (from neither eating nor drinking

any thing.) This observation, taken *cur. 2 grano salis*, applies more or less to all who are daily exposed to the temptations of a superfluous table. When a full diet is eaten by the sedentary and inactive, the consequences are, sooner or later, fatal. I am induced to dwell so much on this subject, from a belief that people in general, particularly in England and Germany, err on the side of gluttony. I have recently made observations on the manner of living in France and in Scotland; and I am convinced that the English eat and drink nearly twice as much on an average as their neighbours either to the North or to the South, particularly of animal food and spirits; and that disorders arising from gluttony and drunkenness are particularly prevalent in England. These habits of intemperance (unsuspected from its daily use,) combined with late hours and sedentary habits, will, as civilization and luxury increase, weaken and impoverish the inhabitants of the cultivated parts of Europe, but particularly in England, where the numerous gin-shops and ale-houses really constitute a national evil, and should be regarded, in a political point of view, as having a tendency to sap the constitutions of the lower orders of the community, and to enfeeble and render meagre and ineffective the rising generation of Britons. With a view to impress on the minds of the publick the bad consequences of the common use of such liquors, I shall consider this subject more at large in a subsequent paper. And I have prefixed these observations on diet, air, and exercise, and given a summary review of the functions of digestion, with a view that the Reader may be prepared to estimate the injury done to the digestive organs by drinking of spirituous and fermented liquors, even in so small a degree as to produce no temporary mischief.

P. S. I cannot help adding one fact with regard to light food, which I have had now corroborated by such good authority that it cannot be doubted; namely, that the inhabitants of those countries of the East, where vegetables and rice constitute the principal article of diet, and who drink no strong liquors, recover often from wounds which are known to be always fatal to Europeans.

NOVEL-READING A CAUSE OF FEMALE DEPRAVITY.

“But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close!
Pity may mourn but not restore,
And woman falls to rise no more.”

THOSE who first made novel-reading an indispensable branch in forming the minds of young women have a great deal to answer for. Without this poison instilled, as it were, into the blood, females in ordinary life would never have been so much the slaves of vice. The plain food, wholesome air, and exercise they enjoy, would have exempted them from the tyranny of lawless passion; and, like their virtuous grandmothers, they would have pointed the finger of shame at the impure and licentious. But those generous sentiments, those liberal opinions, those tender tales abounding with fine feeling, soft ideas, fascinating gentleness, and warm descriptions, have been the ruin of them. A girl with her intellectual powers enervated by such a course of reading, falls an easy prey to the first boy who assumes the languishing lover. He has only to stuff a piece of dirty paper into the crevice of her window, full of *thous*, *thees*, and *thys*, and mellifluous compounds, hieroglyphically spelled, perhaps, and Miss is not long in finding out that “many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it:” so, as Master is yet in his apprenticeship, and friends would disapprove of an early marriage, they agree to dispense with the ceremony. Nay, even when brooding over a helpless base-born infant, and surrounded by a once respectable and happy family, now dejected and dishonoured, too often does the infatuated fair one take pleasure in the misery she has created, and fancy floods of sorrow *sweetly graceful*, because, forsooth, she is in the same point of view as the hapless, the distressed, the love-lorn Sappho of some novel or other.

And yet this, bad as it is, is not the worst result of such pernicious reading. It is no uncommon thing for a young lady, who has attended her dearest friend to the altar a few months after a marriage which perhaps, but for her, had been a

happy one, to fix her affections on her friend's husband, and by artful blandishments allure him to herself! Be not staggered, moral reader, at the recital; such serpents are really in existence; such dæmons in the form of women are now too often to be found! Three instances, in as many years, have occurred in the little circle I move in. I have seen two disconsolate parents drop into premature graves, miserable victims to their daughters' dishonour; and the peace of several relative families wounded, never to be healed again.

“And was novel-reading the cause of this?” inquires some gentle fair one, who, deprived of such an amusement, could hardly exist; “was novel-reading the foundation of such frail conduct?” I answer, yes! It is in that school the poor deluded female imbibes erroneous principles, and from thence pursues a flagrantly vicious line of conduct; it is there she is told that love is involuntary, and that attachments of the heart are decreed by fate. Impious reasoning! base infatuation! As if a Power infinitely wise and beneficent would ordain atrocity! The first idle prepossession, therefore, such a person feels, if it happen to be for the husband of her most intimate friend, instead of calling herself to a severe account for the illegal preference, she sets to work to reconcile it to nature.—“There is a fatality in it,” argues she; “it is the will of Heaven our souls should be united in the silken bonds of reciprocal love, and there is no striving against it.”—This once settled, criminality soon follows; the gentle, the sympathizing, the faithful friend undauntedly plants a dagger in the bosom of the mother, and ruthlessly tears from the innocent children the parent stem on which their support and comfort depend. And yet this very female has cried, oh, how she has cried! over relations of fictitious distress.

If good spirits in the other world are

sensible of what is done in this, how will the Spartan and Roman dames of antiquity bless themselves that they were not doomed to breathe on earth in the nine-

teenth century ! how will the cheeks of many a British matron be suffused with shame for her polluted descendants !

[*La Belle Assemblée*, May 1817.]

From the Panorama.

PADILLA : A TALE OF PALESTINE.

BY J. TAAFE, ESQ.

PADILLA is the daughter of a Spanish Grandee, in whose establishment two youths have been brought up, to one of which she is betrothed, with mutual affection, sorely to the disappointment of the other. His diabolical soul, instigated by his ungovernable passion, in order to remove the brother of Padilla out of the way, prompts him to contrive his murder (though it fails) and to send off the consort of the heroine to Palestine, in the character of Crusader ; in his absence, the vile wretch exerts his utmost, to conquer the aversion of Padilla ; who prefers following her lover to the East ; where she discovers her brother, and arrives at the moment of time to see her beloved defeated, and mortally wounded, by the Saracens under Salahdin. In flying to his assistance, she also receives a fatal stroke ; and the noble pair, whom a gentler fate might have attended, enjoy the melancholy consolation of dying in each other's arms. The black-hearted villain, corroded by the serpent conscience, expires in horrors.

Mr. Taaffe may justly lay claim to powers of conception, and to energy of description ; not unmingled, however, with peculiarities of diction, which though expressive in the first instance, yet, too often indulged, offend the ear.

Our author's description of the escape of Padilla, from her own castle, in the disguise of a page, may justify what we have said of his descriptive powers.

Is it a lady ? or alone some flower
Of Fancy's pencil on the lovely hour ?—
Softly she glides—and, from the buttress-height
Has ta'en a suit of silver, small and light ;
Alonzo's, when a page.—Appears, the thought
Her trembling presence, strength, and courage
brought !

The white-plum'd casque—but, ere it fit her
head,

Thrice her dark tresses on her shoulders spread :

Turning to knot them—Moon !—she lifts an
eye

That views thy state, methinks, rebukingly.

Now cap-a-peè—'tis now a page so bright.
White is her pennon'd spear—her faulchion
white :

She all is silver-white, from spur to crest ;
All—save the small round blazon on her breast,
Castro's half lion, rampant in its gold
And th' azure rings Janazio won of old,
With English Arthur and his barons bold :
Shewing so brilliant, yet so stilly there,
Like magic vision on the midnight air.

And, hush ! that vision moves !—Yet all is
mute ;

No tread betrays her with her beaver'd boot.
She breathes,—the oiled portals glide ;—she
downward turns,

By Moniz' chamber,—there a light still burns ;
By hound—by centinel—yet not a cry ;—
Or drugs, or wine, their senses stupefy.

Along the gallery is death's repose,
Why hold her breath ? why doubtful as she
goes ?

'Tis lest the gnat, her fancy conjures nigh,

Awake the castle as he buzzes by ;—

'Tis, lest the westward window, shedding there
A painted ray, be lamp upon the stair.

The noble staircase is descended now ;
Where knights and bearded princes, many a
row,

In guise o'th' olden courts—a vaunted line !—
Tell from their frames what art is most divine.
They, like the guardians of their orphan-child,
She saw, and was consol'd—the picture smil'd.

On the last step she lingers,—and may soon
Mount on the breezes—mingle with the Moon—
If earthly aught, her flight is at an end.

Ten armed figures on the floor extend
In sordid rest : the leap, too wide, below
Shews not a cranny for that fairy toe !

Yet may she venture from the midst—with
fear—

To move the gauntlet of yon cuirassier.
Pausing between, she thrice that gauntlet takes,
And drops again, as he in slumber shakes ;
At length 'tis on his mailed breast—and, lo !
With outstretch'd lance, she places there her
toe ;

Then rests—on tip-toe rests—for staringly
Full on her visor is that ruffian's eye :

But still his wilder'd brain the banquet steeps,
He mutters—crosses for the ghost—and sleeps.
Instant she springs—she 'lights—no sound
might tell ;
The falling feather not more noiseless fell.

There are, in the death of the lovers,
traces of originality ; which indicate no
want of abilities, but marked with pec-
uliarity of manner rather rude than reg-
ular :---

Why gaze they so ?—upon that sand are laid
A lover dying, and a bleeding maid !
Dying ?—alas ! that cheek, that eye of his
So damp—so glaz'd—even now are spiritless.
Touch—touch her not ; she ne'er again may
rise ;
Her life-blood runs :—but touch her, and she
dies !
And yet, but for that blood in which she swims,
So deep—so crimson—that her iv'ry limbs
Scarce glimmer through ;—and, but for some-
thing, so
I know not what—beneath her long locks now
On elbow rais'd, her look were grief—not pain—
Watching his trance, who scarce shall live
again.
Thus innocence may die !—'Tis death ?—In-
deed ?

And o'er them kneels— I know him by his
weed,
His shaven crown, the mildness of his eye,
And by the crucifix he holds on high—
“ Children, depart in peace—your sins are
shriven—
“ Your loves were holy—there is rest in hea-
ven—
“ Into thy hands, O Lord, their souls be given !

So pray'd the friar, to awake the dead ?—
Yea !—at the words Alonzo lifts his head ;
And, though the blood burst freshlier from his
side,
Seems as relief was in that bursting tide :
He turns—“ Hah, thou, my love !”—and, as
he turns,
His cheek is faintly ting'd, his glance too
burns ;
Ay, with such life, so brightly burns, you'd
swear
The very rapture of his soul was there.

“ My own PADILLA !—’Twas a dream I knew
“ Belie'd her so, who e'en to death is true !
“ I see thee, touch thee,—yes—nor question
more ;
“ I would not waste this hour—this precious
hour.
“ Ah ! dearest, sweetest, so—look so again !—
“ Nay ! if thou smilest, death shall lose his
pain !
“ Yet life, with thee, were lovely !—It is o'er !
“ Hah, bleeding too ?—well then we part no
more.

* * * * *
“ Nay, speak not, love—’twould haste thine
end, I fear ;—
“ I'd first expire—and thou shall kiss me here,
“ Till both our souls together go—wilt thou ?
“ Nay, holy friar, I am her husband now !—
“ Call it not death—’tis rapture we shall sip.”
She answer'd not !—but sunk upon his lip !
Just then her cheek a waving glory took,—
’Twas but an instant that unearthly look ;
It was the soul that flutt'ring, ere it flee,
Play'd on her features ;—further none might
see.
For, as she falls, her long hair loos'ning o'er,
Closes the scene on both for evermore !

AMUSEMENTS OF CLERGYMEN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IT was the advice of Sir Thomas
More to his children, “ Let virtue be
your food, and amusement be your
sauce ;” but, according to some writers,
every kind of sauce must be interdicted
to the clergy, which puts me in mind of
the condition of the domestic chaplain
mentioned in the Guardian, who was
looked upon as an intruder for staying to
partake of the more luxurious part of an
entertainment. Calvin allowed sports
even upon the Lord's day ; Alexander
Newell, the exemplary dean of St. Paul's,
was a devoted angler ; and Dr. Dod-
ridge confesses his attachment to card-
playing. But I shall content myself at

present with producing a very curious
letter on this subject, written in answer
to some complaints made against him,
by that zealous Calvinist the Rev. Au-
gustus Toplady, who was accustomed to
play at cards with Mr. Gurney, the short-
hand-writer. This practice having at-
tracted notice, and given offence to the
more precise professors, drew from Mr.
Toplady the following justification, ad-
dressed to the late Mr. George Flower,
an eminent stationer in the city.

“ *Broadhembury, Nov. 19, 1778.*

VERY DEAR SIR,

Never apologize to me, I beseech you,
for any religious freedoms which you
may be friendly enough to take. With-

out pretending to the apostolical gift of intuitive discernment, I know too much of your heart, to be offended at such real instances of your esteem. I must be a monster of pride, were I capable of resenting an intimation which breathes such sincerity of regard, and which you have the happy art of conveying with such delicacy of politeness. Instead of wishing you to intermit your labour of love, I request you to reprove, to rebuke, and to exhort me, as, in your opinion, occasion may require. Some individuals of, what is called the religious world, are so very pert and impertinent, that I have been obliged to treat them as I would the officiousness of wasps, and give them a gentle flap, to keep them at their due distance. But, without any shadow of compliment, I have so great and just an idea of the valuable friend to whom I am now writing, that I am desirous, not to repel, but to invite and caress, his truly affectionate admonitions. They even induce me to love him the better, and respect him the more; nor can he bind me to him by a stronger tie.

As you, dear Sir, have unbosomed your thoughts, with such transparency of genuine faithfulness, I also, in return, will for once, consider you as my father-confessor, and open my whole mind, to you, on the subject in hand, without disguise, or reserve.

1. I do not think that honest **MARTIN LUTHER** committed sin, by playing at backgammon for an hour or two after dinner, in order, by unbending his mind, to promote digestion.

2. I cannot blame the holy martyr **Bishop RIPLEY**, for frequently playing at tennis, before he became a prelate; nor for playing at the more serious game of chess, twice a day, after he was made a bishop.

3. As little do I find fault with another of our most exemplary martyrs, the learned and devout **Mr. Archdeacon PHILPOT**, who has left it on record, as a brand on the Pelagians of that age, that "they looked on honeste pastyme as a synne," and had the impudence to call him an Antinomian, and a loose moralist, because he now and then relaxed his brow with "huntynge, shootynge, bowlynge, and such lyke."

4. Nor can I set down the pious **Bishop LATIMER** for an enemy to holiness of life, on account of his saying that hunting is a good exercise for men of rank, and that shooting is as lawful an amusement for persons of inferior class.

5. I have not a whit the worse opinion of the eminent and profound **Mr. THOMAS GATAKER**, for the treatise which he professedly wrote to prove the lawfulness of card-playing, under due restrictions and limitations.

6. I think good **Bishop BEVERIDGE** was quite innocent in amusing himself with his violin.

7. The seraphic **Mr. HERVEY** is, in my idea, entitled to no manner of censure, for allowing the devout father of "Miss Mitissa and Miss Serena," to attend his daughters "once or twice, to the theatrical entertainments and public diversions;" nor yet for allowing him to let the said misses "learn to dance, in order to acquire a genteel air and a graceful demeanour."

Observe, that, in producing **Mr. HERVEY**'s judgment concerning the not absolute unlawfulness of all stage entertainments, and other public diversions, I do not mean to enter a plea for myself. I have seen but three plays since I took orders; i. e. for these eleven years and a half, and probably shall never see another; not because I am persuaded of its being sinful (for I think I might as innocently see *Shakspeare's Henry IV.* acted on the stage, as read the history of that prince by my own fire-side), but because I consider the play-house as too public a place of amusement for a clergyman to frequent. Moreover, I was never once at Vauxhall nor at Ranelagh, for the very same reason and for no other. Neither was I ever at an assembly, except once; viz. several years ago, at **Weymouth**, in mere complaisance to **Mrs. Macaulay**; though we both abstained from touching a card. While there we only saw, and were seen, and chatted with those we knew.—But enough of this digression.

8. I cannot unsaint **St. CHRYSOSTOM**, for admiring the comedies of *Aristophanes* to such a degree, as to read them perpetually, and even to lay them under his pillow when he slept.

9. I do not think it criminal in that great, good, and useful man, Mr. MADAN, to indulge himself in horse-racing, and in hunting, fishing, and shooting. He himself makes no secret of all this ; else I would certainly have omitted to mention it.—Now I am not attached to any of these sports. Not to the first, for I utterly dislike it : nor to the second, because I am rather a timid rider ; nor to the third, because I have neither time nor patience enough ; nor to the fourth, for I never fired a gun in my life. But shall I, like those in Hudibras, and like too many censorious professors now,

Compound for things I am inclined to,

By blaming what I have no mind to ?

God forbid ! Let every man judge for himself, and stand or fall to his own master above.

10. Archbishop WILLIAMS required but two hours sleep in the twenty-four. On the other hand Bishop KENN seems to have required twelve ; for he says,

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !

I am but *half* my time alive.

Would it not be very absurd, were we, for that reason, to pronounce WILLIAMS a holier man than KENN ?

11. Shall I question the piety of good old Mr. MOSES BROWNE, because he finds a pleasure in angling for trout and eels ? He shewed me, when I was last in London, some sheets of the new edition (since published) of his “ Eclogues on Fishing.” He is fond of that recreation himself, and as fond of instructing others in it. Is he therefore ungodly ? Or (permit me to ask) is there half so much loss of time at a pool of quadrille, as an angler’s hook and line are attended with ?—I must add, which has least of cruelty in it ? the-depriving real fishes of life by the most excruciating torture, or the playing for fishes made of ivory or mother of pearl ?

12. I will not set in judgment on my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Flower for having their amiable daughter, the fair inquisitive, taught to play on the harpsichord, to dance, &c. &c. &c. Nor am I angry with the fair inquisitive herself, for being one of the most elegant and accomplished females that ever were entitled to that character.

13. I cannot condemn the vicar of

Broadhembury,* for relaxing himself now and then among a few select friends with a rubber of sixpenny whist, a pool of penny quadrille, or a few rounds of twopenny Pope Joan.—To my certain knowledge, the said vicar has been cured of the head-ache by one or other of those games, after spending eight, ten, twelve, and sometimes sixteen hours in his study. Nor will he ask any man’s leave for so unbending himself.

1. Because another man’s conscience is no rule to his, any more than another person’s stature or complexion.

2. Because the word of God, no where, either directly, or indirectly, says one syllable, or drops one hint, concerning either the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of amusement by lots. And I would no more add to the commandments than to the doctrines of God.

3. Because the Apostle says, “ Blessed is he who condemns not himself in the things that he allows : ” which is exactly my case.

4. Because the same Apostle asks, “ Why is my liberty judged of another man’s conscience ? ” And so say I.

5. Because I do not find myself hurt by this liberty, either in mind, body, or estate.—Not in *mind* ; for my mind is sensibly relieved by it.—Not in *body* ; for my body, is sensibly the better for it.—Not in *estate* ; for that cannot possibly suffer by it. I neither win nor lose forty shillings per annum.

Doubtless, Mr. Madan, Mr. Browne, and others, have “ stumbled some weak Christians ” many a time, by following and vindicating such unhallowed amusements. And those Christians must, I think, be VERY WEAK indeed, who can stumble at a straw, and break their shins against a barley-corn !

A very worthy female intimated to me last spring in London, that I “ offended some weak brethren and made them stumble, by allowing myself to play at cards.” As this was very seriously said, I was going to make a serious answer. But my gravity suffered more than a stumble, for it actually fell, on surveying the head-dress of the fair expostulatrix. I could not help asking with a smile :

* Mr. Toplady was at this time the resident incumbent of that parish in Devonshire.

* And suppose that a weak sister was to stumble at your elegant pyramid of hair, wire, and crink ribbons, would you therefore reduce your attire to the taste of that weak sister?" The good woman honestly replied, in some disconcertment, "No, indeed."—"Then give liberty as well as take it." I could not help thinking of the lady and the patch, mentioned in the 57th number of the *Spectator*.

And so much, my dear friend, for the

grand subject of your letter. I hope our correspondence will, in future, turn on topics more edifying and improving. Surely they, who are led by divine grace to experience the best things of God's spiritual kingdom, should learn to look on things indifferent with the indifference they deserve.

I have hardly left myself room to assure of the regard with which I am, &c.

A. TOPLADY.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

REMAINS OF ABELARD AND HELOISE.

ALL that remains of the mortal part of those celebrated lovers has been transferred to one of the courts of the Museum of French Antiquities. Before they were recommitted to the tomb, I had an opportunity of examining them at the apartments of M. Lenoir, the keeper of the Museum. The skull of Heloise is still entire; it proves that she must have had a handsome, delicate, and quite round head. Abelard's skull is more decayed; but others of his bones are yet perfect.

THE ALBANI COLLECTION.

The admirable collection of antiques of Prince Albani, which the Museum was obliged to restore to him after the last surrender of Paris, has been sold piece-meal. Some select articles have been bought by the French government for the Museum. The rest, forty-six in number, among which are some admirable Roman and Egyptian antiques, are said to have been purchased on account of the hereditary prince of Bavaria. In this case, Bavaria will possess one of the most exquisite plastic collections in Europe.

CAPTAIN REVEL AND THE COUNTESS OF LUZBURG.

The process of Captain Revel against his divorced wife, has lately (Dec. 1815,) afforded a fertile subject of conversation to the good people of Paris. The sitting of the court, in which the captain pleaded his own cause, attracted a great concourse of inquisitive persons. The adverse

party did not appear personally, but was represented by an advocate. This was a disappointment to many that were extremely curious to see a lady, who, though not more than 24 or 25 years of age, is married to her third husband, and has besides been mistress to Murat and Buonaparte. It cannot be denied that she has made the most of her time. M. Revel repeated the statements given by him in the romance which he has published—for his *Memorandum* deserves no other character. The opposite party then stated their grievances, and asserted that Revel is a dissolute man, and a poor devil loaded with debts, and harassed by creditors; that he carried his young and innocent wife about from one public-house to another, and never had a place of abode of his own; nay, that he even sold the prizes which she had received in the seminary of Madame Campan; that she had suffered much from him, but that it was not till he committed forgery, and was apprehended as a cheat and a rogue that she applied for and obtained a legal divorce. It was farther stated that she had since married General Auger, who perished in Russia, and afterwards the Bavarian Major Von Lüzburg: if, therefore, her divorce could be declared invalid, her two subsequent marriages must be considered invalid also, which was absolutely impossible.

From what I have been able to learn respecting the accused party, the mother of the young lady, a beautiful but likewise a most artful woman, kept a gambling-house in high style; that is to say,

inexperienced foreigners and natives were invited thither; she took care to have some handsome females of the party; they played high; intrigues were formed; and the mistress of the house always got something or other by them. If they met with a good-natured wealthy fool, he was made the friend of the house, and allowed to defray the prodigious expense of the establishment till his purse was drained, and then he was obliged to retire and make room for another simpleton like himself. The beautiful daughter of this woman was always employed as a decoy—as in the case of Revel—who, by the bye, was certainly a good-for-nothing fellow. That Madame Campan, the chief directress of the imperial seminary, acted the part of a procuress in the marriage of this girl, and in her acquaintance with Murat, is evident from Revel's publication. The notorious Count Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely had a not much more honourable part allotted to him in this affair. He was employed, while Madame Revel was mistress to Buonaparte under the name of Madame St. Laurent, to convey money to her; but Revel asserts that in this business the count was not unmindful of the proverb: "Whoever has the cross blesses himself first with it"—and that a considerable part of the rouleaus never found their way out of his pocket. What became of the child, the issue of this connexion between Madame St. Laurent and Buonaparte is not known. It was taken immediately after the birth from the mother, and no other favour could she obtain of the underlings employed to execute this order, than permission to impress a mark upon the infant's side that she might know it again. For three years all her enquiries after the place of its abode proved fruitless. At length she found means to bribe her nurse, who informed her under the injunction of secrecy, that her child was at Belleville near Paris, and promised to procure her a sight of it. She was as good as her word; the mother again beheld her infant, but only for a few moments; it was torn from her arms, and it is said that she has never seen it since. For, as Buonaparte or some of his agents received information of the mother's visit,

the child was immediately removed by higher orders. This *half-Napoleon*—the boy's name is *Leon*, will probably make his appearance under the present circumstances, that is, if he be still living, because there is most likely nobody to pay for him now. As to the mother, she has since lived in a princely style.

LANGLES AND KLAPROTH.

A duel had well nigh taken place the other day between M. Langlès and Klaproth, the German traveller. The latter, in two pamphlets which he recently published, has attacked several distinguished scholars, and among the rest M. Langlès, the celebrated professor of the Persian language, who in consequence sent him a challenge. Klaproth printed Langlès' letter, at the same time declaring that he accepted the challenge, and requesting the whole of the public to attend as witnesses.

MADAME MOLE.

The rejection of a dramatic piece offered to the Odeon theatre, has given rise to a curious process. Madame Molé, now a German countess, had while an actress adapted Kotzebue's *Misanthropy and Repentance* for the French stage. Not long since she undertook an imitation of the German sequel to that piece. The *Journal de Paris*, having intimation of this, announced that the Odeon theatre would shortly produce a wonderful *Drame germanique*, in which the heroine of the piece committed a dozen adulteries before she ever thought of repenting. It is possible that this announcement caused the managers to reject the piece:—be this as it may, Mad. Molé has accused the *Journal de Paris* of having deprived her by its officious interference of the emolument which she expected from her performance.

SUPERSTITION OF THE PARISIANS—THE RED MAN AND THE MINNI.

Mankind have a natural fondness for the wonderful. Superstition with all its terrors gains most ground in times of calamity and disturbance, when important political events are approaching, and a latent fermentation begins to spread through a country. Thus Virgil has transmitted to posterity in beautiful verses, the account of the wonders which preceded the assassination of Cæsar.

Montezuma's death and the destruction of his empire were announced beforehand to the Mexicans by the appearance of a comet. A husbandman also had a dream prophetic of misfortune, and threatening words pronounced by invisible persons, were heard in the air. It is well known also that Henry IV. had some days before his death a secret, indistinct presentiment of his melancholy fate, and several times told Sully he knew he should be murdered.

When the sanguinary Nero had expiated his crimes by an ignominious end, a superstitious alarm seized the Christians whom he had persecuted. For a considerable time they persuaded themselves that Nero was not dead, but that, by the decrees of the Almighty, he was destined to renew their sufferings, and to spread fresh misery over the world. And who is there but knows what frequent reference was made in the first years of the French revolution to the prophecy as it is called of St. Cesarius, which actually seemed to apply in a striking manner to various circumstances of those days?

The late remarkable events in France were also preceded by a multitude of popular tales, and all sorts of fabulous stories. Most of them originated in the *fauvourgs* of Paris, and are unworthy of notice; but some are accompanied with such singular circumstances and details as at least to afford a momentary amusement. At the head of these popular legends must be placed the wonderful history of the *Red Man*, which was circulated in March 1814 in many companies at Paris. The *Red Man*, thus runs the story, appeared for the first time to General Buonaparte, then in Egypt, the evening before the battle of the Pyramids. Napoleon, attended by several officers, was riding past one of those monuments of antiquity, when a man wrapped in a red mantle came out of the pyramid, and motioned him to alight and follow him. Buonaparte complied, and they went together into the interior of the pyramid. After an hour had elapsed, the officers became uneasy at the long absence of their commander: they were just on the point of entering the monument in quest of him, when he came forth with a look of evident satis-

faction. Before this interview with the *Red Man*, he had stedfastly refused to give battle: but now he issued orders to prepare immediately for attack, and the following day he gained the victory of the Pyramids. Buonaparte, continues the story, had made a compact with the *Red Man*, for ten years. The time expired a few days before the battle of Wagram. He solicited a prolongation of the term from the *Red Man*, who yielded to the urgent request of his protégé, and entered into a second contract with him for five years. It is true that during the two last of them, he did not strictly perform his engagements, but many a good paymaster fails at last; and besides, such adventures as this must not be scrutinized too closely. The second contract was to terminate with the 1st of April 1814; and lo! in the preceding January, some days before Napoleon's departure from Paris, the *Red Man* appeared at the entrance of the Tuilleries, and desired to speak with the emperor. He came it seems to remind his friend with the utmost punctuality of the near approach of the end of the second term. The sentinel refused him admittance; the stranger extended his hand towards him, on which the soldier, as some relate, was immediately consumed to ashes, or according to others, was rendered unable to move a finger, and the *Red Man* proceeded without obstruction. A chamberlain, whom he accosted in the palace, asked him if he was provided with any letter or introduction. "No," said he, "but go and tell your master that a man dressed in red desires to speak with him immediately." The chamberlain, thinking that he should divert the emperor by this message, hastened to announce the extraordinary visitor. His astonishment may be conceived, when Napoleon with a look so gloomy as to dispel in a moment every trace of gaiety in his attendant, ordered the *Red Man* to be introduced, and shut himself up alone with the stranger. Inquisitive like any other person, the chamberlain first applied his eye and then his ear to the key-hole, and thus overheard a warm conversation between the monarch and the mysterious man, in the course of which the latter made use of these words: "Remember, from the first of April I will have no

more to do with your affairs ; such is the tenor of our long concluded agreement, to which I am determined inflexibly to adhere. You must, therefore, by the above-mentioned time have either vanquished your enemies or made peace with them : for as I have told you, on the first of April I shall withdraw my aid from you, and what will be the consequence you well know."—In vain did the emperor allege the impossibility of settling his affairs with all Europe in so short a space ; in vain did he solicit a farther prolongation of the treaty. The *Red Man* remained inflexible and vanished, as some assert, through the floor. This visit is universally believed in Paris to have hastened the departure of the emperor, who was now aware that he had no time to lose. The prediction of the *Red Man* was punctually accomplished. On the 31st of March the allies entered Paris, and from that moment all who knew of this story, and the number was not small, perceived that the *Red Man* kept the word he had last given much more faithfully than he had fulfilled his contract.

Another extraordinary story which about the same time made considerable noise at Paris, related to a monk of the order of Minims. This man, who resided at Paris, and was highly respected in his quarter for his benevolence, predicted in the beginning of March, to all

who chose to listen to him, that the Emperor would be precipitated from the throne between the 24th and 30th of that month. The minister of the police, to whose department, as it seems, the prophets belonged, sent for the friar, and threatened him with confinement in a state prison. "Do as you please," replied he ; "since I am to die on the 16th of March, it is of very little consequence where I spend the few remaining days of my life." Upon this declaration the Minim was dismissed as an old crack-brained gossiping fellow. On the 17th of March the minister is said to have accidentally recollected the circumstance, and to have sent to the friar's residence to inquire whether the prophet had died on the preceding day. His prediction was found to be literally accomplished, and the body was already in the coffin. Naturally enough this fulfilment of the first part of his prophecy proved an unlucky omen in regard to the second, which was in like manner verified by the capitulation of the 30th of March.

What renders these two stories rather piquant is, that great numbers of people can testify that they were not fabricated after the event had happened ; but that the one was in circulation above a month, the other at least eight days previously to those events, and that the circumstances occurred exactly at the dates which had been foretold.

OBSERVATIONS ON MOORE'S LALLA ROOKH.

Thom. Moore

From the Monthly Magazine.

WE have to congratulate our readers on the appearance of Mr. MOORE'S long-promised poem of "*Lalla Rookh*,"* and to assure them that the expectations which its first announcement excited will in no degree be disappointed. It is appropriately entitled an oriental romance, and the costume, scenery, and characters of the East are preserved throughout with uncommon felicity. Mr. Moore's genius had dazzled as yet in bright but minute sparks—stars that shone indeed with their own unborrowed lustre, but which were constantly liable to suffer eclipse whenever an orb of greater magnitude,

altho' perhaps of inferior brightness, appeared in the poetical hemisphere. We have now to hail the rising of a sun which, we venture to predict, will never set. *Lalla Rookh* possesses all those characteristic excellencies with which Mr. Moore has so often fascinated his readers—intensity of feeling, delicacy of taste, and, above all, that command of imagery, in which we do not believe he has any equal. This poem also discovers a new feature of his genius, a feature which the very nature of his former productions kept concealed—discrimination of character ; we should have been perfectly contented if he had only equalled his past efforts, but in this respect he has surpassed even

* Tulip-chek.

himself. Another peculiarity too is, the strain of tender melancholy that pervades the work : Mr. Moore's earlier writings were remarkable for their hilarity ; and, altho' severer strains have latterly mingled in the song, they never (if we may use the expression) formed the key-note. Even the "Irish Melodies" were not mournful ; but there was in them a delightful mixture of gaiety and feeling, to which no heart could refuse its sympathy. In *Lalla Rookh* all is sadness and pity ; all is gloomy but the scenery, whose luxuriant beauty forms a magical contrast to the sufferings of those whom it surrounds. Of the tales (for there are four of them) which form the work, our limits will not allow us to give even a meagre sketch ; and, in regard to extracts, we cannot select without doing Mr. Moore injustice. We have, however, chosen a few passages, not that they are superior to the general tone of the poem, but because they can be quoted with the least injury to the connexion. The simile with which this passage concludes is uncommonly delicate :

' Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,
In the wide world without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or fear'd to die :
Lorn as the hung-up lute which ne'er hath
spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken.'

The lines which follow are even more beautiful :—

' Fond maid ! the sorrow of her soul was such
Even reason sunk, blighted beneath its touch,
And, tho' ere long her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Tho' health and bloom return'd, the delicate
chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft, as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray ;—
A wand'ring bark upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !
Again she smil'd, nay much and brightly smil'd,
But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild ;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half-pain,
The bulbul* utters ere her soul depart,
When vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful
art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke
her heart.

In every glance there broke without controul
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul.

* The nightingale.

Where sensibility still brightly played,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made.'

The following passage displays the closest observation of Nature, as well as high poetic fancy :—

' that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again.'

Several beautiful songs are interspersed throughout the volume, with one of which we conclude our extracts*—

' Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee—
But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without ?
Our rocks are rough—but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare—but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.
Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree ;
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then !
So came thy every glance and tone
When first on me they breath'd and shone ;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome, as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place ;—

Then fare thee well. I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine.

[* Bendemeer's Stream, Ath. Vol. I. p. 676.]

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

WIND OF A BALL.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN the engagement between the British and American fleets, on Champlain, a circumstance attended the death of our brave Capt. Downie well deserving record ; and which I shall be happy to find accounted for by some of your philosophical friends, through the medium of your Magazine.

While Capt. Downie was animating his men, a large shot passed close to him, and he instantly fell dead ; he gave not the smallest sign of life after the shot had passed him. Upon examining his body no visible injury had been sustained.

I cannot believe that the concussion of the atmosphere could have produced the above extraordinary effect, and trust that some of your ingenious correspondents will not think the enquiry unworthy their attention.

G. G.

Wulworth ; April 28.

AWKWARD HABITS.

DR. DARWIN observes, that when we experience any disagreeable sensations we endeavour to procure temporary relief by motion of those muscles and limbs which are most habitually obedient to our will. This observation extends to mental as well as to bodily pain : thus persons in violent grief wring their hands and convulse their countenances ; those who are subject to the petty, but acute, miseries of false shame, endeavour to relieve themselves by awkward gestures and continual motions. A plough-boy, when he is brought into the presence of those whom he thinks his superiors, endeavours to relieve himself from the uneasy sensations of false shame, by twirling his hat upon his fingers, and by various uncouth gestures. Men who think a great deal, sometimes acquire habitual awkward gestures to relieve the pain of intense thought. Addison represents, with much humour, the case of a poor man who had the habit of twirling a bit of

thread round his finger, the thread was accidentally broken, and the orator stood mute ! Once a gentleman got up to speak in a public assembly, provided with a paper of notes, written in pencil : during the exordium of his speech he thumbed his notes with incessant agitation ; when he looked at the paper he found that the words were obliterated, he was obliged to apologise, and, after much agitation, sat down abashed !

La Belle As. May 1817.

A LONG JOB.

The Rev. Mr. Milne, in a report to the Missionary Society for China, says :—“We want, sir, fifty millions of New Testaments for China ; and after that about one sixth of the population only would be supplied. I would ask no higher honour on earth than to distribute the said number.” Now, if Mr. Milne had commenced the distribution of the “said number” at the time the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, and had continued to distribute forty-three testaments per day, Sundays excepted, he would have had on hand April 4, 1817, seven hundred and thirteen thousand, seven hundred and forty-seven. Or, should he now begin his work, and distribute ten each hour during ten hours per day, he would end his labours on the twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord three thousand four hundred and eleven, at one o'clock in the afternoon !—*Mon. Mag. June 1817.*

ATOMIC THEORY.

An ultimate particle, in the chemical theory of **HIGGINS**, is the last division of elementary matter—an atom is the compound of two particles in every proportion—and a molecule is the compound of two atoms, according to the strict nomenclature of his doctrine. Those distinctions will prevent confusion ; they will be found to accord with the language of definite proportions, and the internal structure of compounds.—*Ibid.*

MONTGOMERY'S NEW WORK.

The State Lottery, a Dream; by Samuel Roberts. Also, *Thoughts on Wheels, a Poem*; by James Montgomery, author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, &c.

Though this philanthropic Pamphlet is more particularly addressed to the Members of both Houses of Parliament, it is worth the attention of every one who has the welfare and the morals of his Country at heart.

The *Dream* unfolds scenes resulting from the Lottery, sufficient to freeze the mind with horror; and, incidentally, the present system of *Stage Coaches* is severely reprobated.

The "Thoughts on Wheels" are a small set of poems on the *Wheel of Combat*, the *Car of Juggernaut*, the *Inquisition*, and the *State Lottery*; the whole concluding with an animated Address to Britain, imploring the abolition of the *Lottery*. We would copy the Address, if our limits permitted; but must content ourselves with some extracts.

"I love thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,
Sweet as my father's voice to me,
In all I hear, and all I see;
When glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
To view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The Guardian-angels of thy coast,
To watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of Home.

"I love thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the Peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

"I love thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine Engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And Arts, and Industry, and Wealth,
Exulting in the joys of Health.

"I love thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame:
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down History's lengthening widening way,
And hail thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,

Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine over land and main.

"I love thee,—when I read the lays
Of British Bards, in elder days,
Till rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my Spirit sings;
For I, amidst thy living choir,
I too, can touch the sacred lyre.

"I love thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle as they run,
As if their fountain were the Sun:
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen House of Prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him who is the Lord of all."

Gent. Mag. May 1817.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS; OR, THE
CEYLONESE TOO MANY FOR AN EN-
GLISHMAN.

The following narrative will give an instance of the arts practised by the natives of Ceylon, high and low, to work on the feelings of Europeans: in order to effect which purpose on their present superiors, there is good reason to believe that they are by no means under the necessity of using the same exertions that were requisite to move their more sedate and less irascible Dutch masters.

An English Gentleman, holding a high public situation in the colony, had been conducted in his palanquin to an evening party; and after remaining there for some time, the bearers became anxious to return home. It was, however, not late, and their master had no manner of wish to retire from the pleasant society he was in. The first step they took to effect their purpose, was, to bring the palanquin in front of the door, full in their master's view and then retire. He saw it, and took it in good part, as a mark of attention in his bearers; in the mean time, the sight of the palanquin being connected with the recollection that he was to return home, made him reflect that the time was approaching for retiring from the party.—Shortly after, some of the bearers went to seat themselves, apparently in a negligent manner, by the side of the palanquin.—This began to produce in the mind of the master, who observed it, a kind of uneasiness, and caused a doubt to arise

whether he should or not remain much longer. Now the bearers watched the motions of every person in the party, and his in particular. Whenever he moved from his chair, or passed from one part of the room to another, the bearers would start up, as if they thought he was coming out, and then, appearing to have discovered their mistake, would again sit down. This manœuvre put their master in a state of perfect uneasiness ; he could no longer speak, or attend to the conversation that surrounded him ; the doubt whether he should go or stay had made him quite uncomfortable, and he took no pleasure in the society which had before appeared to him so agreeable. But the bearers, observing that even this had not the desired effect of bringing him away, lighted up the lamps of the palanquin ; and one of them, taking up a hand lantern, began to pace in front of it, so that his master could not help observing it ; and this actually threw him into a state of greater uneasiness ; yet he felt too much reluctance to quit his friends, to be entirely moved away. But, at last, all the bearers stood up, and arranged themselves, each at their post, by the sides of the poles of the palanquin ; while the one with the lantern, pacing up and down, gave a full view of the whole apparatus. Who could resist it ? It acted like an electric shock. The master in an instant, found himself in his palanquin, without being aware how he got into it. —The bearers took it up, gave a loud shout, and ran away with it in triumph.

Panor. June 1817.

PEARSON'S LIFE OF BUCHANAN.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the
Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D.*

[Just published.]

“The subject of this memoir was certainly a very extraordinary man, and it is impossible to read this account of him without being warmed with admiration of his zeal, piety, and generosity. He was born of respectable parents at Cambustang, near Glasgow, March 12, 1766. At the age of seven years he was sent to the grammar school of Inverary, where he continued till his fourteenth year, when he became tutor to the two sons of Mr. Campbell, of Dun-

staffnage. In 1782, he entered as a student of the university of Glasgow, where he remained about a year and a half, and then went to live as tutor in another family of the name of Campbell. After discharging that office with credit till 1786, he returned to Glasgow, but the year following, on account of some disappointment in love, he resolved to quit his native country, and travel over Europe on foot. Here we shall quote his own narrative :—“I had the example of Dr. Goldsmith before me, who travelled through Europe on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute. I could play a little on the violin ; and on this I relied for occasional support, during my long and various travels. In August, 1787, having put on plain clothes becoming my apparent situation, I left Edinburgh on foot, with the intention of travelling to London, and thence to the continent : that very violin, which I now have, and the case which contains it, I had under my arm, and thus I travelled onward. After I had proceeded some days on my journey, and had arrived at a part of the country where I thought I could not be known, I called at gentlemen's houses, and farm-houses, where I was in general kindly lodged. They were very well pleased with my playing reels to them (for I played them better than I can now,) and I sometimes received five shillings, sometimes half a crown, and sometimes nothing but my dinner. Wherever I went, people seemed to be struck a little by my appearance, particularly if they entered into conversation with me. They were often very inquisitive, and I was sometimes at a loss what to say. I professed to be a musician, travelling through the country for a subsistence ; but this appeared very strange to some, and they wished to know where I obtained my learning ; for sometimes pride, and sometimes accident, would call forth expressions in the course of conversation which excited their surprise. I was often invited to stay some time at a particular place, but this I was afraid of, lest I might be discovered. It was near a month, I believe, before I arrived on the borders of England, and in that time many singular occurrences befel me. I once or twice met persons whom I had

known, and narrowly escaped discovery. Sometimes I had nothing to eat, and had no where to rest at night; but, notwithstanding, I kept steady to my purpose, and pursued my journey. Before, however, I reached the borders of England, I would gladly have returned: but I could not: the die was cast: my pride would have impelled me to suffer death, I think, rather than to have exposed my folly, and I pressed forward. When I arrived at Newcastle, I felt tired of my long journey, and found that it was indeed hard to live on the benevolence of others. I therefore resolved to proceed to London by water; for I did not want to travel in my own country, but on the continent. I accordingly embarked in a collier at North Shields, and sailed for London. On the third night of the voyage we were in danger of being cast away during a gale of wind; and then, for the first time, I began to reflect seriously on my situation." Mr. Buchanan relinquished his visionary scheme after his arrival in London, where he suffered severely for some time, but at length obtained a situation as clerk in an attorney's office. Here he led rather a dissipated life, and was very fond of theatrical amusements, but by hearing the late Mr. Newton he became serious, and with the assistance of Mr. Henry Thornton was enabled to enter as a student of Queen's College, Cambridge. After taking his bachelor's degree he was ordained as curate to his venerable friend the rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, and in 1796 was appointed one of the chaplains to the East India Company. In 1799, he married Miss Mary Whist, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Whist, rector of Northwold, in Norfolk, and the next year, when the Marquis Wellesley founded the College of Fort William, at Calcutta, Mr. Buchanan was nominated vice provost, in which also he discharged the office of classical professor. Of that short-lived institution it is unnecessary to say any thing here, but whatever opinion he formed of its utility, there can be only one respecting the assiduity and liberality of Mr. Buchanan, who in 1805 was honoured with a doctor's degree by the university of Glasgow. The same year he lost his wife who died at St. Helena, on her

voyage to England. In the summer of 1806, he made a journey to the coast of Malabar, and returned to Calcutta in March the following year; but a few months afterwards he preached his farewell sermon there, and sailed for Europe. In 1809, he married the daughter of Mr. Thomson, a gentleman of fortune and piety in Yorkshire, but four years afterwards this excellent woman died, to the great grief of her husband and parents. The energy of the doctor, however, continued unabated, and he began to print a new edition of the New Testament in Syriac for the use of the Eastern Christians; but, while occupied in superintending the impression at the press of Mr. Watts, of Broxbourne, he was cut off rather suddenly, and in the meridian of life, February 9, 1815."

Such is the outline of a biography that has rarely been equalled in modern times, and we can promise the reader, let his religious opinions be what they may, a substantial entertainment of various kinds of information in the perusal of this well written memoir.—*N. Mon. M. May.*

MISS EDGEWORTH'S NEW WORK.

We have derived much pleasure from Miss EDGEWORTH'S "*Comic Dramas.*" The peculiar fidelity and raciness of this celebrated lady's exhibition of Irish manners and fashionable life, have long rendered her compositions standard favourites with the public. We are not quite certain whether her "*Comic Dramas*" would suit the meridian of a public stage; but, as condensed representations of Hibernian character, and the heartless follies of what is denominated *high life*, they are entitled to unmixed commendation. The following Song is a specimen of Miss Edgeworth's poetry.

SLEEP, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.
Unfelt in sleep thy load of sorrow,
Breathe free and thoughtless of to-morrow;
And long, and light, thy slumbers last,
In happy dreams forget the past.

Sleep, &c.

Many's the night she wak'd for me,
To nurse my helpless infancy:
While cradled on her patient arm,
She hush'd me with the mother's charm,

Sleep, &c.

And be it mine to soothe thy age,
With tender care thy grief assuage.
This hope is left to poorest poor,
And richest child can do no more,
Sleep, &c.

MADAME DE STAEL.

A foreign periodical work relates the following anecdotes of Madame de Stael:—This lady when in London received an invitation to the Prince Regent's. His Royal Highness who is peculiarly distinguished by that condescending affability which inspires confidence without diminishing respect, took her by the hand and conducted her about the apartment. After he had paid her many compliments on the extraordinary genius displayed in her works, he invited her to breakfast with him the following morning. Madame de Stael, forgetting the difference in rank between herself and the illustrious personage who was speaking to her, excused herself on the ground of a prior engagement. The Prince, justly offended at such an answer, gently loosed her hand, bowed, and retired, leaving the haughty female quite confounded. She perceived too late the error she had committed, and that the honour of an invitation from the ruler of a great empire is worth purchasing at the price of an excuse to one of his subjects.

The work upon which Madame de Stael is at present engaged, on the French Revolution and the history of her father's administration, is to form three volumes. A Paris bookseller not long since enquired with due humility of the author what price she asked for her new master piece. The answer was: 45,000 francs (1,875*l.*), with a reservation of the right of selling the manuscript again in London. The bookseller silently withdrew. He considered that the mere name of Madame de Stael might to be sure, command a sale for at least two or three thousand copies; but that 45,000 francs was a sum with which a number of less extensive but far more safe and lucrative speculations might be carried on: for, supposing the new work to obtain no greater approbation than that which she wrote on Germany, he should scarcely be reimbursed his 45,000 francs. "If it were but a novel, indeed!" cried the bookseller in the midst of his calculations, "I should not be afraid; but a work on the French revolution! Why, a whole library has already been written on that subject. Many new and unexpected observations will doubtless be

brought forward by this ingenious lady; but she will scarcely be able to produce three volumes full of such novelties; or she will get into political discussions, which are the ruin of a book, and what is still worse, of the bookseller."—The calculator hereupon laid down the pen, and determined not to risk 45,000 francs upon the French revolution.

A Paris journal lately diverting itself on the numerous parties at Madame de Stael's, related, that a few evenings since she gave a ball, a concert, and a political circle, at which Madame de ***** distinguished herself by a gavot and a plan of finance, and Mademoiselle de ***** by a beautiful air and observations on the Budget for 1817.—All the *bon-mots* and witticisms of Madame de Stael are carefully collected, and many have already been transplanted into foreign publications. To a young French poet who was defending the *three unities* of the French drama she lately said:—"Your dramatic rules are like iron spurs, with which you spur a wooden horse." It has been reported that she was to undertake the conduct of the *Mercure de France* in association with Benjamin Constant and other experienced writers; but even such abilities would scarcely be able to raise the once celebrated but now fallen *Mercure*.—*New Mon. Mag. June 1817.*

LITERARY FORGERIES.

As we advance to the three first centuries after the Christian era, the successful practice of forging, even on subjects the most important to the present and future prospects of mankind, seems to increase. Let any one refer to the Codex Pseudigraphus of Fabricius, to his Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti, to the Censura of Vanerius, the decree of Pope Gelasius in 494, De libris apocryphis, or the criticisms of Cave or Dupin, and he will find abundant reason to appreciate the great care and labour, as well as the learning and skill of the illustrious men who selected from the rubbish of spurious publication the canonical books that now compose the Old and New Testament of the Christian world.

We read of the books of Abel, Seth,

Enoch, Shem, Abraham, and Og the giant. The Testaments of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Job, Moses, Solomon, and the twelve Patriarchs. The Liturgies of Matthew, Mark, John, James, Peter, the Virgin Mary, and Jesus Christ. The Acts of Andrew, John, Mark, Matthias, Paul, Peter, Philip, Thomas, Pilate, Caiaphas, and Thecla. The Epistles of Luke to Galen, Peter to James, John to a man who had the dropsy, Paul to the Laodicians, and the Virgin Mary to Ignatius. The Gospels of James, Andrew, Thomas, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthias, Barnabas, Thaddæus, Peter, Paul, Nicodemus, Judas Iscariot, and Eve. The Revelations of Peter, Stephen, Paul, Thomas, Solomon, Moses, Job, Elias, Abraham, Noah, and Adam. The magical writings of Solomon, Joseph, Abraham, Ham, and Noah.

To these pope Gelasius has added the itinerary of Peter, the acts of St. Andrew, St. Thomas, St. Philip, St. Peter. The gospels of Thaddeus, St. Thomas, Barnabas, St. Bartholomew, St. Andrew. The falsified gospels of Lucian and Hesychius, (to which, though the Socinians will not allow it, our church adds the gospels used by the Ebionites, or early Jewish converts.) The book of the infancy of our Saviour, of the nativity of our Saviour, and of St. Mary, the book of the Shepherd, all the books forged by Lanticus, the disciple of the devil, the books of the daughters of Adam, the acts of Thecla and Paul, the revelation of St. Thomas, of St. Paul, and of Stephen, the journey of Mary, the repentance of Adam, the book of the giant Diogenes, who after the flood fought with a dragon, the testament of Job, the apostolic Lots (Sortes,) the praise of the apostles, the book of apostolic canons, the epistle of Jesus to king Abgarus, &c. To these, modern critics add the Sybilline predictions, and the interpolations of Josephus.--*Mo. M. June.*

ILLUSTRATION OF PROVERBS, OBSCURE SAYINGS, &c.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

Mr. Editor,

On the 7th of May, (the anniversary of St. Mark, O. S.) certain customs are frequently practised in the country, of

which myself and others wish to know the origin, and should be obliged to any of your correspondents who would inform us.

On that night, young men and women watch their shirts and shifts from 11 to 12 o'clock; for the purpose of beholding their intended partners in matrimony. At the same hour of the night, they also repair to the village church; and running three times round it, sow hempseed, with divers ceremonies and incantations: and report says, that a person of the contrary sex appears behind them with a scythe, and, if they are not sufficiently brisk, cuts their legs. Old men, on that night, sit in the church porch, where they behold all those enter who are to die in the parish in the next year; and if they are themselves to die in that period, they fall asleep. A RUSTIC.

March 14, 1817.

THE DEVIL TAVERN.

This tavern took its name from the sign which it used to bear, of St. Dunstan seizing the evil spirit by the nose with a pair of tongs. Ben Jónson here presided over a club of wits, which was held in a room the dramatist dedicated to Apollo: it is said that the regulations of the club, which the poet wrote, are still preserved in one of the rooms.—*La Belle Assem.*

ORIGIN AND PROGRESSION OF WIGS.

The Romans were accustomed to point out the Gauls and other barbarous nations by an appellation which, literally translated, was people with long wigs.

A peruke then meant a head of hair in disorder, uncombed, dishevelled, agitated by the wind, by battle, by dancing, and prize-fighting.

Some time after, the citizens of Rome sent to Narbonne for heads of hair, or wigs ready made, and which were so disposed as to conceal the forehead, which bore the wrinkles of age, hastened by midnight revels, labour, and the abuse of pleasure.

Juvenal deprecates the custom of wearing wigs, and bitterly censures those females who wore false hair; while he shoots all the arrows of his ridicule on those men, who, in his time, by the aid of black or flaxen perukes, changed the colour of their hair every season.

The Emperor Commodus wore his peruke powdered with gold dust, on which the Roman people did not fail to jest when they could do so with safety.

It was to France that we are indebted for the invention of wigs, yet the French people themselves did not adopt this species of head-dress till the year 1600.

When once Paris followed this fashion, Vienna and London, with every great city in Europe, were not long in copying her. And from this epocha sprung up a race of artists, vulgarly called hair dressers, gossips from their calling, liars by profession; indiscreet from ignorance, but often witty from nature, well skilled in adorning the human person, consequently pleasant kind of beings which are tolerated from the necessity of vanity. These are often styled also peruke-makers.

There are few so young but who can remember the wigs of their grandfathers, especially if the old gentleman belonged to either physic or divinity: they would stand alone if put upon a table, so well were they fortified with powder and pomatum; the former of which article hung richly like a white cloak over a black coat.

The queue, the bob, and the scratch, succeeded: but the brutus is now the only wig to be seen at present: our beaux, who wish to appear young, and have not covered their baldness like Julius Cæsar with laurels, earned in the field of honour, sport an elegant *toupet* on the summit of the head, and the ladies declare they admire them much more than a *nasty wig*.—*Europ. Mag.* June 1817.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HUTTON, F.A.S.S.*

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THIS respectable Veteran was duly noticed in our Obituary. But here we have the unvarnished narrative of a long life, even from his boyish days; and the Reader cannot but be entertained and instructed by a recital of the difficulties through which Mr. Hutton perseveringly struggled for a long period of his early life, and the rapid progress of accumulating property, when, by industry, œconomy, and perseverance, he had attained a substantial footing in society.

The narrative was begun by him in 1798; and he shall describe his own feelings at that period on the subject.

"None is so able to write a life as the person who is the subject; because his thoughts, his motives, and his private transactions, are open to him alone. But none is so unfit, for his hand, biassed in his favour, will omit, or disguise simple truth, hold out false colours, and deceive all but the writer. I have endeavoured to divest myself of this prejudice.—I must apologize to the world, should this ever come under its eye, for presenting it with a life of insignificance. I have no manœuvres, no state tricks, no public transactions nor adventures of moment to lay before my

Readers; I have only the history of an individual, struggling, unsupported, up a mountain of difficulties. And yet some of the circumstances are so very uncommon as barely to merit belief: a similar mode of a man ushering himself into life perhaps cannot be met with. If I tell unnecessary things, they are not told in unnecessary words: I have avoided prolixity. A man cannot speak of himself without running into egotism; but I have adhered to facts. Some writers, in speaking of themselves, appear in the third person, as, '*the Author, the Recorder, or the Writer of this Narrative*;' which seems rather far-fetched. I can see no reason why a man may not speak in the first, and use the simple letter *I*. But without entering into the propriety of these methods, I have adopted the last. If I speak of myself, why not *from myself*? A raree-showman may be allowed to speak through a puppet; but it is needless in an author.—It may seem singular that I should, at seventy-five, and without any preparation, be so very circumstantial in date and incident, with only the assistance of memory; which is, in a double sense, carrying my life in my head. Those who know

* Frequently styled 'the English Franklin.'

me are not surprised. There is not a statement either false or coloured."

The whole volume, though in a few instances it may be thought too minutely circumstantial, is well worthy of perusal. We shall give an extract or two from the concluding parts of it.

"1810. A faithful friend is a real treasure; his sensations are mine; if he is wounded I am hurt; by his cares mine are reduced; his happiness augments mine: friendship is a partnership of sentiment, and one that is sure to profit, for by *giving* we are gainers.—May 15th I lost my valuable and worthy friend William Ryland, after an intimate connexion, which continued, without the least interruption, more than 59 years. While batchelors we daily sought each other out. While passing through the married state, which continued in each about 40 years, the same friendly intercourse continued; and while widowers the affection suffered no abatement, the secrets of one were the secrets of both. His life was a continued series of vivacity, good humour, and rectitude. I have reason to believe he never did a bad act knowingly, or uttered a bad word. A man may have many friends, but seldom has, at the same time, more than one bosom friend; the cabinet is generally fitted for one jewel only. In taking a retrospective view of a protracted life, I find six of these cabinet counsellors, from whom nothing was hidden; five were separated by removal of place, and one by death.

"1811. At the age of 82 I considered myself a young man; I could, without much fatigue, walk 40 miles a day, but, during the last six years, I have felt a sensible decay; and, like a stone rolling down the hill, its velocity increases with the progress: the strings of the instrument are, one after another, giving way, never to be brought into tune.—My father died of the gravel and stone at the age of 67; his brother of the same disorder at 51. I first perceived the gravel at 27, but it was for many years of little consequence. In 1804 I went to Worcester to the sale of an estate, which, being ended, I spent the evening with five or six gentlemen, all strangers to me. The conversation

turning upon the above complaint, I remarked that, during the last 20 or 30 years I had been afflicted with the gravel, and had had three or four fits every year, which continued, with excruciating pain, from one to four or five days. 'I will,' said one of the gentlemen, 'tell you a certain cure. Abstain from spirits, wine, and malt liquor; drink cyder, perry, or milk; and, although it will not totally eradicate the gravel, you will never have another fit.' I replied that I never drank spirituous liquors, and seldom liked, but daily used the produce of malt; that though I had four cyder farms I could not conveniently be accommodated with cyder or perry, but was fond of milk.—Though I had but little expectation from this tavern prescription, I have followed it during the last seven years, in which time I have not drank a quart of malt liquor, or had a fit of the gravel. The only evil attending this change of beverage is, that when I call for milk upon a journey, it is apt to cover my landlady's face with a cloud; but her countenance brightens up when I pay the price of wine.

"November 17 I walked 12 miles with ease.

"1812. In 1742 I attended divine service at Castle Gate Meeting, in Nottingham. The minister, in elucidating his subject, made this impressive remark: that it was very probable in 60 years every one of that crowded assembly would have descended into the grave. Seventy years have elapsed, and there is more reason to conclude that I am the only person left. This day, October 11, is my birth-day; I enter upon my 90th year, and have walked 10 miles."

Here the kind-hearted Veteran's Diary is ended;—and his beloved daughter takes up the pen.

"Mine," says Miss Hutton, "is the melancholy task of 'laying the capstone on the building.' I undertake it with tears to the memory of my father and friend.—Minute as the foregoing narrative is, I hope a few additional particulars of its author and subject will not be unacceptable. These may be the more readily pardoned, as I look upon my father's history to be the most complete picture of human life, from its

springing into existence, to its wearing out, by the natural exhaustion of the vital principles, that ever was drawn by man; and the few touches that are added will be chiefly such as mark the progress of decay, and put the finishing stroke to the whole. In the year 1791 my father carefully inspected the remains of the City of Verulam, and had begun a history of that place, which was undertaken with the same ardour and spirit of research as his History of the Roman Wall. This he intended for his friend Mr. Nichols; but his remarks were destroyed at the riots, and he could never resume the subject.—In 1796, after we had lost my beloved mother, my father's affection and mine being less divided, centered more upon each other. On our journey to Barmouth it was so evident, that we were sometimes taken for lovers, and sometimes for husband and wife. One person went so far as to say to my father, 'You may say what you will, but I am sure that lady is your wife.' At Matlock, at the age of 79, my father was a prodigy. He was the first acquaintance and guide of new comers, and the oracle of such as were established in the house. Easy and gay, he had an arm for one, a hand for another, and a smile for all. When he was silent he was greatly admired for his placid and benign countenance. At table my father spoke little; but one night after supper he asked me for a glass of wine. I felt some surprize at the unusual demand, but I poured it out. He drank it, and pushing his glass to me again said, 'Give me another,' 'I dare not, father,' said I, 'I am afraid it will make you ill.' 'I tell thee give me another,' said he smiling, 'it will do me no harm.' I gave it him in silence, and with fear. The effect of two glasses of wine upon my father's temperate habit was extraordinary. He spoke of his former life, he became animated, his eyes sparkled, his voice was elevated, every other sound gradually died away. The company looked at him with astonishment. The near heard him with attention, the distant bent forward with anxiety. Of 23 persons at table, every one appeared a profound and eager listener; and, in the pauses of my father's

voice, a pin might have been heard to fall to the ground."

In like manner the affectionate daughter fills up a few of the outlines in her father's life, and brings us to the bed of sickness, which terminated his earthly existence, Sept. 20, 1814.

In conclusion she says,

"My father recollected with gratitude to Providence the success that had crowned the exertions of his youth. 'How thankful ought I to be,' he would say, 'for the comforts that surround me. Where should I have been now if I had continued a stockinger? I must have been in the workhouse. They all go there when they cannot see to work. I have all I can wish for: I think of these things every day.' My father seldom spoke of his death; but I have reason to believe he constantly watched its approach, and was sensible of every advance he made towards it.—He has delineated his own character in the history he has written of his life. Little more remains to be said, and I hope that little will not be too much. I think the predominant feature in my father's character was the *love of peace*. No quarrel ever happened within the sphere of his influence, in which he did not act the part of a mediator, and endeavour to conciliate both sides; and, I believe, no quarrel ever happened where he was concerned in which he did not relinquish a part of his right. The first lessons he taught his children were, that *the giving up an argument was meritorious*, and that *having the last word was a fault*.—My father's love of peace made him generally silent on those inexhaustible subjects of dispute and animosity, religion and politics. His sufferings at the riots drew his sentiments from him, and he gave them without reserve: they will be found too liberal for the present day. Public opinion, like the pendulum of a clock, cannot rest in the centre. From the time of the riots it has been verging towards bigotry and slavery. Having reached its limits, it will verge towards the opposite extremes, infidelity and anarchy. Truth is the centre; and, perhaps, my father's opinions may not have been wide of the mark."

POETRY.

From the Panorama.

THE VISIONS OF YOUTH.

THERE was a time when youth's fair sun,
Rising o'er childhood's cloudless sky,
Its bright career with joy began,
As if its light could never die ;

But like that magic lamp of old*
Entombed with the illustrious dead,
Would last, while passing ages rolled
Unfelt, unnoted, as they fled.

Then Hope her future path descried,
Gay with a thousand blooming flowers,
The world before her, all untried !
Seemed bright as Eden's changeless bowers ;

And all around enchantment breathed,
Each tint was bright, each smile was true ;
To her no Friendship e'er deceived,
And time on wings of Zephyr flew.

Then all was lonely, all serene !
No cloud o'er that fair landscape passed ;
And life was but a morning dream,
Gay, bright, and happy to the last !

These were the visions of my youth ;
And, like the mists of early day,
They, in the sober light of truth,
Faded and vanished all away.

I found that life, too bright at first,
Was not the Paradise I deemed ;
I saw the landscape fade, reversed,
And then a gloomy waste it seemed !

Romantic hope, too highly wrought,
Had sketched such scenes as cannot be ;
And then, enthusiastic thought
Shrank from the cold reality.

To toil thro' years of mental strife,
To see unceasing hardships rise,
To know the thorny path of life,
But as a *trial* to the wise.

To see my day-dreams melt away,
When Truth her magic wand applied,
And all my visions, day by day,
Towards fainter distance softly glide.

This was a trial, such as then
I had not learn'd, alas ! to bear ;
I sought the cherub Hope again,
But she had vanish'd into air !

Then other and less beauteous shades,
Usurped her dwelling in my breast ;
Romance, the genius of the glades,
Became my fair fantastic guest.

And then I wooed *fictitious woe*,
I loved '*the solitary sigh*,'
The luxury of tears that flow,
' *In silence from the faded eye*.'

In solitude, unsought, unseen,
My sorrow only was my muse !
My votive wreaths no longer green
I steeped in sad Parnassian dews,

* To the readers of Walter Scott, this "magic lamp" will be familiar—vide the scene of Melrose Abbey, at Michael Scott's tomb.

The roses wreathed around my lyre,
I scattered o'er the blasted plain ;
Bade them no more my song inspire ;—
Yet let the withered thorns remain.

And o'er each sweet responsive string
The gloomy cypress I entwined ;
That every outward scene might fling
Its mournful shadow o'er my mind.

That dream of folly, too, is gone !
I blush that once it was my crime !
And Reason, sternly looking on,
Condemns that utter waste of time !

Of time that cannot be again,
Of talent that was never given
To fix in minds romantic pain,
Or prove ingratitude to Heaven.

For what are we, that we repine
At aught unerring Wisdom gives ?
Who murmurs at the will Divine,
But mocks the mercies he receives.

And I have spurned the parent hand,
Which smote and chastened to *improve* ;
Have murmured at the high command,
Which, strict in justice, proved its love.

But shall I mourn my follies past,
If they have taught me better things ?
—No—I have learnt that Time at last,
Has nought so lovely as his wings !

They steal, 'tis true, our gayest hours,
And bear our bloom of health away ;
Not evening dews or summer showers
So noiseless or so brief as they.

But then they teach us by their flight
To travel onwards to the sky ;
To reach that perfect pure delight
Which crowns Religious Hope on high.

And have I gained that blissful state
Which sees the present with delight,
And, with confiding hope elate,
Believes "whatever is, is right ?"

Yes—now I know that tranquil bliss
Which springs from a contented mind,
That calm and fervent happiness
The visionary ne'er can find !

Humbly I look to brighter scenes,
And gladly hail that form benign
Of Mercy who with brightest beams
Cheering all hearts, shall smile on mine !

APRIL, 1817.

O. H.

From the European Magazine.

SONG.

WHEN Cupid prompts the virgin sigh,
Love's balmy sweeten-s breaths ;
On eider down the Moments fly,
Hope's rosy garland wreathing.
And should stern Winter's icy hand
The fragrant blossoms sever,
Or tyrant Duty's harsh command
Constrain to part for ever !
Still the breast its bloom will cherish,
Faithful love can never perish.

In youth's gay spring, when fairy joys
Gild life's unclouded morning,
And future evil ne'er destroys
The dream of hope's adorning;
Love aids the magic of the scene,
Our path with bliss illumining;
His chaplet, everlasting green,
Through age and winter blooming,
Still fond care its buds will nourish,
Faithful love must ever flourish!
May, 1817.

From the same.

THE LOST DOVE.

By the Author of *De Courcy, Love's Visit, &c.*

VENUS, of harness'd sparrows tir'd,
Her pigeon's downy coat admir'd,
And sought another of the race
Her Paphian equipage to grace:
Hers is a widow'd bird—but where
Shall one be found to make a pair?
One for her airy harness fit,
Of gossamer and cobwebs knit——
The Teian sage had such a one,
Bought with a song to bribe her son.

To old Anacreon's beirs she sent——
They knew not what her message meant!——
The dove that lov'd their rosy side
Had fled in scorn, his shatter'd lyre,
Nor stoop'd its polish'd beak to strain
In nectar spilt by hands profane;
Yet oft the priests of Bacchus bring
A light down-feather from its wing:
One quill remains on Albion's shore——
The parent-bird is seen no more.

A gentle Muse, the friend of Love,
Went forth to match the beauteous dove.
To bow'rs and courts and camps she stray'd,
Nor mis'd the academic shade.
She tapp'd at cottage-doors, but then
Found a mere tame domestic hen:
In pompous courts she only found
The paluted bird for prate renown'd;
In camps the pert flamingo star'd,
With scarlet coat and borrow'd beard;
But the true turtle, meek and kind,
On earth the Muse could never find;
And she herself, whose tender lay
Was Love's own music, went astray——
Her place was vacant, and her lyre
Unstrung amidst th' Aonian quire,
Till Wit went forth with three Oyesses.
For Wit can find what Beauty misses.

Then first advanc'd a smiling dame,
The Muse's vacant place to claim——
Wit half-askance the stranger eyed——
"Is this a Muse!—how sanctified!
No fringe, no flourish!—a day-school miss
Would scorn an untrimm'd frock like this——
Nie!—'tis some cottage- sempstress come
To bring the Muses' plain-work home."

Aside the modest stranger threw
Her close-drawn hood of homespun blue,——
And in a tone as shrewd and sly
Made laughing answer——"Why am I
Unlike a Muse?"—Where'er I tread
Gay hues and silvery light I spread——
I hold a wand which scatters flow'rs
O'er clay-wall'd huts or prison towers;
And such sweet alchymy I teach
As pining sages cannot reach;

It finds in ev'ry heart a treasure,
And all I touch transmutes to pleasure.
With me into its lone recess
The heart retiring may possess
A richer banquet than the Muse
With flow'rs from Fancy's Eden strews.
O! all her wildest legend tells
Of cities built by fairy spells,
Or cobweb cars that mount the breeze,
Or bow'rs beneath enchanted seas,
Where green-hair'd nymphs their vigils keep,
Or couch'd on coral garlands sleep;
All cannot match the revelry
I give the heart which welcomes me,
Look round this canopy divine!
Whate'er it compasses is mine——
The sun beams brightest where I live;
His gladness and his warmth I give
To all I view——my bland controul
Itself is day-light to the soul.
If ye have felt it, ye require
No Muse to lend reviving fire.
Good-nature only can impart
Soft Poesy's most precious art,
A charm in ev'ry scene to find,
And beauty in all human-kind.
Good-nature is herself a Muse,
That lends to life poetic hues;
A gentle fabulist, whose pow'r
Cheats the dull path and dreary hour;
And while with busy care she brings,
From heart to heart kind offerings,
She leaves untouched the wings of Love,
But keeps his roses and his Dove." V.
May, 1817.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE FOUR AGES.

From *Orger's new Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses*, lately published.

FIRST rose the golden age, when mortals
saw
Truth leagued with virtue unallied to law;
No penal terrors awed the guilty clime;
No brazen tablets mark'd th' imputed crime;
No trembling criminal from justice flies,
For each was safe where all were free from
vice;

The lofty pine, torn from the mountain's brow,
Stew'd not the billows with adventurous prow
In search of climates distant and unknown,
For mortals knew no climate but their own;
No yawning dyke at fierce Bellona's call,
Besieged with shielving bank th' embattled wall,
For brazen trumpet with discordant breath,
Strew'd sword and buckler o'er the fields of
death.

The nations slept in innocence, nor made
Of peace a pastime, and of war a trade;
Earth, genial mother, with a bounteous grace,
Indulgent parent of a spotless race,
Gave all spontaneous, nor required, as now,
The pointed harrow and th' inverted plough.
Plain was the board, undeck'd by anxious
thought,

Wild strawberries from leafy mountains
brought,

Red mulberries which deck th' entangled
grove,

And acorns dropping from the tree of Jose,
Thus conscious virtue banish'd guilt and fear,
And spring eternal crown'd the circling year,
Young zephyrs breathing incense o'er the
plain,

Wood'd in soft whisper Flora's blooming train :
Unaided by the ploughman's annual toil,
Benignant Ceres bless'd the fruitful soil,
The rivers flow'd with milk and nectar fill'd,
And yellow honey from the oak distill'd.

Now Jove his aged sire to Styx had hurl'd,
And wav'd his sceptre o'er a subject world ;
Succeeding times a silver age unfold,
Than brass more precious, and less pure than gold.

The seasons follow'd, heaven's eternal king
In narrow limits bound the flowers of spring,
Red summer glow'd, and winter in the rear
Of doubtful autumn ruled the parted year.

Then first the air was parch'd with sultry beams,
And icy fetters bound the stagnant streams :
No more the tangled bough, the arching cave,
To weary mortals a fit refuge gave ;
To brave the summers heat, the winters storm,
Fixed mausoleums rear'd their well compacted form.

The stubborn glebe the long drawn furrow broke,
And lagging oxen bent beneath the yoke.

The third in rank a brazen age succeeds,
A hardier race, more prone to martial deeds.

Last came the iron age, by Jove accurs'd,
The last in order and in crimes the worst.
Then every vice that blots th' historic page
Rush'd in a torrent o'er the guilty age.
Truth was no more, indignant Virtue fled,
And pining Shame in secret hung her head,
And Fraud ensued, and Falsehood's specious train,

And brutal force and wicked lust of gain.
Then hollow vessels plough'd the unknown seas,

And gave their canvas to the wondering breeze.
Land was no longer free as air or light,
A fixed division mark'd each owner's right.
Earth proffer'd corn—but wild Ambition's slaves

Disdain'd her surface and explored her caves.
In Stygian darkness prob'd th' incumbent clay,
And riches, source of evil, saw the day.
Now fatal iron, and more fatal gold,
Corrupt the guilty and inspire the bold.
War shakes his lance, fell Rapine stalks around,

And hospitality's an empty sound :
Brother and brother, son-in-law and sire,
Husband and wife, by mutual guilt expire ;
Intestine discord rules without controul,
The crafty step-dame drugs the fatal bowl ;
The son conceives his father's years a crime
And antedates the tardy march of time.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

SOLILOQUY BY DR. SEWELL, IN HIS GARDEN AT HAMPSHAD.

The following verses, written probably shortly before his death, convey an interesting idea of his own consciousness of, and meditation upon, his approaching end :

" **W**HY, Damon, with the forward day
Dost thou thy little spot survey ;
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Observe the progress of the year ;
What winds arise, what rains descend—
When thou before that year shalt end ?

What do thy noon-day walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail ?
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee.
Thou and the worm are brother kind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch ! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee ?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet,
Exhaling with an evening blast ?
Thy evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
(For vanity's in little seen)
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears ;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow,
But Rosemary—will with thee go."

May, 1817.

From the same.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAM.

" **T**IME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,"
'Tis still so thick, 'twould make you stare ;
But he has play'd the Barber's part,
And powder'd it with wondrous art,
Meaning, no doubt, to let me see,
That, when he can, he'll powder Me !

May, 1817.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ROMANCE.

AS gloomy and dark as the cypress that waves
Its frowning head over the cold silent graves ;
As gloomy and dark as the billows that roar,
And spread their white surf o'er the rock-hewn shore ;

Were the curses that Alzigar pour'd on the head
Of the Knight who lay sleeping in peace with the dead ;
And the peasants would whisper that Alzigar knew,

How he fell in the valley beneath the lone yew.
The leaves left the tree when the stranger was slain,
No leaves shall e'er play on its branches again ;
They left it for ever—they dropt in the flood,
And dyed the whole stream with the warrior's blood !—

The stream may flow on, but its billows of gore
Will ripple at last to a happier shore ;
Where the blood will forsake it, and whelm the proud slave,

Who gave to the Knight an untimely grave !
Tho' lightnings have blasted the yew of the vale,
Tho' its boughs have been bent by the withering gale,
Not the blast of the lightning, or force of the air
Can ever efface the blood that is there.

The cross that hangs over yon lonely yew
Doth mark the spot where the Knight, so true,
Was found ere the beams of the morning had shed
One glance of despair on his murderer's head.

May, 1817.

H. S. V. D

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 11.]

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[VOL. I.

INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE ON CIVILIZATION.*

From the European Magazine.

IT is at last well understood, that the worldly happiness of individuals and of communities depends on their power of acquiring certain enjoyments, and on the manner in which such enjoyments are regulated. In addressing, therefore, a philosophic audience in the heart of a commercial city, it must be particularly interesting to shew, that the means at least of such happiness have always been co-extensive with the diffusion of commerce, and thence to direct our inquiry into the causes which have rendered commerce, wealth, and the happiness they diffused, so transitory in many ancient and modern states.

The Phenicians are the first people of whose commerce we have any satisfactory history; and as far as we can judge, they were the earliest civilized of any nation not immediately protected by a Theocracy. Situated on a barren coast, necessity drove them to fishing, which gradually led to navigation and commerce; and, confined as their country was, by the sea on one side and by lofty mountains on the other, colonization was the necessary consequence of increased population. The settlers on the African continent would without difficulty extend beyond the parent state; and not urged by the same necessity, would be

less anxious for commerce. Hence Carthage adopted commerce and colonization from choice rather than necessity: and of this once celebrated city, only the name now remains.

The settlers on the Grecian coast approached nearer to the condition of the country from which they emigrated, and very soon became commercial. Their records are, indeed, mixed with fable; but both history and fable, as far as they relate to Greece, are so interesting, that I must claim indulgence for reverting to their earliest antiquity.

Cadmus, an enterprising youth, the son of a king who reigned in a confined and commercial country, conceived the project of forming a settlement in the Peloponesus. Of his success we can collect little more than a series of fables, and that he brought letters into Greece. His companions were all devoured by an enormous serpent. The leader survived to kill the destroyer; and from his teeth armed men sprung up, who directed their weapons against each other. With the few who survived, Cadmus founded the city of Thebes; and having lived to establish laws and government, was, with his wife transformed into a serpent. Nothing can be more simple, more appropriate, or more perspicuous, than this fable, as it is related by poets.

As soon as the adventurers had disembarked, a company was dispatched in search of water. They arrived, to adopt poetical language, at a wood which no

* From the anniversary oration delivered before the Philosophical Society of London, by Joseph Adams, M.D. President; printed, by permission, from the original MS.

axe had violated, and in the deepest recesses discovered a spring in a narrow cavern, formed of immense stones poised without the assistance of art. The unwholesomeness of the air from these secluded spots is now generally understood. The men sickened in succession, and died. Their leader, more cautious, less fatigued, and probably possessing greater corporeal strength, survived. By his prudent management, he prevailed on the savage natives to unite for their mutual protection. Furnished with arms superior to the wandering inhabitants, the first use to which they applied them was to satisfy ancient animosities, and to destroy each other from mutual revenge. With the few he could collect, Cadmus laid the foundation of Thebes. To keep men peaceable who knew no art but destruction, no means could be devised but an implicit attachment to an individual whose superiority implied a descent from a race superior to common mortals. During the vigour of life this was readily accomplished: on the approach of old age, trusty associates were selected to convey the mandates of one whom all were accustomed to obey; and when his death could be no longer concealed, nothing could be better contrived than a transformation into a serpent, among the Egyptians the emblem of wisdom and immortality. It now became desirable to perpetuate the memory of one to whom they were indebted for their improved condition. The same causes as induced Cadmus to emigrate, produced the same effects on others from the commercial states of Egypt and Phœnicia. By the superiority of their attainments, and the supposed mysteries they introduced into Greece, their families were distinguished as the Cabiri, the Corybantes, Teichines, and Idei Dactyli. All this was recorded in picture-writing, and from these pictures, in the successive stages of Grecian refinement, arose the mythology of the poets, the mysteries of the priesthood and of the initiated, the allegories of the philosophers, and the religion of the less informed. Thus from the abundant population of a commercial state sprung the first settlement in a peninsula whose improvement in the fine arts has placed Europe under a voluntary subjection.

As far, however, as we have traced their early history, nothing was hitherto gained but a precarious security within the walls of a town. Arms were in every hand for protection or rapine, till some favourable circumstances encouraged these noble families to make the first attempts at Commerce. The history of this enterprize forms the beautiful fable of the Argonautic expedition; one object of which was, to procure a breed of sheep from Colchis famous for the beauty and delicacy of its fleece. By the success of this enterprize, commercial intercourse acquired stability; and raw materials for the most necessary manufactory were procured.

As soon as commerce and manufactures had acquired any degree of stability, a new order of proprietors appeared. Land and cattle having been heretofore the whole of property, courage to defend them was considered the whole of virtue. The peaceable merchant was therefore despised, and his accumulations and ventures considered as fair game by those who, accustomed only to arms, were not ashamed of being freebooters or pirates. To restrain such violence, laws, however wholesome, were insufficient. But the same patriotic virtue which had produced the commercial arrangement, was at hand to preserve it. Hercules was a distinguished character among the Argonauts, and his labours are only an allegorical description of his services in promoting industry, security, and the useful arts. The discovery and death of Cacus was the destruction of a banditti who lived in caverns: the slaughter of the many-headed hydra was the subduing party-spirit which prevented the improvement of law and government; and the victory over the river-god Achelous presents a beautiful instance of the ingenuity of man in rendering the elements subservient to his use. Lastly, if Hercules, on his first deviation from strict morality, fell a prey to that envy which was always watching for his fall, and if he was afterwards enrolled among the gods; this should enforce on every public character the importance of private virtues, teach him to expect persecution, and to look for his reward in the countenance of good men, and in posthumous fame.

Pardon me if I have been tedious in reverting to "a tale which every school-boy knows;" but such images, impressed early on the mind, were received with delight, and are always renewed with satisfaction. Who, indeed, is ever weary of Greece, whether in her infancy, her vigour, or even in her decrepitude?

Rome presents us a far different spectacle. The possession of the land on which it was built was disputed by the sword; and all who could exist no where else were invited to resort thither. Hence sprung a nation of soldiers, the terror and conquerors of the world. Accustomed to acquire every thing by force, they despised commerce, and preferred seizing the productions of art to encouraging the artist. Where there was no property which gave power but land, and no pre-eminence but birth or military fame, no bond of union could be permanent. The slightest relaxation of discipline made the conquerors of the world an easy prey to nations, born in encampments and ignorant of every thing but arms. With such men colonization is conquest, which ends in the extermination or slavery of the conquered.

At length the Italian States, protected by the Alps behind and the sea on each side, procured a temporary respite. Their ports favoured commerce, and their vessels appeared in every part of the known world. Above all, Venice procured the rich stores of the southernmost parts of Eastern Asia, and conveyed them to the northern extremities of Western Europe.

But a voyage from Italy to the Baltic could not yet be accomplished in a summer, and as yet the most experienced navigator had not courage to encounter a winter's sea. The necessity of a *dépôt* laid the foundation of cities which still astonish us by their strength, their magnificence, and their convenience. Bruges, Lubec, and other places before unknown, produced by commerce a more permanent improvement than the greatest heroes, aided by the profoundest philosophers. Those cities having acquired wealth, could purchase immunities, which a practical knowledge of their own wants enabled them to appreciate. Secured from exactions at home, their next object was to rid the seas of pirates; a project

only to be accomplished by merchants who had an interest in it, and whose wealth enabled them to furnish the means. To these small beginnings, to this commercial confederacy, known by the name of the Hanseatic League, is the world indebted for a safe navigation on the ocean: and to this hour pirates only issue from ports in which commerce meets with every discouragement.

To prove the advantage of this league, we need only recollect, that fourscore towns having obtained or purchased similar immunities, united in one common cause, and formed a line from the Rhine to the Baltic. To show the importance of these places, we may further remark, that Edward the III^d of England encouraged an alliance between that accomplished youth surnamed the Black Prince, with the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, accepting of a dower which would not be undervalued even in these days. Thus the sovereign found himself enriched and his family aggrandized by the industry of his subjects, and we shall find his power enlarged and secured by the immunities of his merchants. Hitherto the rights of citizenship had been confined to the nobility and clergy, the rest of the community were vassals or slaves: now arose a third power, which the most prudent sovereigns gladly opposed to their barons. The latter, for some time, attempted to undervalue wealth; but as none but the wealthy could encourage the arts, that popularity, which was derived from feeding an unemployed set of vassals, was soon transferred to those who became rich, in proportion as they fostered the industry and independence of others. At length the nobility, by the improved value of their lands became wealthy. It was now discovered, that neither birth nor wealth, nor both united, were sufficient to secure distinction. "Knowledge," says Lord Bacon, "is power." Alas! by knowledge he acquired power, wealth, and distinction, but for want of virtue he lived to forfeit all, leaving to posterity the fruits of his knowledge and the benefit of his experience.

The mention of our illustrious countrymen leads us to the consideration of our own country.

In England, the progress of commerce was more slow than in any other European state. This is easily accounted for, whilst under the Saxon Heptarchy she was at perpetual war, and exposed to the Danish incursions. Even when united by the Norman conquest, the sudden revolution of property produced a convulsion more violent than is consistent with commercial arrangements. Scarcely had these animosities subsided, when the people, accustomed to no occupation but arms, readily engaged in supporting the pretensions of their monarch to the crown of France. When a series of ill success had put an end to this frenzy, the pretensions of the houses of York and Lancaster involved the kingdom in the greatest of all calamities. Before the time of Edward the IIIrd, our fine woollen cloths were procured from the Flemings, who wove them in part with wool purchased from our own fleeces. All foreign commodities were brought to England by Italian or Flemish merchants. Of this the name of our Banking street, of our money, and even our commercial language and the designation of our trades, are standing memorials. Lombard-street acquired its title from the bankers of Lombardy collected in that spot; and *three balls*, the armorial bearings of the same state, was at one time sufficient to show where money was lent. In return for raw wool, we received the best silver from Flanders, which was thence denominated eastern, esterlin, or sterling. Our Milaners brought articles of dress from Milan. The origin of the whimsical term *Haberdasher* was from the Flemish merchants, who, frequenting our fairs, and exhibiting their multitudinous articles, perpetually exclaimed, in a mixture of dialects, *Haber das Hier?* Have you that, Sir? All our commercial phrases are foreign, as notary-public, procuration, and even cargo.

At length, the Stuart family, by their ignorance of the English government, and still more of the temper of the people, proved the means of introducing a monarch from a commercial nation. To him we owe our Bank, and the introduction of those means which, by multiplying our circulation and securing the interest of private accumulations, has so

much increased the means of enjoyment, and the numbers who are enabled to partake of them. From that time the wealth of England has been progressive. Nor is there any reason to fear that, under Providence, it will cease to be so.

In all the ancient states one radical error existed from their foundation to their submission to a foreign yoke. By far the greater part of the inhabitants were slaves. Athens, in the time of her greatest wealth, could not muster more than 20,000 citizens capable of bearing arms; the rest were slaves, who were despised, or aliens who were hated. In such a state of things, an invading army might meet with more friends than opponents, and the conquest of such a nation must prove the extinction of its political existence. In the more recent condition of Europe, by causes which I am forbidden to enter upon, but which the gratitude of all my hearers will well understand, slaves were protected, and slavery itself appeared inconsistent with the new order of things. No one could now boast a poetical origin from the gods. Even the Corybantes of Greece were scarcely known when their names occurred. No conqueror, by his descent from Jupiter Ammon, could claim divine worship, no founder of a state trace his ancestry to the daughter of Jupiter. Antiquity of birth was respected, because from all that was known of antiquity, no families had acquired distinction but by the virtues, the talents, or the personal prowess of its founder. But all admitted one common parent. Thus the fruits of industry and the prospect of aggrandizement were open to all, and each felt an interest in protecting the whole.

Commerce then, by inducing a more general participation of wealth, appears the principal means by which Providence directs human actions in the cultivation of the arts, and in fostering the social virtues. Greece, in the plenitude of her commercial power, was so sensible of the pre-eminence of certain acquirements, that she confined the study of them to her free citizens, distinguishing them as the liberal arts. And when the Mytelenians had the command of those seas, the severest punishment they could inflict on their allies who had deserted them, was to prohibit their children from

being instructed in the liberal arts. Can we wonder if the mutilated remains of such nations prove instructive to all succeeding ages?

The Venetian School, too, owed its pre-eminence to commerce: the Flemish and Dutch sprung from the same origin. In England, as foreign adventurers first introduced commerce, foreign artists soon followed where they could meet with encouragement. From the same nation we received Mr Haage, a merchant, and Sir Peter Lilly, an artist. The former first conceived the project of collecting the combined efforts of a few learned men, from whom arose the magnificent structure of the Royal Society of London. Their first meetings were at the house of a physician, who, by his residence in Wood-street, must have derived his emoluments from the commercial part of the nation. At length a constellation of genius spread its lustre round the throne of Anne, illuminated the whole kingdom, and actually improved the moral character of Europe. By this accession, the number of members of the Royal Society was so much increased, that they found a most convenient asylum in Gresham College, once the residence, and afterwards the endowment of the same merchant to whom we owe the foundation of our Royal Exchange. Yes, Gresham College, in the eastern part of the town, was long the favourite seat of an establishment which in our own days, and at the same instant, could boast such officers as a Banks, a Woolaston and a Davy.

In vain did princely and noble grants allure them for a time from the city of their nativity. When their favourite residence was consumed in the general conflagration, by the liberality of the Arundel family they were translated a few steps westward of the Temple. A princely asylum was proffered them at Chelsea; but, on the re-establishment of the College, they returned to their museum and to their operator. Allow me to pause before I mention the place next honoured by an assembly the first in scientific rank in modern Europe. On the spot on which I have now the honour to address you, was deposited their museum and their library. In the

contiguous house met the assembly, alternately courted by royalty and nobility. Here were first communicated papers in which light and colour were dissected; here was first exhibited the improved telescope; here first the motions of the heavenly bodies reduced to laws: here first the theory of the tides unfolded: here on the same day was Sir Isaac Newton chosen of the council, and introduced to the presidential chair.

The erection of this society proved an example to all the powers of Europe. Thus, if England was the last to encourage commerce, she was the first to turn the improved state of the country to its proper channel. Were we to hint at what has since been done, it would require more time than remains of the day. Let me only then add a few words on the necessity of such an Institution as we have now met to commemorate. Our extensive town and increased population has produced that division of labour which results from every improvement. Here, without being all philosophers in speculation, we may be so in reality; the mere scholar may shake off his pedantry by perceiving how much he has to learn of the common occurrences of life; and the man of business, by tasting the sweets of science, may render himself fit for the enjoyment of that relaxation which he fondly anticipates. I might dwell on another advantage our society enjoys, were my audience confined to one sex. Without, however, recurring to the hacknied themes of fair hearers, and a thousand other frivolities, I may be permitted to remark, that as, throughout nature, we perceive in each sex a mutual wish to render itself agreeable to the other, the presence of each must add motives for application; and as our transactions before publication must be read in this assembly, they will contain nothing which may not appear on the toilet or sofa table. Thus, science will be diffused in the most agreeable form, and the most familiar conversations become interesting and unembarrassed. Sisters will be rational companions for their brothers; and mothers will take an interest and even participate in the education of both.

European Mag. March 1817.

LATE DINNERS THE SOLE CAUSE OF BANKRUPTCY !!

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

May 6, 1817.

IF you can spare a little room for the minor politics of the day, I would avail myself of this indulgence, by offering some remarks on a notice of a proposed alteration in the Bankrupt Laws, with a view to check that extravagance and waste of property by which creditors are so much injured; and which extravagance it is proposed to punish by withholding the certificate, &c. There can be no question as to the propriety of some device or law to check this extravagance; but the difficulty, I shrewdly suspect, will arise from the very different opinions mankind, in our days, entertain on the subject. The words *extravagance*, *wastefulness*, *prodigality*, every man professes to understand; and, according to the view he takes of the matter, finds very little difficulty in condemning, in a general way, the practice of these vices. Hence, in 99 discussions out of 100, no doubt whatever would be started, and all would unanimously agree, that a bankrupt who had been *extravagant*, *wasteful*, and *prodigal*, did not deserve the indulgence shewn to those who were merely *unfortunate*, and had never committed a single act to which any reasonable man could apply the above epithets. But, Sir, although these words bore a plain and intelligible meaning in their travels through the mercantile world, when they travelled *alone*, the case is very materially altered since they happened (I know not on what unlucky day it was) to go beyond their boundaries, wandered considerably Westward of Temple Bar, and got into company with the words *fashionable* and *genteel*. Since that unhappy period, all our ideas of their *sense*, their merit, and their usefulness, have become confounded; and so far are we from agreeing unanimously, that scarcely two men can be found who do not most widely differ in their opinions as to what is, or is not, *extravagant*. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, since *extravagance* went into partnership with *fashion*, the former name has been sunk in the latter; and if

my Lord Chancellor should send a question on the subject to be tried by the Courts below, it would be absolutely necessary that half the jury, at least, should be composed of men who had been merchants or traders for 40 years, and could consequently remember the meaning affixed to certain words, when trade flourished, and bankrupts were few; when a distinction was preserved in the orders of Society, and when Temple Bar was an impassable limit.

Such a period (about 40 years ago) I am old enough to remember, and to remember with those full and distinct impressions which early events always leave on the memory. And I can without the least hazard of contradiction assert, that our tradesmen now live in a way, which 40 years ago would have been reckoned not only dangerous to their *credit*, but to their *understanding*. I will quote only one instance:—If, in 1777, a tradesman had invited his friends to dine with him at six o'clock (which means seven,) I appeal to all who can remember that period, whether he would not have risked either a commission of *bankruptcy*, or a commission of *lunacy*? The latter, I am inclined to think, would have been the first suggestion: and remembering the modes of life, and the general sentiments of the times, I have no doubt that the exclamation would have been, "He is surely mad, who would wait for his dinner till six o'clock!"

I mention this instance, Sir, because I mean to insist upon it as a good criterion of a man's affairs; and therefore a proper subject for the consideration of the Noble and Learned Lord who presides over the affairs of Bankrupts. Where certain effects follow certain causes, the connexion must be allowed; and although I may risk the imputation of being an old-fashioned fellow, or an old-fashioned *Quiz*, whose notions are as antiquated as the flaps of his waistcoat, or the cock of his hat, yet I have no hesitation in declaring, in the face of open day, and in the columns of the Gentle-

man's Magazine, that *Late Dinners and Bankruptcies have gone hand in hand.*

I do not make this assertion on slight grounds. Forty years ago the most reputable Citizen of London dined betwixt two and three o'clock—I will not say how his table was provided—but I will say, there was no *plateau* running down the centre. There were no heathen gods in butter, and no British heroes in barley-sugar. For some years the above hours were the regular ones; and a Gazette, exhibiting more than four or five bankrupts, was a rarity. At length we passed from three o'clock to *four*, and there made so vigorous a stand, that, although there was a corresponding increase in the list of bankrupts, there was nothing very alarming, unless to *fellows* like myself, who, from a tenderness of prophetic feeling, are apt to take the alarm rather suddenly. At length, about 1788 or 1789, we got to *five* o'clock; and with five o'clock commenced the æra of fraudulent bankruptcies, of men breaking for half a million, who never had been *bonâ fide* worth the interest of that sum. Then came among us that precious *Pandon's box* of accommodation bills, for which there were regular offices, and a regular manufacture carried on. All the satisfaction, however, was, that the gentlemen who carried on this kind of trade, and carried themselves into the Gazette, disdained to dine before five o'clock; and altho' their creditors found very little in their warehouses that could be turned in-

to money, they found their cellars well stocked with French wines of the most prime vintages; and with this, and the service of plate, the carriage, and the country house, they very often were able to get together a dividend of *two-and-ninapence* in the pound! This was a matter of great relief to the assignees; for it was the *last*, as well as the *first*, and, consequently, these useful agents were released from their cares almost as soon as they had entered upon them.

These things, Sir, were the produce of five-o'clock-dinners! We are now got to six, and even to seven o'clock; and we average in bankruptcies between 40 and 50 *per* week. This all comes of late dining—I have a right to say so. When certain circumstances go hand in hand, and seem inseparable, I have a right to conclude that there is a connexion between them. Whether this connexion can be dissolved by any new law, is a question I shall not discuss. But of this I am certain, that the new law, be what it will, can have little effect, if the commissioners do not, in addition to all other necessary researches, particularly inquire at what hour the bankrupt was accustomed to dine? With me this would be decisive; and if I could find any tradesman who kept his guests starving till seven o'clock, I should, without any hesitation, deny him his certificate.

I am, Sir, begging your allowance for the length of my epistle, your humble servant, and one of your oldest readers,

SEXAGENARIUS.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.*

From the European Magazine.

THE RUSSIAN.

PERVERSE, deceitful, inconstant woman! Mahomet judged wisely when he told his followers there could be none with souls!-----" Such were the ruminations of Count Demetrius, as he began his journey from St. Petersburg to the desolate fortress Schlüsselburgh. He had devoted the flower of his youth and the full vigour of his talents to the service of the Empress Catherine, whose gracious demeanour had excited him to expect a reward far more splendid than the go-

vernment of a solitary castle. But it contained her kinsman, Iwan of Mechlenburgh, whose claims to the Russian throne, derived from his great aunt, the Empress Anna Iwanowna, were sufficient to collect partisans, and furnish a rallying point to sedition. Policy could not have selected a fitter guard for this important personage than Count Demetrius, whose high principles of loyal faith insured his integrity, while his personal attachment to the empress seemed sufficient to stifle those finer

* Continued from p. 694.

feelings of humanity which might have revolted from his task. With many pangs, arising from that half-satisfied attachment and those half-stifled feelings, the Count reached Schlussemburgh, and, according to his instructions, opened the sealed orders of the empress. Though he trembled at their import, and blushed, though alone, his pride was soothed by the extensive trust reposed in his courage and fidelity: his ambition promised itself a high reward; and that love which affords a ready excuse to the vanity from whence it springs, gave a brilliant colouring to its errors.

Notwithstanding the devout obedience which Demetrius chose to owe his sovereign, he entered the presence of his prisoner Iwan with sensations very unlike conscious rectitude. The prince, though only in his twentieth year, viewed his new gaoler with an air of stern contempt, and a piercing glance which probably gained force from the almost feminine beauty of the face from whence it lightened. That glance was sufficient to inform Iwan how little rigour could be feared from Demetrius, and how much his heart was conscious of the crime his ambition excused. They exchanged only a few words; but though each feared to trust the other, both felt a beginning friendship. The new governor retired to his bed-chamber with a determination to atone for the injustice of Iwan's imprisonment by the gentleness of its method.

The apartment assigned to Iwan was deep-sunk under the strongest tower of the fortress, and received light from a narrow window which the water of the moat almost reached. His food and apparel were always conveyed to him by the governor himself, who descended to this chamber through long intricate windings, among vaults and recesses known to no other inhabitant of the fortress, except a Cossack soldier, whose stubborn zeal and almost giant strength had advanced him to the important station of sentinel at the prince's door. There he watched night and day, sleeping only during the very few hours which the governor spent every morning with his prisoner. When the air was bland and moon brilliant, the unfortunate Iwan sometimes accompanied Demetrius

to a secluded part of the garden, and enjoyed the luxuries of exercise and light. It was the noon of a delicious night, when the Count, now happiest in his prisoner's society, descended to offer him a promenade. He unbarred the iron door gently as usual, and, supposing him asleep, drew back the curtain of his couch to awaken him. The couch, the chamber were vacant!—Demetrius rushed out, and saw the Cossack sentinel standing with his usual vacant gaze of sullen indifference. "Follow me, Basil!" he exclaimed—"our prisoner has escaped."—The Cossack answered only by trimming his torch, and unsheathing his large poignard. Demetrius traversed every recess in the subterranean labyrinth till he reached the remnant of a stair-case half-choaked with fallen stones. "Here is an outlet," said the governor: "let us search round before we give alarm." The Cossack hewed a way among brambles and broken granite, till they found themselves in a rude hut, which seemed the depository of a woodman's stores. Embers of a fire gleamed in a corner; an axe, a few traces of provisions, lay near it, and some loose hurdles filled the entrance. The governor's eager survey informed him it had no living inhabitant—"We are too late!—but my bugle can alarm the garrison."—The Cossack's strong arm wrested it from him,—and his ferocious smile shewed his connivance in the prisoner's escape. Snatching up the woodman's axe, Demetrius levelled a deadly blow at the treacherous sentinel's head, but his own throat was seized with the force of determined vengeance, and the struggle would have been short, had not a friendly hand grasped the Cossack's foot. A boy sleeping among the hurdles in the hut, had been awakened by their contest, and now crept forward to save the victim. While with one hand he held the murderer's leg, with the other he gave Demetrius the sword which had been snatched from his grasp, and thrown on the ground. The Cossack received it in his breast, and expired, muttering execrations. Demetrius caught the young stranger's arm as he attempted to hide himself again, and demanded his name.—"Alexis!" said the poor youth, trem-

bling—"I came here to sleep after gathering wood all day."—Demetrius surveyed him eagerly, and a propitious thought arose. Iwan's escape had been discovered by none but himself; and the Cossack, probably its sole abettor, now lay lifeless. This young woodman resembled the prince in stature and complexion; might he not be safely substituted?—Grasping his hand, and fixing his eyes with all their dazzling fire upon him, Demetrius exacted an oath of secrecy.—"I never swear," replied the forest-boy, "but I speak truth."—The governor's wavering purpose was fixed by this expression of courageous honesty. "My safety and the state's requires me to detain you, but you cannot refuse to preserve a life for which you have already risked your own. Remain here without resistance, act according to my dictates, and you shall represent a prince."—Either fascinated by this splendid but ambiguous promise, or conscious of his dependence on the governor's mercy, Alexis silently kissed his unsheathed sabre, as a token of submission. Demetrius, hastily throwing the loose hurdles on his fallen enemy, bound his scarf over the young forester's eyes, and led him through the subterranean vaults of Schlussemburgh, to the chamber once occupied by Prince Iwan. "Here, Alexis," said he, "you must remain while my sovereign's safety requires the nation to believe that her rival is still in my custody. No one visits this chamber except myself, and both our lives depend on your discretion." Alexis looked round the desolate prison with an instinctive shudder, and a timid glance at Demetrius. There was a reproach in that glance so penetrating, yet so mild, that all the selfishness and craft learned in the school of political ambition sunk under it. "I swear," said Demetrius, "never to abandon your safety, though it should cost my own."—"God hears you!" replied the prisoner: and the oath was registered in the speaker's heart.

In the solitude of his own apartment, Demetrius reviewed all the possible consequences of this eventful night, and discovered new motives to applaud his ex-

SE Eng. Mag. Vol. I.

pedient. Chance had given to the young woodman such striking resemblance to the fugitive prince, that the real Iwan might be plausibly pronounced an impostor, should he ever venture to disturb the peace of Russia: or if the counterfeit was proved, Demetrius might contrive to appear the dupe, and not the abettor. In every way Alexis seemed to secure the best advantage to the empress and her agent: but to render his semblance complete, the governor saw the necessity of giving his mind a degree of cultivation equal to Iwan's, if possible. For this purpose he visited him daily, and found his attention willing, though his capacity seemed limited. He had spent his childhood, Alexis said, in the forest near Schlussemburgh, and knew nothing except his native language: but Demetrius was a patient and assiduous instructor till his pupil acquired the rudiments of Latin, and could speak fluently in polished French. History, at least whenever it resembled romance, was eagerly learned by the young student; and his remarks on the policy of courts shewed an instinctive shrewdness which almost resembled what is called *espieglerie*. But it was blended with simplicity, sobriety, and good-humour so fascinating, that Demetrius almost thought it better than any he had seen before. The escape of the real Iwan seemed a secret wholly unsuspected, and the governor's labours to educate his representative became at length more necessary as the solace of his solitude than as means to ensure his safety. Conscious how much he owed to the patient submission of Alexis, his native sense of justice found some satisfaction in ameliorating it by paternal kindness. Once, when an intercourse of three years' length had established more familiarity, Alexis suddenly said, "You have told me for what purpose governments were created and societies leagued together, but you never mention for what purpose man himself exists!"—Demetrius was silent in surprise and secret shame: at length he replied, "At least two thousand sages have given us as many systems, but every man has his best instructor in his heart: let every one pursue his own idea of pleasure, and

he fulfils the sole purpose of his existence."—"You once shewed me," answered Alexis, "a clear and distinct purpose for every class of animal and vegetable creation; was the great Being less wise when he made man?"—"Angry at his own incompetent reasons, Demetrius retorted spleenfully—"I have been tempted to believe it since I have found one half the world created to degrade and deceive the other. Yet we call that half the loveliest!—You will thank me at some period, Alexis, for having secluded you so long from its temptations."—His pupil, smiling archly, replied, "Tell me by what art this strange authority is acquired, that I may avoid it; or rather explain why men allow themselves to be subdued by women, if they possess superior power and wisdom."—Demetrius hesitated at this unforeseen question, and answered, in a doubtful tone, "You never could learn metaphysics, Alexis, and I must suit my reason to your comprehension. Our power is real, and therefore undisguised; haughty, and perhaps too rigid; women steal theirs, and can only preserve it by artifice, blandishment, and seeming submission. The very strength of our superiority excites them to rebel; and the softness of their usurpation prevents us from resisting."—Alexis smiled again, as he rejoined, "You have explained the secret, Count! but why should not lawful power borrow the graces which render even usurpers amiable? And is it very certain that women govern when men say they are subdued?—If they are swayed only by artifice and blandishment, their vanity not their love degrades them. They delight in the worship, not the worshipper, and are most selfish when they seem to sacrifice themselves."

These truths were not new, but Demetrius had never been so well disposed to hear them. When he reviewed the past, he could not avoid confessing to his own heart, that all the errors he had chosen to ascribe to the Empress Catharine's attractions, had been instigated by self-love or ambition. And when he remembered his pupil's first question, he felt that pleasure, if it was indeed the privileged purpose of his existence, had been misunderstood or unsuccessfully

pursued. More willing to prejudice Alexis than to confess his own mistakes, he gave him long and vehement cautions against the selfishness, frivolity, and deceit of women, to whom he attributed all the intrigues of courts and the perplexities of statesmen. Alexis treasured his precepts with grateful attention, though the first motive of the Count's conduct had been self-interest. But the affection which grew in Demetrius for his prisoner shewed how naturally men love whatever proves and acknowledges their superiority. The usual bland and beneficent influence of such affections gradually recalled the festivity of his temper and the gentler graces of his manners. He saw in the improved talents of the young forester something which he prized, because it seemed his own creation; and admired the native simplicity of his character as men admire the rose, not merely for its delicate glow, but for the modest elegance of the folds which envelope it. Perhaps those mysterious folds render it the best emblem of that beauty which always decays when fully displayed.

The third year of the supposed Iwan's imprisonment ended without detection, or any change, except in the governor himself. His visits became shorter and less frequent; his conversation vague and reserved. Alexis endeavoured to requite his former kindness by unwearying efforts to amuse him, but his pencil and flageolet obtained no regard: and his indirect request for farther aid in the studies he had begun, was almost petulantly chidden. During one of these brief and cheerless visits, Alexis said, "You have made me a musician and a painter; and if you had found talents, would have raised me into a politician and a philosopher, but in one science I was a proficient without your aid."—"In what?" asked the governor, starting from a fit of gloomy abstraction.—"In physiognomy," replied Alexis, "or I should not have trusted your promise in the woodman's hut, nor your honour now, when it is so strongly assailed."—The Count's fixed eye expressed the deepest consciousness and surprise, while Alexis added, "Hear the extent of my science!—You have another prisoner in

this fortress. Your secret instructions are to keep her unseen by your garrison, and to gain her confidence by every possible blandishment. Above all, you are required to prevent Prince Iwan from discovering that the Princess Sophia, his only sister, is an inmate here.”—“There are traitors in my garrison, then!” replied the governor, sternly.—“Several, my lord!—but the greatest, perhaps, is your own heart. Dare you be convinced?”

It requires great courage or great skill to undeceive self-love, and still greater courage to be undeceived. But Alexis was right when he estimated his friend's candour by his owa, and expected the most difficult and generous concession. The Count gave him his hand as he answered—“You are right: the Princess Sophia was brought here six months since by the agents of her brother's enemy, who knows that her pretensions may be dangerous. But though I no longer love the empress, I am her faithful officer, and I demand the source of your information. Shew me the errors of my judgment, and it will be no pain to correct them.”

Alexis smiled as he pointed to a curtained recess in his prison, and requested Demetrius to conceal himself behind it. After a very short interval of profound silence, the door of which Demetrius believed he possessed the only master key was gently opened, and a female entered muffled in a long dark cloak, and disguised by a mask exactly resembling Alexis, who met his visitor with a gracious air.—“Ah, prince!” said a most enchanting voice, “how strange that misery should have so few friends! I have tried all the influence of smiles and flattery on your gaoler, but he will not connive at your escape. Let us have patience, however, and his blind zeal will defeat itself. For your sake I act the part of a captive princess, and in due time he shall find I can rescue a prince.”

—“For what purpose,” replied Alexis, “do you cover your fair face with an imitation of one so inferior?”—“Speak low and listen! Menzikoff, your adherent, comes to-night with a troop of horse to surprise the fortress. This cloak and vest, exactly resembling yours, and this waxen mask laid skill-

fully on your pillow, will deceive the governor when he looks in at midnight; and now while the bribed sentinel keeps watch, we can escape together.”—“Not to night, woman!” exclaimed Alexis, suddenly winding his hand in her long black hair—“the count has had his sealed instructions, and you have your's. You are no princess, no friend of the House of Mecklenbergh: your trade is a courtesan's—you came here a spy and a betrayer, deputed to ensnare the governor by claiming his compassion as an injured prisoner.”

The beautiful culprit fell on her knees—“Pardon me, prince!—I never hoped to deceive you by personating your sister, for I knew you could not fail, when you saw me, to detect the difference in our persons. But believe me, I am not so guilty as to be without remorse. I was sent here by the empress, who suspects Demetrius—I came with the escort of a state prisoner, and he believes me an unfortunate princess whom he ought to respect and console.”—“And you, wretch!” interrupted Alexis, “you design to throw him on a scaffold by contriving my escape.”—“No, I swear!—had he been ready to gain what he believed the favour of a princess, or proud of his power to insult a prisoner, I should have ruined him without regret, and laughed at the easiness of the task. But his faith has been so loyal, and his trust in me so generous, that I have resolved to save you both. I have been often loved, but never respected before, and it has taught me to respect myself.” Then freeing her hair from the failing grasp of Alexis, she threw open his prison-door, and fled towards the outlet, where means of escape were well-provided. But Alexis disdained to follow a woman who would have known him to be an impostor if she had not been one herself.

During this strange conference, the governor departed from the curtained recess through a door known only to himself, and, assembling his most faithful officers, gave strict and skilful orders to guard every point of the fortress. A chosen troop was detached to watch the subterranean entrance; and before these precautions were completed, they were

justified by Menzikoff's approach. He came at the head of a well-armed battalion, and demanded his prince, Iwan of Mechlenbergh. The governor paused in complicated agonies. His secret orders from the empress contained a warrant for Iwan's instant execution, if a rescue should be attempted. He could not disobey these orders without forfeiting his own life, nor execute them unless he sacrificed his preserver. Only one expedient remained—he might release the supposed Iwan through a secret gate, and perish himself in defending the fortress. Thus, at least, he could die unstained with murder, and unsuspected of treason: and he hastily descended towards the prison-vaults to bid Alexis farewell. A man standing at their entrance sprang forward to meet him. It was Iwan himself!—"Demetrius!" he exclaimed, "I know all. Take back your prisoner—you have been a generous enemy, and your life shall not be endangered. The innocent must not perish in my stead."—Surprise, gratitude, and anguish, rendered the Count dumb, but only for an instant—"None shall perish!" he suddenly replied—"a blessed thought visits me—and rushing into the prison-chamber, he seized the vest, cloak, and waxen mask brought to represent Iwan. A soldier killed by a random musket-shot lay on the ramparts. Favoured by the darkness of night, the governor wrapped him in the royal mantle, and covered his face with the beautiful mask and glossy ringlets attached to it. Then summoning his guards, and waving a signal-flag on the turret—"Menzikoff!" he said, through a trumpet—"behold your prince!"—The bleeding body and lifeless face were exposed to the assembly; and Menzikoff, believing his treacherous purpose fulfilled, dismissed the troop whose assault had furnished a pretext for Iwan's death. The garrison reposed on their arms, and the

governor returned once more to his private chamber, where the prince awaited him. "Prince!—your life is saved, and my task here is finished. You are my prisoner only till to-morrow, when I shall have resigned all the offices and honours bestowed on me by a sovereign I have served too long. I only ask you to accompany me from this fortress, and to promise peace with the empress, whom I will not betray, though she has not recompensed me."

"Russia will never hear of my existence," replied Iwan; "a monk's cowl sits easier than a crown: but you shall not depart unrecompensed. My sister, the true Princess of Mechlenbergh, is in this fortress. Her bold and generous spirit tempted her to aid your Cossack in contriving my escape, and she has been my representative too long. Her danger determined me to return; for I knew the purport of your secret orders. The lovely and deceitful minion sent to allure you, is an impostor; and you will find my sister in Alexis."

The sequel requires few words. Before the lapse of another day, the governor of Sohlusselburgh surrendered all his appointments, and with only his own small wealth, retired under a feigned name to Italy. There he received the sister of Iwan, and his blessing as a brother and a priest, at the altar of a monastery, where the prince ended his days in peace and obscurity. Demetrius spent a longer and more useful life with the Princess Sophia, whom he loved to call Alexia, while she delighted in remembering by what gentle devices his affection had been fixed on her in the simple forester's garb she had first assumed to aid her brother. She lived to hear him confess of what courage, fidelity, and self-sacrifice a woman may be capable, and to discover that men have few faults which cannot be ameliorated by her influence. V.

HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,
I OBSERVE, in Mr. FOSTER's admirable Essay on Decision of Character, some allusions to that great friend

of mankind, the late JOHN HOWARD, esq. which tend to impress upon the minds of his readers an idea that Mr. Howard was so much absorbed in the

prosecution of the main object of his life, as to be wholly indifferent to the beauties either of nature or of art. A few days ago, however, in looking over some of the original letters of Mr. H., addressed to his friend the Rev. Mr. Symonds, of Bedford, I particularly noticed one which seemed to authorize a very different opinion, and which, though it did not go to prove that Mr. H. was less assiduous in the attainment of his benevolent designs than he is generally supposed to have been, certainly gave much reason to doubt of the correctness of the information on which Mr. Foster has founded his remarks. I cannot do better, perhaps, than by giving an extract both from Mr. Foster's Essays, and from the letter to which I refer; a copy of which I have been obligingly favoured with by the lady who has it in her possession, and who is a niece of the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

Speaking of the great end to which Mr. Howard's exertions were directed, "The importance of this object, (says Mr. F.) held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which, therefore, the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character; but the mere men of taste ought to be silent

respecting such a man as Howard,—he is above the sphere of their judgment." Vol. 1, page 172.

Let us now see what are Mr. Howard's own words—his letter is dated, "Rome, May 22, 1770." Referring to his passage over the Alps, he says: "These mountains are three or four days' passing; for many miles there is hardly a three-foot road, with precipices into the sea—I should guess, three times the height of St. Paul's." "Florence," he continues, "being the seat of the arts, I visited the famous gallery many days, from whence I travelled to this once-renowned city: the amazing ruins of temples, palaces, aqueducts, &c. give one some faint idea of its ancient grandeur, though it is comparatively now a desert. The description of them, as also of St. Peter's Church and the Vatican, I must defer till I have the pleasure of seeing you."

Being myself decidedly of opinion that the contemplation of the beauties, both of nature and of art, has a tendency to enlarge the mind, and to strengthen virtuous principles, I am desirous to have it known that the immortal Howard was not inessable to either, and that, whilst the amelioration of the sufferings of a large portion of his fellow-creatures constituted the study and employment of the greater part of his valuable life; he would sometimes indulge in viewing the natural beauties of the different countries which he traversed, or in the inspection of the various productions of human taste and skill.

T. CLARK, JUN.

April, 1817.

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

From the European Magazine.

LETTER I.

"*Nulla vita pars, neque publicæ, neque privatis, neque forensibus, neque domesticis in rebus, neque si tecum agas quid neque si cum altero contrahas vacare officio potest; in eoque colendo vita est vitæ honestas omnis et in negligendo turpitudine.*" Cic. De Officiis, Lib. i. C. 2.

MY DEAR SON,

IF I were not convinced, from my knowledge of your good sense, that the counsels of a parent would be accepted by you with just impressions of the anxiety which has suggested them, I

would not take upon myself the authority or the trouble to dictate. It is a duty which the Creator of us both has demanded from each of us, that I should advise and you should obey. I undertake more gladly my share of the obligation, because I indulge the hope that you will not be wanting in effort to fulfil yours; and that not only duty, but affection also, will induce you to respect my advice in consideration of my motive,

which you must be well aware can have no other object in view than your welfare: and if affection be not the originating source of effort, both on the part of the parent and the child, the task of duty, although always imperative, would become equally irksome to each. I would trust, therefore, that the heart of neither of us will feel itself hurthened by the obligation, when I proceed to ground my counsels on the natural sympathies which unite us as father and son—sympathies which neither of us can presume to reject, without hazarding the purest claim that man can assert to all that is valuable in the esteem of his fellow-creatures.

It has pleased the Father of all the families of the earth, that I should live long enough to see you arrive at an age when the understanding is matured by education and reflection—a period of your life in which society has a right to expect from you an active application of your intelligence to the support of its interests, with which your own must of necessity be associated.

From my own feelings, I am induced to conclude, there cannot be a period at which all the anxieties of a parent are more peculiarly excited, than when the child first enters upon that path of life which he has proposed to himself as the course of all his future pursuits and prospects. It is a point on which a father's hopes and fears are tremulously balanced; and it entirely rests with the child to make either preponderate in the scale of parental expectation. It is not, therefore, to be deemed unreasonable, if the parent should be disposed to insist upon his own experience as a surer criterion of the probabilities of his child's happy progress, than the sanguine anticipation with which the latter may choose for himself; but I admit that this criterion is not always to be urged in opposition to the child's wishes, which may be consequent of a peculiar taste either of genius or disposition: and, perhaps, resistance in this case may tend to counteract the action of some natural talent, which would otherwise have ripened into a proficiency that might be no less honourable and advantageous to the young man himself, than useful to society: yet even in this instance, whatever might be allowed to inclination should be measured

by judgment; and it has much less frequently occurred that subsequent dissatisfaction has followed decision when the better knowledge of the parent has been suffered to direct, if not to over-rule, the choice of the child, than when this choice has been persisted in with the plea of juvenile inclination, or the pertinacity of ill-digested opinion—Such expressions of disappointment and discontent as the following, “I wish I had taken my father's advice, and gone into such a profession or such a trade,” has been more often heard to proceed from persons established in life than the contrary—“Ah! my father would make me this or that—If I had followed my own inclinations, I should have done much better.”—The former feeling is more frequently the result of experience than the latter; and it is not too much to say, that this experience ought to be anticipated by the child, or, at least, the due deference ought to be paid to the experience of the parent; and were this more duteously attended to, much of the subsequent dissatisfaction alluded to would be avoided.—But not to mention that such complaints are as unwise as they are fruitless, and savour more of a querulous spirit than of just objection, and generally arise from a want of prudential regulation or industrious perseverance in the individuals themselves; it may at all events be admitted, that whether the will of the parent or the wish of the child prevails, the choice once made, the guidance and advice of the one may materially assist the inexperience of the other; and without my going farther into the question, which is too important to be slightly discussed, it is certainly the duty of a father to provide, as far as he possibly can, that the son's determination should be rendered as productive of personal and relative satisfaction as the case may permit; and, on the other hand, the least that the son can do after having succeeded in substantiating his own right to dispose of himself, is to apply those preceptive rules to his conduct, by which the still anxious father is desirous of converting the right so asserted into a more assured medium of his child's comfort and prosperity.

By what I have said, I desire to be understood as drawing only a general reference upon commonly-accepted prin-

ciples ; and you must acquit me of any particular allusion to your own case.

You have chosen for yourself ; and were I disposed to take a selfish advantage of your election, I should add, that by so doing you have removed all responsibility from my shoulders, so far as the result may not be commensurate with your anticipations, and upon yourself alone must rest the *onus probandi* that you have chosen wisely ;—but supposing this, I feel, my dear boy, that you do not, for you cannot, relieve me from that sensitive interest to which a father must be always alive for the happiness of his child. This is a feeling which the Supreme Author of our being has implanted in the parent's breast, and no adventitious circumstances of adverse or propitious character can eradicate it. It is the universal law of His creative power, and He has graciously ordained that the principle should largely participate of His own paternal benignity.

While, therefore, I thus address you, my heart acknowledges no other influence than that great generative source of disinterested affection which centers in the ETERNAL FATHER of all mankind ! Nor do I exact more from you in return, than the filial acknowledgement, that next in sacred degree to the commands of your God is to be regarded the authority of your father's precepts, while I require your acquiescence in those to which I now call your attention—neither do I press them upon your observance, but in proportion as they shall be justified by your own consciousness of their propriety, and shall be found adapted to your duty as a member of society and a Christian.

I have undertaken the task of framing them for your use, under a strong sense of the necessity for such intervention on my part ; since, however good may be the education or the disposition of a young man, neither a well-informed head nor a well-disposed heart, if unaided by prudential caution, can sufficiently guard youthful inexperience, at its first entrance upon the artificial stage of the world, against the insinuating influence of independent opinion, or the early prepossessions of inconsiderate association—more especially when the excellence of his estimable qualities, if thus unguarded, may expose him to the very evils which

he would avoid—for superior intelligence might induce an overweening pride of judgment, and a prompt complacency might betray him into dangerous conformity to unamiable habits.

I entreat you, therefore, to bear in mind, that what you now read comprehends the admonitions of one who blessed you as his first born ; who watched over your infancy with trembling care ; who marked the progress of your growth from infantile helplessness to manly strength with trepidation of heart ; who traced your expanding intellect with delight ; and who would now realize the promise of your tender age in the felicity of your maturer years, with all the fond earnestness of parental love.

The destination which you have chosen has removed you from the more immediate sphere of my personal intercourse, and has caused our opportunities of mutual converse to be much less frequent than I could have wished, had I consulted only my own gratification ; as we so seldom meet, therefore, I am desirous of supplying the deficiency by the communication of my pen ; and although perhaps between two persons so intimately allied to each other, advice may be both given and received with more impression and benefit in conversation, yet there is one advantage which you at least may reap from this mode of communicating it—*littera scripta manet*—the advice, therefore, will survive him who gave it ; and should it please God to take me out of this world before you shall be settled in it, although you should have to say in the days of your youth, *I have no more a father*, you will still retain this testimony of that father's anxiety not to leave you in it without placing in your hands a shield of defence against its vicissitudes, and a staff of conduct on which you may lean with confidence in your path thro' it.

This is all, my dear G——, that I have to leave you ; it is the legacy of my experience ; and you will not doubt my sincerity, when I add the fervent prayer of my soul that more prosperous auspices may attend you than those under which I have been travelling to the grave.—You will, therefore, believe me to be your anxious and affectionate Father,

W.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

ON THE UNDESERVED STIGMA CONFERRED ON SINGLE LADIES BY THE TITLE OF OLD MAID.

"Mrs. Mary Astell, a learned and worthy woman, had embraced the notion in 1686, of a female college, in which the young might be instructed, and ladies nauseating the parade of the world might find a happy retirement."—SWIFT.

THE author, through whatever medium he writes, has little to congratulate himself on, however poignant may be his wit, or irresistible his humour, who condescends to fall in with popular prejudices, and holds up persons and situations to ridicule for local circumstances, in which the individual is not to blame, and which, perhaps, all human ingenuity has been exerted to avoid. The moralist should endeavour to reconcile every class of persons to themselves and others, for it is his duty to pity their failings, and reconcile the destinies of human nature, at least not to add unnecessarily to the pains of those who are not fortunate enough to realise the long-cherished hopes of their ambition, yet by their philosophy would still enjoy a degree of comparative happiness, were it not for the undeserved finger of scorn, which points at them whenever they would rise superior to their fate. I allude more particularly to the undeserved stigma of *old maid*, as a term of reproach, and applied perhaps to an object in whom the most amiable qualities reside, and to whom a larger portion of discernment is given than common, added to a strength of reason which has enabled her to resign herself to a state of hoped-for single blessedness, rather than be wedded to wretchedness and ruin. The common bugbear of the words mother-in-law, I am pretty certain have been the means of making many a family, which otherwise would have been a happy one, miserable, from the prejudices excited against an individual who holds this situation in a family, and which are taken up with as little reason as the affected abhorrence to an old maid; what family of young ladies or gentlemen but do not prepare their whole stock of ridicule at the appearance of a maiden aunt, or dread the terrible intrusion in their disorganized society, of a mother-in-law? But as it is at present my more particular business to consider the single unmarried female,

I shall confine myself to the contemplation of her alone, who, disdaining to wed at the expence of principles, preserves her independence, though she loses an unworthy admirer. I shall confine myself to the consideration of the fate alone of the middle-aged spinster: for this purpose I shall not pursue her through the medium of caricature; I shall not paint her covered with cosmetics, and affecting that youthful gaiety which her progress in life should teach her to restrain; I shall not hold her up, for it is not the natural consequence of a single life to be so, an antidote to pleasure and a propagator of scandal; but I shall portray her as a disciplinarian in the school of female delicacy, as the lover of virtue, and as the benefactor of human nature.

How many women might have been united to misrule and brutality; how many have become dissipated and profligate wives. How many unruly children, how many spoiled boys and forward girls might have been suffered to grow up pests to society, through the false indulgences of indiscreet mammas, had not the maiden aunt or elder sister interfered. The partiality of parents and their over indulgence have been often corrected by the steady yet lenient hand of those whose love is nearly equal to that of the parent, but whose partiality does not blind them to the faults of the young offender. Who are the supporters of our charities, or the most religious and discreet among us, but the much to be honoured, venerable, and good *old maid*! Is it not, then, cruel, is it not ungenerous, to brand the whole set of single women with an odium they do not deserve?

Is it not to be imagined, that if the marriage state is alone a state of true happiness, that all would not willingly embrace it if it were in their power? The love of rule, the lingering desire after still fresh conquests, may hinder the female from entering into these bonds, more or less pleasing, as she selects a

proper partner in her fate : and if the female suffers the spring of her life to pass in caprice, her summer in coquetry and indecision, her winter may be passed forsaken and forlorn ; but such a one has only to thank the instability of her disposition for her fate, and when the roses which once blushed on her cheek have given place to those more vivid, indeed, but less natural, she may in turn pursue ; but the very sportsman who pursued her, now in his turn flies, when in vain she would charm him back by the unreal mockery of what she once was. To her who only looks forward to the marriage state as it may increase her rank and power, or to her who seeks but in a husband a release from the trammels of parental care, if even blest with fortune only, will not long sigh for their object in vain ; but the female who carefully weighs her future state in the balance of good sense, divested of poetry and romance, may be wooed and not be won ; she may be long, very long, before she meets those important requisites to the wedded life, without which she prefers all the scorn an unthinking world would heap upon her. She carefully weighs the duties she has to perform, the examples she has to set ; she wishes for one to assist her wise resolutions, and to correct her weaknesses, and to whom she shall trust her future destiny. Surrounded by married relatives, she sees one a prey to the most violent passions, the gusts of which destroy the flame it promised to cherish ; she sees another, with cold cutting neglect, freezing the tender flower which it promised to warm by the cheering rays of an habitual kindness ; and she beholds few, very few, indeed, who, mindful of the sacred vow, the oath they have sworn at the altar, who love, who cherish in sickness and in health, that object who relied solely on them for happiness, in whose smiles they alone live, and for whom they have perhaps left all the ties of consanguinity and all the endearing affections of school-day esteem. She sees all this, and she dreads to sacrifice a life of comparative contentment for a short spring of love, embittered with a remaining season of barren joy. She is solicited by birth and fortune, where pride and ungovernable pas-

sion brings up the rear. She may be allied to literature and science, but impiety and a love of speculation may attend also : even mediocrity of talent and riches will not bring with them humility ; and should her riches enable her to purchase the humble swain, illiberality and a love of self may make her wretched, while the religious visionary may rule her destiny in gloom and fretfulness. Cease, then, ye wits and witlings to indulge your facetiousness on a subject which ought to be sacred from your gibes ; you may cause the unthinking maiden to rush from the little evil she knows, to much greater she knows not of ; you may wound that heart which cold neglect or an unpropitious love has already too keenly lacerated ; but you can never convince her, whom it would be an honour to convince, that a miserable wife is a more valuable or worthy object in society than a single woman happy in the consciousness of her own rectitude, and, like the genius of a Hamilton, an Edgeworth, or a More, dealing out experience and knowledge to listening ears, uncontrolled by a domestic tyrant, who would perhaps have thwarted all her rational plans for her own offspring.

Fully convinced of the importance of the well educated single female in the scale of society, and the wide sphere of their usefulness, I attach the following plan of a deceased philanthropist to the contribution of the comfort of those alone who sacrifice their lives to the dignity of their feelings, and bestow on the children of others that knowledge, and confer that happiness which, had circumstances been propitious, might have been devolved on their own offspring, and which would be hailed with joy by

BENEDICT, THE MARRIED MAN.

Presuming that a class of females to whom we are under no little obligation for training our sons and daughters in the precepts and practices of morals and education ; and presuming that at a certain age they are thoroughly convinced that there is no man worthy of their love, or at least their stars are not propitious to an union, I propose that Parliament should establish a fund by a capitation tax on the females of every family in the kingdom above the rank of peasants, and working artificers, to purchase ground in

each of the three kingdoms, to build a house with a cloister, chapel, refectory, dormitory, and suitable offices, under the patronage of twelve ladies, selected from the principal nobility, with power to nominate a treasurer, secretary, and other officers. One month to be allowed to consider the claim of each candidate, and none to be admitted without the written order of at least six. Each candidate to deposit two hundred pounds in the hands of the treasurer on admission, and sign a solemn promise of strict observance of rules, to be of irreproachable character, and to have reached her fortieth year: to be at liberty to withdraw when they shall deem it expedient. A principal, or prioress, to be elected out of the body, to be assisted by six of them, and an appeal to be from her to the committee. A common-room for breakfast and dinner, except in case of age or sickness, but evening tea and supper not to be considered as established meals. The nearest clergyman of the established church to have a salary for officiating every Sunday in the chapel, where one of the sisterhood is to read the morning and

evening service every other day. Three members to have one maid between them, and such as desire a servant to themselves to contribute ten pounds annually to the funds. A number of horses and carriages to be kept for exercise and health, as the funds admit, or the committee approve. A library to be purchased out of the stock, or by a subscription; but no books to be procured without leave of the domestic committee. No visitors to be received before nine in the morning, or after three in the afternoon; nor before six in the evening, or after nine at night. The gate to be shut at ten, and the keys to be given to the prioress. A number of parlours proportioned to the bed-chambers, a music-room, and a common sitting-room, fitted up for the library. A small seminary for girls, on the plan of a free school, might be united to the college at parliamentary expence, and superintended by such ladies as are properly qualified.*

A FRIEND TO THE WHOLE SEX.

* In Jan. 1790, Mrs. Anna Gillies, a maiden lady, died at the age of 71, in Lancaster, leaving £1600 to build and endow houses for eight distressed old maids.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM LADY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

AT CONSTANTINOPLE, TO A VENETIAN NOBLEMAN. [Not published in her works.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

I AM charmed, sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least, if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand in perfection, so I much fear that for want of expressions I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the impertinences and triflings dropping from any pen to the want of proper words for communicating my thoughts, but by no means either to dulness or natural levity.

These conditions being thus argued and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own

heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down I say without any examination, or as much as letting any of their people read it; being afraid, that if they should once begin to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment about their own legends and fictions. In effect there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are said by them to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those Mussulmans much less stuffed with extravagances than the spiritual romances of the Greek papas. As to your next inquiry, I assure you it is certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in the

future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well to use them so barbarously. On the contrary he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this Paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit enjoyment of future happiness, are, not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves as much as possible in making little Mussulmans. The virgins who die such, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded from paradise; "for women," says he, "being incapable of managing the affairs of state, or of supporting the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entrusted them with an office which is hardly less honourable, namely, that of multiplying the human race; and such as out of malice or laziness do not make it their business to bear and breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and therefore rebel against the commands of the Almighty." Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catherines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in most abominable libertinism.

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us, but I can truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be in matters of politics or philosophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true that military discipline, such as is now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into a universal sloth. Contented in their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigue. But, to make amends, the

sciences flourish among them. The Effendis (that is to say the learned) do very well deserve this name. They have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deisms among themselves, or to those they can trust; and they never speak of their law but as of a politic institution, proper now to be observed by wise men, though at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich Effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, "that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man: and that God would not have let the vine grow were it a sin to taste of its juice; but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation." This Effendi appeared to be no stranger to the parties that prevail among us; nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers; and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland* did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religion to tulips, concerning which you also ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which are tried here every day, must be considered as still more surprising. The suburbs of Pera, Tophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all

* John Toland, who died in 1722, was a native of Ireland, and so virulent an infidel, that he even went the length of denying the plain fact of our Lord having died on the cross. This man was at first of the Romish religion, which he renounced, and for some time affected to be a Protestant. He wrote, among other things, a tract entitled "Nazarenes; or, Jewish, Gentile, and Mahometan Christianity;" the object of which was to represent the spurious gospels which are current in the East as equal in value to our canonical Scriptures.

countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person whose father was born a Greek, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors, English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c. This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine: nor could I ever doubt but there were several different species of men; since Whites, the woolly and long-haired Blacks, the small eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brazilians, and, to name no more, the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblaans, have as specific difference, under the same general kind as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mongrel, so mankind have their mongrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, and French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dul-

ness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors.

But the family which charms me most is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are Nature's opposites in extremes, it is a pleasure to observe how the discordant atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form.

They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time they shew that love of expensiveness which is so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this, young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing how neatly their feet are clothed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop-petticoats. I have abundance of other singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and paper.

ON THE RAGE FOR NOVELTY.

From the European Magazine.

THE GLEANER. NO. II.

"Novelty is only in request—and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking."—*Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

IF any person were to cast his eye over the advertisements which fill some of our daily papers, or which stand in close array on the covers of our periodical magazines, from the number of recent publications which he would see advertised, and the repeatedly new editions of more standard works that the public appeared to be calling for, he would be ready to pronounce this to be the age in which readers abounded more than at any former period, and might, perhaps experience something like a

momentary feeling of disappointment on the reflection, that as books, and the number of those who perused them, increased, the general tone of morals and manners was not proportionably rising. But a little reflection would check his regret on this account, and convince him that he was expecting what could not reasonably be hoped for. On a closer inspection, he might find, that though so much was issuing from the press, yet comparatively a very small proportion of it was calculated to produce the effect which he desired, and that, while every thing which could gratify a vitiated palate was afforded, but little to feed the hungry and satisfy the starving was offered; and whilst the imagination, suf-

ficiently soaring of itself when unexcited, was receiving daily stores calculated to add additional vigour to its flight, the sober decisions of reason, and the correct calculations of sound sense, were left to their own energies, with no provision made for aiding and assisting them. He would find, that, whilst the tender sentimentalist might every week find a new tale of woe to weep over, the friend to pure morals and correct deportment must be contented with a much less frequent display of exertion in the deserving cause which called forth his anxiety : and whilst the admirer of tender ditties and melting strains would never be at a loss for some novel stanzas to engage his attention, the man who was solicitously observing the tardy march of virtuous improvement, would have to regret that so few were lending their assistance to accelerate its progress.

In all probability, if any thing like an angry feeling were excited, and our moralist felt at all inclined to censure, the first objects of his animadversions would be those authors who were thus adding to the already too much accumulated heap of trifling trash ; whilst the public, who was purchasing it, would be rather pitied for their fatuity, than blamed for their want of a taste that would require a more solid repast to please it. But, let him remember, that persons who write, write only that others may read ; that their subject is chosen with a view to please those on whose favours they are dependent ; that authors are the mere ministers to others' pleasures ; and that they only give what a previous declaration of general inclination has already demanded. Are we then to be at all surprised at the nature of the greater part of those productions with which our modern press is teeming ?

Different readers are actuated by so many different motives, and the same reader also at different times, that it would be no easy task to enumerate all the inducements that at one time and another operate in procuring for books the favour of perusal. One man shines in a particular circle as a literary character, his judgment is looked up to with deference, and his opinion carries with it the authority of law : he assumes the grave decision of the critic when he pro-

nounces sentence, and reads only to detect errors. Another wishes to be thought what he is not, and is anxious to possess that honour which he will never take any pains to deserve : a knowledge of the title-page, or a rapid glance over a critique, is sufficient for him to say that he is well acquainted with the work, and to pass himself off as an universal reader. A third reads when he can find no other employment to dissipate the ennui of listless idleness. And a fourth takes up a book, and runs over a page or two with as little acquaintance with the connexion of the antecedent and succeeding matter, as, at another time, he would hum over a dismembered stanza of some song of which he has forgotten both the beginning and the end. How are such readers to be pleased ? or, rather, how is the didactic author to arrest their attention for a few minutes, to teach a moral lesson which it is important they should learn, and so to administer instruction that the vehicle in which it is conveyed may attract their notice ?

The man of general philanthropy, whose benevolence extends as far as objects could be found for its exercise, would feel an anxiety that something should be done by which the most careless might be roused from his insensibility, and the attention of the most trifling directed to objects more worthy the attention of rational and accountable beings. Could he but get such characters to listen to his warning voice, he would exert his utmost eloquence to produce the effects so suited to the wishes of his heart ; he would plead the cause of morality, of virtue, and of religion, in a manner every way consistent with the important nature of his subjects ; and if a faithful representation of the dismal consequences which must inevitably be the result of a course of continued vice and immorality were of no avail, he would try that readier avenue to the heart, that sympathizing interest, which seldom fails to excite attention ; and having obtained this grand point, he would draw so lovely a picture of virtue, and of true religion, that if the future conduct of his hearers were not reformed, yet his judgment would be convinced, and he could no longer refrain from paying that homage to virtue, which,

however involuntary, there are moments in which the most abandoned are unable to refuse.

Here, then, lies the great difficulty. As to the importance of morality we are all agreed—and as to its beneficial effects there is no difference of opinion—but how are we to recommend it to those who despise its dictates, and laugh at those sacred barriers which it would set up against criminal indulgence?

One of the most material objections urged by the dissipated and the gay against reading such books as might be of real service to them, is, their tediousness: they dread anything like labour, though their lives may appear a constant succession of enjoyment, and others may be inclined to pronounce upon their occupations, *Labor ipse voluptas*; yet this is not really the case—the sentiment must be reversed—*Voluptas ipse labor* is the real fact—and no one but he who has tried the round of fashionable amusements, can judge of the bitter convictions of their vanity which a retrospective view affords—the mind is actually fatigued—worn out and harassed with the very variety of its engagements—and rendered totally unfit for any exertion to throw off that oppressive load which the tedious intervals between the last and the next source of amusement occasions. But the most giddy and the most gay have these intervals, and then will they occasionally fly to books as their only resource: and the first recommendation to influence their choice must be brevity. Perhaps a magazine may afford them what they want—the leaves are turned over—a few pages are read—and they are satisfied. Here, then, is an opportunity to combine instruction with recreation, and to prove the truth of Herbert's sentiment, that

"A line may reach him, who a sermon flies."

The short, occasional essay, recommended by its brevity if not by its sentiments, may be the means of inculcating in a very short space a great deal of truth. It may hold out some admonitory warning—may restrain by some salutary caution—may instruct by some strongly-urged facts—may excite the attention by some pertinent example—may leave a

lasting impression by some newly-expressed sentiments—may point out hints of truth, which may be sufficiently self-evident as to be hereafter pursued—or may lead the reader into a train of thought, to him as new as it may be important. Surely these are effects worth endeavouring to produce; and if the writer is in any way successful, he has not laboured in vain.

Nor let him whom we have supposed to have felt so much regret at the universal prevalence of a false and vitiated taste, and the so general diffusion of such books as are calculated to increase it, despise the means of removing to a certain degree the source of his anxiety, which we have pointed out, and, whilst consistent with his own principles he must applaud the motive, urge the weakness of the weapons, and the feebleness of the arm that wields them, as a ground for his despairing of their producing any beneficial results. There are in the world so many more instigations to vice than incitements to virtue, so much more that is calculated to inflame the passion than to check their force, that he who offers but an innocent means of gratification is not acting a part altogether useless, but rather merits the approbation of the real friends of virtue: and if this innocent gratification may be made instrumental in producing something more than a temporary neutral state of mind, if it may be made effectual in leading to a subsequent change of conduct, that ultimatum is gained at which our objector himself is so anxious to arrive. It is true, that we boast not the penetrating powers of the philosopher, the subtle craft of the metaphysician, or the deep research of the investigator of the secrets of nature—our object is to please, and, while pleasing, to reform. And if we can in any way diversify the surface of knowledge—if we can clothe it with a new and attractive garb—if we can so recommend it as to lead its former despisers to inquire into its intrinsic beauties—we shall consider that we have not *gleaned* the fields of instruction in vain, nor have searched for means of being of some service to our fellow-creatures to no purpose.

May, 1817.

ALFRED.

THE CELEBRATED PIGOTT DIAMOND.

From the European Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

I BELIEVE it is generally well known, that, after this stone had been in the possession of the family from which its name is derived, it was determined to dispose of it by way of lottery.

It was at first proposed to issue tickets to the amount of 50,000*l.* but the Government insisting that its value should be previously ascertained by competent persons, it was submitted to several skilful lapidaries, and dealers in diamonds, who appraised it at 30,000*l.* only, at which sum the lottery was made.

I am not acquainted with the name of the person who held the fortunate ticket, but I understand that, after several ineffectual attempts had been made to dispose of it by private contract, it was sold by public auction for 9,500 guineas, to a Mr. Burkitt, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, conjointly with Messrs. Rundell and Bridges; these latter gentlemen sent it, in the custody of a confidential person in their employ, to Mons. Perrigaux, banker, at Paris, for the purpose of disposing of it upon the Continent.

So valuable a booty being within the grasp of Buonaparte, he made no hesitation in seizing it, under the pretext of its being English property. Mr. Burkitt, in consequence, claimed of Messrs. R. and B. the moiety of the purchase-money, which, after a little friendly litigation, was paid him.

The gem was subsequently conveyed to Ghent by Louis XVIII. in quality of one of the crown diamonds; and although the manner in which it had been acquired was well known, it was retained in Paris until about seven months ago, and then, only upon the strong representations of the British government, was it restored to the possession of its lawful owner.

The weight, of this valuable diamond is 100 carats;* its colour is white; and in shape it much resembles the bowl of a tea-spoon, except in its being deeper. It was brought to Europe in a rough state, and it was cut as a brilliant or table diamond.

* 100 carats are equal to two-thirds of an ounce.

EPITOME OF FRENCH MANNERS.

From La Belle Assemblée.

"Can it be believed that travelling is accompanied with so many inconveniences?"

THE PACKET.

A SINGULAR circumstance, to relate which would only weary my readers, compelled me lately to take a voyage to England, that is to say, to go and pass about four-and-twenty hours at Dover. I shall not take upon me to describe the manners, nor to analyze the constitution, nor yet to calculate the finances of the three united kingdoms: from the appearance of the above-mentioned town, I should be led to imagine that the British Isles were nothing but an old heap of barren rocks; and from the enormous size of my Dover landlady, with her masculine appearance and her fondness for claret, I should have concluded that every Englishwoman weighed about fifteen stone, at least; that they got tipsy every night, and that they had

beards on their chins. To observe more veracity, I shall confine myself to speaking only of my passage from Calais to Dover, and describe the interior of a packet, which, in many respects, may be compared to the boat of Charon.

As I was in a hurry to quit Paris, I accepted the proposal made in a public advertisement, to be a partner in a post-chaise as far as Calais. My fellow-traveller, whom I had no further knowledge of, called for me at five in the morning: the first observation that I had occasion to make was on the prodigious quantity of baggage that he carried with him, independent of the cow, and the portmanteaus which were fastened behind the chaise. The inside was filled with a quantity of articles and provisions of every kind. This remark afforded me a subject to commence our conversation.

"You are going to take a long voy-

age, Sir, I imagine.”—“I am weary of the idle life I have led for some years, and, to vary the scene, I have resolved to visit every part of the globe. I mean to begin with England; though I know not why, for it is a country I detest.”—“You have lived there then, without doubt.”—“No, I have never quitted Paris till now; but I have read every thing that has been published relative to that melancholy country, where sunshine is as great a rarity as a good bunch of grapes.”—“That is but a trifling objection to a traveller, and I can assure you, you will find there many objects worthy of exciting your curiosity, and some deserving of your most minute attention and admiration.”—“I am not very curious; and as I am fully convinced that there is not a place to be compared with Paris in the known world, I am inclined already to think I should have done quite as well to have *remained at home*.”

In the course of our conversation I found that my fellow-traveller was a M. Vermeuil, a bachelor of about fifty-five years of age, and who enjoyed an income of about sixty thousand livres a year; and who had never known what it was to have the spleen till he had been cured of the gout. He told me he used regularly to have two fits in the year, and that though their duration was painful, he looked forward to their termination with a pleasurable hope, which almost compensated for the torments he endured.

Just as he had given me this relation, our postboy, who was obstinately determined not to give the right to any one, was compelled by a chariot and six, who met us full speed, either to yield or be overturned; this, unfortunately, was our case, and M. Vermeuil, as he arranged his parcels as well as he could, cried out, “I had better have staid at home.” There was, however, no great harm done; some peasants helped us to set all to rights again, and without any other disaster, we arrived at Amiens.

It is an advantage to me that I have been a traveller from the age of fifteen, and therefore I have been long accustomed to those inconveniences which are inseparable from long journies. It takes me seldom more than an hour to be at home any where, and that as easily as if I had been there already several months;

I take men and things as I find them, and I draw both pleasure and instruction from each surrounding object. But this was not the case with my fellow-traveller. Dissatisfied with every thing, because he was so with himself, travelling with no other motive but to fly from himself, every thing appeared to him an inconvenience, an obstacle, or a disappointment. He complained continually of the noise and jolting of the carriage; and could not tell where to stretch his legs or lean his head: while the unceasing burthen of his song was, “I had better have stayed at home.”

I now began to amuse myself with counting over the number of times he was likely to repeat this expression before he had completed his tour through Europe, when at length we entered Calais, in the midst of a shower of cards which were thrown into our carriage to indicate to us the different packets which were ready to sail.

Scarce had we got out at the old and celebrated hotel of M. Dessin, when several Captains came themselves to offer their services: we fixed on the packet called the Hope. The wind was favourable, and we were to sail in about two hours.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when we went to the port. The sky was beautifully serene, and the sea slightly agitated by an excellent wind: therefore the packet was already crowded with numerous travellers. At the sight of the narrow plank over which we had to pass, my fellow traveller seemed almost determined to give up his voyage: he ended, however, by following, with a kind of desperate resolution, the courageous example of several women and children. And now behold us on board; where we were almost deafened with the noise of those on shore, crying out, “Farewell, aunt—Farewell, brother.”—“Be sure you do not forget to bring me some English needles.”—“My love to Nancy.”—“Take care, the wind will blow your bonnet off.”—“Tell George I shall soon be in London.”—“Don't forget to call in Scotland-yard.”—“Be sure you deliver the letter yourself.”—And a thousand such like commissions, which were repeated till we were out of hearing: in the mean

time our sails filled, we lost sight of the shore by degrees, and soon we could distinguish nothing but the light-house.

I then began to look about me and to take a review of the passengers. They were chiefly composed of French and English belonging to all classes. Among the latter was a right honourable lady, with her two little daughters, Laura and Emma, born of French fathers, blooming with grace and infantile beauty : a London beau with his two grooms, from whom I could not very easily distinguish the master : two young Parisians, one a model of fashion and politeness, the other a complete cockney and a fop : a big fat lady, who might serve as a match for my Dover landlady, and who was either a female jeweller or a milliner, if I might judge by her excessive and misplaced finery, with a pair of superb diamond earrings in her ears ; the rest of the passengers had nothing in them very remarkable.

When we had undergone our first examination on the deck, I went down into the cabin, where I was not at all surprised to find M. Vermeuil stretched on one of the beds which are generally reserved for the ladies. He slept soundly, but his sleep did not last long. As soon as the vessel began to roll, every passenger began to be uneasy, though affected in a different manner. Some sat motionless, others turned pale, one complained of a dreadful headache, another of such a swimming in his head that every thing turned round. My gentleman in the cabin was the first that was affected. "What's all this ?" cried he, starting up : "Oh ! heavens ! how ill I am ! Tell them not to make such a noise *up stairs*." When I told him that such things were unavoidable, and that he would suffer much less if he would go on deck, he hastened upwards, swearing bitterly at the Captain, and testifying much regret that he had not taken his passage on board a *steadier* vessel.

He then sat down between the milliner and a stout shopkeeper, who had told him that a seat near the mainmast was the best.

There was now a great swell of sea, and the tossings which succeeded the rolling motion set every one in the most dreadful state of sea-sickness, a malady

to which I am not subject. The two pretty little daughters of my lady became the objects of my attention, and prevailing on them to take a spoonful of elixir, they were soon relieved from their sufferings.

As for M. Vermeuil, nothing could be more ridiculous than his complainings ; his contortions were so grotesque, that even his fellow-sufferers could not forbear laughing. "O God !" cried he, holding his head with both hands, "I must have been a sad scoundrel, a wicked wretch, when I had every comfort at home, to come and shut myself up in this vile floating hearse, to suffer every kind of torment. O I am dying, I am dying!"—"And so am I," said the English tradesman, "I wish to God I was at home!"—"Devil take your gibberish!" said M. Vermeuil in a rage ; "this is a pretty time for joking"—"I do not joke, I assure you," said the Englishman in French, "and I suppose I have a right to complain as well as yourself."—"Well, then, complain in more polite language," said the other ; and I do not know when this national quarrel would have ended, if a large wave had not, by causing the vessel to heel on the other side, thrown the disputants off their seats, who now imagined they were about to be swallowed up immediately. Terror became general, but such is the apathy caused by sea-sickness when it is in a violent degree, that no one thought of getting up again. The English shopkeeper rolled over the gentleman, and the Parisian cit over the French milliner.

In the midst of these grotesque and painful scenes, we landed at Dover, where the Custom-house officers would not allow us to take even a night-cap ; we were received in our quality as foreigners, amidst the hubbub of a numerous tribe of women and children who came to see us land, and who, particularly regarding my old fellow traveller, uttered frequently the term, *French dog*, to which he replied by the word *canaille*, pronounced in the most vehement manner.

I did not fail the next day to accompany him to the Custom-house, in order to witness the scene I had predicted.

I never in my life saw a man in such a passion, or that expressed in a more whimsical manner, than by M. Vermeuil,

when he saw all his trunks tossed over, and his whole wardrobe flung about: but when he heard he was to pay for having his effects thus rummaged, and also a duty on his plate and trinkets, at least half the worth of their intrinsic value, his rage knew no bounds. He swore, he raved, cursed all the English Custom-houses, and set off in a fury to the hotel.—“May I be hanged,” said he, “if I take another

step in this cursed island, that I wish was swallowed up in the sea. I will go back directly to France, where God keep me from ever quitting home again.”

He soon was as good as his word; but he diminished his baggage, at least by one half, and set sail again for Calais, not having remained above four-and-twenty hours at Dover.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

BUONAPARTE, &c.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE following anecdote of Buonaparte is given in a report transmitted some time since to this court by M. Montchenu, the French commissioner at St. Helena.

Buonaparte, to amuse himself in his solitude, has formed an acquaintance with the daughter of a notary, who has sometimes such an extraordinary flow of spirits that she is considered rather crazy, and very probably is so in reality. He was alone in a room with this girl, when she took it into her head to draw a sword that stood in the corner out of the sheath. She flourished it like a fencing-master and pointing it at the ex-emperor at the same time calling out lustily: “Halloo! why don’t you defend yourself?” Her companion at first took it as a joke; but seeing the girl bearing down upon him in good earnest, he sought refuge behind an arm-chair, and here the former conqueror of the world began to bawl as loudly as he could for assistance. His attendants entered and released him from his awkward situation. Lascazas, his secretary, remonstrated with the girl on her unkind behaviour to one who loved her dearly, and told her that it was not handsome to make such a return for his attachment.—“He love me!”—replied the girl scornfully. No, he never loved; he is incapable of love!”—At Paris this anecdote is differently related. It is there said that Buonaparte being alone with the girl made such pressing overtures to her, that in her extremity she snatched up a sword and placed herself in a posture of defence. Upon this, he cried for help, and when his people entered, he endeavoured to extricate himself from the dilemma by saying: “Only look at the

foolish creature. I wanted to fence with her in play, and she rushes upon me in earnest to kill me.” In the report of M. Montchenu, a copy of which I have seen, (says our Paris correspondent) the anecdote is related as I have given it above. This report contains another trait which has been wholly disfigured in the English papers. When the commissioners of the allied powers arrived at St. Helena, Buonaparte sent to invite them to dinner. M. Montchenu’s reply to the servant who brought the invitation was: “Tell your master that I am sent hither to watch him, not to dine with him.”

GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE.

A few days since, I counted the pictures left in the gallery of the Louvre; they amounted to 256; consequently, according to the two *Notices des Tableaux exposés dans le Musée royal*, sold at the door, the number lost by the restitution is 1,115. If we consider that this large number comprizes the first-rate pieces of the German, Flemish, and Italian schools, we shall be able to form some idea of the immensity of this loss. There remain, however, some extremely valuable pictures by Raphael (as for example his Archangel Michael,) Poussin, Lasueur, &c. and even of the Flemish school; so that I should consider myself a very lucky mortal, if I had the choice of only a tenth part of these. This gallery, full 700 paces in length, produces upon entering it a peculiar impression; but its breadth, which does not exceed 12 paces, is very disproportionate, and the light is so unfavourable that the spectator is frequently at a loss where to place himself to view a picture to ad-

vantage. It would perhaps be more advisable to fill a smaller or more suitable space with the remaining pictures, and then possibly they might tend to excite and refine a taste for the arts in a greater degree than heretofore.

DAVID'S LEONIDAS AND RAPE OF THE SABINES.

It is really astonishing that, surrounded by monuments of the purest taste, the artists of this capital have no conception of the diviner excellences of art. They excel in drawing, because they have attained a higher degree of perfection in technicals than any other nation; but that is all. This remark is exemplified in two very celebrated performances of David, which I lately saw in the church contiguous to the ancient Sorbonne—Leonidas, and the Conflict between the Romans and the Sabines. They are certainly distinguished by extreme correctness of drawing, but for the rest are mere copies of the French tragedians. Here is nothing poetical—nothing that bespeaks mind and genius—all is cold exaggeration. Of the nudity of the male figures, I shall merely observe that it is offensive to every eye.—But the second of the above mentioned pictures proves in a still stronger manner the want of all poetic feelings. At the feet of the men who are fighting, and of the supplicating women, is represented a group of children. For the sake of that contrast which the French are so fond of, these children are looking cheerfully about them, and at the spectator. The most superficial observation of nature would have taught the artist, that children, however small, scream with terror, and cling round their parents, the moment they see the latter attacked and in danger. None but an artist of perverted taste, an artist who studies Talma and those around him in preference to Nature, could be a stranger to these finer traits.

The halls of the antiques look deplorable: but of these the French government still possesses an invaluable treasure, for it retains besides what formerly belonged to it, the whole splendid Borgese collection.

GENERAL LASNE.

A Mons. Fernagus, who is preparing for the press a curious *Narrative of his Transportation and Exile to Cayenne,*

during the Consulship of Buonaparte, gives in a note the following anecdotes of this general:—

General Lasne was to have commanded the expedition sent to St. Domingo; and I have the more reason to believe so, because he was one of the few of whom Buonaparte was afraid. When therefore, he was killed in Austria, Napoleon, who affected to weep for his loss, and to order the erection of a monument to his memory, was seen laughing heartily behind a door.

I have heard why Lasne did not go to St. Domingo. Leclerc, Buonaparte's brother-in-law, the son of a miller, a man of no talents, was very lightly thought of by Buonaparte and the army. Madame Leclerc was fond of high play. One night she lost 36,000 francs, for which she gave a bill payable the next day at her hotel. This circumstance determined Napoleon to send Leclerc and his wife to St. Domingo. This was truly an adieu *à la Corse*. Leclerc died there. His wife formed a company of very handsome men selected from the army, whom she appointed her guard of honour. She even chose their uniform, and sometimes rode out at their head.

On the 18th of Brumaire, year 10, the anniversary of the famous day of St. Cloud, when the representatives of the nation were driven from their place of assembly by Buonaparte, fire-works were displayed from an immense temple on the Seine, and the Consul and several of his relatives and friends were at the windows of the pavilion of Flora. Madame Lætitia Buonaparte and Madame Bacciochi turned their backs on the people, who were in high glee, and hissed. Napoleon, enraged at this mark of disrespect, sent for Lasne, who then commanded the consular guard. The cavalry of the guard was at its post under the windows of the great gallery of Henry IV. The general was at his hotel, which formerly belonged to the house of Noailles. He went at the desire of the First Consul. "Why are not you at your post?" said he, boiling with passion. "What's the meaning of these hisses? Who hissed? The foreign ministers are at the windows of the gallery; they have seen every thing."—"Thou art joking, surely," replied Lasne. "D—n the

hisses. The people are merry . . . 'Tis a holiday . . . that's all."—"Lasne," retorted Buonaparte, "recollect that I am First Consul, and no longer your equal. Do your duty."—"Thou never said so to me while with the army, when thou hadst occasion for me. Thy comrades always *thoud* thee then."—"General, you are under arrest," cried Buonaparte, exasperated beyond measure, and clapping his hand upon his sword. Lasne retired swearing, and shut himself up in his hotel. Half an hour afterwards he received a message with credentials for the court of Portugal. "Tell the First Consul," replied he to the messenger, "that I shall not stir from Paris till I please." This was at ten o'clock at night. Early next morning he ordered his carriage. At seven o'clock he was at the door of the Treasury, asked for the minister, and gave in his name. The minister was already in his cabinet. Lasne entered, laid a pair of pistols on the table, and handed him a written paper to this effect:—"At the time of the passage of the artillery across the Alps, before the battle of Marengo, I, General Lasne, lent to the Consul Buonaparte 420,000 francs in bills of exchange upon the bank of Venice. I request Citizen . . . to pay me

the same sum within five minutes." The minister trembled, and paid the money; and Lasne returned satisfied to his hotel. The minister of the finances and the First Consul were soon apprized of the circumstance. The latter invited Lasne to the palace, whither the general repaired in full uniform. Buonaparte gently reproved him, and said that he was able to pay him that debt without his going to insult a minister. Soon afterwards, in that honeyed tone which he knows how to assume, he said: "I want such a man as you at the court of Portugal. I hope you will not refuse me."—"I am now ready to go wherever you please."—"When will you set off?"—"It will take two days to get ready."—On the third morning, by day-break, the general started for Bourdeaux; but he was scarcely two leagues from Paris when a party of sixty dragoons stopped him by the orders of government and conducted him to a citadel.

Such were the circumstances that prevented Lasne from having the command of the expedition to St. Domingo. He was kept in confinement but a few days, and at length went as ambassador to Portugal, where he several times abused the old queen before the whole court.

THE DRAMA.

From the European Magazine.

COVENT-GARDEN, JUNE 23, 1817.

WHEN the green curtain dropped this evening on the dramatic career of the most classic actor that ever graced a public stage, it fell like the awful shroud that separates departed worth from our noblest enjoyment.—We must calm our mind preparatory to our attempted last critique, by offering the following tribute to KEMBLE's public memory.

Monarch of Art! in whose august domains
Colleague'd with Genius soundest Judgment
reigns:

By Nature's hand with lib'ral bounty grac'd
And proudly fashion'd for the Throne of Taste:
'Twas thine to choose the nobler aim of Art,
To charm the eye—to agonize the heart—
To sweep the chords of grandeur—to retrace
The form of dignity, the flow of grace;
The Passions' wildest empire to controul,
And wield Expression's sceptre o'er the soul!

Mr. KEMBLE is, we believe, in his sixtieth year, and although Time has visibly impaired his physical powers, we have still been per-

mitted to contemplate in him the glorious ruin of a majestic form irradiated by majestic moral energies; to read in his soul-inspired features the sublimity of SHAKESPEARE's muse, as he has variously ennobled the Poet's hero and embodied the Poet's fancy.

The rapture of our admiration is not, however, licensed by *prevailing* taste: we will therefore endeavour to shew the distinction between those powers which respectively excite *adventitious* wonder and *perpetual* delight; and in so doing we borrow extracts from Dr. JOHNSON's elaborate parallel of DRYDEN and POPE:

"The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to its own classic rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always chaste and uniform. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the various exuberance of abundant vegetation: Pope's is a velvet lawn, shorn by the scythe, and levelled by the roller."

Now, notwithstanding this parallel discloses the genius of persons celebrated equally as poets and as scholars; and notwithstanding

Dryden's education was more worldly; yet were Pope's habits more studious; so that the notions of the one were formed on comprehensive speculation, and those of the other by minute attention. There is more glitter in the knowledge of Dryden; more sterling in the knowledge of Pope; the one, light and as changeable, sparkling like the drop lustre that hangs over the head, diffusing around an ever-varying radiance; the other, like the tall and stately candelabras, diffusing a steady and unvaried light, and keeping one fixed though ever-graceful position. Hence, if of Dryden's fire the blaze were brighter; of Pope's, the heat was more regular and constant. In short, Dryden wrote merely for the fashion of the people; whereas Pope wrote for the applause of posterity.

We do not propose to descant on the electricity of talents which existing taste exacts from the Actor as the only passport to popularity: we will speak of Mr. KEMBLE as he was; a performer, in his limited range, far above all comparison. By *LIMITED*, we mean the characters of *King John*, *Hamlet*, *Cato*, *Othello*, *Brutus*, *Lear*, *Wolsey*, *Macbeth*, and *Coriolanus*, to which he more especially devoted his profound and penetrating study; and, by selecting three of them, we mean to exemplify that this 'actor of perpetual sameness!!!' was gifted with the secret of eliciting the splendid effect of light and shade by a bland intercourse with vigorous contrast.

We allude to that expression of calmness—that mental and physical serenity—which, with a meek lustre, graced his brow in *Cato*: it was a philosophy of the passions enriched with soft solemnity, resembling the smile that beams intellectual beauty on the pensive cheek of Contemplation: he shone, as it were, the "rainbow to the storms of life." In the particular scene, where the approaching bier, announced by muffled drums, advances with the dead body of *Cato's* son, Mr. KEMBLE's mute oratory exceeded all the persuasive eloquence of rhetoric, however graced by pronunciation, by emphasis, and by delivery. To his obedient features he communicated the sterner virtues of the Roman father: but, during the solemn pause of the procession, while Stoicism was firmly stamped on his expressive countenance, we discovered the inward workings of a parent's sorrows: his breast heaved with repressed, yet violent emotion; every sinew of his bare neck swelled almost to bursting; the conflict was dreadful: he was nearly suffocated by Nature—till, at length, the Patriot triumphs; and, with an air of exultation, turning to view the corpse, the Roman exclaims, "Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty!"

On the other hand, if the character of *Wolsey* was drawn by SHAKESPEARE in all the purity of truth, Mr. KEMBLE has made that character peculiarly his own; not only from his knowledge of nature, but from the grandeur of his person and the elevation of his habits and his thinking. This haughty prelate could assume the humility of the devotee, at the very time his ambitious thoughts aspired to the papal chair; and although his religious vows bound him to an abjuration of worldly vanity, yet all his views were directed to worldly greatness. HENRY himself could not boast more stately profusion in his expenditure, nor more magnificence in the decoration of his palaces, than this aspiring ecclesiastic; whose influence over the councils of England was so firmly established that the greatest monarchs

courted his friendship. No man in any age, no subject in any country ever rose, as he did, from as humble station, to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power: and to such a degree did he possess the confidence of his prince, that *Wolsey's* good sense, dexterity, and influence, often mitigated his caprices and subdued his impetuosity. The Historian has drawn a faithful picture, not only of the towering ambition, but of the vindictive spirit of the Cardinal—and Mr. KEMBLE identifies himself so perfectly with the great original, that we fancy *Wolsey* himself in *propria persona*, covered in the mantle of holiness—and under which lurk all the baser passions of the human heart.

Again: In *Coriolanus*, Mr. KEMBLE was equally distinct and perspicuous. He did not present himself as an artist schooled in the familiar gamut of the passions; but as the positive agent of intellectual impulse. His was the look and demeanor of Actuality, adapting itself with equal truth to the varied progress of the scene. In the last act with *Tullus Aufidius*, his anger resembled the fury of a royal lion—terrific in proud retort; yet, in air elegant, in action classic, in dignity majestic! In these, and other characters we have named, the genius of the Poet was reflected with as much purity as objects when courting their image o'er a limpid stream.

As the Chemist, from two or three homogeneous substances, will produce endless varieties and innumerable diversities—as the Painter, from a few colours will form a thousand different tints—so Mr. KEMBLE, by new combinations and strongly-marked portraiture, by resorting to the never perishing sources of originality, aided by the correctness of his judgment and by an ardent and prolific fancy, encircles us, as it were, with the fascinations of his genius; excites in our bosoms sensations overpowerfully exquisite; and thrills the most secret chords of genuine feeling.

The interest excited by Mr. KEMBLE's retirement from the Stage has been most powerful; and his performances, on the eve of his farewell, have been attended by crowded audiences, anxious to pay a grateful tribute to his transcendent talents; talents, which, like the compositions of the immortal Handel, will become the theme of panegyric among every class of persons capable of forming a correct estimate of their merits—and fix their fame upon a basis as solid as it is indestructible.

In the early history of the drama, the Stage was considered merely a vehicle for buffoonery or as giving a licence to immorality: for its reformation, we are indebted principally to Mr. KEMBLE, who stood forward the Champion of legitimate taste: and who, by the noble pride with which he has through life thrown a dignity round his profession, has raised that profession to its present pinnacle of fame—a profession which now the highest may contemplate with equality, the lowest look up to with aspiring hopes of fame and reward.

In conclusion: Mr. KEMBLE has laboured hard in the dramatic garden; he has dug up the weeds, and planted luxuriant flowers: and he now retires, to enjoy, as we sincerely hope, the *otium cum dignitate* to which his perseverance and his talents so justly entitle him. As long as the natural characters drawn by SHAKESPEARE—the animated and passionate scenes which are found in all his pieces—the nervous and picturesque expressions and descriptions which abound in them, shall continue to be the admiration of his countrymen, the name of KEMBLE will stand recorded as

their most able delineator; and it will be scarcely possible to descant on the taste, the elegance, and the harmony of the Poet, without combining the energy, the correctness, and the judgment of the Actor.

The pleasure with which we have paid our humble tribute to Mr. KEMBLE's dramatic career is mingled with a sensation of pain that we must bid a "long farewell to all his greatness—Othello's occupation's gone!" But although his "scenic hour be past," and

"his weak hand

"No more shall wave immortal SHAKESPEARE'S wand;"*

yet, will the reflection of his genius cast a radiance around the theatric hemisphere; and like pure gold on which enamel has been wrought, the sterling ore will retain its value, although the enamel be worn away.

Mr. KEMBLE selected the character of *Coriolanus* as his last performance, and perhaps in no instance were gratification and affliction so closely blended. He portrayed the character of the noble Roman, with his usual excellence; and the cheering plaudits of his friends were as ardent as we ever witnessed; at the same time, regret was predominant in every bosom, that such talent would delight them no more.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

GEORGE MORLAND, THE PAINTER.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

THIS excellent artist, and improvident and eccentric man, has had we believe more biographers than any other who ever handled the pencil; some of these have greatly magnified his errors, others glossed them over with too flattering a partiality, and all have been alike guilty of adding to the mighty mass. The writer of this article takes for a model, entirely to be depended upon, that life of Morland written by Mr. Dawe, the confidential friend of the unhappy man, and who, by his father having been pupil to the father of Morland, was alone in possession of several domestic particulars, unknown to many of those who, often actuated by report only, have taken upon themselves to compile the life of this interesting painter, whose familiar scenes of nature and pleasing imagery reigning through his works, have rendered them dear and attractive, not only to the amateur, but even to the untaught admirer who gazes on them with delight, as he views the lively picture of scenes daily passing before his eyes.

George Morland was born in London on the 26th of June, 1763; his father, Henry Morland, was a painter in crayons, esteemed as a connoisseur and respected as an artist.

George was his eldest and favourite child, brought up at home, and taught French and Latin by his father: possessed of an active disposition and an insatiable curiosity, young Morland early discovered symptoms of genius, and began to handle the pencil from the age of seven: at this

period he would amuse himself with drawing objects on the floor, and these were so imitatively sketched, that his father has been deceived, and has stooped often to pick up what he thought some of his most valuable crayons.

Mr. Morland, however, proved the truth of that maxim, that it is as dangerous to impose too much restraint on children as it is to give them too loose a rein: thus the young artist was never allowed to associate with other children, and this retarded the progress of his mind in the knowledge of the human character: this stamped a certain melancholy over a disposition naturally lively, destroyed emulation, and rendered his childhood cheerless.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to his father for seven years, and during that time his diligence was incessant. At this period he laid the foundation of all his future excellence: long before his time was out he began to employ his talents in original compositions, which he painted at his leisure hours, to supply himself with pocket money: these subjects were chiefly of an amatory kind. He also devoted much of his time to reading, and to his other accomplishments he added a knowledge of music, which he had cultivated with success, being possessed of a good bass voice.

The youthful irregularities in George Morland's conduct were generally such as are the result of inexperience; he never attempted to conceal them, and was equally open as to the state of his pecuniary affairs; this was neither owing to any particular principle of candour, or

* See Farewell Address, *Ath.* Vol. I. p. 595.

to insensibility of shame, for he would inquire, on being asked if he was not ashamed, what there was to be ashamed of? It was the seclusion in which he had been kept by his father that rendered him ignorant of the duties of social order.

When the period of his paternal government was at an end, he then discovered his restless, versatile, and uncertain propensities: profuse, without being generous, he associated only with the debauched and illiterate. Romney made him the most liberal offers, provided he would enter into articles for three years, but he remarked that the slavery of one apprenticeship was quite sufficient for a man's life.

Through the persuasions of a person who lived in Drury-lane, and who frequently employed him, he was prevailed on to quit his father's house, and he took lodgings in Martlet-court, Bow-street: here he was doomed to drudge at his employer's price, which was but just enough to afford him subsistence, and his meals were carried up to him by his employer's boy, generally consisting of sixpennyworth of meat from a cook-shop, with a pint of beer, and sometimes a pennyworth of pudding. He here painted pictures sufficient to fill a room, to see which the price of admission was half-a-crown.

In this state of bondage he continued several months, until he received an invitation from a lady of fortune at Margate, of the name of Hill, to paint portraits there for the season: this lady was a great admirer of his talents, and spared no pains to promote his welfare. His conduct at Margate was, however, so irregular, that her good intentions were soon frustrated: he fell in love with her waiting-maid, and on the girl going to town to reside with her brother he immediately followed her, resolving to marry her; but this was put off for a time by the artist taking an excursion to France, where his roving disposition not being able to keep him long, he on his return renewed his addresses to the young woman, and the banns of his marriage with her were soon after published. His friends, however, prevented this match from taking place, and after another love affair, not less ridiculous, he became seriously enamoured of Miss Anne Ward,

and led her to the altar in July, 1786; and Mr. William Ward, her brother, marrying Maria Morland, the sister of our artist, they took a house together in High-street, Marylebone. Here Morland painted that beautiful series contained in six pictures, styled *Seduction*. They represent the progress of a young female betrayed from a state of rural innocence, through successive scenes of depravity and distress, till she is at last forgiven and received as a penitent by her parents. Every part of these pictures he copied from real objects.

Within three months family dissensions disturbed the domestic tranquillity of the amiable females of this household, and a separation took place, Morland removing to a small house at Camden Town. One of his favourite amusements was riding on the box of the Highgate and Hampstead coaches, and thus commenced his acquaintance with coachmen, postboys, and similar characters. He soon after removed to a better house in Warren-place, where, notwithstanding his prodigal waste of time, he painted a considerable number of good pictures; and drew his pair of humorous pieces, the *Mad Bull* and the *Ass Race*.

In his general character, Morland possessed more mischief than genuine humour. His talent for ridicule displayed itself in satirical songs on his companions, and occasionally he would hire ballad singers and blind fiddlers to sing and play them to vulgar tunes, under the windows of those who were the subjects of them, annoying thereby the neighbours to that degree, that several were obliged to change their place of residence. As his health decayed, he however lost the faculty of exciting laughter, for his mirth degenerated into ribaldry, mischievous tricks, and stale jokes; he afforded, indeed, a singular example of a mind capable of high achievements, yet descending to the lowest state of moral debasement. Possessed of talents which might have ranked him amongst the chief ornaments of mankind, he indulged in propensities that levelled him with the lowest.

In his paintings he copied as much as possible immediately from nature; when he painted the *Cherry Girl*, he had an ass and paniers into his parlour, and whilst employed on stable scenes he often scatter-

ed straw about his room. The subjects of his pictures being adapted to common comprehensions, the prints engraved from them had an unparalleled sale, not only in this country but abroad. Of those of *Dancing Dogs* and *Selling Guinea Pigs*, five hundred pair were sold in a few weeks. When the 4 plates of *The Deserter* were published, a single dealer immediately gave an order for nine dozen sets.

As his encouragement increased, and that he could gain five guineas for what at one time only fetched him fiveshillings, so his expences and dissipation increased also; amongst which was the custom of giving suppers and entertainments at a tavern in the neighbourhood to painters, colourers, engravers, and their apprentices, where the most vulgar excess always presided over and concluded each repast. He still continued to pursue this prodigal line of conduct as long as he could raise money in advance on his pictures, while he relaxed in his industry, and so increased his debts as soon brought his affairs to a crisis. It was in this embarrassed state that he first had recourse to an attorney, of whose kind assistance he ever afterwards stood in need: he was fortunate in meeting with Mr. Wedd, a friend to humanity, and a just and upright man. Thro' his assistance Morland obtained a letter of license, and in the course of fifteen months extricated himself.

He had ever a reluctance to mingle with genteel society, which induced him to prefer working only for his intimates. By such conduct he was surrounded by a set of men who cut off all intercourse between him and his real admirers; yet, notwithstanding his aversion to respectable society, many gentlemen still continued to countenance him, among whom Mr. Morland, the banker, employed him to paint a large sea piece, and gave him a general invitation to his table.

When Morland took a large house in Winchester-row, Paddington, his household and table exhibited a scene of the most senseless profusion. No restriction was laid on the consumption of liquor, which often remained in open hampers in the yard; even his colours were used as much to pelt the coachmen passing by as for painting. The artist himself was the dupe of every one with whom he had any

dealings, and they charged him just what they pleased, while his unlimited expences soon exhausted every means of supply; for in eighteen months residence at Paddington he had incurred debts to the amount of four thousand pounds. But such was the sale of his works, and so ready were his friends to re-establish him, that had he possessed even a small share of propriety of conduct, he might have been freed even from this burden.

Shall we, however, record only the defects of this imprudent man, and neglect to tell the following incident, which reflects the highest honour on his heart:—Being in company with one of the frail sisterhood, he missed his watch; some time after, the maker happening to be in a room at a tavern much frequented by Morland, a person offered a watch for sale; the watch-maker asked leave to look at it, and knew it directly to be a watch he had sold to Morland. He told the man he was acquainted with the person who had lost it, and that he should not return it unless he went with him to the owner: this was agreed on, and the man told him he had it of an upholsterer who had received it from a female in part of payment for a sofa. Morland now accompanied them to the girl's lodgings, whom he easily knew again; she at first persisted in denying how she came by it, till one of Morland's companions personating a constable, made her proceed with the party to the tavern where Morland had been in her company, when the waiter recollected the purloining of the gentleman's watch. The poor girl now became so terrified, that she took Morland aside, confessed to him the theft, and implored his mercy. Commiserating her situation he gave up the watch to the upholsterer, paid all expences, and gave the culprit a crown.

In November, 1794, he made an agreement with his creditors to paint two pictures a month, which were to be sold for their benefit, but as may be expected, he never kept to these terms; and in this way he continued for some years, driven from place to place, arrested and betrayed alternately by those who called themselves his friends, still finding means to avoid a prison.

Concluded in our next.

OBITUARY ;

AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

BARON AACKEN.

IN Pall Mall, June 1817, by shooting himself with a pistol in a hackney coach at the gate of Carlton House, Charles Ewald Baron Aacken. He was descended from one of the first families in Prussia. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, father of our amiable Princess Charlotte's husband, was his godfather.—His brother-in-law, Baron Leopold de Lillier, is a resident at Weillie, in Prussia. He had been upwards of 20 years in the army, 10 of which he had been in the Prussian service, and the remainder in the Hanoverian. Notwithstanding he had distinguished himself in every way possible in the army, yet his services remained unnoticed by his own government or any of the Allies, either as to honours, promotion, or emolument, and in consequence he became a desperate man. When he arrived in England, about three months since, he was possessed of about 200 Louis d'Ors, when he met with a friend whom he consulted on the best way of sending 100 of them abroad to his mother. His friend endeavoured to persuade him from such an undertaking, telling him his mother was not in need of them, to which the baron replied, his mother could give them away among the poor, and after he had spent all his money in this country he would shoot himself, which he verified, as he paid his last note to the hackney coachman; and, it appearing before the jury that he died without having any effects except his clothes, swords, and pistols, (one of the swords had a pistol attached to it, which he had taken from the Aid-de-Camp of Marshal Ney,) the Chevalier Ruspini, the foreman of the jury summoned to enquire into the cause of his death and which returned a verdict of *Insanity*, very humanely undertook to respect the remains of an unfortunate foreigner, and has paid the expenses of his funeral. It appears from his papers that he was the original instrument, previous to the arrival of the Duke of Wellington in the field from Brussels, in gaining the victory in the memorable battle of Waterloo, by regaining the position of the Allied army, which they had lost by the French having succeeded in attacking and breaking a square. A certificate to that effect has been found since his untimely end, from Major General Von Bothermer who took the command of the battalion of Bremen and Verdun, after Lieutenant-Colonel Von Schkopp, was wounded in the memorable battle of the 18th June, 1815, testifying that after the battalion of Verdun, which was formed in squares, had been compelled to retire to Waterloo by the fire of the enemy, Baron Von Aacken highly distinguished himself, and having assembled a small body of men, succeeded in regaining the position which the square originally possessed, and that in consequence the remainder of the brigade which had already retreated as far as Waterloo, returned at nine o'clock in the evening, and joined Baron Von Aacken's party for the night, in their original position; dated Orchie, 14th April, 1817. All the exertions of the other officers to restore order had been in vain. There is a certificate to the same effect by General Sir Colin Halkett, endorsed as unsolicited by Baron Von Aacken. There are

five certificates speaking of him in the highest terms of praise as an officer and a gentleman, and countersigned by command of his Excellency General Count Alten, commanding his Hanoverian Majesty's troops in France, &c. the 13th April, 1817.—*Gent. Mag.*

MARSHAL MASSENA.

April 1817. At his estate, at Ruel near Paris, after a long and severe illness, Andrew Massena, Prince of Eling, Duke of Rivoli, Marshal of France, Grand Cross of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Grand Cross of the Orders of St. Stephen of Hungary, of St. Hubert, of Fidelity, of Baden, and Hesse d'Armstadt. He was born at Nice, May 8, 1758. After having served three years at sea, in his youth he entered the army of France in 1775, being attached to the Royal Italian regiment, in which he had an uncle a captain. He became, successively, chief of the second battalion of the Var, colonel of the *cí-devant* regiment of the Sarre, general of brigade and division in 1793. He already, in 1794, enjoyed the command of a corps of 20,000 men, destined to the expedition against Oneille and the siege of Saorgio. He commanded there constantly the advanced guard of the army of Italy, took a principal share in all the great affairs of that army and acquired the name of the *favourite child of Victory*. Hostilities having recommenced in 1799, he conducted, in quality of General in Chief of the army of the Donake, that memorable campaign of Switzerland, which the battle of Zurich rendered so decisive and so glorious: 70,000 prisoners were the fruits of this campaign, where he had to contend against two great captains, Prince Charles and Marshal Suwarroff. He immediately afterwards assumed the command of the wreck of the army of Italy in the campaign of 1805; and as its head penetrated into Germany. He was afterwards charged with the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, and subsequently sent to Poland, whence he returned to France at the peace of Tilsit.—The war called him again into Germany in 1809. There, after several honourable combats, he received, in the plains of Eling, the title of Prince, after having sustained the shock of the enemy's right, and saved the French army by his able conduct and invincible courage. He afterwards acted a brilliant part in the battle of Wagram, in which he was seen, though sick and suffering, advancing at the head of his troops, and animating them by his example. He ended his military career by the command of the army of Portugal in 1810 and 1811. He here displayed anew the firmness of his character in the midst of difficulties of all kinds with which he was surrounded, and which he had to surmount. He has left behind, inconsolable at his loss, a widow, two sons, and a daughter married to Count Rielle, his pupil, and his first aid-du-camp from 1793.—*Moniteur.*

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

April 10, 1817. After a most painful illness, John Elwes, esq. of Fingest Groves, co. Bucks, and Portman square, London. He was one of the two sons of the late much-respected member for Berks, whose eminent and singular nobleness of mind, as well as his immense property, he jointly with his brother

inherited. And here we cannot but notice the ungrateful and unjust history of his life which was published. Ungrateful, we say, because the author was entirely bred up, protected, and fed at his table; and unjust, because his many virtues were unnoticed. The few foibles of his patron were exaggerated, which a generous and independent mind would have committed with his body to the grave. The gentleman, whose death we deplore, died as he lived,—planning and promoting the welfare and happiness of others. His bequests of charity, therefore, are many and great. To all his old and faithful domestics, independencies for life; to his acquaintances and friends, tokens of regard and friendship; and as every honest man who has property to dispose of ought to do, he has given and bequeathed the whole of his immense property (after paying all legacies and charitable bequests to the different parishes in which he had property,) to his two children, to the amount, as is supposed, of 500,000*l.* and upwards!—*Gent. Mag.*

REV. WILLIAM BEOLE.

April 11. Died, at his house in Kensington-square, the Rev. William Beloe, B.D.F.S.A. rector of Allhallows, London Wall, prebendary of Pancras in St. Paul's Cathedral, and prebendary of Lincoln.

After receiving the first rudiments at a good school in Norwich, Mr. Beloe was placed under the care of the Rev. Matthew Raine, at Hartforth. He remained some years with Mr. Raine, under whom he was admirably grounded in the Classics, and afterwards removed to Stanmore, where he spent about four years under the tuition of Dr. Parr. Soon after he became A. B., Dr. Parr was elected to the head-mastership of Norwich Free School; and Mr. Beloe was invited by his highly eminent instructor to become the Under Master; this he accordingly accepted, and retained the situation about three years. In this interval he married the daughter of William Rix, esq. town-clerk of London. Whilst in Norfolk, he was curate of Earlham, in the vicinity of Norwich; which is so far to his honour, that the Patron of the Vicarage promised him the living whenever it should be vacant, and his successor fulfilled his promise. This was the first preferment Mr. Beloe obtained. From Norwich he removed to London, where he was elected Master of Emanuel Hospital, Westminster, and continued so for upwards of twenty years. In 1792 he was elected F. S. A. In 1796 the Lord Chancellor Rosslyn presented him to the Rectory of Allhallows, London Wall; and in 1797 the Bishop of Lincoln also made him a Prebendary of his Cathedral. In 1804 he was appointed to be one of the Librarians of the British Museum; which situation he lost, by an act of treachery and fraud on the part of a person admitted to see and examine the books and drawings, so audacious and extraordinary, that it will hereafter hardly obtain belief. The tale is pathetically told by Mr. Beloe himself, in the Preface to his first volume of "Anecdotes of Literature." Whilst at the Museum, the venerable Bishop Porteus, in 1805, appointed him to the Prebend of Pancras; and from the produce of his preferment, which, however it may sound from its title, was very unimportant in the amount, Mr. Beloe continued to live with respectability at Kensington.—His Works are very numerous; but those only which are more known, as hav-

ing been greatly honoured by public approbation, need here be specified. The first of consequence is the "Translation of Herodotus;" of this book two large editions have been published. It has been generally admired for the simplicity and elegance of the style; was favourably represented in all the Critical publications of the day; was commended by L'Archer, the best Greek scholar of France, whose version of the same Author is the most perfect work of the kind; and is received as a standard book in English Literature. The "Translation of Alciphron's Letters," which soon followed the above, was the joint production of Mr. Beloe and Mr. Monro. The latter portion, with the "Essay on the Parasites of Greece," was by Mr. Beloe.—Mr. Beloe's next work of reputation was his "Translation of Aulus Gellius," the very learned and excellent preface to which was written by Dr. Parr. This production was from its very nature less popular than the Herodotus; but it has silently made its way, and now is out of print, and unquestionably should be re-printed.—The part which Mr. Beloe took in the British Critick, the difficult and dangerous times in which it was undertaken, the vigour and perseverance with which it was conducted, are things sufficiently known. Mr. Beloe was joint proprietor with Mr. Archdeacon Nares, and the respectable house of Rivington. The editorship was entrusted to the judgment, sagacity, learning, and acuteness, of Mr. Nares; in all and each of which qualities that gentleman has proved himself eminently excellent. Mr. Beloe, in conjunction with Mr. Nares, conducted this work to the end of the 42d volume, and then resigned it to others. In its early Numbers are many valuable Essays from the pens of some of the most enlightened men of the age, who formed the school of Pitt.—The next work of magnitude in which Mr. Beloe engaged was, "Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books," which he recently completed in six volumes 8vo. This has been very favourably received, but probably does not correspond with the idea which Mr. Beloe himself encouraged, from the situation which he held in its commencement. Productions of minor interest, which exercised Mr. Beloe's earlier labours, were, Translations from the French of Bitaube, Florian, and some part of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; three volumes of Miscellanies, of which parts seem deserving of more notice than they have received; a volume of Poems; Pamphlets; and Sermons. Mr. Beloe also gave his assistance in editing various books of considerable popularity and importance, which it is less expedient to specify; and to the Volumes of Sylvanus Urban had been from a very distant period a very highly acceptable contributor.

With much sorrow, the Writer of the above article sits down to conclude this short Memoir, by relating the death of his learned and ingenious friend; an office which, in the course of nature, Mr. Beloe should rather have performed for him. It was otherwise appointed. A constitution of body, delicate and irritable to an unusual degree, proved unable to sustain the repeated shocks of grief and vexation, which sound Religion had disciplined the mind to bear. Bodily disease, of a painful and incurable kind, had for a few years been added to his other sufferings. Yet his intellectual powers were never clouded, nor his spirits often depressed; not even, when he had the

company of a friend to cheer them. Mr. Bee-loc continued to write, on a variety of subjects, with his wonted facility and elegance; and though he could no longer study with continued application, yet his literary curiosity was never diminished. Never soured for an instant by any species of suffering, the thing least possible to his mind, at all times, was to persist in resentment against any person whatsoever.

But the time was now come, when nature could no longer struggle against so many causes of decay; and in the latter end of March 1817, he had a seizure, which from the first was threatening, and soon after deprived him of the use of the lower limbs. Three weeks from that time he lingered; at first in much pain and irritation, but for the last ten days in ease of body, and perfect tranquillity of mind. On the 11th of April, surrounded by his family, he passed into another state of being, full of religious hope; and with such ease, that the exact moment of his departure was hardly ascertained.—*Ibid.*

CAPT. MILLER.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Gale, April 13, 1817:—"Poor Capt. Miller, it seems, arrived yesterday by the subscription coach, at the Heathfield Arms, near the Madhouse, at Fivehead, where I visit as a Magistrate. This morning he visited his old friend, Lieut. Fleming, at Fivehead house, where they dined together in the most friendly manner, retired soon after to Mr. Fleming's bed-room, and in less than a quarter of an hour the explosion of pistols were heard, and those two old friends were immediately found lifeless. This is a brief relation of this horrid business. I have seen the bodies, the place, &c. this afternoon, and, after every examination of the circumstances, have no doubt Lieut. Fleming first murdered his friend, partly by a sword, and lastly by a pistol-shot, and then murdered himself."

Captain Miller, (eldest son of the late Henry Miller, esq. many years agent victualler at Gibraltar, and of Topsham, Devon; and brother of the Rev. John Miller, of Blackheath, Kent,) was an officer in the 65th Regiment of Foot upwards of 20 years; served at the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, and throughout

the greatest part of the American war, until himself and the skeleton of the corps returned to England to raise a new regiment; and in the year 1790 left the regular army, and purchased the Adjutancy of the Staffordshire Militia of the late Earl of Uxbridge, by whom and the whole Regiment he was most justly appreciated as an excellent officer, a most honourable man, and, above all, a most exemplary Christian, which the whole tenor of his life amply testified.

Capt. Miller received, on the 9th instant, a very pressing letter from Lieut. Fleming, entreating him to go down, stating he could not live long, and wishing much to see his old friend before he died. The Captain therefore left town on Friday, to perform the last act of humanity, as he thought, to one whose views through life he had always promoted.—Alas! that such a man, in the evening of his valuable life, should meet with such a cruel fate for his too great anxiety for an old companion in arms, is indeed a shocking reflection for his relations and friends; but they must bear it, and say, with pious resignation to the wisdom of Heaven, The ways of the Lord are inscrutable, and past finding out.—Some exemplary punishment ought to be inflicted on the conductors of a private receptacle for the care of maniacs, for having suffered one in their house to entertain a friend as above stated, without having a proper guard to watch his motions; and moreover to have loaded pistols and a sword in his possession.—*Ibid.*

DR. OSWALD.

In the Royal Military Hospital at Fort Pitt, Chatham, aged 25, Dr. Oswald, M.D. The cause and manner of his death is awfully interesting: he had been examining one of his patients after death, to discover the nature and cause of his disease; when, on opening an internal tumour, he lightly pricked his hand with his dissecting knife, which conveyed the baneful malady into his own system, under which he languished, in spite of all the efforts made by his medical friends to relieve him, for full three weeks; when nature sank under his own efforts, and consigned him to an untimely grave.—*New Mon. Mag. July 1817.*

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE HAIR.

"THE celebrated Dr. E. D. Clarke, in his travels, thus describes a *Lady of Athens*: 'At her cheek is a lock of Hair made to curl towards the face, and down her back falls a profusion of Tresses, spreading over her shoulders. Much time is consumed in combing and braiding the Hair after bathing, and at the greater festivals in enriching and powdering it with small bits of silver gilded, resembling a violin in shape, and woven at regular distance.'

"The beauty of the Hair did not escape the notice of that elegant and Roy-

al Poet, James the first of Scotland. While a prisoner in England, he wrote a Poem in honour of Lady Jane, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury. Speaking of the native charms of that Lady, the Royal Poet says,

'Of hir array the form gif I sal write,
Toward hir *golden Hairs*, and rich atyre.'

This Monarch afterwards describes the manner in which the Hair was then adorned, with emeralds, and sapphires, and precious stones of the most brilliant lustre. Upon the head was worn a chaplet formed of feathers of white, red, and blue."

"Sir Henry Halford, who attended His Royal Highness the Prince Regent into the Royal vault at Windsor, upon examining the head of King Charles the First, found his pointed beard in a state of high preservation."

"The ladies in the reign of Charles the 2d, and succeeding Monarchs, took uncommon pains in arranging the Hair. The portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland, and other ladies of the Court, evidence the taste used in this arrangement."

"Lord Orford relates the following anecdote of the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the Hero of Blenheim:—'One of her Grace's principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair Hair. One day at her toilet, having some words with the Duke, she cut off those commanding tresses, and flung them in his face.' Lady Sunderland, her daughter, (whose beauty captivated even Dr. Watts, who wrote some elegant verses upon her, was possessed, like her mother, of a most beautiful head of Hair; and she used, while combing it, to receive visits from persons whose votes or interest she wished to influence."

"The Hon. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George the Second, at an early period of her life, was eminently conspicuous for her beautiful Hair. Lord Orford relates an anecdote of this Lady: 'That her husband having given a grand entertainment to the Hanoverian Ambassador, and the expences not being paid, she cut off her beautiful tresses, which at that time procured an immense profit, to defray the expences.'"

SUICIDES PUNISHED, POST MORTEM.

The Leipsic Gazette has just published a notice from the Saxon government, purporting that the bodies of individuals committing suicide thro' despair shall be delivered to the Theatres of Anatomy.—*Panor. July 1817.*

GEORGE THE THIRD. LATE ANECDOTE.

His Majesty one day observed to the late Col. Price, that he had an intention of ordering a certain tree to be taken down; asking at the same time the Colonel's advice, but expecting an entire acquiescence in the idea. Col. Price respectfully ventured to say, that he was of a different opinion. "Aye," replied

the King somewhat hastily, "that's your way; you continually contradict me." "If your Majesty," replied the Colonel, "will not condescend to listen to the honest sentiments of your faithful servants, you never can hear the truth." After a short pause, the King very kindly laid his hand on the Colonel's shoulder—"You are right, Price. The Tree shall stand."—*Gent. Mag. May 1817.*

KOTZEBUE

has been for some months past at Weimar, his native town (where his mother, upwards of 80 years of age, is still living,) in the enjoyment of a pension from Russia, and surrounded by his personal and literary friends. His dramatic vein is still unexhausted.—*New Mon. M. July 1817.*

GÖTHE

has resigned the management of the Weimar theatre, because he would not assent to the appearance of a quadruped performer on that stage in the "Dog of Montargis."—*Ibid.*

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Messrs. KAUFFMANN, senior and junior, of Dresden, have exhibited four instruments composing an orchestra, which they call the *Belloneon*, the *Cordalaudion*, the *Automaton Trumpeter*, and the *Harmonicord*. The upper part of the *Belloneon* exhibits a trophy of arms, in the midst of which are placed twenty-four trumpets reversed; and the lower part incloses two kettle-drums with their sticks. It executes, flourishes, and marches with extraordinary perfection. If it contained other wind instruments, it might be compared with Mälzl's *Panharmonicon* exhibited some time since in London and Paris. The *Cordalaudion* produces together and separately the sounds of the piano-forte, and of four flutes, which play with such precision and accuracy, that the illusion is complete. The *Automaton* gives out notes with double sounds. But these instruments though highly curious are surpassed by the *Harmonicord*. It is shaped like an upright piano-forte; a cylinder is adapted to it, and turns at a very small distance from the strings which are the same as those of the piano. By pressing down the keys, which embrace four octaves and a half, the friction is effected. Two pedals serve to make the rotation of the cylinder quick-

or or slower, and to render the vibration stronger or weaker. Under the hands of Messrs. Kauffmann, this instrument gives out sweeter tones than the Harmonica, and produces a truly celestial harmony.—*New Mon. Mag.* June 1817.

NEW THEORY OF THE SUN.

Mr. JAMES UTTING, of Lyn, has proposed a new theory of the solar spots, which have lately so much engaged the attention of scientific men. He supposes, with Dr. Herschell, that the sun is surrounded by a very dense luminous atmosphere, so that it rarely occurs that we get a view of the sun itself. In many parts of our globe, mountains project above the clouds, the density of which sometimes obscures the sun from our view for weeks together. The tops of the terrestrial mountains at this period would, in Dr. Utting's opinion, present a similar appearance with the solar spots to a spectator at a considerable distance from the earth. He conceives the mountains and elevated parts of the sun to project in a similar manner through the interior strata of clouds composing the sun's atmosphere, and from a great attenuation or subsiding of the upper strata or regions of clouds, the tops of the mountains and the more elevated parts become visible to us, and form what we conceive to be spots on his surface.—Similar changes at the same time taking place in the lower regions of the sun's atmosphere, permit us to see the base of those mountains, at which time the smaller spots (previously augmented in size) unite in one, and which accounts for the changes so frequently observed in their number and appearance.—*New Mon. Mag.* July 1817.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S "*HARRINGTON*."

MISS EDGEWORTH has published, *Harrington*, a Tale; and *Ormond*, a Tale: in three volumes, duodecimo.

SIR W. DRUMMOND'S "*ODIN*."

"*Odin*," a Poem by Sir Wm. DRUMMOND, is a masterly composition. Founded upon a hypothesis that will not endure historical examination, its subject is, nevertheless well conceived, and admirably developed. The foundation of a mighty kingdom in the North, by the son of Mithridates, King of Pontus, after the subjection of his realm by all-conquering Rome, a kingdom where was deposited

and nursed the germ of Rome's destruction, presented a theme at once classic and romantic. The superstitions of the East, and the gloomy rites of the North, afforded, in their junction, the richest materials to a poet capable of eliciting their graced and gorgeous creations. Sir William has seized the spirit befitting his subject, and the Runic traditions have received from his Muse a splendour and sublimity of which we scarcely deemed them capable. The opening of the poem will afford our readers a correct specimen of Sir William's poetical powers.

Of groves and gardens once I loved to sing,
And sylvan scenes, all rural imagery;
But now in this dark valley, by the stream
Of Gotha, shunning still the noisy world,
Alone I meditate a nobler song.
Declare, O Muse, whose Runic lyre of old,
In Swedeland, and the wooded isles of Dan,
Harmonious sounded to our Gothic sires,
The triumphs of that stranger, whom the North,
From farthest Thule, to the frozen Rha,
Confess'd as king, as conqueror, and God!

The commencement of the 3d book eloquently discusses the subject of a future existence, and states the question thus:

That there is life beyond this mortal life,
The willing world believes, and well believes.
'Annihilation!' At that awful sound
I start and shudder. Can it be, that man,
With all his mental energies, may die
For ever? Shall the tomb enclose alike
The frame corporeal and the thinking power,
That lifts the soul to science, and to God?
Shall we have seen this living world in vain;
Have idly caught a glimpse of love divine,
And wisdom infinite; have counted links,
But for no good, in truth's eternal chain?
Calm reason whispers hope, and answers 'no.'

The first part only, containing the first four books, has appeared, and we recommend it to public attention as a superior and standard production.—*Mon. M. June.*

NOVELS AND ROMANCES PUBLISHED.

Leap Year; or, a Woman's Privilege; by Selina Davenport. 5 vols. 12mo. 25s.

The Imperial Captive; by J. Gwilliams. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

The Welsh Mountaineers; by Miss Hutton, author of *Miser Married*. 3 vols. 18s.

Some Account of Myself. 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 2s.

Strathbogie; or, the Recluse of Glenmorris. A Romance; by Alicia M'Gennis. 5 vols. 12mo. 27s. 6d.

The Hero, or Adventures of a Night. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

Rachel; a Tale. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

POETRY.

Twenty-four vocal Pieces, with original Poetry, written expressly for the work, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, esq. John Stewart, esq. Wm. Smyth, esq. James Hogg, the Scots Shepherd, and Lord Byron; by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. 2 vols.

POETRY.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

By Miss CAMPBELL.

THE winds of heav'n are hush'd, and mild,
 E'en as the breath of slumb'ring child!
 The western breeze's balmy sigh
 Breaks not the mist-wreaths as they lie,
 Veiling the tall cliff's ragged brow,
 Nor dimples the green wave below.
 Such stillness round—such silence deep—
 That nature seems herself to sleep!
 The full moon, mounted in the sky,
 Looks from her cloudless place on high,
 And trembling stars, like fairy gleams,
 Twinkle their many colour'd beams,
 Spangling the world of waters o'er
 With mimic gems from shore to shore,
 Till ocean, burning on the view,
 Glows like another heav'n of blue,
 And its broad bosom, as a mirror bright,
 Reflects their lucid path, and all the fields of
 light.

May, 1817.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ODE TO FANCY.

By HENRY NEELE.

MALICE, lay thy venom by,
 Envy's arrows cease to fly,
 Fancy's charms withstand them all,
 Fancy rules the rolling ball:
 All the fairest forms we see,
 Are not half so fair as she.
 Ever lovely, ever young,
 Goddess listen to my song!
 Tune the harp, and smooth the lays,
 Soothe and suit them to thy praise,
 That the tribute may not be
 Unacceptable to thee.
 So may sweeter sacrifice
 Hourly on thy altar rise,
 So may greener garlands twine
 Round about thy sacred shrine.

How mild the haunts where fancy lives,
 How sweet the joys which fancy gives,
 How soft the soul, to art unknown,
 Which fancy forms, and calls her own.
 There ev'ry virtue blossoms fair
 And ev'ry gen'rous germ is there,
 There truth presides in fiction dress'd,
 And nature dwells a constant guest,
 And love, and joy, and art combine,
 To rear their lovely sov'reign's shrine.

The passions, they who rule o'er all,
 Themselves are rul'd at Fancy's call.
 Revenge, in midnight murders dyed,
 And guilt and anger, near allied,
 Consuming grief, corroding care,
 And rankling rage, and dark despair,
 All, all submit to Fancy's chain,
 And strive to burst their bonds in vain.

What are the thousand ills of life,
 Bewildering woe, and care, and strife,
 The miseries which mankind distress,
 To him whom Fancy loves to bless?
 For she can make a desert bloom
 With fairest flow'rs of sweet perfume,

Transform the dens where darkness reigns,
 To flow'ry fields and peaceful plains,
 And make the pensive prisoner's cell
 A place for freedom's self to dwell.

When Fancy waves her magic wand,
 Rich fruits adorn the barren land,
 And Ceres spreads her golden store,
 Where desolation ruled before.
 The dismal caves, and yawning graves,
 Where envy pines, and madness raves,
 By Fancy touch'd, in scenes abound
 With nature's greenest glories crown'd,
 And rising hill, and verdant vale,
 With joy the sweet magician hail.

Happy he whom Fancy leads
 Through her wild sequester'd meads,
 Over valley, over hill,
 By the torrent, by the rill,
 She will lead him to her bow'rs,
 Cull for him the fairest flow'rs;
 Sweetest pleasures he shall find,
 Greenest bays his temples bind;
 All throughout the livelong day
 She will sing his cares away,
 And her notes of soft delight
 Lull his soul to rest by night.
 By the torrent, by the rill,
 Over valley, over hill,
 Through her wild sequester'd meads,
 Hap, y he whom Fancy leads.

Kentish Town.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE DELUGE.

Translated from OVID.

THEN with his mace he* struck the trem-
 bling ground,
 And mighty waters rush from out the wound,
 Resistless torrents roll along the plain,
 Tear up the fences, and destroy the grain;
 The fearful shepherd, and his bleating care,
 And holy fanes, one common ruin share.
 If a strong dwelling on its base had stood,
 And braved the sapping terrors of the flood,
 High o'er the roof, resistless in its force,
 The towering wave had held its foamy course.
 The waters now no longer know controul;
 One awful mass of ruin seems the whole;
 No land appears to greet the weary eye,—
 The shoreless ocean mingling with the sky,
 One climbs a hill; and, in a feeble boat,
 Another hapless wight is seen to float;
 And where he lately whistling sowed his corn,
 Strikes his weak oars, unfriended, and forlorn;
 O'er the dim heights of Villages he steers,
 And desolation in his path appears.
 To a tall elm another hies away,
 And catches fishes in the leafy spray:
 In the green mead the sailor's anchor falls,
 Whilst the curved keel tears down the vine-
 clad walls.

Sea-monsters now, with clumsy motion pass,
 Where late the gentle rein-deer cropt the grass;
 The curious Nereids, wond'ring at the change,
 Through sacred groves, and prostrate temples
 range;

* Neptune.

In the thick woodlands cumbrous dolphins
 play,
 O'er top the pines, and tear the oaks away.
 The sheep and wolf together swim ; the wave
 Drives the fierce lion from his sounding cave ;
 His savage tusks no longer aid the boar ;
 The stag swims swifter than he ran before ;
 The weary birds, to gain some sheltering tree,
 Spread their wet wings, and flutter in the sea ;
 The lowly hills increasing waters hide ;
 The loftier mountains shake from side to side ;
 Few mortal men remain---in spirit crost,
 And worn by hunger, these at length are lost.
May, 1817. JUVENIS IGNOTUS.

From the European Magazine.

ODE for the ANNIVERSARY MEETING of the
 JEWS' HOSPITAL, on the 26th of March 1811,
 recited by one of the Girls of the Institution.

I.
WHAT though, perchance, our Patrons share
 Themselves the pressure of the day,
 Will they from us withhold their care,
 Or yearly tribute cease to pay ?
 No---hearts like yours our fears will calm,
 And shed, when pierc'd, more bounty round ;
 As precious trees distil their balm,
 More freely when they feel a wound.

II.
 But should some ask, in colder strain,
 Where are the gifts ye had before ?
 And what returns shall we obtain,
 Should new investments swell the store ?
 Behold, we cry, our smiles of health,
 Our moral minds, our means of trade ;
 Here have we treasured up your wealth,
 And thus your offerings are repaid.

III.
 They, too, by age and sickness bent,
 Whose griefs ye never fail'd to heal,
 With trembling bosoms wait th' event
 Of this, perhaps, their last appeal.
 They by your aid in peace can die,
 As we, thro' you alone, can live ;
 Oh, then in pity hear our cry,
 And with free hearts your succour give !

From the same.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

TO NAPOLEON ON HIS RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

"**T**HY veteran, worn by wounds, and
 years, and toils,
 Pilgrim of Honour in all sons and soils,
 By thy ambition foully tempted forth
 To fight the frozen rigours of the North,
 Above complaint, indignant at his wrongs,
 Curses the morsel that his life prolongs ;
 Unpierced, unconquer'd sinks, yet breathes a
 sigh,
 ---For he had hop'd a soldier's death to die !---
 Was it for this, that fatal hour he braved
 When o'er the Cross the conquering Crescent
 waved ?
 Was it for this, he plough'd the western main,
 To forge the struggling Negro's broken chain ?
 Faced his relentless hate, to frenzy fired,
 Stung by past wrongs, by present hopes in-
 spired,---
 Then hurried home to lend his treacherous aid,
 And stain more deeply still the warrior's blade,
 When spoil'd Iberia, rous'd to deeds sublime,
 Made vengeance virtue,---clemency a crime ;
 And scap'd he these, to fall without a foe,
 The wolf his sepulchre,---his shroud the snow !

From the European Magazine.

EPISTLE TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

By Dr. JOHN WOLCOT, *Olim* PETER PINDAR,
 Esq.

RETURNING with the blush of shame
 For England's darken'd sun of fame,
 How sadly will this tale in Hist'ry sound ?
 " Forc'd like poor prisoners to submit,
 Sublime Ambassadors and Suite---
 Penn'd like poor cattle that are driv'n to
 pound !

Forc'd at Tunkoo to pass a night,
 Without one candle's glimmering light ;
 Squeez'd in a dreary dungeon cheek by-jowl ;
 Without a chair, without a bed
 To rest the weary, sleepy head ;
 Resembling prisoners in the old BLACK HOLE
 Watch'd as they wander'd thro' the land,
 (Quang Tagin, Leader of the Band)
 Just like a pack of hounds towards Peking ;
 Yin-Tagin, a sharp Overseer,
 Deputed to bring up the rear,
 Marching in quality of WHIPPER IN.

An empty Purse---a String of Stones---
 What Gifts from the great Throne of
 Thrones !---
 Fie, Kia King !* how shabbily this looks !---
 Our Prince, in loftiness of soul,
 Will bid them in the kennel roll,
 Or fling them to his chimney-sweeps or cooks !
 Had our Ambassadors indeed
 Vouchsaf'd on floors to knock the head,
 (A crouch they scorn'd---the nose sublimely
 bearing)

Courtiers had said---" Our ample ship
 Has made a pretty trading trip,
 And for a paltry sprat obtained a herring."---
 Pall-Mall will howl, poor Windsor mourn,
 Dreaming of Presents in return,
 Loading th' Alceste as deep as she could swim ;
 So cram'd with treasures of the East,
 From stem to stern with bag and chest,
 The straddling Tars could scarcely wag a limb.

Thou never didst vouchsafe, perhaps,
 To cast thine eye sublime on Maps ;
 And, therefore, fancying thyself all-mighty,
 Hast treated us with pompous scorn---
 Beneath thy notice---beggars born---
 No better than the folks of Otaheite !

Know, should Old England's Genius frown,
 Her thunder soon would shake thy crowns,
 Reduce thee from an eagle to a wren ;
 Thine high Imperial pride to gall,
 Force thee to leap the Chinese wall,
 To feed on horse with Tartar tribes again.

Insulted by a Chinese crew,
 Thou knowest what one ship dar'd do,
 Which, blazing, seem'd to emulate Algiers ;
 Which, for Old England's glory fired,
 Blew, with a patriot rage inspired,
 Walls, guns, and lanterns, all about their ears.†

Reflect what Britons can perform ;
 Of France, who fac'd the hostile storm,
 (France, that on Realms had fix'd her tiger
 paws) ;
 Then chain'd, his ruthless rage to mock,
 Napoleon to a barren Rock---
 By all deserted but his neighbour rats.

* The name of the present Emperor.

† In allusion to the gallant exploit of the
 Alceste frigate, Captain Maxwell, against the
 Chinese batteries before Canton.

'Tis now fall time to close th' Epistle ;
 Thy pride may bid the Bard go whistle,
 Though thank'd by Monarchs for his *flattering*
 lays ;
 Kings are ambitious of my song ;
 But mark, successor of Kien Long,
 First mend *thy* manners ere thou gain'st my
 praise.

MORAL REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING
 EPISTLE.

It is a very easy thing
 Indeed to make a man a *King* !
 But since the reign of Kings began,
 How hard to make a *King* a man !
April, 1817.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND CHURCH-YARD,
 YORKSHIRE.

By the late HERBERT KNOWLES, of Canter-
 bury.

"It is good for us to be here:—if thou wilt,
 let us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee,
 and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—Matt.
 xvi. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here :
 If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom ?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
 But the shadows of eve, that encompass the
 gloom,
 The abode of the dead, and the place of the
 tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? oh, no !
 Affrighted he shrinketh away ;
 For, see ! they would fix him below
 In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold
 clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey !

To Beauty ? ah no ! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before—
 Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could
 adore,
 For the smoothness it held, or the tint which
 it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
 The trappings which dizen the proud ?
 Alas ! they are all laid aside—
 And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of
 the shroud !

To Riches ? Alas ! 'tis in vain—
 Who hid, in their turns, have been hid—
 The treasures are squander'd again—
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford—
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
 Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful
 cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here !

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
 Ah, no ! they have wither'd and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above—
 Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by
 side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied !

Unto Sorrow ?—The dead cannot grieve—
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which compassion itself could relieve !
 Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love,
 nor fear,—
 Peace, peace, is the watch-word, the only one
 here !

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
 Ah, no ! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow !
 Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark
 stone,
 Are the signs of a sceptre, that none may dis-
 own !

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build !
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise !
 The second to Faith, which ensures it ful-
 fill'd—
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacri-
 fice,
 Who bequeath'd us them both when he rose to
 the skies !

HERBERT.

Richmond ; Oct. 7, 1816.

From the Eclectic Review.

EXTRACT FROM MANFRED ;

A dramatic Poem, by Lord BYRON.

VOICE OF THE SECOND SPIRIT.

MONT Blanc is the monarch of moun-
 tains,
 They crown'd him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.
 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The Avalanche in his hand ;
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.
 The Glacier's cold and restless mass
 Moves onward day by day ;
 But I am he who bids it pass,
 Or with its ice delay.
 I am the spirit of the place,
 Could make the mountains bow,
 And quiver to his cavern'd base—
 And what with me wouldst Thou ?

VOICE OF THE THIRD SPIRIT.

'In the blue depth of the waters,
 Where the wave hath no strife,
 Where the wind is a stranger,
 And the sea-snake hath life,
 Where the mermaid is decking
 Her green hair with shells ;
 Like the storm on the surface
 Came the sound of thy spells ;
 O'er my calm Hall of Coral
 The deep echo roll'd—
 To the Spirit of Ocean
 Thy wishes unfold.'

FOURTH SPIRIT.

'Where the slumbering earthquake
 Lies pillow'd on fire,
 And the lakes of bitumen
 Rise boilingly higher ;
 Where the roots of the Andes
 Strike deep in the earth,
 As their summits to heaven
 Shoot soaringly forth ;
 I have quitted my birth-place,
 Thy bidding to bide—
 Thy spell hath subdued me,
 Thy will be my guide !'

THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

To be continued Semi-Monthly.

NO. 12.]

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1817.

[VOL. I.]

RECENT LETTERS FROM WATERLOO.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Waterloo. WE travelled from Halle, the last town in the province of Hainault, to Brussels, thro' an enchanting country, where Nature and Art conspire to fill the mind with delightful emotions. On our arrival at Brussels, we drove to a spacious and elegant hotel called the *Duke of Wellington*, which stands in that delicious spot called the Park, the varied beauties of which surpass the descriptive powers of my pen. In a former Tour I communicated a variety of particulars concerning Brussels, for which I refer your readers to the pages of your Magazine in the months of October and November 1804. I made some additional observations during my last visit, which must be postponed until the Reader has been conducted over the plains of Waterloo.—We proceeded thither the day after our arrival at Brussels in a carriage which we hired for the day, and which commodiously held the party—with whom I had travelled from Lille; and from whose society and converse I had derived so much rational gratification, as made me deeply regret that the hour of bidding, perhaps, a final adieu, was so near at hand. We set out at an early hour in the morning, with the view of breakfasting at Waterloo, and dedicating the rest of the day to a minute survey of the field of battle. That celebrated spot is situated near 10 miles to the South of Brussels. Soon after leaving the suburbs, we entered the extensive and magnificent Forest of Soigny, which extends over an immense tract of country from East to West; and from North to South (the direction in which it is traversed by the road from Brussels) it extends to a distance of six or seven miles. The whole scene was solemn and grand—it was, to borrow the words of one of our Poets, "*Pan's own umbrage dark and deep*;" and well calculated to inspire the mind with mingled emotions of admiration and awe. The road is very wide, perhaps not less than between 40 and 50 feet, with a paved chaussée in the middle, along which our carriage rolled. I could not help contrasting the stilness of our journey, interrupted only by the chirping of birds and the sound of the woodman's axe, with the scenes of noise, confusion, and horror, which were exhibited on this very road for some days before and after the battle. Soon after emerging from the gloom of the Forest, the village of Waterloo opened to the view; a straggling hamlet, with a neat church, in the centre. On entering the church an interesting sight presented itself—namely, monuments consecrated to the memory of several British Officers who had gloriously fallen in the cause of their Country, on the 18th of June 1815; which will be hailed as a proud day for England, as long as feelings of patriotism and independence remain warm in the hearts of Britons. On one of the monuments appeared the following inscription: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*!" ○

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Nature, with what exquisite chords dost thou bind our hearts, making them thrill with ineffable emotions of sympathy and grief, tenderness and love ! Why was my heart full on this occasion ? and why did I give vent to my feelings in sighs and tears ? I reclined against the monument—I looked at the inscription—and thought of Britain. Every association of ideas, public and private, connected with that word, rushed upon my mind ; and after a pause of some moments, I turned round to a lady of our party, who stood before the monument dissolved in tears, and repeated the following lines from Dr. Young :

“ Britain ! that word pronounc’d is an alarm,
It warms the blood, tho’ frozen in our veins ;
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field
Enamour’d of the glorious face of War.
Britain ! there’s noble magic in the sound !”

Waterloo.

My last Letter left me in the village of Waterloo, surveying the Monuments erected in the Parish Church to the memory of several gallant officers who had fallen on the glorious 18th of June, 1815. The monuments were plain and neat. The inscriptions were brief, stating the names and rank of the deceased, and that the expence had been defrayed by the surviving officers of their respective regiments.

The Church of Waterloo is a brick building, in the form of a Rotunda, with a Portico in front, and exhibits a singular appearance. The Village consists of one long street of mean-looking houses, irregularly built. While I surveyed the street from the Church Porch I said to myself, Not many weeks ago this paltry village was scarcely known beyond its own immediate vicinity ; and now, by giving its name to a battle so glorious in its issue, and so important in its consequences, it resounds throughout Europe—will live for ever in the annals of fame—and be mentioned with rapture by the most distant generations of Britons. Waterloo may boast of having crowned Britain with a wreath, before which the laurels of Cressy and Agincourt, of Ramillies and Blenheim, wither ; and

may apply to itself the prophetic strain of Ovid, in regard to his own immortal work :

“ Nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.
Ore legar populi, perque omnia sæcula fama
Vivam.”

I stood on tiptoe when I recollected that I was now upon the spot which formed the head-quarters of the British army on the eve of the battle, and where the arrangements for that eventful day were planned in the sagacious and comprehensive mind of Wellington. On returning to the Inn, my feelings were excited in a manner which I cannot easily describe, on being shewn the room where I was told the Hero slept the night preceding the battle, and where, after the close of that scene of carnage, he penned his interesting and masterly letter, which, in a style of unrivalled simplicity and modesty, gives a concise and accurate account of the most important transactions of the day. This letter is a fine model for writing military dispatches, and fully entitles our great Commander to the praise so justly bestowed upon *Julius Cæsar, that he could handle the pen as well as the sword ; and that the Duke of Wellington could so handle his pen at that moment, shewed a power of self-possession truly characteristic of a great mind, and which doubtless eminently contributed to the success of the day.

In the room where we sat down to breakfast there was a party of Ladies and Gentlemen from Brussels who were going to survey the field of battle ; we soon entered into conversation, and they gave us many lively anecdotes, together with accounts of various interesting occurrences which had reference to the English army at Brussels before and after the battle. They expressed the most enthusiastic delight in the triumph of British valour on that ever memorable day, which, to use the words of one of their party, *decided the fate of Europe*. Another said, “ Your Wellington has eclipsed the fame of all the great generals

* “ Cæsar’s celebrated Bulletin—*Veni, vidi, vici*”—to borrow the words of an entertaining female Tourist, “ was more concise, but not quite so unassuming.” See Narrative of a Visit to the Field of Waterloo. By an Englishwoman.

recorded in English History, not even excepting the illustrious Marlborough." On which the honest Squire of our party, whom I have repeatedly quoted, stood up, waving his hand, exclaiming, "Huzza! Old England and Wellington for ever!" In short, the whole party were full of admiration of our brave countrymen, and their great Chief. They were delighted to think that their *compatriotes* the Belgians had stood firm to the great and good cause in which the Allied Powers had with one accord united against France, and that their soldiers had resisted all the allurements which had been held out to them to join the standard of Buonaparte. I had a conversation with a fair lady of their party, who was full of life and spirit, and who happened to be at a village between Brussels and Waterloo for some days before the battle. She gave a very animated description of the march of the British troops. "Never," said she, "did my eyes behold such men; but above all, I admired the appearance of the Highlanders, dressed like our Belgic ancestors in the days of Julius Cæsar;" and then she shewed me a copy of a martial song (for she understood English well) which had been presented to her by a Highland officer, *Brave Ecossois des Montagnes*, as she styled him, and which he told her was often sung in the Highlands at convivial meetings. I requested leave to transcribe the song, which displayed a fine glow of patriotic fervour, and which, when sung in full chorus in the mess-room of a Highland regiment, must have produced a strong effect, especially in a foreign land. The first stanza was as follows,

"In the garb of old Gaul, and the fire of old
Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia
we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country
to gain,
But our Ancestors fought, and they fought not
in vain."—

After transcribing the Song, I read it aloud, and when I had done, the fair Belgian exclaimed, with marks of ardent feeling, "O, Sir, I believe the ladies of Brussels would have followed the Highland Corps, more especially that fine regiment called the 42d, to the end of the world; and that," added she,

"not so much from the admiration of military valour, which is said to be natural to women, as from that delicate and respectful attention to our sex, which forms one of the distinguishing characteristics of Highland soldiers." I had afterwards an opportunity, on my return to Brussels, of conversing with this Lady, whose imagination I found had been warmed in the first instance with admiration of the Highland character, by perusing the poems of Ossian, which so highly exalt the female sex—which exhibit such exquisite sensibility towards their native charms, and render every passion in human nature subservient to the fine emotions of virtuous love; and from all I could learn, I believe that those poems are more generally read and admired on the Continent than in England.

Just as we had finished breakfast, a barouche drove to the Inn, containing an English party bound for the field of battle; and most agreeably surprised was I by the sight of two old friends in this party, to whom I could truly apply the words of Horace on meeting his friends Virgil, Plotius, and Varius, at Sinuessæ, in his Journey from Rome to Brundisium.

"*Animæ quales neque candiores
Terra tulit, neque quets me sit devinctior alter.
O! qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerant!*"

"And how long since you left England?" "What news from home?" "Quo modo valet carissima Conjux, carissimi liberi, fratres et sorores?" "And who would have thought of our meeting here?" with many such like questions all in a breath. My spirits were refreshed and elevated by this unexpected and delightful interview, which reminded me of the reflexion suggested to Horace by the above-mentioned occurrence, a reflection to which I subscribe with heart and hand:

"*Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*"

But how rare is the blessing, and how few are the exceptions to the Poet's pathetic complaint,

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

With this English reinforcement to

our party, we paid another visit to the Church, and from thence we repaired to a Cottage close to it, to which the gallant Marquis of Anglesea (then Earl of Uxbridge) was conveyed upon receiving his wound, and where his leg was amputated. We were shewn the Boot which he wore on that leg when wounded. In a small flower-garden close to the cottage, we were shewn the spot where the limb was buried, and which has since, I doubt not, been visited by more Pilgrims than the shrines of all the Popish relics throughout Belgium. They talked, when I visited the spot, of planting a tree over the grave, which I understand has since been done, namely, a willow, besides a monument, with a suitable inscription.

I proceeded with some of our party from Waterloo to the field of battle on foot. In walking through that long straggling village, I conversed, more or less, with almost every person I met, on the subject of the battle, and my curiosity was often highly gratified. We were surrounded in every part of our progress by men, women, and children, offering for sale a great variety of relics. I surveyed with much interest every object and scene between Waterloo and Mont St. Jean, that was connected with the operations of the British Army. After leaving the former village, the ground becomes elevated, and the Forest of Soigny, which had kept retiring from the view at Waterloo, now began to surround us once more on the left to *Joly Bois*, and thence to the spot called *Les Vieux Amis*, where it receded again; and on our approach to Mont St. Jean, which seemed to be more than a mile beyond Waterloo, the field of battle appeared in full view. It was upon this little village that the rear of the left wing of the British Army rested during the whole day; and from thence appears, considerably to the right, the Church of *Brainè la Leude*, which was in the rear of the extremity of the right wing of our Army. The fair writer of a visit to the Field of Waterloo justly observes, *that from the top of the steeple of this Church, the battle might have been seen more distinctly than from any other place.* I apprehend few people would have been found hardy enough,

who had no other concern in the battle than as spectators, to make choice of the top of this steeple, as their point of observation. On advancing from Mont St. Jean to the scene of action, my attention was soon arrested by an affecting sight, namely, the numerous graves that appeared in every direction. I withdrew from every one of the party to indulge my solitary meditations, on this melancholy scene. "What a sad spectacle," said I to myself, "is here!" as I stood upon an eminence commanding a view of an immense number of fresh-made graves. "Oh what a bitter renewal of grief and sorrow would the sight of these tombs occasion to thousands of mourning widows, mothers, sisters, and forlorn maidens in England! Come then, let me sympathize with you, ye afflicted daughters of Britain, and let me bedew with my tears the graves of those whom ye loved. 'His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani munere!' Now," said I to myself, "I am in the house of mourning, and is it not better to be in this house than in the house of feasting? Yes, verily, for I find, as I have often experienced, that *thereby the heart is made better.* Come then, let me meditate over the tombs that contain the remains of my gallant countrymen. Ah! how many kind and tender husbands, dutiful sons, and faithful lovers, who not many weeks ago were alive, healthy, and gay, are now sleeping in these graves; how many endearing ties of love and friendship were dissolved by the hand of Death in this field, in the course of one day! Rest in peace, ye brave defenders of your Country's cause. May the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, grant to your surviving friends and relatives those consolations under their sad bereavement, which He alone can bestow! and when the last trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised to life, O that ye might all rise, through the merits of Him who died for our sins, to the life immortal!" After spending nearly an hour in surveying the repositories of the dead, I began to survey the positions of the British and French Armies; but the description of them, as well as of the most interesting scenes of the battle, must form the subject of my next Letter.—*Gen. M. June 1817.*

MODERN CÉRÉMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Rome, Dec. 31, 1816.

ON the morning of Sunday, the 24th of March, two young women took the Veil at the Church belonging to the Convent of the Dominicans.

We felt much interest in the ceremony, and arrived at an early hour—nine o'clock. Great crowds were assembled about the entrance, and the church itself was nearly full. The street immediately before the doors was strewed with evergreen plants, and guards were on duty, bearing the same shrub in their caps. We, as English, were allowed to proceed through the body of the Church, and had places assigned to us close to the altar. Here we waited a considerable time, when Mass was celebrated at the lower end of the church twice; a trifling interval only between the ceremonies. Soon after this the organ commenced, and was continued at intervals.

Precisely at eleven the signal was given for the approach of the two victims. They were preceded by priests, and conducted by their father. Their appearance, perhaps, excited less interest than we had anticipated. They were neither very young, nor very pretty; while at the same time their dress, though affectedly gay, was very far from becoming, habited as they were, much after the fashion of tragedy queens, or of revellers at the carnival. Feathers waved over their heads, silver and other ornaments glittered in their hair, and immense bouquets adorned their bosoms; but dinginess threw a veil over the whole; and the Isabella Brown certainly predominated over the virgin white.

I was close to them when they knelt before the altar. They afterwards took seats opposite to us, when a priest commenced an harangue, sufficiently common-place, and, as it might be supposed, in praise of monastic institutions, and of seclusion from the world. During the recital these two young persons evidently suffered much agitation, but which they endeavoured to hide in smiles. Such a smile had much of melancholy in it.

The discourse was rather long. At

the conclusion of it they again knelt; and a short service was chaunted by the priests and the choir, in which they themselves joined. While still on their knees, the bishop demanded their names, to which they answered in a tone rather loud, sharp, and artificial, "Maria Augustina, and Maria Veronica."

They were sisters. And now it was that they renounced for ever the manners and costume of this world. A garland of sweet-smelling flowers was offered to the elder sister, who instantly, and with much indignation, real or affected, cast the blooming chaplet behind her. A second and similar crown was held out to the younger votary, who put it from her, indeed, but without violence. It fell silently at her knees. The feathers and diamonds now made way for a crown of thorns, placed on the head by the priests, assisted by the lady patroness. The downy plume, the diamonds' glare, and the crown of thorns, formed a singular assemblage. Thus accoutered, did not these females now look like victims of what we the enlightened call dark ages? A crucifix was presented to them, which they clasped with fervour to the breast. Lastly, each one was armed with a taper, lighted, to betoken vigilance. The Robes of the Order were now brought forwards. With these they retired behind the grating, at the back of the altar, where they were to be apparelled, and shorn of their hair by two of the old Religious. This invasion of the scissors was, perhaps, the most affecting part of the ceremony, but they bore it smiling, and with much fortitude. The music at this time was very fine. The old women were extremely adroit. All the pomp of dress speedily vanished, and was spurned at, as the flowers had been before. The Black Robes and White Veils of the Order were speedily adjusted; and certainly the ladies lost nothing of their beauty by this change of costume. A glittering crown was placed on the head. They were saluted by each one of the Religious, beginning with the superior; and thus ended the ceremony.

A year of probation is allowed them, at the expiration of which period they may, if they choose, return to the world and all its cares; but such a resolution is an event of rare occurrence. What an

entertaining, and possibly instructive history, might be compiled by any antient and well-disposed inhabitant of such a prison-house!

A LAURENTIAN.

[*Gent. Mag.* June 1817.]

LETTERS FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

From the *European Magazine*.

LETTER II.

My dear Son,

THE Roman moralist whom I have quoted in my first letter, has given you a general axiom, which may form a useful basis for self-examination in every action of your social life; as such, it should constantly remind you that every station, whether public or private, active or retired, has its peculiar and appropriate duties: and that, whatever be your condition in society, your reputation will depend upon your performance or neglect of the obligations which it comprehends. To this I shall add, that no pursuit ought to be adopted by you which may cause you to disregard them; since every evasion of their claim upon your attention, and every apology for their omission, must necessarily imply, or will be considered by those who observe your conduct, as justifying the inference that you admit this claim and are conscious of having done wrong in neglecting it. But whatever may be this feeling, you ought always to remember that, so long as the duty is acknowledged by yourself, its claim upon your exertions is positive; and every excuse for not performing it is merely referential to circumstances which society will assert its right to appreciate, not perhaps in concurrence with your consideration of them, but most commonly in reference to the obligation which you have pledged yourself to fulfil.

It may be reckoned upon, therefore, as a certain consequence of supineness in the performance of your public duty, that you will suffer in that character by which you are publicly known, if you become careless as to the manner in which you comport yourself. And you will find it to be a general opinion, that no one ought to be invested with an office, however subordinate, who does not attend to its business with personal conformity and professional application. This, indeed, is a character of general responsibility,

which ought to weigh with every man in every gradation of public life, but more especially ought it to influence the young man, because it is in the blossom that men usually anticipate the fruit; and although it would not be naturally just to insist upon a fructification commensurate with the early promise, yet if the cause of disappointment should originate in the wilfulness or indifference of the individual himself, from whose powers of intellect and opportunities of applying them this expectancy has originated, the expression of regret is not likely to be made in sentiments at all favourable to the object of them.

You will then, I would hope, my dear G——, perceive the obligatory nature of those duties which are attached to the department that requires your exertions. I say department, for however subordinate it may be, while you consider it as a step of that progression by which you are to rise in the scale of promotion, it behoves you, if you would realize your expectations, to avoid all desultory inconsiderateness in your estimation of its importance and to divest yourself of all self-reference, which may induce you to think that your qualifications are superior to the demand upon their industrious appropriation to the task which may be allotted you.

I have indeed witnessed this self-reference in many young men who have been as well educated as yourself, and I have heard them inveighing heavily against the mechanical sameness of the routine in which their efforts have been put in requisition. I have been told by them of the “bore of office”—“the tædium of daily recurrence of the self same mechanical operations of duty; that it was intolerable to think of men of education being compelled to submit to the daily drudgery of a toil which the most ignorant could get through!” But

why has all this discontent escaped them? Not because they got through this drudgery better, but because they did not conform their minds to the duties which they were conscious were incumbent upon them. This is wrong, and must have a very injurious tendency; since, at the same time that it unsettles their minds, it gives them a conceit of their own importance, which the thinking part of society will not justify; for it is always the opinion of judicious men, that there is no merit to be admitted in exclusion of that which consists in a man's regulating his conduct by the obligations of his station.

I do not, nay, I will not presume, that the truth of these remarks is identified in your instance; for assuredly they ought not to apply to you by any parity of reasoning; you have chosen for yourself the condition of life in which you are engaged. But it may happen, that the independence of mind which a liberal education usually produces, may incline you to look upon yourself as somewhat above the subordination of your situation. I confess to you I should be sorry for this effect in your case; because all education having one direction, that of expanding the intellect and forming the heart, I should grieve to find in you such a weakness of judgment, and so much pride of self-opinion, as would prove that your mental acquirements had produced no other effect than to make you, what I hope you will never be, unworthy of the advantages which you have enjoyed; besides, your present occupation is the result of your choice; an election made also without any previous consultation of my wishes, or consideration of those views which I might have formed of your future prospects. After such a decision, therefore, on your part, I should seriously lament that you should fall into the error to which I have alluded. To your choice I have surrendered my parental power of constraint, but not the right of admonition; and, having made that surrender, I would employ this right in supplying the deficiency of my own satisfaction, by increasing the possibilities of establishing your's.

I would, therefore, press upon the conviction of your common sense these few dictates of paternal anxiety.

Be punctual in your hours of attendance; for such punctuality will always be regarded by your superiors as an evidence of assiduity, and as a proof that you do not allow matters of extraneous import to interfere with the concerns of your employ; for in whatever employment of business a young man is engaged, that ought always to be esteemed by him as his principal object, and as superseding every inferior pursuit.

Do not permit yourself to suppose that the minutiae of office are beneath your notice; since whatever relates, although in the remotest degree, to the knowledge of your occupation is worthy of inquiry, as increasing your stock of information. Every pursuit of business has its principia, and he who would be deemed an intelligent agent must possess himself of the elementary principles of his employ. Indeed, if I know any thing of the character of your mind, I should conclude that there is too much of emulation in it to submit it to the mortifying reflection, that others of less intelligence are better acquainted with the nature of your office than yourself.

When engaged in your duties be *totus in illis*, and avoid all trifling and unseasonable conversation which may divert your attention from what ought to occupy it. It is, I believe, generally found by men of application, that the powers of the mind, when put into a uniform direction, are always most effective; and the thoughts once concentrated, they are not easily brought back to the same focus if suffered to diverge towards irrelevant objects. I have heard it remarked, and by adopting the observation I would not willingly subject myself to the charge of severity, that the conversation of young men is seldom of that valuable nature which can justify a moment's interruption of their official engagements. Be this as it may, you may justly conclude that, whatever is out of time and place is not merely unseasonable, but may be pernicious, at least the chance is, that it may be unprofitable; and this is sufficient reason for your not encouraging the intrusion upon your more important avocations.

There are, my dear G——, minds of so insipid a composition, as to hold every important claim upon their attention in an inferior degree of consideration, and to

estimate it only in proportion to the time which it leaves at their own disposal. Hence it is, that they submit with impatience to the authority by which this claim is insisted upon, and treat with levity the duties which it enforces. They take every indirect method to evade the rules which are prescribed for punctual attendance, and boast of the subterfuges which they make use of to escape detection. They waste that time, which by personal compact they have pledged to their employers, in frivolous deviations from the business in hand, and pume themselves upon a certain carelessness of manner in the performance of what they do condescend to get through. The vacuity of sentiment, which in their foolishness they are in the constant habit of professing, betrays an oscitancy of thought, if I may be allowed the expression, which shews that no industrious avocation can interest them, and no principle of virtuous emulation excite them to energy of effort. Their ideas, when no topic of prurient talk occupies them, seldom extend beyond the limits of a play-bill, the cut of their coats, or the make of their boots ; a vicious affectation of the follies of those, whom they absurdly take for their fashionable standard, pervades all they say and all they do. In this vague course they unthinkingly proceed until, as it not unfrequently happens, they lose by their negligence what they might have secured by their industry ; and the progress of that very hope of promotion, which they flatter themselves will be realized, notwithstanding all this inconsiderateness on their part, is cut short by a just dismissal ; and not only their own hope is frustrated, but that of their relatives and friends, who had congratulated themselves that they were placed in a situation which produced an immediate emolument, and held out a prospective expectancy of future advantage.

I should think it were unnecessary for me to caution you against all assimilation of mind and manners with such young men, whom I should rightly characterize as the most insignificant of human beings, were there not a criminal tendency in their folly to corrupt the early impressions of those who, with better intentions, but perhaps with unguarded hearts, are deceived by such festitious gaiety and spurious indepen-

dence in persons of their own age and condition and subject to the same restraints and command of authority as themselves.

What I have thus far pressed upon your attention, relates principally to the disposal of that portion of your time which the affairs of your office require from you as a young man first introduced into the path of public life ; and certainly you will admit that so much of the relative importance of the station in which the eye of society is accustomed to regard you, ought not to be held by you in light concern, since your reading and observation will shew you that far the greater part of most eminent characters in public life have risen into consequence and estimation from subordinate employ ; which may be considered as a species of probationary progress, as essential to justify public confidence as it is indispensable to produce that primary knowledge of business, without which the qualifications of the superior officer cannot be completed ; for he who would know how to direct others, must himself understand the service which he insists upon.

But, my dear G——, there is one more preliminary observation which I am not willing to omit, and to which I request your special attention.

I need not remind you, I presume, that the few hours in which you are officially engaged do not comprise all your active opportunities, and that the remainder of your time, which you denominate leisure, is not to be thrown away as of no consideration.

If when you lock your desk for the day you turn the key upon your mind, and exclude from it all desire of farther intelligence than what the mere mechanical process of your office affords, you will not only run the risk of losing all the attainments of your education, but will also put it out of your own power to form that interest with your superiors in society, on whom you must depend for such promotion as industry might secure to you ; and thus, instead of rising above the level of your compeers, you will sink below that which at all events you might have preserved in the character of a well educated youth—for nothing can be more repulsive to men of judgment and good information, than to see a young man

sacrificing his early store of intelligence to the empty gratifications of a vacant mind ; contenting himself with the daily discharge of his perfunctory duties ; without emulation of farther progress, and satisfied with the idle reflection that he has not left unfinished the exact measure of his task.—What would you think of a man who, pretending to explore a country, should travel only by the high road, and confine his observations to those scenes which lie within the narrow compass of his view ? You would certainly look upon him as a very insufficient authority, and condemn him as an idle pretender, unworthy of your notice. The same conclusion may, *ceteris paribus*, be drawn with respect to a young man who sits down to his regular occupation, and rises up from it with no other reflection than that of having gone through its ordinary course, and without having given himself the trouble of contemplating the respective dependencies which its several combinations may associate in their relative connexion with other branches of official knowledge. To exemplify this remark, suppose that, among the various papers you have to copy, there be any references to peculiar modifications of commerce, to the exchanges of different countries, to their comparative ordinances and customs, their geographical positions, their manufactures, and many other points which are commonly included in our commercial regulations, both at home and abroad ; would you think that you would stand acquitted to yourself if you were to copy such papers without noting for the subsequent inquiry of some leisure hour all these relative particulars, as subjects which it would be useful to you to be better acquainted with ? Would the simple act of copying them satisfy your mind ? I think not ; because I am disposed to infer, that its natural activity would convince you, that there was more to engage its contemplation and excite its research than so slight an exertion would justify you to yourself in passing over.—There is, however, another motive, which, altho' I would not have it form your principal excitement ; yet, as I may fairly use it here to strengthen my argument, I shall urge in its support ; I mean your personal interest. Suppose

again, that through the intervention and influence of some friend you should rise in your official character, every step higher requires more intelligence than that from which you ascend : and if you have not made the best use of your former leisure to qualify yourself for all extraordinary demands upon your ability, would there not be some danger of losing, in proportion to your deficiency, so much of your influence over the respect of those below you, and of the esteem of those who have the power to command you—not to mention the possible disgrace of being detected in your mistakes by the former, and reprimanded for them by the latter ? If, therefore, you would vindicate your claim to preferment, you will not slumber over your opportunities, but be constantly awake to every improvement of them that may warrant your anticipations of future advantage. And suffer me to add, my dear G——, that the mind never remains stationary in its action ; it is either retrograde or progressive ; it either loses what it has acquired, by a natural lapse of recollection, or it increases its former acquirements by applying them to the attainment of some higher object ; and hence you will find, that the mechanical habits of official business, which seldom vary from their general course, as they do not require any other action of the intellect than what is sufficient to provide for common accuracy in transcript, so if, after they have been applied to their ordinary purposes, you regard them as your sole concern, and consider yourself at full liberty to use the leisure, which they leave to you, in the trifling amusements of a passing hour, or in the equally unprofitable reading of frivolous publications, you will neglect the precious store which education has made you master of ; and as land, allowed to remain uncultivated, becomes useless in itself and unprofitable to the owner, that store will be valueless to you ; but with this difference, that the soil of the mind deteriorates in its intrinsic powers of fertility, the longer it remains in a neglected state. So long as a field continues unworked, the profit of its powers of fructification is lost to its owner ; but a worse consequence ensues to him who neglects the cultivation of his mind ; to him, the fructifying power itself is lost ; and when

he shall be, at any future time, convinced of the injustice done to himself and to society, and shall be anxious to repair his fault by resuming his intellectual exertions, he will find that the very seeds of knowledge have perished, and that it is too late to sow them over again.

I would not have this unhappy result form a part of your future regrets, and I mention it because I would preserve to you all the best satisfactions of a good mind—among which there is none more valuable than to be able, in mature life, to reflect that you have neglected nothing in your early years which might promote your just advantage, and have done every thing that might secure it:—and with this satisfaction, whatever disappointment may traverse your expectations or frustrate your hope, you will not have the mortification of recollecting that you have yourself to blame.

Let me, then, persuade you to rescue your leisure hours from that dangerous vortex of senseless dissipation, which, by degrees, almost imperceptible to yourself, draws the best part of your time into that abyss of the past, out of which it can never be recovered.

I would, therefore, take upon me to advise a systematic apportionment of those hours; first, to the keeping up of your scholastic attainments; for if your education was a duty attached to my care, its improvement and retention becomes an obligation of that gratitude which you, doubtless, will not consider burthensome in acknowledgment, while you feel the causes so beneficial in application;—besides, you will allow me to add, that what cost so much in the purchase, ought to be precious in your estimation on whom it was bestowed as a gift.

The next appropriation of these hours that I should suggest, would be the reading of such books as relate to those subjects which I have enumerated as coming before you in the various documents of your office—for instance, the history of your own country, its polity, its foreign dependencies and relations, its manufactures, its imports and exports—with this you may blend the history of other countries, and especially those with which the commercial connexions of your own are formed.—In order, also, that you may not forget the arith-

metical and geographical part of your education, I should recommend your getting a knowledge of the system of exchange, as well as of the boundaries of the different nations and people who carry on any trade with us;—the nature of their commodities, both in the raw and the manufactured article,—their laws and manners; so that you may possess a general information upon every possible subject that bears the remotest reference to the business which may come within your cognizance and direction.—And when you may be inclined to indulge your classical taste, I would suggest the propriety of making yourself acquainted with those authors whom your school studies did not include.

Now you will say, perhaps, that I have marked out a scale of reading far too extensive even for your opportunities of leisure—Let us see, my dear G——, whether this be indeed the case—Your time is apportioned as distinctly to your official avocations as the hours to the dial—from ten o'clock in the morning to four in the afternoon—during which period your attendance goes on in one unvarying routine from the beginning to the end of the year.—How much do you think you read over and write by the time the year comes round? I will anticipate your answer—a great deal more than you would have thought it possible to have accomplished had the aggregate mass been placed before you at the beginning of it.—And how have you accomplished it? Why, by regular attendance so many hours in a day.—The same regulation of your leisure hours, in much less time than you may now be inclined to admit, will put you in possession of the information to which I have alluded.—Much more may be done by a regular division of our time than by a casual seizure of a flying hour;—nothing, indeed, proves more plainly the advantage of system than the application of our time; and I have no hesitation in asserting, that two hours in an evening, regularly appropriated, will, in the course of a single year, make you master of all the subjects which I wish to impress upon your attention. Of this I shall hope to convince you when I shall make the disposal of your time the express subject of my epistolary

address. Believe me, dear G——, that while I thus consult my duty, and, I trust, your advantage, I feel a yearning of parental sensitiveness, that induces me not to presume so much upon my own experience, or to insist upon my own authority, as to submit my opinions and my dictates to your own good sense and consciousness of duty; with the delightful anticipation, that your decision and conduct will be commensurate with your own happiness—Beyond this, my dear Son, I have not a wish.—It is not a feeling of parental superiority that has prompted me to adopt this mode of attracting your attention—it is rather an anxious desire to reason with you as a friend, to place you upon a level with

myself, as one who ought to be my dearest associate; to make your interests my own, and to surrender mine to yours; if by such submission your purest consolations can be ultimately secured.—O, my dear G——! this world is a sphere of action in which much must be suffered and little can be enjoyed; but if, after all my sufferings, to which you are no stranger, I may be permitted to enjoy the conviction that you are happy because you deserve to be so, I shall quit this troublous scene of earthly vicissitude with less regret, when I shall have to count among the alleviations of my sorrows, that you have not disdained the anxieties of

Your affectionate Father, W.

INSTINCT OF THE MONKEY.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN, *March 20, 1817.*

I PURPOSED subjoining to the inclosed Fable of the Man and the Monkey, some remarks on the instincts of that animal; but, finding they would exceed the limits of a reasonable note, I now beg your acceptance of them in the form of a letter.

A Monkey when wounded will apply his fore paw (why not hand?) to the part affected, hold it up, look at it; and, on perceiving the blood, utter such plaintive moans, as must excite the strongest feelings of regret and compassion in the perpetrator of such wanton barbarity.

A person who had shot a very large Monkey caused it to be laid before a young *pet* of the same species, which he kept in his house. This little caricature of man, as if on a coroner's inquest, surveyed the body very minutely, and concluded his examination by holding up one of the paws; the immediate fall of which (the vital spark being quite extinct) was succeeded, on the part of little pug, by the most lamentable howl that can be imagined, and which he repeated several times. A spectator might have been led to suppose that in the lineaments of the deceased he recognized the features of his grandfather.

When the Government of Madras first took possession of the Tanjore country, an artillery officer, with some light field-pieces, was stationed in the

Pagoda of Trivalore. This gentleman amused himself in his solitude with endeavouring to catch a Monkey, by means of a cocoa-nut shell, containing a small quantity of rice; and he succeeded—for pug, having inserted his paw, and filled it with rice, could not withdraw it again. It might be supposed that a person of his sagacity would have known that, in order to obtain his release, he had only to relinquish his plunder: here, however, his instinct failed him, and he was afterwards seen walking about, in an erect posture, with his fore paws tied behind his back; but the officer being of a *playful*, not a *cruel* disposition, soon restored him to liberty.

Place a looking-glass before a monkey, and after surveying his beauties for a very short time, he will look, not in the glass, but *behind* it.

Having been myself an eye-witness of all that I have asserted above, you may depend on its authenticity. I.

THE MAN AND THE MONKEY.

A Fable; written in INDIA, by an old RESIDENT.

BENEATH a banyan's wide-spreading shade,

A weary Traveller asleep was laid,

And in a dream most comfortably picking

The sable carcase of a curry'd chicken.*

* There is a species of poultry in India of this description, which, by epicures, is esteemed a delicacy.

Surprisd, no doubt, this apt repast to find,
 When both the cook and baggage[†] were be-
 hind.—
 But, short, alas! are all terrestrial joys,
 Or sleeping or awake!—a sudden noise
 (At such a time it would a saint provoke!)
 From his unfinished meal the traveller[†] woke;
 On silent wing the black-bon'd chicken fled,
 And crowds of Monkeys chatter'd overhead;
 "Ye Caitiffs! is it you?" enrag'd he cries,
 "At your respected summons must I rise?
 Ye vile, mischievous, imitating crew!
 Had I my rifle, and a ball or two,
 Though now you chatter, grin, and frisk on
 high,
 Soon low and quiet should your worship lie.
 Hence, to your native jungles, ere too late,
 Nor, by remaining, dare to tempt your fate.
 There live, like quadrupeds, on Nature's plan;
 And cease to imitate your sovereign, Man."
 Thus spoke the traveller: when, from above
 Swift as the light-beel'd messenger of Jove,
 A Monkey sprang; and, seated on his haunch,
 Took sole possession of a neighb'ring branch.
 His person such (we must not that neglect)
 As might inspire beholders with respect:
 For, Agamemnon-like, the Greeks among,
 In stature he excell'd the Monkey throng:
 He seem'd indeed of a gigantic race,
 Grey was his bristly hair, and red his face;
 Each limb, each muscle, spoke superior
 strength,
 And ev'ry tooth was full an inch in length;
 Besides all which, so likely to prevail,
 As long as this description was his tail.
 Such as you see him, now to speak began
 This vet'ran in reply:—"Insatiate Man!
 Whose pow'r so wide extends, o'er great and
 small;
 And art thou, then, unsatisfy'd with all?
 This tree, which yet for centuries may stand,
 (Blest be the planter's charitable hand!)

† These are indispensable accompaniments
 to travellers in a country where there are no
 inns for their accommodation.

This bounteous tree, for insect, bird, and beast,
 Affords a frequent and delicious feast:
 The nimble squirrel here supplies his needs,
 And here the party-colour'd maniek^{*} feeds:
 The noisy perroquet, the pigeon too,[†]
 Whose colour screens him from the sportsman's
 view;
 The sable crow (I shan not to describe
 Each long procession of the insect tribe,)
 And here, as you have seen, we Monkeys meet
 In numerous crowds, to chatter, and to eat.
 For these above the luscious berries grow;
 Whilst Men and Cattle find a shade below,
 Or shelter ample, which, when storms impend,
 May herds and whole battalions defend.
 Then grudge us not our portion of the treat,
 But, what thou can'st not, let a Monkey eat.
 What, if thy casual nap our mirth hath broke,
 Shall such a cause Oration's Lord provoke,
 Regardless of our children, and our wives,
 To lift his hand against our precious lives?
 Were men to be so judg'd, so punish'd too,
 Alas! what dreadful carnage would ensue.
 We imitate you!—false and foolish tale!
 What could, to us, such mimicry avail?
 Since, helpless in himself, when danger's nigh,
 Man, without aid, can neither fight nor fly;
 But, as his war'ring courage cools, or warms,
 Must have recourse to horses or to arms:
 Moves forward, and retreats, to certain tunes:
 At sea, has ships, and in the air, balloons,
 Whereas the Monkey, who, in time of need,
 Wants not, thank Heaven! either strength or
 spread,
 With nat'ral arms can fight: or, if too great
 The force oppos'd, is active in retreat:
 Can, like a squirrel, bound from spray to
 spray,
 And baffle all pursuers.—Sir, good day!"
 The Man abash'd, confounded, hung his head,
 And not a syllable in answer said. J.

* A bird in shape and size not unlike a
 black-bird.

† The green pigeon.

LETTERS OF THE LATE MRS. CARTER

TO MRS. MONTAGU, [JUST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS, BY MONTAGU PENNINGTON.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE deservedly high reputation of
 the venerable writer of these admi-
 rable letters, and the literary eminence of
 the lady to whom they were addressed,
 cannot fail to excite a lively interest in
 the mind of every person of refined taste
 and sound principles. That the corres-
 pondence breathes genuine sensibility
 and evinces vigorous powers of mind,
 may easily be conceived by those who
 were at all acquainted with the extraor-
 dinary attainments, masculine genius
 and sterling virtues of Elizabeth Carter.
 In these letters she appears even to great-
 er advantage than in her excellent trans-
 lation of Epictetus, for here are display-
 ed all the shining graces of true religion
 and solid learning, the most unaffected
 moral sentiment, and learning sanctified
 to the best of purposes. As a specimen
 of the keen observation and good hu-
 mour which distinguished this wonderful
 woman at the close of her long life, we
 shall copy an extract from the last epistle:

"Deal, Dec. 9, 1799.

"I was lately reading some of Shakspeare's plays. Can you guess what should induce Bishop Warburton, and I think some other commentators, to think that the three dramas of Henry VI. were not his. To my apprehension, these plays have all the characteristic marks that stamp the genius of Shakspeare. The singularity of his language, his nice discrimination of the persons, the undeviating fidelity with which they are supported, &c. &c. I wish to know what you, who have proved yourself the most accurate and judicious of all his commentators, think of this strange suspicion.

"Do you not admire the curious French proposal of transporting an army in balloons? Surely, they must have great confidence in the friendship of the "prince of the power of the air." But, happily, the Power, who, I humbly trust, will be our protection, is infinitely superior."

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

MR. URBAN,

May 10, 1817.

The following critical opinion of the newly published *Letters of the late Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Montagu*, is given in a private letter to the Editor. E.S.B.

"To the Rev. Montagu Pennington.

"My dear Friend,

Feb. 16.

"I do not alter or abate in my opinion, that Mrs. Carter's Letters are models of epistolary excellence. In style there is all the strength of Johnson, without his pomp. In matter there is all his profundity and comprehension, without his prejudices. Her feelings are rather those of reflection than of impulse: and therefore rather excite esteem and admiration, than that love and kindness which the more melting pen of Miss Talbot draws forth as by a sort of intuitive charm; or than the flash of intellectual pleasure which is conveyed by the playful and ready wit of Mrs. Montagu.

"In most moral questions I should be inclined to take Mrs. Carter as my guide. I have had many moral doubts, which had perplexed me, cleared up by her opinions: nor do I recollect any question she has touched upon, of those numerous nice difficulties in daily life of which the discussion is continually pressing itself on my mind, without

having completely satisfied me by her reasoning.

"With this impression on my mind, I told you most sincerely I thought it an imperious duty upon you to give the world the benefit of such precious and enlightening relic.

"There is another characteristic excellence, which it strikes me that Mrs. Carter's Letters possess. They seem as it were to emanate from the judicial seat of wisdom: they are not ingenious pleadings, but calm and impartial decisions. Now it seems to me, that, in addition to the powers of reasoning, there is often a deep natural sagacity wanted, to come to a wise moral decision: for it must in many cases be made up, in part, of ingredients which escape the grasp of language. This faculty, in addition to great reasoning powers, and great force and clearness of words, I think Mrs. Carter possessed.

"Her industry assisted her with all the light of solid learning; and the calmness of her feelings (unlike this warm and unhappy frame of mind, in whose temperament the most vivid impressions melt away almost as rapidly as they are made) suffered her to retain in their original clearness the treasures with which her memory was stored.

"Mrs. Montagu too often took up her pen to think what she should say: Mrs. Carter always to say no more than she thought. Mrs. Montagu's fancy was certainly more brilliant; her imagery more copious; and her combinations more quick, unexpected, and surprising.—Mrs. Carter's more deep, more picturesque, and more just.

"It is easy to conceive letters more calculated for temporary attraction than those of Mrs. Carter, which open no political discoveries; deal in no piquant satire; betray no private scandal; and gratify no private malice: which open no cabinets; and let not prurient curiosity behind the scenes of public or private life.

"That alone, which deals in such stimulants for the foul and palled appetite of the publick, is likely to be the great and noisy favourite of the day. But there is a slow and gradual fame, which is of a thousand times more value; the fame constituted of the voices of the good and wise, gently rising

from wide and dispersed quarters, till they meet in one harmonious acclamation, high above the stir and clamour of grovellers and earthly-minded multitudes, inebriated with mean passions and the conceit of vulgar knowledge !”

WATERLOO ANECDOTE.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE rector of Framlingham, in Suffolk, soon after the battle, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, stating, that in his opinion, the non-commissioned officers of the British army, had, by their valorous conduct on that day, entitled themselves to some distinct marks of their country's approbation, and therefore he felt disposed, for one, to offer his humble tribute to their merit.—In order that this might be properly applied, he requested the favour of his Grace to point out to him the non-commissioned officer whose heroic conduct from the representations which his Grace had received, appeared the most prominent ; to whom he, the Rector, meant to convey, in perpetuity, a freehold farm, value £10 per annum. The Duke set the enquiry immediately on foot, through all the commanding officers of the line, and, in consequence, learned that a sergeant of the Coldstream, and a corporal of the 1st regiment of Guards had so distinguished themselves, that it was felt difficult to point out the most meritorious ; but that there had been displayed by the sergeant an exploit arising out of fraternal affection, which he felt it a duty on this occasion to represent, viz.—That near the close of the dreadful conflict on the 17th, this distinguished sergeant impatiently solicited the officer commanding his company, for permission to retire from the ranks for a few minutes ; the latter expressing some surprise at this request, the other said, “ Your honour need not doubt of my immediate return.”—Permission being given him, he flew to an adjoining barn, to which the enemy in their retreat had set fire, and from thence bore on his shoulders his wounded brother, who he knew lay helpless in the midst of the flames. Having deposited him safely for the moment under a hedge, he returned to his post in time to share in the victorious pursuit of the routed enemy. We need scarcely add, that the superior merit of this gallant non-commissioned officer was thus established, and that there is no doubt that ere this he has received the patriotic reward.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE PRISON OF THE CONCIERGERIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

DREAMS have generally been explained, as we are apt to explain every thing that surpasses human comprehension, by those hypotheses that experience soon gives the lie to. Many have said that dreams are produced by some powerful impression, and those thoughts by which the mind has been forcibly struck during the day. This I deny, at least so far as it regards myself ; for, generally speaking, my dreams have no analogy to what has employed my mind the preceding day ; I regard them often as only the sport of imagination, an affection of the mind produced from an internal sentiment, entirely independent of exterior causes. This theory (which, in

the mean time, I do not carry so far as to believe there is any divine impulsion in dreams) leads me, nevertheless, often to seek, instead of the confused reflections on the past, a kind of inspiration on what is to come.

Very often a dream will determine me on what I propose to undertake ; and taking advantage of the disposition I feel myself in when I awake, the employment of my day is often the result of a dream. Perhaps those who know me may say, so it seems ; but the raillery is better applied to the expression than to the idea.

Be that as it may, last Sunday, after passing a very agreeable evening amongst some very charming women and well in-

formed men, where neither scandal nor politics were brought forward to aid the conversation, I went to bed at a very late hour, and without having any analogy to the manner in which I had passed the day, my dreams were assailed with the most mournful images. I know not by what title or in what situation I was pleading before a numerous auditory on the criminal law. I was holding forth in a particular manner on the prison whereto the bare suspicion of guilt is dragged, and which suspicion often falls on the innocent, since all are deemed innocent, till they have been adjudged guilty. As we argue with the greatest ease imaginable in our dreams, I was proving in the most incontestible manner, that the negative or positive proof against all crimes might be obtained in three days, and that by means of permanent assizes and juries there would be no occasion in any great city for more than one general prison.

This projected labour I had conceived in my sleeping moments, produced in me a strong desire to visit the prisons, and to begin with that which I had consented to keep as one house of general dépôt. Another motive, less visionary, conducted me last Monday to the prison of the Conciergerie, the very name of which inspires one with the most painful remembrances. I will not repeat what I have heard on the origin of this horrible monument, built on the ruins of the palaces of our former kings; I only figure to myself the formidable entrance of the gulf where the groaning victims of the law await their fate.

I behold the awful opening of the gates; I bend my body to pass beneath the overhanging roof, and I find myself between two wickets where commences for the condemned the empire of death. I show the gaoler my permit, and one of the guardians of this Tartarus, loaded with a bunch of enormous keys, offers his services to guide me through this horrible labyrinth.

An iron grate, which is moved with extreme difficulty, opens into a kind of passage, and we enter a long corridor, lighted gloomily at each end, and this leads to the parlour, where people are admitted to communicate verbally with these prisoners which are not in the secret.

How ingenious is the justice of man in finding out means of vengeance! In granting the unhappy victim over whose head hangs the sword of justice, to speak with, and hear his friends for the last time, the precautions of a rigorous watchfulness are only multiplied. The grate that separates the prisoners from those friends is such, that they can scarce distinguish their features or hear their sighs; and the most tender or secret expression is made public before it reaches them.

The chapel, where all the prisoners assemble every Sunday to hear divine service, is built anew; the women occupy a space which is separated by a grate, and the seats of the men are placed on each side of the nave.

Behind the altar, before which, are presented the vows of a death-bed repentance, and often the tears of innocence, is a kind of portico, which forms an entrance to a dungeon rendered sacred by a most dreadful recollection; for there the illustrious Marie Antoinette was hurled from the first throne in the world, and made the victim of revolutionary fury, while some yet surviving cowardly beings throw the crime on a nation which has wept tears of blood. In that horrid receptacle Marie Antoinette existed for sixty-two days, waiting the execrable fiat of a tribunal composed of executioners, in whose eyes every thing appeared like guilt that was not guilt itself.

I cannot pretend to say whether or no religious veneration ought to preserve the primitive horror of this place; the sentiments of piety cannot but lead us to mourn over that truckle bed propped up against a damp wall, the straw-stuffed chair, the rude table, that loop-hole, which just served to let in a feeble ray of light, and even that modest screen which separated the royal prisoner from the host of guardians appointed to watch over even her sighs and tears: I contemplated that narrow space in which she was exposed to the public eye. The walls are now painted to represent grey marble; and opposite the arcade is a little cenotaph erected of white marble, and one of its cornices serves as an altar whereon is performed mass on the anniversary of the 16th of October. One of the inscriptions, written in Latin, indicates the object of this monument, the period of

time to which it was erected, and the crime against the august victim, is recorded. The other inscription is an extract from the letter written by the Queen to Madame Elizabeth, the night before her death.

At the further end of the dungeon, in the place where the unfortunate Queen's bed was placed, is a full length picture of that illustrious sufferer, in deep mourning; on each side of it are two oval frames, which seem intended to receive the portraits of Louis XVI. and his angelic sister. The opening which formerly communicated with what was called the council-hall, where the turnkeys were stationed, is now shut, and the window is enlarged and ornamented with painted glass; the melancholy reflected light from which gives a suitable tint of woe on this mournful apartment.

With what sublime and yet distressing remembrances was my mind assailed in this place! How could I sufficiently pay to the memory of this distinguished and unfortunate female the tribute of deep regret that her fate demanded from every heart? How could I invoke her illustrious shade without fancying it attended by that multitude of heroic women who had preceded her, or succeeded to her as temporary inhabitants of this horrible prison, to which they were dragged by the ~~an~~ demon of civil discord? I see, at once the heroic Charlotte Corday, the courageous wife of the imbecile minister Roland; the young and beautiful Princess of Monaco; the venerable Marechale de Mouchy; the virtuous sister of the bookseller Gatey, that model of devotion to brotherly love; the charming wife of the fiery Camille Desmoulins; the interesting Cecilia Renaud; the adorable family of the immortal Malesherbe; mesdames Sénoson, Rosambeau, and Chateaubriant; and so many other women who are an eternal honour to a sex, who deserve the admiration of the world, but to whom Frenchmen owe eternal gratitude.

In continuing to wander with my guide through this den, where any one who has a permit may ramble with impunity, he shewed me the door of one of those dungeons, known by the name of the Great Cesar, and which, after the description of it can only be compared to the box of Pandora, for hope alone remains behind.

Perhaps I have been too long secluded from society, properly to appreciate its rights; but it seems to me that those of nature are yet more sacred: it seems also that even justice ought not to banish pity, that natural emotion of the soul by which it beats and palpitates. If sometimes we appear indifferent to the ills of others, it is because we have no conception of them. What man of any feeling, when informed of the physical and moral sufferings of one imprisoned for a capital crime, would not think that he had already suffered his punishment if found guilty, from the moment of his condemnation? What then must be his torments if he is innocent? How can he be indemnified for those hours, those ages of anguish, those tortures of mind and body to which he is subjected, and which his conscience, however irreproachable, will not allow him to look forward to the termination of without trembling?

These mournful reflections so naturally presented themselves to my mind at the sight of the objects by which I was surrounded, and which could not in the mean time prevent my acknowledging (when I think of what I have seen formerly, and what I see now) that the regulations of prisons in general, and particularly that of the Conciergerie, have undergone some very good reformations; that the progress of reason and humanity which belongs to an enlightened age, displays itself in many instances; the most shocking abuses have been destroyed, and justice shows itself in less horrible forms, while its most subordinate agents themselves do not make use of that brutal ferocity in the discharge of their office as formerly. But here, as in every thing else, there yet remains much to be done; and it will be done: what one century begins another finishes. If human institutions are in a way to become perfect, while manners are only changing, it is because the former have the advantage of time on their side.

I have read somewhere, that—"The misfortunes attendant upon virtue and the success of vice, serve only to prove the shortness of life: give but sufficient time to the virtuous man, or the villain, and each would receive, even on this earth, his recompence or his punishment.

THE HERMIT DE LA GUYANNE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

RECENT SKETCHES OF SWISS SCENERY.

IN LETTERS TO A LADY.*

Martigny ; Sept. 16, 1816.
Valley of the Rhone.

My dear Madam,

WHEN we entered Bex, the evening had so far advanced as to veil the delightful scenery of its environs entirely from our view. I do not now regret this—an unclouded atmosphere presented to us this morning a profusion of enchanting objects. The Rhone was before us; on its opposite banks rose *la dent du midi*: on the Bex side, and to our left, our attention was directed, more particularly, to a mountain called the *Morcle*, which we had scarcely noticed before: it is not so lofty as the *midi* mountain, but is more remarkable in its form, for its highest part seems to shoot perpendicularly into the atmosphere, in the form of a tower: this, as well as *la dent du midi*, is capped with snow and ice, which have, perhaps, never dissolved since its formation. The bases of these, each of which has its accompanying chain, seem to descend into the waters of the Rhone, and to close the country before us. Between Bex and the river, the scenery is luxuriant in flowers, meadows, copses, and trees of the brightest verdure, particularly the chestnut; add to these, the sound and sparkling of numerous rivulets, and the Avencon, which flows through Bex; and I am led to believe that the most fertile and restless imagination will find no object to sigh for.

From a mountain in a neighbouring bailiwick, was taken, in a fossil state, a lobster, which is still, I believe, in De Luc's cabinet at Geneva. This circumstance arrests attention in the most forcible manner—it challenges reflection; and, surrounded as I am by objects whose forms and magnitude are as wonderful as they are vast, I pause, and my mind turns involuntary upon itself. I endeavour to recal the theories of terrestrial convulsion and of deluge, and can rest on none with entire confidence and

satisfaction. Yet it appears to me that the era is approaching when the researches of geologists, whose progress during the last twenty years has been gigantic, will have arrived at an *ultimum*; and when the rays of human perspicacity will penetrate those dark regions in which the mysterious operations of Nature lie concealed. What an interminable source of wonder is presented to the imagination of him who reflects on the structure of the earth, and of those external traces which indicate the deepest internal convulsion! to the mind of him who loves Nature, and worships her mysteries! He endeavours to picture to his mind immense caverns of sub-marine and subterraneous fire: the war of elements—of fire with earth—earth with ocean—ocean with tempest and hurricane; each disputing the sovereignty! In pursuing his conjectures on the operations of this “wreck of matter,” he endeavours to present to his mind a suspension of the rotatory motion of the earth; the destruction of the perpendicularity of the poles; perhaps the earth's assigned revolution round the sun on the verge of yielding to an excess of centripetal or centrifugal force; the earth, a being, as it were, of the solar system, stretched on the rack of universal convulsion, and its bones, as the mountain-rocks have been emphatically called, broken and displaced!

Such, we have reason to believe, were the effects of three mundane revolutions, which geologists have traced, and as they are exhibited by the primitive, the secondary rocks, and alluvial deposits; but to give these convulsions an habitation, even in the “mind's eye,”—to place in idea the sublime appearances of universal earthquake, universal hurricane, and universal deluge, is beyond the power of the most sublimated imagination! The theories of Newton and *La Place* have conducted us through infinite space: the laws and operations of the whole frame of the universe are embraced by our transported imaginations,

[* See Ath. Vol. I. p. 706.]

H. Eng. Mag. Vol. F.

yet is the theory of the earth a profound mystery, for we are as well satisfied with the fanciful hypothesis of Kirwan, who informs us that Noah's house was built on one of the Andes, or elsewhere on the borders of the Pacific Ocean, from whence he saw the great abyss, or south sea, open; as with the sagacity of Bishop Burnet, who imagines that the earth was a large ball of water, enclosed in a crust of granite; and that the bursting of this ball was the opening of the *great deep*! Perhaps it may be conjectured, that, so long as philosophers think it necessary to reconcile the theory of the earth with the Mosaic account of the deluge, so long must a succession of opaque solutions emanate from their imaginations. Let the inquiring mind throw off the trammels of sect and system, and submit to the test of reason and experience: I speak of entire freedom in application to the pursuit of science. There always has been, and I fear there always must continue to be, an *esoteric* and an *exoteric* doctrine: the frame of society would be disorganised without it.

On proceeding towards the bridge which connects the *Pays de Vaud* with the *Valais*, our progress was arrested by two or three *gendarmes*, who desired to examine our passports: this was the first application of the kind which had been made to us since we passed the frontier near Pontarlier.

The view from the bridge of St. Maurice, which is said to have been built by the Romans, while this town was called Agaunum, will check, for a few minutes, the progress of the traveller. The appearance of the town and of a chapel that hangs above it, is truly and singularly picturesque; St. Maurice appears to be built in a frame-work of rock, as it were, excavated from the base of *la dent du Midi*.

Between this town and Martigny, it is said, that the Theban legion was twice decimated, and afterwards wholly destroyed by order of Maximian, because the soldiers refused to march against the Christians; and a speech, as remarkable for baseness of vassallage as of enthusiastic self-devotion, has been attributed to the martyred soldiery. It is pretended that this town takes its name from that of the commander of

this legion, Maurice. Writers have endeavoured to invalidate the whole story, because the valley between Martigny and St. Maurice is not, they say, sufficiently large to contain 6000 men, the number of the legion, and the army of Maximian that murdered them. Yet, let it be remembered that the event was a massacre, and not a battle; that an army, which would suffer itself to be twice decimated without insurrection, might be massacred by a small number. But that this story is a fiction rests on satisfactory grounds, for we may reasonably presume that the whole was a *pia fraus* of Eucherius, a bishop of Lyons. The knowledge of this extensive massacre did not, it appears, transpire at the time; it was not heard of until three generations of bishops (who must have consigned it to each other as a profound secret,) had passed away; for this event, which is said to have taken place during the latter part of the third century, was not disclosed until the middle of the fifth; while the execution of Maximilianus, Marcellus, the centurion, and others, who were, about this period, the willing victims of their passive prejudice, or active zeal, is related with circumstantial minuteness. The order of St. Maurice, instituted by the Dukes of Savoy, and the erection and dedication of the abbey at this place by Sigismond, king of Burgundy, cannot be matters of surprise either to the sceptical or credulous of the nineteenth century, since events, which serve to increase the doubts of the philosopher, are not calculated to render the faithful less dogmatical.

The valley which we now entered, sometimes called the valley of the Pennine Alps, is the longest and widest in Switzerland; and the Rhone, from which it also takes its name, is the largest and most rapid of its rivers; from its source, in a mountain called the *Fourche*, a few miles west of St. Gothard, to the lake of Geneva, it flows through an extent of eighty miles. This valley is one of the deepest in Helvetia, for its lowest part is scarcely raised above the level of the sea, while the mountains which command it, as Mont Rose and others, are among the loftiest elevations of the old world: it unites all climates and all seasons at the same time. The vine-

yards in the vicinity of Martigny produce wine of a quality strong and delicious : here we can gaze, in the same minute, on the aloe and fig-tree of the torrid, and the rhododendron of the frigid, zones ; —in the morning we can pass a track of country where Nature languishes from excessive heat, and in the evening we may cross on foot the never-dissolving snows which surmount it ! T. H.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

From the European Magazine.

THE GLEANER. NO. III.

—This weak impress is as a figure
Trenched in ice ; which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. Sc. 2.

ON a perusal of the pages of history, in which we find the actions of mankind at different periods, and under different circumstances, recorded ; or of those of biography, in which we are often led to admire remarkable instances of individual courage, of firmness of character, and decision of mind ; our feelings are not unfrequently those of approbation, mingled with something like an inclination to envy, and accompanied with no small degree of surprise at that intellectual vigour which could have supported the hero of the narrative under all the difficulties that he had to encounter, and have enabled him to rise superior to all the impediments which it was necessary he should remove. We view the action in all its different lights, and the longer we regard it, the more does our wonder increase. We feel well assured of the general weakness of human nature, and sufficiently conscious of our own individual feebleness ; and are led to ask ourselves, whence he, whose exertions have been the subject of our consideration, could have obtained sufficient energy to surmount every obstacle which laid in his way, and to resist every temptation that endeavoured to lure him from his purpose : and though we know that he was nothing more than man, yet we could almost believe that he was possessed of some resources unknown to the generality of his fellow-mortals.

And what is this great secret which we are anxious to be put in possession of, this talisman that dissolves difficulties into air, this magic wand which disperses every opposing obstacle, and seems to command surrounding events ? Nothing

more nor less than a firm, decisive mind, which with the eagle's eye seizes every available object, and with the giant's arm grasps it, and retains its hold, till it has made it subservient to its purpose. This it is that has effected the wonders which call forth our admiration, and produced the examples of courage which fire our minds and animate our hearts. This it is, which, when employed in a good cause, has raised those patterns of energetic zeal, the Howards and the Wilberforces of our country ; and this it is also, which, when accompanied with a depraved will and a wicked heart, has led the conquerors of former and modern times to pursue their object through fields of blood, to sacrifice every thing to gratify their desires, and to break through the bounds which morality and religion would have imposed to their cruel and merciless ambition.

But whilst we admire that firmness which, when employed in endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of mankind, has effected so much, we cannot help reverting to ourselves, and those around us in whose welfare we feel an interest, and on a faithful comparison of ourselves and them with those who have been the objects of our commendation, we cannot but acknowledge how little we possess of what we can only applaud. What a contrast does the generality of men afford ; and what mischief and misery are produced by the total absence of that firmness which has characterised the greatest among mankind. But without merely satisfying ourselves with assertion, it shall be our business, in the present essay, to point out some of the marks, and distressing consequences, of that mental imbecility which we would deprecate, and in our next to notice the advantages resulting from that decision of character to which we have alluded.

The desire of happiness, from the very

constitution of our nature, is universal. Every man, whatever may be his disposition, or however supine and inactive he may appear in the eyes of his acquaintance, is hoping that this will, at some future time, be the termination of his wishes. Hence we see that one sets before him some objects of pursuit, and eagerly strives after its attainment, supposing that its possession will procure for him all that he requires, little suspecting that the very exertions that he is making, and the anticipations in which he is indulging, afford him more satisfaction than the result to which they may eventually lead could do. As long as the hoped-for reward of his diligence is steadily kept in view, and as long as his attention is alive to it, he is really experiencing something like actual happiness; and though disappointment may finally cool his ardour, and produce a temporary despondence, yet, with strength of mind to cheer him in difficulties, he will set out anew, and pass through similar anxieties and surmount similar obstacles, in the endeavour to gain now what he lost before. This man, though the world may frown, though friends may affect to pity, and though foes may scorn, tastes more of the real pleasures of life than many are willing to believe. The really miserable man is he, who, like the other, holds forth to himself some promised attainment, pleases himself with the thoughts of its acquisition, takes a few steps in the path that might ultimately lead to it, is frightened by the unexpected obstructions that impede his progress, and turns back to precisely the same situation from which he set out, with a mind more distracted and a disposition more wavering than ever.

To the younger part of our readers we would now particularly address ourselves, and solicit their attention whilst we endeavour to hold out a salutary caution and instructive warning, by endeavouring to persuade them to overcome that state of mental indecision which it is our object at present to describe.

And before we proceed farther, we wish to be clearly understood as to what is meant by any observations that may follow in pointing out the disadvantages and misery which are the constant attendants upon an unsettled state of mind,

that it is far from our intention to patronize any thing like that peripatious obstinacy which characterizes some who possess the weakest minds, and who never make any advances towards improvement, because they never listen to that which might promote it. Decision of character, and a patient investigation of all the arguments which may be advanced for and against any proposed object, are perfectly reconcilable with each other; and when these are judiciously tempered, we shall see precisely that state of mind which in every point of view is the most desirable.

After the attention has been directed by any occurrence to the contemplation of the acquisition of some valuable attainment, or to the possession of some enviable situation; and after the opinions of those who are best able to decide correctly, and the proper means to be adopted for success have been coolly and deliberately weighed; when every probable difficulty has been reflected upon, and the most proper way to avoid it, or to abate its force, has been revolved in the mind, he acts wisely who perseveres in his exertion, and who suffers nothing, but some occurrence that was as unexpected as impossible to surmount, to move him from his purpose. The great reason why we have seen, and still see, so many young men fall short in their endeavours, is, their permitting themselves to listen to the desponding predictions, or suffering themselves to be deterred by the taunts of those who are desirous of getting the better of their credulity: they want that energy of action, that determined resolution, and that unhesitating promptness, which are so essential to the overcoming of difficulties. When they began their pursuit, perhaps every thing was favourable, and they indulged in that unwise confidence which is too often the prelude of relinquishing that which was lately the very subject of it: but when some unexpected circumstance takes place, when some unlooked-for obstacle hides the proposed object of their pursuit from their view, they pronounce that their strength is not equal to what they had undertaken, they wonder how it has so happened that their illfated destiny has marshalled all the impediments in the

creation against them, and they shelter themselves behind the flattering reflection, that their first determination was unwise, and that its relinquishment is the most prudent step they can take.

Perhaps the perusal of some book has awakened their slumbering energies; perhaps they resolve to arouse themselves anew, and to issue forth like a giant refreshed with new wine; every thing that before opposed is diminished into a dwarfish insignificance; a serene sky elevates their hopes, and a propitious breeze animates their courage. But, alas! how soon is all the ardour of expectation cooled! One friend, or pretended friend, on hearing their design, starts back with amazement; another strikes a deeper blow by the half-hid smile and the ironical wish for success; whilst a third, as little able to accomplish that from which he dissuades another as he is willing to find that other effect what he cannot attempt, enters into a long detail of dismal consequences calculated to alarm their fears and shake their resolution. Now how altered are our daring champions! who, rather than undergo the probable chance of fulfilling, by their failure, the predictions of their acquaintance, afford them an easy triumph, by surrendering the palm of victory before the contest had commenced.

If there should be amongst our readers any young man who has just arrived at that interesting period of life, which he has long been anxiously anticipating; who has escaped from the restraints of a school, or from that salutary check upon his conduct which paternal authority, exercised under the domestic roof, had imposed; who is eagerly starting in his career, and wondering that *that* world which has been pointed out to him as being filled with snares, and flattering with promises which it would never fulfil, is so pleasing and attractive: trusting, that tho' there might be particular dangers in particular situations, yet with his sentiments of morality, with his watchfulness against every temptation, and with his contempt of what others may say or think, that he shall never even be exposed to those solicitations which are but the avenues to the wider paths of profligacy: to him would we earnestly say---beware. If

that hesitating distrustfulness and cowardice in action which we have been describing is anywhere dangerous, it is more so to you: and if a firm decision of character, an unbending and inflexible determination to avoid every snare which may tempt any one from his purpose, be at any time, and under any circumstances, needful, it is especially so to you. Have the instructions which you have received in your earlier years made a deep, and, as you hope, a lasting impression upon your mind? Has that description of vice, which you have often heard, led you to dread the first approaches to it? Has that picture of virtue and that view of the happy results of a religious life, which the kind and solicitous affection of your parental advisers has so often and so anxiously set before you, induced you to resolve to look to Piety as that which alone is worthy the chief attention of an immortal and accountable being, and to the Bible as your only sure directory, and your only faithful guide? Encourage these sentiments; revert to your earlier years, and remember the instructions of your youth: be cautious how you suffer yourself to relinquish one single point in your opinions that may possibly serve as a barrier against error; and, whilst pressing forward to the goal, disregard the fatigue of the race, nor stop to gather the golden apples of temptation which Pleasure will scatter in your way.

Or should there be, amongst our readers, any, who by the advice of their friends, or from their own uncontrolled choice, have adopted that particular profession which is to afford employment for their future lives, and in which they are anxious and emulous to excel, and who, feeling satisfied with the situation in which they are placed, are resolving that study and assiduity, application and perseverance, shall lead them to that eminence to which they are desirous of arriving—you ought especially to avoid and guard against that mental imbecility and wavering indecision which we have been describing. If at any time you should be tempted to envy others around you who appear to be happier than yourselves, and whose occupations in life seem better calculated than yours to confer satisfaction, be careful to guard against the indulgence of such sentiments: remember,

that there was a time when the pursuit in which you are engaged appeared to you as the best that you could adopt : and what has occurred since to render it different ! And should you be prevailed upon to forsake it for that which is the object of your envy, would you not, by indulging the love of change, be only rendering yourself still more open to discontent than you are at present ? The man who at break of morn leaves his cottage in the valley, and climbs the neighbouring mountain to enjoy the beauties of the rising sun, enraptured with the surrounding scenery, may, perhaps, cast his eye upon the distant blue horizon, and think, Ah ! were I but on yonder hill what new pleasures might I experience, what fairer scenes might I behold—he leaves his station : to gain his object, he submits to a temporary relinquishment of the satisfaction he was experiencing, and, after enduring the fatigue and labour of the day, at the approach of evening he gains the wished-for summit : but now the setting sun is casting its brightest beams on the spot which he had trodden in the morning, now that very hill which overhangs his home is the loveliest, fairest object in all the landscape ; and he finds too late, that

“ ’Twas distance lent enchantment to the view.”

The most effectual means of obtaining that strength of mind which we often admire in others, and wish that we possessed ourselves, is, absolutely to resist

the flattering temptation of immediate satisfaction and enjoyment, and never to suffer the prospect of present ease or pleasure to prevent us from undergoing that fatigue which is to lead us to future profit and more distant advantage. *That* should never be given to the passions and affections, which the reason and judgment alone have a right to : the former will hourly insinuate some motives, which, if attended to, would lead to results directly contrary to the latter. *Those* on a general view of objects are captivated by their glittering exterior, whilst *these* on a particular inspection look into their intrinsic worth. The dictates of the one are the effects of mere impulse, the inducements of the other are the deliberate decisions which are the result of unbiassed investigation. And that man who allows himself to be led away by his passions and affections, will find, that when the objects which attract his attention are viewed through their medium, that whenever they are placed in such favourable lights and new positions as to assume an inviting appearance, the resolutions which cool deliberation had formed will be soon confounded ; and, when too late, he will rue the indecision of character which led him to prefer the short and fleeting enjoyment of the hour, before the lasting and permanent happiness that he might, by pursuing a different line of conduct, have possessed.

ALFRED.

June 1817.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HUTTON, F.A.S.S.*

INCLUDING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE RIOTS AT BIRMINGHAM. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF ; AND PUBLISHED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

From the Monthly Magazine.

[This amusing volume exhibits the triumph of industry and virtue, and the happy results of a well-spent life. Its simplicity, artlessness, and humility, may perhaps offend the pedant, or man of fashion ; but, for our parts, we have accompanied our old friend in this narrative of his peaceful Journey of Life, with heartfelt pleasure ; and our deliberate feeling is a fervent wish that our latter days may be like his, and that, when our race against time is ended, we may possess equal claims to the respect of posterity. In many respects this work bears a strong analogy to the recent life of Thomas Holcroft, as far as both were written by the originals ; but Mr. Hutton was a less artificial character than Mr. Holcroft, and his story therefore pleases us better. Miss Hutton, who has written the ninety-

* See *Ath.* Vol. I. p. 750.

first and last year of her father's life, has kept up its interest, and rendered the whole one of the most instructive pieces of Biography, for the use of the lower and middle classes, which exists in our language. The Narrative of the Riots in Birmingham, of which Mr. Hutton was one of the victims, is a document for History ; and, from this part, as being likely to be more acceptable to general readers, and as more capable of being detached from the general narrative, we have made copious extracts.]

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE week of the riots is an idle one among Stockingers at Nottingham. It was so with me. Five days had pas-

sed, and I had done little more than the work of four.

My uncle, who always judged from the present moment, supposed I should never return to industry. He was angry at my neglect, and observed, on Saturday morning, that, if I did not perform my task that day, he would thrash me at night. Idleness, which had hovered over me five days, did not choose to leave me the sixth. Night came. I wanted one hour's work. I hoped my former conduct would atone for the present. But he had passed his word, and a man does not wish to break it. "You have not done the task I ordered!" I was silent. "Was it in your power to have done it?" Still silent. He repeated again, "Could you have done it?" As I ever detested lying, I could not think of covering myself, even from a rising storm, by so mean a subterfuge; for we both knew I had done near twice as much. I therefore answered in a low meek voice, "*I could.*" This fatal word, innocent in itself, and founded upon truth, proved my destruction. "Then," says he, "I'll make you." He immediately brought a birch-broom handle, of white hazel, and holding it by the small end, repeated his blows till I thought he would have broken me to pieces. The windows were open, the evening calm, the sky serene, and every thing mild but my uncle and me. The sound of the roar and the stick penetrated the air to a great distance.

The neighbourhood turned out to inquire the cause; when, after some investigation, it was said to be, "Only Hutton thrashing one of his lads." Whether the crime and the punishment were adequate, I leave to the reader to determine. He afterwards told my father that he should not have quarrelled with me, but for that word. But let me ask, what word could I have substituted in its room, unless I had meant to equivocate?

I was drawing towards eighteen, held some rank among my acquaintance, made a small figure in dress, and was taken notice of by the fair sex: therefore, though I was greatly hurt in body, I was much more hurt in mind. Pride takes a very early root in the heart, and never leaves us but with life. How should I

face those whom I had often laughed at, and whipped with the rod of satire?

The next day, July 12, 1741, I went to Meeting in the morning as usual. My uncle seemed sorry for what had passed, and inclined to make matters up. At noon he sent me for some fruit, and asked me to partake. I thanked him with a sullen No. My wounds were too deep to be healed with cherries.

Standing by the palisades of the house, in a gloomy posture, a female acquaintance passed by, and turning, with a pointed sneer, said, "You were *licked* last night." The remark stung me to the quick. I had rather she had broken my head.

My fellow-apprentice, Roper, was bigger and older than I, though he came two years after me. This opaque body of ill-nature centered between my uncle and myself, and eclipsed that affection which gave pleasure to both. He staid with us three years. The two years of my servitude, before he came, were spent in great friendship with my uncle; and after he left, the same friendship returned, and continued for life.

This lad had often solicited me to run away with him; but I considered that my leaving my uncle would be a loss to him, for which I should be very sorry; and that, if I told Roper my design, he would insist upon going with me, which would double that loss. I could not bear the thought: therefore resolved to go alone, for which Roper afterwards blamed me.

I put on my hat as if going to meeting, but privately slipped up stairs till the family were gone. The whole house was now open to my inspection. Upon examining a glass in the beaufet, I found ten shillings, I took two, and left eight.

After packing up my small stock of moveables, I was at a loss how to get out of the house. There was but one door, which was locked, and my uncle had the key. I contrived, therefore, to get my chattels upon a wall eight feet high, in a small back yard; climb up myself, drop them on the other side, and jump down after them.

While this was transacting, an acquaintance passed by. I imparted my design to him, because it was impossible to hide it, and enjoined him secrecy.

He seemed to rejoice at my scheme, or rather at my fall ; for, if I commit an error and he does not, he is the best of the two.

Figure to yourself a lad of seventeen, not elegantly dressed, nearly five feet high, rather Dutch built, with a long narrow bag of brown leather, that would hold about a bushel, in which was neatly packed up a new suit of clothes ; also, a white linen bag, which would hold about half as much, containing a sixpenny loaf of coarse blencorn bread, a bit of butter, wrapped in the leaves of an old copy-book ; a new bible, value three shillings ; one shirt ; a pair of stockings ; a sundial ; my best wig, carefully folded and laid at top, that, by lying in the hollow of the bag, it might not be crushed. The ends of the two bags being tied together, I slung them over my left shoulder, rather in the style of a cock-fighter. My best hat, not being properly calculated for a bag, I hung to the button of my coat. I had only two shillings in my pocket ; a spacious world before me, and no plan of operations.

I cast back many a melancholy look, while every step set me at a greater distance ; and took, what I thought, an everlasting farewell of Nottingham.

I carried neither a light heart, nor a light load ; nay, there was nothing light about me but the sun in the heavens, and the money in my pocket. I considered myself an out-cast, an exuberance in the creation, a being now fitted to no purpose. At ten, I arrived at Derby. The inhabitants were gone to bed, as if retreating from my society.

I took a view of my father's house, where I supposed all were at rest ; but, before I was aware, I perceived the door open, and heard his foot not three yards from me. I retreated with precipitation. How ill calculated are we to judge of events ! I was running from the last hand that could have saved me !

Adjoining the town is a field called Abbey-barns, the scene of my childish amusements. Here I took up my abode upon the cold grass, in a damp place, after a day's fatigue, with the sky over my head, and the bags by my side. I need not say I was a boy, this rash action proves it. The place was full of cattle. The full breath of the cows half

asleep, the jingling of the chains at the horses' feet, and a mind agitated, were ill calculated for rest.

I rose at four, July 13, starved, sore, and stiff ; deposited my bags under the fourth tree, covering them with leaves, while I waited upon Warburgh's bridge for my brother Samuel, who I knew would go to the silk-mills before five. I told him that I had differed with my uncle, had left him, and intended to go to Ireland ; that he must remember me to my father, whom I should probably see no more. I had all the discourse to myself, for my brother did not utter one word.

I arrived at Burton the same morning, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and spent nothing. I was an economist from my cradle, and the character never forsook me. To this I in some measure owe my present situation.

I ever had an inclination to examine fresh places. Leaving my bags at a public-house, I took a view of the town, and, breaking into my first shilling, I spent one penny as a recompence for the care of them.

Arriving the same evening within the precincts of Lichfield, I approached a barn, where I intended to lodge ; but, finding the door shut, I opened my parcels in the fields, dressed, hid my bags near a hedge, and took a view of the city for about two hours, though very sore-footed.

Returning to the spot about nine, I undressed, bagged up my things in decent order, and prepared for rest ; but, alas ! I had a bed to seek. About a stone's cast from the place stood another barn, which, perhaps, might furnish me with a lodging. I thought it needless to take the bags while I examined the place, as my stay would be very short.

The second barn yielding no relief, I returned in about ten minutes. But what was my surprise when I perceived the bags were gone ! Terror seized me. I roared after the rascal, but might as well have been silent, for thieves seldom come at a call. Running, raving, and lamenting about the fields and roads, employed some time. I was too much immersed in distress to find relief in tears. They refused to flow. I described the bags, and told the affair to

all I met. I found pity, or seeming pity, from all, but redress from none. I saw my bearers dwindle with the twilight : and, by eleven o'clock, found myself in the open street, left to tell my mournful tale to the silent night.

It is not easy to place a human being in a more distressed situation. My finances were nothing ; a stranger to the world, and the world to me ; no employ, nor likely to procure any ; no food to eat, or place to rest : all the little property I had upon earth taken from me : nay, even *hope*, that last and constant friend of the unfortunate, forsook me. I was in a more wretched condition than he who has nothing to lose. An eye may roll over these lines when the hand that writes them shall be still. May that eye move without a tear ! I sought repose in the street, upon a butcher's block.

July 14, I inquired, early in the morning, after my property, but to as little purpose as the night before. Among others, I accosted a gentleman in a wrought night-cap, plaid gown, and morocco slippers. I told him my distress, and begged he would point out some mode of employ, that might enable me to exist. He was touched with compassion. I found it was easy to penetrate his heart, but not his pocket. " It is market-day at Walsall," said he, " yonder people are going there ; your attendance upon them may be successful." I instantly put his advice in practice, and found myself in the company of a man and his servant with a waggon-load of carrots ; and, also, of an old fellow and his grandson with a horse-load of cherries. We continued together to the end of the journey ; but I cannot say that either pity or success was of our party.

As my feet were not used to travel, they became extremely blistered ; I, therefore, rubbed them with a little beef fat, begged of a Walsall butcher, and found instant relief.

Upon application to a man who sold stockings in the market, I could learn that there were no frames in Walsall, but many in Birmingham ; that he would recommend me to an acquaintance ; and, if I should not succeed, there was Worcester, a little to the right, had some frames ;

and Coventry, a little to the left, would bring me into the stocking country.

Addison says, " There is not a *Woman* in England ; that every one of the British fair has a right to the appellation of *Lady*." I wondered, in my way from Walsall to Birmingham, to see so many blacksmiths' shops ; in many of them one, and sometimes two *Ladies* at work ; all with smutty faces, thundering at the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I asked if the ladies in this country shod horses ? but was answered, " They are nailers."

Upon Handworth heath, I had a view of Birmingham. St. Philip's Church appeared first, uncrowded with houses, (for there were none to the north, New Hall excepted,) untarnished with smoke, and illuminated with a western sun. It appeared in all the pride of modern architecture. I was charmed with its beauty, and thought it then, as I do now, the credit of the place.

I had never seen more than five towns ; Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Lichfield, and Walsall. The last three I had not known more than two days. The outskirts of these, and, I supposed, of others, were composed of wretched dwellings, visibly stamped with dirt and poverty. But the buildings in the exterior of Birmingham rose in a style of elegance. Thatch, so plentiful in other places, was not to be met with in this. It did not occur to my thoughts, that nine years after I should become a resident here, and thirty-nine years after should write its history !

I was surprized at the place, but more at the people. They possessed a vivacity I had never beheld. I had been among dreamers, but now I saw men awake. Their very step along the street shewed alacrity. Every man seemed to know what he was about. The town was large, and full of inhabitants, and these inhabitants full of industry. The faces of other men seemed tinctured with an idle gloom ; but here, with a pleasing alertness. Their appearance was strongly marked with the modes of civil life.

How far commerce influences the habits of men is worthy the pen of the philosopher. The weather was extremely fine, which gave a lustre to the whole ; the people seemed happy ; and I the only animal out of use.

There appeared to be three stocking-makers in Birmingham. *Evans*, the old Quaker, yet in being, was the principal. I asked him, with great humility, for employ? "You are an apprentice." "Sir, I am not, but am come with the recommendation of your friend, Mr. Such-a-one, of Walsall." "Go about your business, I tell you, you are a run-away 'prentice." I retreated, sincerely wishing I had business to go about.

I waited upon *Holmes*, in Dale-end; at that moment a customer entering, he gave me a penny to get rid of me.

The third was *Francis Grace*, at the gateway, entering New-street. This man was a native of Derby, and knew my family. Fourteen years after, he bestowed upon me a valuable wife, his niece; and sixteen years after, he died, leaving me in possession of his premises and fortune, paying some legacies.

I made the same request to Mr. *Grace* that I had done to others, and with the same effect. He asked after his brother at Derby. I answered readily, as if I knew. One lie often produces a second. He examined me closely; and though a man of no shining talents, quickly set me fast. I was obliged to tell three or four lies to patch up a lame tale, which I plainly saw would hardly pass.

I appeared a trembling stranger in that house, over which, sixteen years after, I should preside. I stood like a dejected culprit by that counter, upon which, thirty-eight years after, I should record the story. I thought, though his name was *Grace*, his heart was rugged; and I left the shop with this severe reflection, that I had told several lies, and without the least advantage. I am sorry to digress, but must beg leave to break the thread of my narrative while I make two short remarks.

I acquired a high character for honesty, by stealing two shillings! Not altogether because I took two out of ten, but because I left the other eight. A thief is seldom known to leave part of his booty. If I had had money, I should not have taken any; and, if I had found none, I should not have run away. The reader will think that two shillings was a very moderate sum to carry me to Ireland.

The other is, whether lying is not

laudable? If I could have consented to tell one lie to my uncle, I should not only have saved my back, my character, and my property, but also prevented about ten lies which I was obliged to tell in the course of the following week. But that Supreme Being, who directs immensity, whether he judges with an angry eye according to some Christians, or with a benign one, according to others, will ever distinguish between an act of necessity and an act of choice.

It was now about seven in the evening, Tuesday, July 14, 1741. I sat to rest upon the north side of the Old Cross near Philip-street; the poorest of all the poor belonging to that great parish, of which, twenty-seven years after, I should be overseer. I sat under that roof, a silent oppressed object, where, thirty-one years after, I should sit to determine differences between man and man. Why did not some kind agent comfort me with the distant prospect?

About ten yards from me, near the corner of Philip-street, I perceived two men in aprons eye me with some attention. They approached near. "You seem," says one, "by your melancholy situation, and dusty shoes, a forlorn traveller, without money, and without friends." I assured him it was exactly my case. "If you choose to accept of a pint of ale, it is at your service. I know what it is myself to be a distressed traveller." "I shall receive any favour with thankfulness."

They took me to the Bell in Philip-street, and gave me what bread, cheese, and beer, I chose. They also procured a lodging for me in the neighbourhood, where I slept for three half-pence.

I did not meet with this treatment twenty-nine years after, at Market Bosworth, though I appeared rather like a gentleman. The inhabitants set their dogs at me merely because I was a stranger. Surrounded with impassable roads, no intercourse with man to humanize the mind, no commerce to smooth their rugged manners, they continue the boors of nature.

Wednesday, July 15. I could not prevail with myself to leave Birmingham, the seat of civility; but was determined to endeavour to forget my misfortunes,

and myself, for one day, and take a nearer view of this happy abode of the smiling arts.

Thursday 16. I arrived early in the day at Coventry, but could get no prospect of employment. The streets seemed narrow, ill paved; the Cross, a beautiful little piece of architecture, but composed of wretched materials. The city was populous; the houses had a gloomy air of antiquity; the upper story projecting over the lower, designed, no doubt, by the architect, to answer two valuable purposes; those of shooting off the wet, and shaking hands out of the garret windows. But he forgot three evils arising from this improvement of art; the stagnation of air, the dark rooms, and the dirty streets.

I slept at the Star Inn, not as a chamber guest, but a hay-chamber one.

Friday 17. I reached Nun-Eaton, and found I had again entered the dominions of sleep. That active spirit which marks the commercial race, did not exist here. The inhabitants seemed to creep along, as if afraid the street should be seen empty. However, they had sense enough to ring the word *'prentice* in my ears, which I not only denied, but used every figure in rhetoric I was master of, to establish my argument; yet was not able to persuade them out of their penetration. They still called me a boy. I thought it hard to perish because I could not convince people I was a man. I left the place without a smile, and without a dinner: perhaps it is not very apt to produce either. I arrived at Hinckley about four in the afternoon. The first question usually put was, "Where do you come from?" My constant answer was, "Derby." There is a countryman of yours," said the person, "in such a street his name is Millward." I applied, and found I had been a neighbour to his family. He also knew something of mine. He set up the same objection that others had done, and I made the same successful reply.

He set me to work till night, about two hours, in which time I earned twopence. He then asked me into the house, entered into conversation with me, told me he was certain I was a runaway apprentice, and begged I would

inform him ingenuously. I replied with tears that I was; and that an unhappy difference with my uncle was the cause of my leaving his service.

He said, if I would set out on my return in the morning, I should be welcome to a bed that night. I told him that I had no objection to the service of my uncle, but that I could not submit to any punishment; and if I were not received upon equitable terms, I would immediately return to my own liberty.

He asked if I had any money? I answered "Enough to carry me home." He was amazed, and threw out hints of crimination. I assured him he might rest satisfied upon that head, for I had brought two shillings from Nottingham. He exclaimed with emotion, "Two shillings!" This confirmed his suspicions.

Wrapped in my own innocence, I did not think my honesty worth vindicating; therefore, did not throw away one argument upon it. Truth is persuasive, and will often make its way to the heart, in its native simplicity, better than a varnished lie.

Extreme frugality especially in the prospect of distress, composes a part of my character.

Saturday, the 18th, I thanked my friend Millward for his kindness, received nothing for my work, nor he for his civility, and we parted the friends of an hour. At noon I saw Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It was market-day. I had eight-pence remaining of my two shillings. My reader will ask, with Millward, "How I lived?" As he could not. Moralists say, "Keep desire low, and nature is satisfied with little." A turnip-field has supplied the place of a cook's shop; a spring, that of a public-house; and, while at Birmingham, I knew by repeated experience, that cherries were a half-penny a pound.

I arrived at Derby at nine in the evening. My father gladly received me, and dropped a tear for my misfortunes. We agreed that he should send for my uncle early in the morning, who would probably be with us by four in the evening.

Sunday 19. My father told me that I could not have appeared before him in a more disadvantageous light, if I had said I was out of a jail: that he should

think of this disagreeable circumstance every future day of his life, and that I must allow him to reprove me before my uncle.

As the time approached, he seemed greatly cast down, and invited two of my uncle's old friends to step in, and soften matters between us. But I considered that my uncle was naturally of a good temper, passion excepted; that I had left him suing for peace; that I had returned a volunteer, which carried the idea of repentance; that he must be conscious he had injured me; that he considered my service as a treasure, which he had been deprived of, and which, being found, he would rejoice at, just in proportion as he had grieved at the loss.

The two friends forgot to come. About nine my uncle entered, and shook hands with my father, for the two brothers were fond of each other. While their hands were united, my uncle turned to me, with a look of benignity, superficially covered with anger, and said, "Are not you to blame?" I was silent.

The remainder of the evening was spent agreeably; and, in the course of it, my uncle said, that if my father would make up one half of my loss, he would make up the other. My father received the proposal joyfully, and they ratified the agreement by a second shake of the hand. But, I am sorry to observe, it was thought of no more by either. I considered it peculiarly hard, that the promise to punish me was remembered, but the promise to reward me forgotten.

This unhappy ramble damped my rising spirit. I could not forbear viewing myself in the light of a fugitive. It sunk me in the eye of my acquaintance, and I did not recover my former balance for two years. It also ruined me in point of dress, for I was not able to re-assume my former appearance for five years. It ran me in debt, out of which I have never been to this day. Nov. 21, 1799.

Concluded in our next.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.*

From the European Magazine.

THE PARISIAN.

NO one ever saw a summer evening in Provence without pleasure; but a father only can judge of the delight it brings when its mild and beautiful hour is appointed for the arrival of a darling child. The Baron de Salency was seated in such an hour under the light colonnade which fronted his chateau, watching every swell of the superb river before him, and imagining he heard the oars of the boatmen sent to bring his only grand-daughter to her paternal home. "How much delight I expect from Henrielle's society!" he said, as the Baroness leaned on his chair—"this lovely hour has always appeared to me the richest picture of a kind father's old age. Henrielle is young, and has been instructed to love us: we shall easily shape her mind according to our wishes; and now at least, in the second generation of our offspring, we have had experience enough to blend what is best in our contrary opinions."

"Certainly," replied the Baroness, rais-

ing herself into a haughtier attitude, "you may find ample scope for your experiments in a child educated we know not where or how! We must atone for the folly of our son's rash marriage, by qualifying his daughter for a splendid entrance into life. Sprightly wit, talents for exhibition, and an imposing demeanor, are the stage-effect or decoration of a woman's virtue. Like the trampoline-board our opera-dancers use, none rise high without it." A boat, whose progress had been concealed by the shrubby edges of the river, now touched the landing-place, and a young person in deep mourning approached the colonnade, alone and trembling. The Baron and Baroness met her with a gracious air of encouragement; but the timid stranger only kissed their hands in tears and silence. "Where," said her grandmother, "is the letter promised by our son?"—Henrielle cast down her eyes weeping, and answered, after long hesitation, "Ah, madam! all is lost—the letter—the jewels—all that my father gave me as testimonials in my favour were stolen last night.—Urgent

* Continued from page 794.

inquiries followed this confession, but she could only inform her hearers that she had travelled from Paris under the escort of a notary and a female servant long employed by her father. Both had accompanied her to Arles, where she slept, expecting their attendance till she reached the Chateau de Salency; and both departed during the night with the small ivory box which contained her treasure. The Baron heard this strange narrative without comment; and his wife, coldly receding a few steps, took an exact and stern survey of her supposed granddaughter. But the ominous pause was interrupted by the arrival of a cabriolet, from whence a lovely young woman sprang, and threw herself at the Baroness de Salency's feet. "From whom do I receive this gracious homage?" said the Baronne, smiling on her beautiful visitor.—"From your grand-daughter, Henrielle de Salency!—I see my father in your countenance, and my homage here can never be misplaced—" Then drawing a sealed letter from her bosom, she presented it to the Baron with an exquisite grace which ensured the kindness it solicited. He saw the hand-writing of a beloved son, the most powerful testimonial in favour of the bearer, whose features perfectly resembled his. She had the same brilliant jet-black eyes, the same full half-opening lips covered with the richest vernillion, and a smile expressing the very spirit of innocence. The Baron extended his arms to welcome the grandchild his heart acknowledged, forgetting at that instant the forlorn stranger he had already received; but his wife, with a sneer which seemed to commend her own superior sagacity, exclaimed—"Do you know this impostor, Mademoiselle DeSalency?"—As if that title had belonged to her, the first claimant advanced to speak, looked earnestly at her opponent, and covered her face. The second Henrielle laid her hands on her grandfather, and, throwing back the rich ringlets which shaded her large bright eyes, whispered, "Do not overwhelm her with reproaches. She is the daughter of an artful woman who nursed me in my childhood, and knew all my mother's family concerns. She left me suddenly on the road from Paris, but not before she had twice attempted to steal this casket, which con-

tains my father's portrait, and documents sufficient, perhaps, to have supported an imposture."—At the sight of this important casket in her rival's hand, the pretended Henrielle gave a cry of agony, and fainted. The Baroness led her acknowledged grand-daughter to another apartment; her husband followed after a short interval, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to inquiries which their Henrielle answered with the promptitude of truth and the grace of polished suavity. When they had retired to their own apartment, the Baroness inquired if he had consigned the intruder to the correctional police—"No, madam; I have a fitter tribunal, I think, in my own heart."—"Can you doubt the baseness of a stratagem so obvious and ill-sustained?"—"I doubt nothing, Baroness, so often as the accuracy of human judgment. If this unhappy stranger has been swayed by the criminal ambition and authority of her mother, let us ascribe the heaviest portion of her crime to her instructor; if she has been the pupil of fraud and avarice, let us try the influence of generous tuition."—"Under my roof!" retorted the Baroness, with a glance of scorn:—her husband answered by leading her towards an exquisite piece of sculpture representing the celebrated Grecian mother recalling her truant child from the edge of a precipice by displaying her bountiful bosom. "This Greek fable, Adelaide, is memorable, because it teaches us how to retrieve a wanderer—not by frowns, but by the milk of human kindness. And the Shakspeare of English divines says truly,—'the young tendrils and early blossoms of the mind hardly bear a breath, but when age has hardened them into a stem, they may meet a storm unbroken.' He spoke of love, but he might have said this of virtue. We will remember it; and, since there are gentle feelings in the supposed impostor, they shall be fostered by kindness. The cloak of fraud is aptest to fall off when the heart is warmed."

"It is torn away already!" interrupted the Baroness. "The letter—the casket—the documents it contained—all or any one of these was sufficient to detect her. And Henrielle's beautiful resemblance to her father—"—"We shall see," rejoined M. de Salency, "how far

it extends. This incident will acquaint us with her heart; and if it knows how to pity error, it is not capable of many."—The Baronne took refuge in sleep, but her husband remained in uneasy musings on the peril of deciding between the two claimants. His son, the most infallible arbiter, was no longer in France, and many months might elapse before he could answer an appeal, even if the chances of war permitted him to receive it. Henry de Salency, the father of Henrielle, had been a husband and a widower unknown to his parents, and had not ventured to recommend his only daughter to their care till his departure on a distant and dangerous expedition had softened the pride of his mother, and left his father desolate. Tender to whatever claimed affinity with this beloved son, the Baron determined that even the soi-disant Henrielle should not be abandoned to poverty and shame. None of his domestics knew with what pretensions she had arrived, and she might be retained among them as an attendant on his acknowledged grand-daughter; an office sufficiently abject to punish her presumption, yet indulgent enough to encourage reformation. In the morning this decree was announced. The offender heard it with a start of surprise, followed by a glow perhaps of gratitude, at a sentence milder than the public dismissal she had pro-

bably expected. Henrielle exclaimed, with a pleading smile, "I shall be charmed to retain my foster-mother's daughter near me. She often spoke of her Henriana, and the Baron will allow me to give you that name, tho' it resembles mine too nearly."—"Certainly I consent," he answered, "but my plan must be changed to suit it. She shall be retained as your companion, not your soubrette; for no name that resembles my son's ought to be connected with ignominy."

Madame de Salency expressed her opinion of this change by indignant frowns, and in private by severe expostulations.—Her husband only answered drily, "Recollect, we have not yet identified our grand-daughter."—But the Baroness acted as if the identity was beyond dispute, and Paris was soon employed in praising the splendid début of the heiress. Her wit, her graces, and her accomplishments, were the theme of its highest circles, and certainly vouched for the elegant education she professed to have received from her mother, of whom she often spoke with lavish praise. But Henriana, when questioned respecting her's, only answered, "I never wish to speak of my mother—She had so many virtues which I never understood till now, so many cares for me that I might have repaid better—my deepest grief is to remember her."

To be continued.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN, JUNE 5, 1817.

MRS. Siddons's appearance in *Lady Macbeth* drew immense crowds to every part of the house. We should suppose that more than half the number of persons were compelled to return without gaining admittance. We succeeded in gaining a seat in one of the back-boxes, and saw this wonderful performance at a distance, and consequently at a disadvantage. Though the distance of place is a disadvantage to a performance like Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Macbeth*, we question whether the distance of time at which we have formerly seen it is any. It is nearly twenty years since we first saw her in this character, and certainly the impression which we have still left on our minds from that first exhibition, is stronger than the one we now received. The sublimity of Mrs. Siddons's acting is such, that the first impulse which it gives to the mind can never wear out, and we doubt whether this original and paramount impression is not weakened, rather than strengthened, by subsequent impressions. We do not read the tragedy of the

Robbers twice; if we have seen Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth* only once, it is enough. The impression is stamped there forever, and any after-experiments and critical inquiries only serve to fritter away and tamper with the sacredness of the early recollection. We see into the details of the character, its minute excellencies or defects, but the great masses, the gigantic proportions, are in some degree lost upon us by custom and familiarity. It is the first blow that staggers us; by gaining time we recover our self-possession. Mrs. Siddons's *Lady Macbeth* is little less appalling in its effects than the apparition of a preternatural being, but if we were accustomed to see a preternatural being constantly, our astonishment would, by degrees diminish. We do not know whether it is owing to the cause here stated, or to a falling off in Mrs. Siddons's acting, but we certainly thought her performance inferior to what it used to be. She speaks too slow, and her manner has not that decided, sweeping majesty, which used to characterize her as the Muse of Tragedy herself. Some-

thing of apparent indecision is perhaps attributable to the circumstance of her only acting at present on particular occasions. An actress who appears only once a year cannot play so well as if she was in the habit of acting once a week.—*Examiner*.

MR. KEAN, IN DUBLIN.

THE announcement of Mr. Kean brought one of the most crowded houses this season. It was absolutely *crammed*. We own we were glad, independently of the pleasure which we always feel when talent is honoured, at the view of the house last night. We really thought that the people of Dublin were stolen away by the ears—that they were music mad, and that they had not a soul for the severer beauties of Tragedy. But we rejoice to find that they only want the proper attraction—and that they know how to value, as becomes themselves and him, the performance of such an actor as Mr. Kean.

His *entré* was greeted, as might be easily expected, with the most enthusiastic welcome; and his first speech, given with familiar and original boldness, was applauded to the echo that should applaud again. The eyes of this man are truly magical. Those in a remote part of the Theatre, who are not blest with strong sight, can have no idea what wonders he does with the piercing, rapid alteration of this organ. It is the glass of Banquo. All the passions in the royalty of nature, appear and vanish on its changing surface. It begins to speak before the lips move, and it occasionally belies the language of the lips. Hence the pauses, which, to those who can see the outline of the face alone, appear sometimes uncalled for, or contrary to the ordinary reading of the text, when accompanied with the pregnant comment of the eye become in a moment natural, forcible, and striking. His eye is like a sudden beam of light upon a hidden truth. You do not expect it in any parti-

cular spot, but, when thrown into strong relief by an adventitious ray, you instantly acknowledge its presence and its power. We do not mean by any means to defend Mr. Kean's Readings. Nay, we think some of them erroneous—but we feel persuaded, that, if the eye is watched—if the labouring soul is followed through all the workings of his countenance, much of that censure which has been lavished upon Mr. Kean's New Readings, as they are called, must vanish. One thing, however, should be recollected, that, though these readings occasionally “bring down” plaudits, they are only the secondary beauties of Mr. Kean's performance. If they were all omitted,—though we should miss some peculiarities, *Richard*, in Mr. Kean's personation, would be as effective as it is. In fact, it is this peculiarity that has given Mr. Kean such sway and masterdom in his profession—it is the pervading mind—it is the vigour and the soul which pervades and inspires the man—the *mens agitat molem*—the living and exhaustless *light*—the fire in his heart, and the fire in his brain, which glows with such intenseness, and shines out with such brilliancy—these are the secrets of Mr. Kean's success; and, when another actor shall be so fortunate as to find them, he may calculate on the same renown.

We have left ourselves no place for particular criticism. Nor, indeed, is it necessary. We are all familiar with Mr. Kean's *Richard*, and should only repeat what has been said a thousand times by an induction of particulars. Suffice it to say, then, that it was bloody, bold, and dangerous—that the sarcasms were given with infinite bitterness, and the hypocrisy maintained with consummate address. But it is in the fire, and stir, and bustle of the piece that Mr. Kean, to use a familiar term, is at home—that he blazes, and burns, and goes out at length, like a Volcano, with an explosion that is tremendous.—*Dublin Paper*, July 1, 1817.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

GEORGE MORLAND, THE PAINTER.*

From La Belle Assemblée.

MORLAND had taken a house in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, after having obtained a fourth letter of licence. Here his establishment soon bore the appearance of confirmed irregularity: his domestic life had little to attach a man of such dissipated habits, and he had no children to engage him to alter them: though a very sincere regard subsisted between him and his wife, yet their disagreements were frequent, and he was often absent from his home for three or four months together, during which time she would quit her house to reside with her parents, leaving the premises without any superintendant; and it was no unusual thing for her, on any of their disputes, to quit her home, while he remain-

ed in it with only a boy to attend on him. These were the periods, when left to thought and reflection, that he would ruminate on his folly, and lament his many mispent hours; for the heart of Morland was never corrupt, however depraved was his general conduct: frequent were the resolutions he made to reform, but these always vanished at the end of a few weeks; domestic differences drove him from home, and his vicious companions again drew him into the vortex of his former dissipations.

His constitution at length yielded to the assaults of excess: his eye-sight failed, his hand shook, his spirits flagged, and the melancholy idea of putting an end to his existence sometimes assailed his mind: to avoid this act of despondency.

* Concluded from Ath. Vol. I. p. 894.

he became yet more intemperate, till, after an attack of apoplexy, he brought on a complication of disorders; and the confinement to which he submitted, in order to elude the pursuits of his creditors, accelerated the progress of his diseases. He seldom quitted his painting room till it was time to go to bed, and took his meals behind his easel, though never at regular periods. Beef-steaks and onions, with purl, gin, and a pot of porter, generally composed his breakfast: his dinner he would take at eleven, twelve, one, or three o'clock, just as his appetite prompted, very seldom eating his meals with his wife: during the whole day he swallowed every kind of strong liquor, never drinking tea.

When he found he could no longer reside in Charlotte-street, he removed to Chelsea, where he was arrested by an old friend, to whom he owed upwards of three hundred pounds, the artist was, however, soon extricated from this difficulty, having always bail at his command. His next removal was to Lambeth, where he lodged with his man in the house of a waterman; yet he here began to doubt his security, and took a ready-furnished house at East Sheen, where he resided for some time, till he was betrayed by another of his creditors, in whom he had placed his confidence. When this affair was arranged, he took up his abode in Queen Ann-street, East, where he remained perfectly safe for three months, though in the midst of his creditors.

In November, 1797, Morland's father died, at the age of eighty-five: and soon after this event our artist was advised to claim the dormant title of Baronet, which had been left by Sir Samuel Morland, an ingenious mechanic and mathematician, on whom it was conferred by Charles II., and from whom Morland was lineally descended. Finding, however, that no emolument was attached to it, but that it would be assumed not without great expence, he relinquished the design, observing, that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honour in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman.

After several removals, he hired lodgings in the house of a methodist cobbler, at Kennington-green, who made many efforts to reclaim him without success. He

next took shelter at Mr. Merle's, carver and gilder, in Leadenhall-street; here he met with true kindness, Mr. Merle being one of those few friends who never took advantage of his distresses. Morland's conduct here serves to shew how much real kindness, wrought on a disposition naturally good, and that to the mistaken rigidity of his well-meaning father might be attributed his governing himself with so loose a rein when he arrived at manhood. During his stay at Mr. Merle's, he laboured diligently in his profession, he rose at six, and continued painting till three or four: the pernicious habit of drinking spirits, he could not, however, resolve to quit; it increased upon him, and though he was so industrious during the day, he seldom retired to bed till two or three hours after midnight.

Fancying himself insecure, he retreated to Hackney, where the neighbours were astonished at the vast sums he was said to receive, and the profusion with which he spent them: in short, they suspected he was there for no good, and after several surmises, they concluded that he was a fabricator of forged Bank notes; and an information was lodged against him. Morland seeing the officers coming, retreated the back way, over the fields to London, leaving his wife to receive the strangers. The officers broke open every drawer, searched every place, but finding only unfinished pictures, pipes, pots, and whimsical sketches, an explanation took place, and they retired.

In 1798, Mr. Lynn, a surgeon in Westminster, attended Mrs. Morland in an illness, and Morland expressing a wish to be rid of the set that haunted him, Mr. Lynn, who had a picturesque cottage at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, generously offered him the use of it. Mrs. Morland and her servant immediately went thither, in April, 1799, and was soon followed by her husband and his man.

Though the alledged object of his journey was retirement, the apartment in which he painted was filled with sailors, fishermen, and smugglers, from morning to night; yet the general conduct of Morland was such as to gain the friendship of Mr. Lynn, who recommended him to an excellent patron in a medical friend, who purchased up his mere sketches at an immense price.

On Morland's return to London, finding it impossible to satisfy his creditors, he caused himself to be arrested, and obtained the rules of the King's Bench prison. His wife, his brother, with a man and maid-servant, formed his establishment; here he kept open house, and sat down to a plentiful table, at which Mrs. Morland presided, and he generally got so completely intoxicated that his bed was the floor; he having given particular orders never to be carried to his chamber in that state. The ruin of his character and constitution might now be said to be completed; his excesses were without intermission, and he had no opportunity of exercise to carry off their baneful effects; he had even so little confidence in himself that he feared to touch a picture lest he should spoil it; for though common report has asserted that he painted best when intoxicated, the following remark of the artist himself proved it to have been otherwise: a friend once speaking with him on one of his paintings where the colours were discordant, Morland remarked it, and said, "Can it be wondered at? I was half drunk when I did it:" accordingly painted it all over again. Certainly he had tumbled till his brain was affected, and then was obliged to take a certain quantity of spirits to steady his hand: his nerves, as well as his mind, requiring a support from false energy.

An Insolvent Act, in 1802, liberated him from his confinement. He did not, however, quit his house in Lambeth-road, till he was attacked by a second fit of apoplexy, which greatly alarmed him. Being annoyed also with his creditors, he removed to the Black Bull, at Highgate, but quarreling with his landlord, he repaired to his brother's in Dean-street. Previous to his removal from the King's Bench, his wife had taken lodgings at Paddington for the recovery of her health; where, to his everlasting credit, he allowed her two or three guineas a week, which were regularly paid during his greatest exigencies. At this place he painted his curious picture of his own garret, with himself at work, and his man Gibbs, who was his cook, frying sausages.

His apoplectic fits now became more frequent, and each fit left him in a greater state of debility than the preceding; and

to such a state of weakness was his nervous system at length reduced, that a single glass of liquor would intoxicate him. He grew so hypochondriacal, that the idea of being alone in darkness, tho' but for a moment, became insupportable; and to relieve his terrors, he sought relief in visiting night-houses instead of retiring to bed.

His life, at this period, was fast approaching to its close; he was taken in execution by a publican for debt, and conveyed to a spunging-house, where, overwhelmed with misfortunes, debts, and neglect, the sure attendant on adversity, he swallowed in despair a great quantity of spirituous liquors: that resource was now in vain; the next morning he dropped off his chair in a fit, as he was sketching a bank and tree in a drawing which his mother long possessed. After this he never spoke coherently, but remained eight days delirious and convulsed, and expired on the 29th of October, 1804, in the forty-second year of his age.

The mutual affection of Morland and his wife, evinced itself in the alarm that each felt if the other was indisposed. It is remarkable that they frequently observed, in their conversations, that they felt a strong presentiment that one would not long survive the other. It was intended to keep the death of Morland a secret from his wife as long as possible: but she could not be induced to credit the assertion that he yet lived: having obtained the fatal conviction that her fears were just, she gave a piercing shriek, fell into convulsive fits, which lasted three days, and expired on the 2d of November, in the thirty-seventh year of her age: one grave contains their bodies, in the burial-ground of St. James's Chapel.

Though the merit of this artist must be allowed to be great, yet he certainly owed his popularity very much to circumstances; the anecdotes attached to his pictures forwarded the sale of them: many persons thought he could not live long, therefore they bought his pieces on speculation, imagining that every one he drew would be his last, and that their profits would be largely increased by his death: and, indeed, when that event did happen, his pictures rose considerably, both in price and fame.

The year 1790 was the time that Morland rose to his meridian, he was

then able to paint whatever subject he chose ; he had confidence in his own powers, aided by a knowledge of nature ; his best productions were interiors, and he was peculiarly happy in depicting the stunted dwarf pollard oak, with a group of sheep under it : in such objects he was unequalled, but his cottages are wanting in taste and variety, and he was apt to slight his back grounds. In tranquil scenes also he might be said to excel ; a proof of this is in *The Labourer's Luncheon, The Return from Market, The Weary Travellers, The Tired Cart Horse, Baiting the Horses, and Watering Cattle*. The expression of his dogs are powerful ; *The Butcher's Stall*, whence a dog has stolen some meat, and which is shrinking from the blow of a stick, is so exquisitely portrayed, that, to use the words of Mr. Dawe, "you may almost imagine that you hear him shriek."

His guinea pigs and rabbits are the best ever painted, and his cart horses are excellent. Nothing was ever more happily

represented than the little roguish Welch poney of the carter, and the patient humble jackass.

All his pencil sketches evince a strong conception, an ease, and a distinguishing character rarely to be found in other artists ; and though his mode of preparing his pictures was often hasty and irregular, simplicity was their chief characteristic. Morland's touch did much, for he had the discernment to perceive, that it is touch more than labour which finishes a picture ; and he was always particularly careful in using the very best oils and colours ; while his constant advice to students was to copy nature, and if they wished to draw a tree well, to place their easels in a field, and copy the tree exactly as it stood before them. Upon the whole, to conclude in the words of his best biographer, "Morland's paintings indicate a mind which, with due cultivation, was capable of very high attainments, and excite our admiration that so much could be effected during a life spent like his."

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

RIDICULE.

WHETHER or not ridicule be the proper test of truth, is not, perhaps, fully decided ; but it is most certain, that it might be used in many cases in the place of severe chastisement, and sometimes with a more lasting effect, especially among young people. One scheme of this kind was tried, with great success, by Dr. Newcome, who governed a school at Hackney. When any mistake happened in the pronunciation of a Latin word, he used to make the faulty lad repeat after him, before the whole school. "Nos Germāni, non curāmus, quantitātem, syllābārum."* And this penalty was more dreaded by the boys than the ferula or the rod.—*Euro. Mag.*

* An absurd assertion, all in false quantity, supposed to be made by a German, importing that "His countrymen minded not how they pronounced Latin."

THE TEETH.

To the Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*.

SIR—While in London a few days ago, I was so fortunate as to purchase *Gerbaux on the Teeth and Mouth*, lately translated

from the French, by a Member of the Faculty. It seems to have two objects in view :—1st. To invite the medical profession, more particularly than has been the case hitherto, to adopt a branch in surgery which has been unaccountably allowed to wander out of the regular sphere, and thus supersede the host of empirics who, under the name of Dentists, infest all our large cities. 2d. To detect and point out the baneful qualities of many of those means which are so much vaunted as dentifrices. All the diseases of the teeth and mouth are succinctly and popularly treated of, and there is so much good sense and judgment throughout the whole, that I am sure all your elegant readers will be pleased with the following quotation.

"The teeth are the most lovely ornament of the human countenance ; their regularity and their whiteness constitute that ornament ; these qualities rivet our regards, and add new charms to the beauty of the countenance. If the mouth exceeds in size its ordinary proportions, fine teeth serve to disguise this

natural error in its conformation, and often even the illusion which results from the perfection of their arrangement is such, that we imagine the mouth would not have looked so well if it had been smaller. Observe that lady smile whose mouth discloses the perfection of their arrangement ; you will never think of remarking the extent of the diameter of her mouth, all your attention will be fixed upon the beauty of her teeth, and upon the gracious smile which so generously exposes them.

" This ornament is equally attractive in both sexes ; it distinguishes the elegant from the slovenly gentleman, and diffuses amiability over the countenance by softening the features ; those of the black African cease to frighten the timid beauty when he smilingly shews his teeth sparkling with whiteness. But it is more particularly to women that fine teeth are necessary, since it is her destiny first to gratify our eyes before she touches our soul and captivates and enslaves our heart. The influence which the teeth exercise over beauty justifies the pre-eminence which I attribute to them over all the other attractions of the countenance. Let a woman have fine eyes, a pretty mouth, a handsome nose, a well turned forehead, elegant hair, a charming complexion ; but let her also have bad teeth, teeth blackened by caries, and we should cease to think her beautiful.

" When nature, sparing of her gifts, shall have failed to bestow them on the teeth, making them defective in form and tarnished in colour, care and extreme cleanliness must be resorted to in order to supply the imperfections and hide the faults. In this case, at least, if the teeth do not attract our regards, they do not affect us disagreeably."

Sacred Poems ; selected from the best Writers : designed to assist Young Persons to read and recite metrical compositions with propriety ; and to inculcate the most important principles of Love to God and Benevolence to Man. By Ph. Le Breton, A. M. Master of the Academy in Poland Street. 18mo. 12s.

Poetry never fails to afford pleasure to young minds ; and therefore it is proper to direct that taste in such a way

as to improve the heart as well as to enlarge the understanding. Collections for this purpose are numerous ; but the one now offered to parents and instructors has many prominent advantages to render it deserving of their patronage. It is constructed with more simplicity, and is better adapted to the exercise of the memory, than the poetical compilations which have fallen in our way. The selection has been made with great taste, and it is enriched by some original pieces of peculiar beauty—one of which we shall here transplant for the edification of our readers : it is a version of Miriam's song after the destruction of the Egyptian host—

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free !
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken ;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—

How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword !

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord hath look'd out of his pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free !

New Mon. Mag.

THE POPE, VS. BIBLE SOCIETIES.

On the occasion of a Bible Society being about to be established lately in Poland, the present Pope, with the full concurrence of all the Cardinals, issued a bull against Bible Societies. The design of circulating the Holy Scriptures is characterized as " an abominable device, by which the very foundation of religion is undermined ;" and it is declared to be the duty and object of the See of Rome, " to employ all means for the purpose of detecting and rooting out such a pestilence in every way." The following is a translation :

PIUS P. P. VII.

VENERABLE BROTHER,

Health and apostolic benediction.

In our last letter to you we promised, very soon, to return an answer to yours ; in which you have appealed to this Holy See, in the name also of the other Bishops of Poland, respecting what are called *Bible Societies*, and

have earnestly inquired of us what you ought to do in this affair. We long since, indeed, wished to comply with your request; but an incredible variety of accumulating concerns have so pressed upon us on every side, that, till this day, we could not yield to your solicitation.

We have been truly shocked at this most crafty device, by which the very foundations of Religion are undermined; and having, because of the great importance of the subject, convened for consultation our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, we have, with the utmost care and attention, deliberated upon the measures proper to be adopted by our Pontifical authority, in order to remedy and abolish this Pestilence as far as possible. In the mean time, we heartily congratulate you, venerable brother; and we commend you again and again in the Lord, as it is fit we should, upon the singular zeal you have displayed under circumstances so hazardous to Christianity, in having denounced to the Apostolic See, this defilement of the Faith, most imminently dangerous to souls. And although we perceive that it is not at all necessary to excite him to activity who is making haste, since of your own accord you have already shown an ardent desire to detect and oppose the impious machinations of these Innovators; yet, in conformity with our office, we again and again exhort you, that whatever you can achieve by power, provide for by counsel, or effect by authority, you will daily execute with the utmost earnestness, placing yourself as a wall for the House of Israel.

For this end we issue the present Brief, viz. that we may convey to you a signal testimony of our approbation of your excellent conduct, and also may endeavour therein still more and more to excite your pastoral solicitude and vigilance. For the general good imperiously requires us to combine all our means and energies to frustrate the plans, which are prepared by its enemies for the destruction of our most Holy Religion: whence it becomes an Episcopal duty, that you first of all expose the wickedness of this nefarious scheme, as you already are doing so admirably, to the view of the faithful, and openly publish the same, according to the rules prescribed by the Church, with all that erudition and wisdom in which you excel; namely, "*That Bibles printed by Heretics are numbered among other prohibited books by the Rules of the Index (No. II. and III.); for it is evident from experience, that the Holy Scriptures, when circulated in the vulgar tongue, have, through the temerity of men, produced more harm than benefit.*" (Rule IV.) And this is the more to be dreaded in times so depraved, when our Holy Religion is assailed from every quarter with great cunning and effort, and the most grievous wounds are inflicted on the Church. It is, therefore, necessary to adhere to the salutary Decree of the Congregation of the Index (June 13th, 1751,) that no versions of the Bible in the vulgar tongue be permitted, except such as are approved by the Apostolic See, or published with Annotations extracted from the writings of the Holy Fathers of the Church.

We confidently hope that, even in these turbulent circumstances, the Poles will afford the clearest proofs of their attachment to the religion of their ancestors; and this especially by your care, as well as that of the other Prelates of this kingdom, whom, on account of the stand they are so wonderfully making for

the Faith committed to them, we congratulate in the Lord, trusting that they all will very abundantly justify the opinion which we have entertained of them.

It is moreover necessary that you should transmit to us, as soon as possible, the Bible which Jacob Wüick published in the Polish language with a Commentary, as well as a copy of the edition of it lately put forth without those annotations, taken from the writings of the Holy Fathers of our Church, or other learned Catholics, with your opinion upon it; that thus, from collating them together, it may be ascertained, after mature investigation, what errors may lie insidiously concealed therein, and that we may pronounce our judgment on this affair for the preservation of the true faith.

Proceed, therefore, venerable Brother, to pursue the truly pious course upon which you have entered; viz. diligently to fight the battles of the Lord in soundness of doctrine, and warn the people entrusted to your care, that they fall not into the snares which are prepared for them to their everlasting ruin. The Church waits for this from you, as well as from the other Bishops, whom our rescript equally concerns; and we most anxiously expect it, that the deep sorrow we feel on account of this new species of tares which an enemy is sowing so abundantly, may, by this cheering hope, be somewhat alleviated; and, we heartily invoke upon you and your fellow-Bishops, for the good of the Lord's flock, ever increasing gifts by our Apostolic benediction, which we impart to yourself and to them.—Gent. Mag.

WOUNDS IN THE HEART.

In August last, a buck that was remarkably fat and healthy in condition, was killed in Bradby park, and, on opening him, it was discovered that, at some distant time, he had been shot in the heart; for a ball was contained in a cyst in the substance of that viscus, about two inches from the apex, weighing 292 grains, and beaten quite flat. In the second volume of the Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, is published an extraordinary case of a soldier who survived forty-nine hours after receiving a bayonet-wound of the heart; but a gunshot wound of the heart affords a still more striking example of the great extent to which this vital organ may sustain an injury from external violence, without its functions being immediately destroyed, or even permanently impaired.—*Mon. Mag.*

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR INSANITY.

A. T. (in reference to your Magazine for December last, p. 495) says: "I cannot help communicating a very simple remedy for Insanity, which was given me by a very respectable Clergyman of the Establishment, with which he had recently cured a young man who was in

a high state of derangement; and I had the gratification of seeing its good effect on a young lady in my own neighbourhood, who received immediate benefit from it. Though it may not perform a radical cure, yet if taken as soon as the complaint appears to be coming on, I am persuaded, it will have a good effect. So inoffensive a remedy is certainly worth a trial. In great nervous irritability I doubt not but it would have its use.—An Aloe pill taken every night, and three table-spoonsfull of the expressed juice of Ground-ivy in the morning fasting.”—*Gent. Mag.*

HAUSRUCK MOUNTAIN.

A letter from Vienna of the 2d of July, 1817, mentions, that the mountain called the Hausruck, in Upper Austria, has disappeared, and its place is supplied by a lake. This mountain was very high, and the country around took its name from it. Since the preceding month several phenomena had warned the inhabitants that something awful would happen, and frequent subterraneous noises were heard. About a dozen cottages, which were built in various parts of the hill, have of course disappeared; but it was not known whether any persons perished.

GAS FIRES OF THE APENNINES.

M. MENARD, of Paris, states as the result of his observations on the natural fires of Pietra-Male and Barri-Gazzo in the Apennines, that those fires have

been burning from time immemorial; that they exist without any visible combustible matter on spots where the ground is perfectly bare, in the midst of cultivated fields, and at a short distance from houses. When they are extinguished by heavy rain or a high wind, the country people kindle them again by means of fire-brands held over the surface of the ground, whence issue currents of hydrogen gas. The flame is exactly similar in appearance and origin to that produced by coal-gas.

INVENTIONS.

Mr. MENKE, of Berlin, has invented a process for converting mabogany saw-dust into a soft paste, which becomes harder by exposure to the atmosphere, and is susceptible of receiving and retaining the forms given to marble, wood and bronze. This substance takes the most beautiful gilding, as well as the colour of bronze. It is made into candelabra, lustres, lamps, vases, statues, and all kinds of ornaments for furniture, which equal in elegance the finest works in bronze, and cost only one-eighth of the price.

SLAVE TRADE.

The French papers contain an ordinance of considerable importance: it prohibits, under pain of confiscation, all vessels from importing slaves into the West-India islands of his Most Christian Majesty. We rejoice at the promulgation of such an ordinance, and shall rejoice more at knowing that it is carried into complete effect.—*Gent. Mag.*

POETRY.

From La Belle Assemblée.

TO A BROTHER IN THE ARMY.

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 19TH DECEMBER.

BROTHER! when thou wert far away,
Sharing the soldier's toilsome lot,
Deem'st thou, that this, thy natal day,
By kindred hearts was e'er forgot?
Ah! no, it still returned to see
Our thoughts, our hopes, belov'd! with thee!
And when, beside the glowing hearth,
We gathered close, as night-shades fell,
While winter brooded o'er the earth,
And wild winds raved, with mighty swell;
Still to our hearts thy image came,
Still to our lips thy cherished name.

“Perhaps,” we said, “our soldier now,
By the red watch-fire's fitful blaze,
Beneath some dark sierra's brow,
Thinks of the home of happier days;
Perhaps to us his thoughts have flown,
E'en now, while ours are all his own!

“Or, haply on the dewy ground,
While night has hush'd the battle's roar,
And still'd is every martial sound,
And arms and banners gleam no more,
He sleeps—while, from that combat-plain,
Sweet visions waft him home again!”

Those days are past—but oh! believe,
By all their hopes, by all their fears,
Those hopes that smil'd not to deceive,
Those terrors of long an anxious years,
By every peril thou has prov'd,
We greet thee, wanderer more below'd!
And oh! 'tis well our souls, thus warm,
Affection still to joy can sway,
For we have seen full many a storm,
And many a cherish'd hope decay!
And were domestic love to fly,
What bliss for us could earth supply?

Those are no common ties that bind,
In tender union, hearts like ours;
By sorrow strengthen'd and refin'd,
We prize their worth, we know their pow'rs;
And smile, while yet so sweet a ray,
With lonely brightness, gilds our way.

From the Panorama.

THE VOLA, OR SYBIL OF THE NORTH,

From "Odin," a Poem: by SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

BUT to ! where clad in raiment sheen like snow,

The Vola seems to sleep the sleep of death.
Her couch is on the rock, all sculptured o'er
With mystic symbols. At her side are placed
A lute, a drum, a chalice and a wand,
Tablets, and talismans, and graven gems—
All aids of magic : pallid are her cheeks,
And motionless her limbs. The ruddy blood
Has left her lips. Upon her bosom lies
The fatal leaf of baleful mistletoe,
That Hoder, blind and old, in Asgard threw,
When well-loved Balder died. One lily hand
Supports her head, and one still grasps a bough
Plucked from the mountain-ash of Ydrasil.
'Awake, O Prophetess !' the monarch cries,
'Awake, fair daughter of the house of death,
'And guide my footsteps in this dreadful vault.'
He speaks in vain. No voice replies to his.
Perplex'd he stands. At length with out-
stretch'd hand,

Cased in its iron glove, not knowing now
The peril of the deed, he lifts the leaf
Mortiferous, that, touching human flesh,
Brings death, or sleep like death. The Vola
breathes.

Her eyes, half-open'd, from the livid glare
She turns abhorrent. 'Hated light !' she cries,
'Why comest thou so soon ? What power dis-
solves

'The mortal charm, that left my soul awhile.
'Ah ! wherefore must the Vola live again
'To hate her being ? Brilliant comes the morn,
'The face of nature brightens into smiles ;
'Gay laughs the year, clad in his summer
robe ;

'And beauty, youth, and love, in frolic mood
'Lead on the dancing hours. But in her cave,
'Callous to human sorrow ; dead to joy ;
'Far from the realms of light, let Thoka dwell
'The solitary Vola. Garish day
'Delights me not, nor æther's azure glare.'
She said ; and from her couch majestic rose ;
In form a goddess. Who shall paint a face,
That more than human seem'd, and spake the
soul

Above all sympathy with mortal man—
A cheek so pale—a brow so sternly calm—
Eyes that ne'er wept, and lips that could not
smile ?

[The Vola utters loud complaints at the inter-
ruption of her perennial slumber ; but at
length recognizes in the hero a mortal pro-
tected by Fate.]

She spake ; and from a golden cup pour'd
forth

Libations, to the threefold Norma due ;
Of sacred water drawn at Mimer's fount.
Her ebon wand she lifted high in air ;
Nine times a circle round the king she traced ;
Nine times pronounced a fear inspiring name ;
And struck nine times upon the painted drum,
That fell Modguder beats with dead men's
bones,

When Lapland witches, riding on the storm,
Rejoice at midnight for the morrow's scath.
But now, her flaxen ringlets all unbound,
Her long white vestments floating far behind,
In mystic mazes, and in magic rounds,
The Vola moved ; what time she touch'd the
lute,
And wildly chaunted incantations dire.

With these in power might never be compared
Or spell, or charm, of dark idolators,
When in the chambers of their imagery,
By Jordan, or Orontes, eastern streams,
They communed nightly with the Demon-Gods.
'No voice on earth,' she cried, 'is like to mine.
'E'en Hela hears it, deaf to all besides.
'Mine is the Runic verse that Loke obeys ;
'And mine the song that can recall the dead.
'My hand sustains the branch of magic power :
'I shake its leaves, and hell flings wide its
gates.'

Now quaked the troubled earth ; red light-
nings glared ;
The subterranean thunder roar'd beneath.
The Vola shriek'd, her countenance was
changed ;
Her locks rose rigid o'er her knitted brow ;
And in her eye demoniac fury beam'd.

Meanwhile the monarch gazed intent around ;
For now the horrid cavern open'd wide
Its monstrous jaws ; and the firm rock, that
seem'd

Receding like a cloud, or humid mist,
Chaced by the gales of morning, vanish'd quite.
Nor light, nor dark, there was. He saw, as sees
The northern mountaineer, at twilight hour,
'Twixt day and night. Before him rolled a
stream,

The Gial call'd among the sons of men.
A golden bridge, with nine vast arches, spann'd
The yellow wave, a flood of molten gold.
Here on her throne, heap'd high, of human
skulls,

In dreadful arms array'd, Modguder sat,
In blood delighting. Her the nations fear,
When loud her war-proclaiming trumpet
sounds

To battle, and confronted armies close.
Dire is the clangour of her chariot wheels,
When through the streets of cities, leaguer'd
long,

She rides at length triumphant, and unfurls
Her standard, crimson'd with the blood of men.
Now from her seat she rose with ireful mien,
And brandish'd high the sword she hates to
sheathe.

Prepar'd for combat strange, the monarch stood
Intrepid. But the Vola took his hand ;
And shook the branches of the mystic bough.
A cloud of misty darkness round them felt—
Their footsteps sounded on the golden bridge—
Dread silence reign'd—they pass'd the bourne,
That separates the living from the dead.

[The scene changes several times :—through a
dreary region, of clime ungenial, and of
prospect dark ;—to another of winter ;
(who can doubt its power in hell ?)—here
the King finds a structure of "pure ice,
diaphanous ;"—again, to a broad sea, tem-
pestuous ;—next, "before them lay Surtur's
vast world of fire ;"—then, Hela's hall :—at
last, the residence of Loke, the principal of
evil : here the monarch consents to reign on
any terms :—]

'Shall I refuse due homage to this God,
'Who tempts ambition with a kingdom—puts
'A crown within my reach—and bids me grasp
'At universal empire ? Prophetess !
'I serve thy God.'

Thus spake the king perturb'd ;
And as he gazed, awe-stricken, on the world
Infernal, almost wish'd his words unsaid :
For who, without a shudder, first throws off
Allegiance to his father's faith ? and who,
Without compunctions shiv'ring of the soul,
First puts in peril its eternal weal ?

But lo! he kneels at length before the throne
Of evil Loke; the banner he receives;
But may not see that Hela's horrid hand
Conveys the fatal gift. The deed is done.
All, all is silent in the house of Death.
It seems that universal Nature sleeps.
Dread silence this, the silence of the tomb!

THE SERPENT.

[The description of a serpent's hiss, from this work, strikes us as new, as well as terrific:]

But now upon Pharnaces and his guide
The scaly fiend of slimy Mignard turn'd
His glaring eyes; while, brandish'd o'er their
heads,

The three-fork'd terrors of his poison'd tongue
Protruded; and his turgid neck immense
Was swoln with ire. His hiss was like the sound
Of many rushing waters, or of winds
Among the shrouds, when scatter'd navies drive
Before the storm.

From the Monthly Magazine.

TO THE BURNIE-BEE.*

BLYTHE son of summer furl thy filmy
wing,

Alight beside me on this bank of moss;
Yet to its side the ling'ring shadows cling,
And sparkling dew the dark-green tufts im-
boss.

Here may'st thou freely quaff the nectar'd
sweet,

That in the violet's purple chalice hides;
Here on the lily-scent thy fringed feet,
Or with the wild-thyme's balm anoint thy
sides.

Back o'er thy shoulders throw those ruby
shards,

With many a tiny coal-black freckle deckt,
My watchful look thy loitering saunter guards,
My ready hand thy footstep shall protect.

Daunted by me beneath this trembling bough
On forked wings no greedy swallow sails,
No hopping sparrow pries for food below,
Nor e'er lurks, nor dusky blind-worm trails.

Nor shall the swarthy gaoler for thy way
His grate of twinkling threads successful
strain,

With venom'd trunk thy writhing members
flay,

Or from thy heart the reeking life-blood
drain.

Forego thy wheeling in the sunny air,
Thy glancing to the envious insects round;
To the din area of my bower repair,
Silence and Coolness keep it hallow'd ground.

* In Norfolk, the may-bird is called burnie-bee, by contraction, from burnie-beetle, or fiery-beetle. The following address to that insect is in the mouths of children there:

Bless you, bless you, burnie-bee,
Tell me where my true love be;
Be sic east, or be sic west,
Seek the path she loveth best;
Go and whisper in her ear,
That I ever think of her;
Tell her, all I have to say
Is about our wedding-day,
Burnie-bee, no longer stay,
Take to your wings and fly away.

Here to the elves that sleep in flowers by day,
Thy softest hum in lulling whispers pour,
Or o'er the lovely band thy shield display
When blue-eyed Twilight sheds her dewy
shower.

So shall the fairy train by glow-worm light
With rainbow-tints thy folding pennons fret,
Thy scaly breast in brightest azure dight,
Thy burnish'd armure speck with glossier jet;

With viewless fingers weave thy wintry tent,
And line with gossamer thy pendant cell,
Safe in the rift of some lone ruin pent,
Where ivy shelters from the storm-wind fell.

Blest if, like thee, I cropt with heedless spoil
The gifts of youth and pleasure in their
bloom;

Doom'd for no coming winter's want to toil,
Fit for the spring that waits beyond the tomb.

From the same.

THE PALACE OF THE SUN.

Translated by Thos. Orger.

THE gorgeous palace of the God of light
Shone in the east majestically bright.
The lofty columns, glorious to behold,
Were starr'd with jewels and embost with gold;
Fair ivory beams the spotless roof inlay,
The folding portals cast a silver ray:
Yet gold, nor gems, nor ivory impart
A wonder equal to the sculptor's art---
Here Vulcan gave a new creation birth,
With mimic seas embracing mimic earth;
Here land was pictur'd, and ethereal plain,
And Sea-Gods flounder'd in the glassy main,
Triton and Proteus of ambiguous form,
And huge Egeon, giant of the storm,
High o'er the deep in scaly triumph rides,
Parts the rude billows, and a whale bestrides.
Fair Doris here her blooming daughters led,
Some frolic in old Ocean's azure bed,
Some ride on fishes, others on the rocks
Seem to recline, and dry their humid locks:
Not wholly diff'rent, yet not quite the same,
Their features their affinity proclaim.
Here sculptur'd earth bore over-arching woods,
And men, and cities, beasts of prey, and floods.
Nymphs of the chase, and demigods were there,
And heav'n's refulgent glow'd in upper air.
Six Zodiac Signs the dexter portals grac'd,
And six were o'er the left in order plac'd.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Written on the banks of the Avon.

WHERE Avon winds his gentle stream,
And harvests bless the lab'ring swain;
The rocky glen, the flow'ry plain,
The Alpine hills, the shelt'ring grove---
His native scenes in boyhood's dream I
Th' inspired boy did oft in rapture rove!

Keen the fix'd eye, sublime of soul,
No cold, dull caution, barr'd the way---
But he, in blaze of Genius' day,
Essay'd the steepest heights of Fame!
As mountain flood d.s.ain'd control!--
And gain'd th' immortal wreath in Ælla's
deathless name!

Visions of glory! early fled,
Transient as summer's golden morn!
And lo! around terrific borne,
The lucid tempest wing'd its course
Impetuous on th' unselter'd head!
Scath'd by the storm, he fell a livid core!

O Chatterton ! thy hapless fate
Mocks the weak effort of the lyre---
Nor may the humble muse aspire,
Though admiration points thy flight !
Genius, with ardent hopes elate,
In youth's bright dawn quench'd in the shades
of night !

Beam of the soul, that led astray ;
Radiance, too strong for mortal ken ;
By thee Life's ev'ning path was seen---
Dazzling with golden hopes, the boy !
Enchantress ! by thy powerful ray
He soar'd, nor deem'd that aught could hap-
piness destroy !

Yes, Poesy ! thou wast the cause---
Unfitted with Life's useful aim,
He, impious, dar'd the deed of shame---
Thou wooed'st him to thy native sphere !
For heaven he spurn'd at Nature's laws---
And thou alone may'st plead his flight from
sorrow here !

And thou---for harmony is thine---
Wilt plead in sacred strains above !
Heaven and creative power are Love !
Immortal ! to thy God restor'd,
Beam of thy God, and light divine---
Thou art in heaven, and still by all ador'd !

Still on the cliff, in frowning skies,
That were to thee with rapture fraught,
Awakening the solemn thought,
Spirit of song ! is seen thy form,
Thy shadowy car in clouds t' arise,
And oft, in thunder loud, thy voice is in the
storm !

Spirit of song ! in glory drest,
Whose sunbeams gild the mountain's brow,
And cheer with smiles the vales below---
To thee the hymn the peasants raise,
Thy beams the teeming harvest blest !
The universal song, eternal, chants thy praise !

Where Avon winds her hallow'd tide,
The laughing plains and hills between---
Radcliffe !* thy column points the scene,
And Sculpture mourns the Minstrel's doom !
Yet though in life, of fame denied,
Th' immortal wreath, immortal decks his tomb !
G. H. T.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE PALACE OF FAME.

From Orger's new translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

HIGH in the middle world a place there lies
Twixt the three empires, ocean, earth
and skies.

All distant rumours are concenter'd here,
And every voice assails the hollow ear.
Fame, bubbling Goddess, calls the spot her own,
And in its topmost chambers builds her throne.
In, thro' a thousand gates, the nations roam,
For not a single bolt protects the dome ;
Wide, day and night, extends its spacious halls,
Light echo plays along its brazen walls ;
The dome receives and iterates the din ;
Nor soothing rest, nor silence dwells within ;
Yet clamour reigns not there ; sounds mur-
mur'd low,
Like distant ocean's undulating flow.

* Now Redcliff, a church in Bristol ; it was in the tower of this church that the celebrated manuscripts were, by Chatterton, alleged to have been found.

Orthunder dying in a sable cloud,
Buz round the walls. Within a mingling crowd
Fill, wondering fill, the wide saloon of brass,
While to and fro the sickle vulgar pass.
Hence various rumors, countless comments, rise ;
A brainless compound, mix'd of truth and lies.
Some with dull prattle tire the sated ear,
Some carry elsewhere what they gather here.
The mass of lies on which the mob regale,
Grows big, for each adds something to the tale.
Here Error, here Credulity, hold sway,
False Joys, and idiot Terrors false as they,
And sly Sedition, wrapt in midnight gloom,
And dubious whispers from one knows not
whom ;
All that in ocean, earth, or air is hurl'd,
Here fame collects, and rules the troubled
world.

From La Belle Assemblée.

YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

IT happen'd once that a young Yorkshire
clown,
But newly come to far-fam'd London-town,
Was gaping round at many a wond'rous sight,
Grimacing at all he saw with vast delight,
Attended by his terrier, Tyke,
Who was as sharp as sharp may be ;
And thus the master and the dog d'ye see,
Were very much alike.

After wand'ring far and wide,
And seeing all the streets and squares,
And Temple-bar, and Pidcock's bears,
The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
And all in which your cocknies place their
pride ;

After being quizz'd by many a city spark,
For coat of country cut, and red-hair'd pate,
He came at length to noisy Billingsgate ;
He saw the busy scene with mute surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes

At the loud clamour and the monstrous fish,
Hereafter doom'd to grace full many a dish.
Close by him was a turbot on a stall,

Who, with stretch'd mouth, as if to gasp for
breath,
Seem'd in the agonies of death :
Said Andrew, " Pray what name d'ye that fish
call ? "

" A turbot 'tis (said the sarcastic elf)

" A *flat*, you see---so something like your-
self."

" D'ye think," said Andrew, " that he'll bite?"
" Why," said the fellow, with a roguish grin,
His mouth is open ; put your finger in,
" And then you'll know." " Why," replied the
wight,

" I shouldn't like to try ; but here 's my
Tyke

" Shall put his tail there, an' you like."

" Agreed," rejoind'd the man, and laugh'd de-
light.

Within the turbot's teeth was plac'd the tail,
Who bit it too, with all his might ;
The dog no sooner felt the bite
Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight ;
And though old Ling began to swear and rail,
After a number of escapes and dodgings,
Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodg-
ings ;

Who, when the fisherman in a passion flew,
Said, " Master, Lunnon tricks on we wout do,
" I've come from York to queer such *flats* as
you ;

" And Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire too !"
Then laughing at the man, he went away,
And had the fish for dinner that same day.

LONDON PARAGRAPHS :

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, INTELLIGENCE, OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS, &c. &c.

From the Monthly Magazines.

ALMANACK CLOCK.

Mr. T. Gilpin, a young man of Bridport, has invented an instrument which, in one second of time, gives the day of the month ; the moon's age ; rising and setting of the sun ; time of the moon's shining ; time of high water at Bridport harbour ; the degree of the sign in which the sun is ; the moon's southing ; declination of the sun ; moveable feasts ; circle of the moon ; epect, &c. &c. for any number of years.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTE'S DISCIPLES.

Several of the besotted followers of Joanna Southcote, in the neighborhood of Ravensglass, are preparing for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which they hope to accomplish without crossing any sea.

STRENGTH OF TIMBER.

Colonel Beaufoy has made numerous experiments to ascertain the strength of different kinds of timber. From these trials it appears that pitch pine is the strongest wood ; next to that the English oak with straight and even fibres ; then the English oak irregular and cross-grained ; fourthly, the Riga fir ; and fifthly the Dantzic oak. If the strength of the pitch pine be called 1000, that of the English oaks will be 980 and 867, Riga fir 782, and Dantzic oak 663. Call the mean strength of the English oak 1000, the strength of the Riga fir will be 846 ; but the weight of the Riga fir is to that of the English oak as 659 to 1000. Therefore the decrease of weight being in greater proportion than the increase of strength proves that in dry places it is better to use fir beams than oak, independently of the saving of expense.

SELLING A WIFE.

A few days ago that barbarous custom of selling a wife in a halter, was exhibited in the public market place of Kingston-on-Thames : the woman was conducted with a halter round her neck to the town-hall by her husband, who after paying two pence for the right of selling, put her up to auction, when she was knocked down at the sum of one shilling, to a lusty inhabitant of Woking in Surrey, who led his very valuable and haltered bargain off in triumph, amidst the disgust and reproaches of all those witnessing such profligate & indecent conduct.

DEBILITY CURED BY OXYGEN GAS.

The attention of the public has once more been drawn to the effects of the inhalation of vital air, or oxygen gas. This practice is not new, but it has not maintained sufficient reputation to keep up the attention of the profession : that it is an agent of great importance, in many cases, is indubitable : hence it would seem unaccountable that it should ever have been abandoned, if the history of our art did not furnish many similar instances. We know that the most valuable remedies of the *materia medica* have been suffered to lie for a time in obscurity, have been again brought into use, have preserved their credit for a time, and again been abandoned.

The case that has fallen particularly under my notice, wherein the gas has been useful, was communicated to me by Dr. Thornton, the physician in attendance, in the following words :—" Miss Austin, the daughter of a gentleman who manages the Irish department in our Post-Office, was seven years ill, and for the last five in so debilitated a state, that she

was confined either to her bed or couch, and could not bear the horizontal position. Residing in Mare-street, Hackney, she was attended by a physician and an apothecary of that place ; but both these gentlemen assured her parents that her disease baffled all the powers of medicine : Dr. Latham, president of the London College, attended also, and gave the same opinion, as did Dr. Babington, and other physicians. Such was her state of nervous debility, that she was unable to walk across the room, without such a train of nervous sensations as to threaten the immediate extinction of life. All the inhabitants of Hackney, and even the lady herself, considered it as a completely lost case ; but the doctor assured her that in fourteen days, by the inhalation of vital air, she would not only be down stairs dining with the family, but walking in the garden : such was the fact, and she went to Hackney-church in the course of three weeks, when all the congregation got up from their seats, as if they beheld one risen from the dead. She has now continued in the enjoyment of perfect health, and in the full use of her limbs, for upwards of 8 months." J. WANT.

"SPONGING."

A robbery of a most singular kind was lately committed at Plymouth Dock. A baker having set his sponge over-night and filled his oven with fuel, found the following morning, that some thieves had been adroit enough to enter the premises without creating alarm, knead the dough, make it up into loaves, bake and carry them away with nearly a sack of flour, wholly unmolested. Two labouring men who slept over the bake house, heard people at work, but supposed them only to be the baker and his apprentice.

CURIOUS ANCIENT RELICS.

On the 31st of March, 1817, a man setting up hurdles for a sheep inclosure in a field near the house of Gen. Houston at Avisford Hill, Sussex, discovered at the depth of no more than 6 inches from the surface a stone similar to the grit stone found near Petworth : it measured in length four feet, in breadth one foot eight inches, and eight inches thick, forming the covering of a solid stone chest or coffer ; which being taken off, the inside proved to be neatly hollowed out in an oblong square nearly four feet in length and eighteen inches deep : the sides of the coffer were four inches in thickness. The objects that presented themselves consisted of pottery of the coarse light red kind, and of the colour of common flower-pots. There were two red earthen basons, of the size of large breakfast cups, placed in saucers ; six plates of the same coarse ware of the size of dessert plates ; nine other smaller ; two earthen jugs of a globular shape, eight inches in diameter, with a teapot-shaped handle attached to them, and a narrow neck that would not admit a finger ; another jug of the same size, with a handle and spout like a cream-pot. In a circular saucer engrailed all round the edge, and with a handle, was placed a smooth oval pebble, very hard, of the colour and transparency of a white currant, and of the size and exact shape of a pigeon's egg. In another saucer of the same coarse ware, was placed a black hard stone, perfectly round, the size of a nutmeg. Another saucer contained a flat oyster shell : near which was a dish containing

a thin glass lacrymatory, of the size and shape of a bergamot pear, with two small glass handles. In four of the smaller dishes was a fragment of bone, of a chalky calcined white: but the most beautiful object that stood in the centre of this service of ancient crockery consisted of an elegant flat-bottomed square glass bottle, twelve inches high by eight inches broad, of a light transparent sea-green colour, very thick, and nearly full of calcined bones. This bottle had a handle attached to one of its sides, and fastened to a circular neck, about two inches and a half high, the opening of which neck would scarcely admit of a child's finger into the bottle: this handle was beautifully reeded. At the end of this coffer, in the corners, were two inverted conic brackets, on the top of each stood an earthen cup, with a spout and handle to each of them, resembling a butter-boat, about the flatness and size of a large round snuff box; at the bottom, at the other end, were a pair of sandals, apparently a small foot, studded all over the heels and soles with hexagonal-headed brass nails, placed similarly to those in countrymen's shoes. The objects, excepting the sandals, are all perfect, and without stain, and appear as fresh as when new; they are all made of the same kind of ware, and are about 28 in number. Being arranged in so trim a way, they present the appearance of a table set out for a dinner or a breakfast party. Neither coins nor inscriptions have been found in or near this extraordinary deposit. A correct drawing of these antiquities, taken in the manner in which they were at first arranged, is in the possession of a gentleman of Chichester.

LONGITUDE.

Mr. David Christison, of Montrose, states, that he has discovered an easy and accurate method by which the longitude may be ascertained in any part of the world either by land or sea, by means of a meridian altitude of the sun. It is pointed out by a very simple instrument constructed on mathematical principles, and does not require those tedious calculations from solar or lunar tables, by which the ordinary method frequently becomes liable to such uncertainty. Neither does it depend on time-keepers, which, tho' brought to great perfection, cannot be implicitly relied on, especially in long voyages, or where the variations of heat and cold may alter the motion of these delicate instruments.

LIME-WATER AS AN EXTINGUISHER.

At a fire, which consumed the saw-mill adjoining to Elliott's wharf, Bankside, near the Southwark Gas-light premises, a circumstance worthy of notice was observed. Though the mill, which was entirely of wood, speedily became a prey to the flames, yet they were prevented from spreading by the use of lime water, with which the engines were supplied, for want of any other, from the cistern belonging to the Gas-light Company. It was remarked, that wherever this water fell, the flame was not only extinguished, but the burning wood, once wetted with it, would not again take fire.

COLLEGE MINORS.

At Oxford Assizes, an action was brought by a bookseller of Oxford, to recover 36*l.* 12*s.* for books had by a minor, whilst he was a commoner of Brasenose College. Previous to trial, 8*l.* 4*s.* was paid into court for such books as were deemed necessary; and it being contended by Mr. Dauncy, that no proof had been adduced that the books were necessary, a verdict was given for the defendant.

CARRIERS ACCOUNTABLE.

At the Suffolk assizes a verdict was given against a common carrier for the loss of a parcel containing notes to the amount of 125*l.* sent from Sudbury to London by the Yarmouth coach. By this, and some recent similar decisions of the courts, it is completely established as law, that a carrier is answerable to the full value of all parcels or packages entrusted to him, unless at the time of receiving them he verbally and distinctly informs the party leaving the same with him, that he (the carrier) will not be answerable to a greater amount than 5*l.* All merely written or printed notices are of no avail to save the carrier from damages: to give him the advantage of any restricted liability, a special contract must be made with every person delivering a parcel to go by a coach or other conveyance.

PROGRESS OF DIVING-BELLA.

Neptune's azure domains invaded.—The works on the South Jetty of Plymouth Dock-yard, lately ordered to be suspended, are about to be resumed in a manner that will place the operations of the diving-bell in a new and most interesting light. The basin, which has proved so expensive, is not to be completed, but filled up. The entrance or opening to it from the sea, after having the mud excavated by dredges, is to receive four rows of piles, driven three feet apart, whose tops will be cut off, by men in the diving-bell, at 30 feet below low water-mark. Sleepers will then be placed on the pileheads, with a platform of six-inch plank, when the masonry will commence, with the aid of the diving-bell, until it reaches low water mark, being a height, thus extraordinarily raised, amid numerous difficulties better to be conceived than described, of 30 feet. The height of the harbour wall, when completed, will be about 50 feet. It is probable that these curious operations, if successful, will give birth to a new æra in the construction of buildings under water, by rendering the deep subservient as it were to man, which has hitherto indignantly rejected his influence.

REMEDIES FOR POISONS.

Various fatal accidents have recently occurred from persons having inadvertently taken poisonous substances. The following useful directions for such cases are given by Dr. JOHNSTONE of Birmingham:—

1st. When the preparations of arsenic, mercury, or of any metal, or when any unknown substance or matter has been swallowed, and there have speedily ensued heat of the mouth and throat, violent pain of the stomach, retching and vomiting—immediately drink a plenty of warm water, with common soap scraped or dissolved in it. Two or 3 quarts of warm water, with from three to four ounces to half a pound of soap, will not be too much.

2d. When any of the preparations of opium, henbane, nightshade, hemlock, tobacco, foxglove, or stramonium, or any poisonous fungus mistaken for mushrooms, or spirituous liquors in excess, or any other unknown matters, have been swallowed, exciting sickness without pain of the stomach, or producing giddiness, drowsiness, or sleep—give instantly one table-spoonful of flour of mustard in water, and repeat it in copious draughts of warm water, constantly, until vomiting takes place. If the person becomes so insensible as not to be easily roused, give the mustard in vinegar, instead of water, and rub and shake the body actively and incessantly.

3d. When spirits of salt, or aquafortis, have been swallowed or spilt upon the skin—immediately drink, or wash the part with large quantities of water, and, as soon as they can be procured, and soap or potash, or chalk, so the water.

4th. When oil of vitriol has been swallowed, water alone must by no means be used, on account of the excessive heat produced by the mixture; but it may be taken thickened with chalk, magnesia, or soap, or oil may freely be administered. When it has been spilt on the skin or clothes, tear off the clothes and wipe the skin, to free it as much as possible from the acid, before washing with water.

Another practitioner observes that, "when mineral poisons, technically called oxide, whether of copper or arsenic, are taken inwardly, one table spoonful of powdered charcoal is a complete antidote, mixed with either honey, butter, or treacle, taken immediately: within two hours administer either an emetic or a cathartic; in this case the effect of the poison is prevented."

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

The Duke of Kent, brother to the Regent of England, is about to espouse the Princess Marie-Victoire de Saxe Cobourg, Dowager Princess of Linahge, and sister to Prince Leopold, who married the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The Princess was born on the 17th of August, 1786, and the Duke of Kent, the 2d of November, 1767.—(*German Journals*.)

The Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, was to espouse the Prussian Princess Charlotte, at St. Petersburg, July 1, 1817.

EVASION OF DEBT.

PARIS, Monday, Feb. 9.—"Yesterday there was distributed among the members of the Chamber of Deputies, a memorial by one Lubbert, complaining of the obstinacy of his debtor, an American of the name of Swan, who, with an income of several millions, preferred remaining at St. Pelagie, where he has been confined these nine years, to paying a debt of 600,000 francs."

INSECTS IN THE HUMAN SKIN.

Insects, as to their direct attacks upon man, say Messrs. Kirkby and Spence, in their introduction to Entomology, may be arranged in three principal classes. *Those*, namely, which seek to make us their food; *those*, whose object is to prevent or revenge an injury which they either fear, or have received from us; and *those* which indeed offer us no violence, but yet incommode us extremely in other ways.

The first class of our insect assailants is, unfortunately, so well known, that it will not be necessary to enlarge upon its history. Lieuwenhoek proves that their nits or eggs are not hatched till the eighth day after they are laid, and that they do not lay before they are a month old; and he ascertained that a single female louse may, in eight weeks, witness the birth of five thousand descendants. Two other species of this genus, besides the common louse, are, in this country, parasites upon the human body. At least three different descriptions are concerned in the various cases known under the common name of *Phthiriasis*, and are called *Pediculi*, *Acari*, and *Larvæ*. As far as the habits of the genus *Pediculus*, Dr. Willan, in his work on Cutaneous Diseases, remarks, "that the nits or eggs are deposited on the small hairs of the skin, and that the animals are found on the skin, and on the linen, and not under the cuticle, as some authors have represented." Dr. Willan, in one case of

Prurigo scabiei, observed a number of small insects on the patient's skin and linen. They were quick in their motion, and so minute, that it required some attention to discover them. *Acari*, or mites, are the next insect sources of disease in the human species, and that not of one, but probably of many kinds, both local and general. They are distinguished from *Pediculi*, not only by their form, but also often by their situation, since they frequently establish themselves under the cuticle. Linné appears to have been of opinion that many contagious diseases are caused by *Acari*. That *Scabies*, or the itch, is occasioned by an *Acarus*, is not a doctrine peculiar to the moderns. In more modern times, microscopical figures have been added to descriptions of the insect. In the north of Scotland, the insect of the itch is well known, and easily discovered and extracted. Dr. Adams has discovered that the *Acarus Scabiei* is endowed with the faculty of leaping. Besides these *Acarine* diseases, there seems to be one (unless with Linné we regard the plague as of this class) more fearful and fatal than them all. Dr. Mead relates the miserable case of a French nobleman, from whose eyes, nostrils, mouth, and urinary passage, animalcules, of a red colour, and excessively minute, broke forth day and night, attended by the most horrible and excruciating pains, and at length occasioning his death. The account further says that they were produced from his corrupted blood. This was probably a fancy originating in their red colour; but the whole history, whether we consider the size and colour of the animals, or the places from which they issue, is inapplicable to *larvæ* or maggots, and agrees very well with *Acari*, some of which, particularly *A. autumnalis*, are of a bright red colour. The other case, and a very similar one, is that recorded by Mouffet of Lady Penruddock; concerning whom he expressly tells us, that *Acari* swarmed in every part of her body—her head, eyes, nose, lips, gums, the soles of her feet, &c. tormenting her day and night, till, in spite of every remedy, all the flesh of her body being consumed, she was at length relieved by death.

JESUIT COLLEGE IN ENGLAND.

At Stonyhurst, near Preston, the Order of the Jesuits has for 30 years past possessed a spacious College, which is exclusively a College of Jesuits—is amply supplied with all the *material* and *morals* of Jesuitism, and is carrying on the work of Catholic instruction and Protestant conversion upon the most large and extensive scale. The studies at this place are conducted upon the same system, and to the same extent as at the Catholic Universities abroad; and there are regular Professors in Divinity, Mathematics, Philosophy, Astronomy, &c. The College, which is a very large building, is capable of containing at least 400 or 500 pupils, independent of professors, managers, and domestics.

GRAVEL COMPLAINTS.

It may be desirable to notice to sufferers from calculi, that a decoction of raw coffee which acts as a powerful solvent, is a remedy for these complaints. Boil 36 raw Coffee berries for one hour in a quart of soft, spring, or river water, then bruise the berries and boil them again another hour in the same water; add thereto a quarter of a tea-spoonful of the dulcified spirit of nitre, and take daily a half pint cup of it at any hour that is convenient: its efficacy will be experienced after taking it two months.

DEAF AND DUMB CURED.

We are happy to make known the extraordinary circumstance, that Messrs. Wright and Son, Surgeons, of Bristol, have succeeded in restoring hearing to several born *deaf and dumb*, who are now gaining progressively the power of speaking, and one not only holds short conversations, but can actually repeat the Lord's Prayer with very trifling assistance.

DREADFUL DEATHS OF MINERS.

It was not till Feb. 19, 1817, that the bodies of the greater part of the sufferers in Heaton coal-pit, near Newcastle, were come at, when 55 of them were found in what is called the far workings of the pit. It had been asserted that these unfortunate persons perished of starvation, but there was nothing to warrant such a conclusion, as several pieces of the flesh of one of the horses was found wrapped in an old jacket. There were but two horses in that part of the mine; one they had killed for food, and the other was found tied to a prop without any marks that could justify the supposition of its having been put to death by the miners. From the position in which the bodies were found, and from the candles stuck against the sides of the workings not being much burned, it is supposed that the sufferings of these poor men were suddenly terminated by foul air. It is conjectured that madness had increased the horrors of their situation as most of the bodies were found naked.

BISHOPS VS. BIBLE SOCIETIES.

Dr. Prettyman, Bishop of Lincoln, in his charge to the clergy at the late triennial visitation at Bedford, denounced the Bible Societies as dangerous to the established religion, and to the orthodox principles of those who attend them.

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

A tremendous peal of thunder lately burst over Bath, when a remarkable circumstance occurred at the house of Mr. Windsor, musical professor. The accumulated power called electric entered the nursery, on the attic floor, and, passing along the bell-wire and other conductors, crossed two rooms, in which were children, and finally disappeared in the kitchen with a great explosion. The iron wire was oxydated.

CONTAGIOUS FEVER.

An alarming contagious fever is now prevalent at Edinburgh: in consequence, a medical gentleman of that city has published (as the result of personal experience) the following simple rules for arresting the progress of diseases of this nature, for destroying contagion or infection where it is generated, and for preventing its dissemination:—

"1. As few persons as possible should be employed in attending upon the sick. The sphere of the action of contagion being in general very limited (perhaps to a few feet) a great deal of the risk of infection may be avoided by the attendants being aware of this circumstance, and therefore, though in the same apartment, taking care not to stand long very near the sick person. They ought also to avoid breathing over the person that is ill, that they may not inhale the vapour arising from his body, and therefore should turn their back to him as much as possible. When near him, a handkerchief moistened with vinegar may be kept to the nose and mouth; where there is a free circulation of air, they should stand to the windward. The infected should be approached as little as possible in the morning, as the contagion is then more concentrat-

ed, and then also absorption more readily takes place. Those who wait upon the sick, or have any intercourse with them, ought to undergo daily ablution with cold water.

"2. A constant and free circulation of air should be kept up through the apartment by means of proper *ventilation*. The greatest attention to cleanliness in every respect ought to be observed. All superfluous furniture should be removed from the chamber of the sick, and likewise clothes, especially those which are woollen, as these are found to attract and retain contagious matter forcibly.

"3. As nothing has been so efficacious as *fumigation* by means of the vapour of nitric acid, as recommended by Drs. Johnstone and C. Smyth; this should be constantly resorted to. The following is the mode of practising it:—take half an ounce of vitriolic acid, and put it into a cup, saucer, pipkin, or other earthen vessel, and warm it by placing it over a lamp or in heated sand; then take an ounce of powdered nitre, and add a little of it from time to time to the warm acid; as it is added, red fumes will rise, which are to be diffused through the apartment by carrying the apparatus to different parts of it. One may suffice where the room is not very large. The process may be repeated several times a day. These fumes do not prove injurious, and are breathed with impunity by the sick and attendants, only occasioning at first a slight and temporary coughing. The instant any individual in a family is suspected to be attacked with fever, fumigation and ventilation ought immediately to be had recourse to, in order to prevent the propagation of the infection.

"4. Clothes belonging to an infected person, or clothes or furniture suspected to be at all impregnated with any contagious matter, ought to be washed & fumigated before used."

BRIDGE OF CAST IRON.

A beautiful bridge has been erected over the river Conway, on the improved line of the Holyhead-road, near to the village of Betws-y-coed. This superb arch is constructed entirely of cast iron, 105 feet in the span, and for novelty, elegance, and lightness of structure, as well as for originality and appropriateness of design, is not to be equalled in Britain. The main rib is composed of letters, which, inform the traveller:—"This arch was constructed in the same year the battle of Waterloo was fought," and are distinctly legible at a distance of a quarter of a mile. The rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the leek, compose the whole of each spandrel of the arch, and exhibit, in cast iron, the flowers they represent as perfectly as the painter's pencil.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Two very important remedies for Rheumatism has been recently added to the *Materia Medica*:—I mentioned some time since the bath of muriatic acid, which subsequent experience has considerably improved: the other is stramonium, which, in proper hands, and applied with discrimination, will be found very useful in a species of this disorder, hitherto supposed incurable—as the effects of this medicine are little known. Its sensible effects on the constitution, therefore, deserve to be noted. The first case in which I administered it, was that of a patient who suffered from a long-continued pain and enlargement of the bone of the leg: first day he took twelve grains of the seeds in powder, three times; within an hour after taking the first dose, he was so giddy he could scarcely walk, and looked like

a drunken man : after the second he could not see to work : after the third was quite delirious, left his house, and wandered over the town for four hours, from nine in the evening till two in the morning, when he had gradually recovered his senses, and was sufficiently well to return home, though still in a degree delirious ; he could see nothing minute at a distance ; seemed intoxicated, but told his wife he was not drunk ; and used a bath of muriatic acid I had before directed for him. The next day, on enquiry respecting his feelings and ideas during this temporary delirium, he said, he thought he had been smoking all the evening ; at one time looked after money he supposed to have lost a fortnight back, at another played with trinkets like a child ; when in the streets, thought he saw an infant tied up in a bundle ; and fancied he was engaged in a broil, and was conveyed to the watch-house. At the time of giving this account (the day after taking the medicine,) he could not see to work, but was sensible, and complained of pain across the forehead ; after this he continued the medicine about three weeks, in smaller doses, without inconvenience, and the pain of the leg gradually disappeared. J. WANT.

WIRE BRIDGES.

A wire bridge for foot passengers, after the model of those constructed in America, so serviceable in crossing ravines, small lakes, &c. has been erected across the Gala at Galashiels. It is found to answer the purpose extremely well, and to every appearance may last for a number of years, at little or no expense. The span is 111 feet, and the breadth 8 feet ; and with safety 20 or 30 people may be on it at a time. The whole expense was only 20*l*.

ETON MONTEM.

The procession of the triennial Eton Montem on the 3d of June was viewed by her Majesty, the Prince Regent, and the Princesses. The scholars, 450 in number, dined at the Windmill, Salt Hill ; and in the evening by invitation of her Majesty, went to Frogmore, partook of refreshments, and returned about nine o'clock to college. The spectators to view the *Montem* was immense—the *Salt* collection amounted to 821*l*. of which her Majesty gave 50*l*. and the Prince Regent 30*l*.

NEW COMPOSITION FOR GREEN PAINT.

Mr. BARTH, of Osnaburg, gives the following Receipt for preparing a new economical green paint :—boil, for half an hour, in a sufficient quantity of water, three ounces of the peel of the quercitron with four ounces of alum, precipitate by alkali, and edulcorate the precipitate properly. Put in a vessel two ounces of Prussian-blue, and pour on it sulphuric acid of the strength of 40° ; after some time, when this mixture has digested lightly, it will be perceived that the alumine of the Prussian-blue is dissolved : this precipitate must be well edulcorated. Put in another vessel one pound, at least, of pipe-clay, well tempered, and with this is mixed as much of the yellow and blue precipitates as is necessary to produce the shade desired ; by this process is obtained a very beautiful colour, which resists the action of air and light, and is preferable to verdigris, on account of its solidity, beauty, and price. M. Hermstaedt, who has published the preceding, observes, that this colour merits the more being recommended, as it does not contain any substance injurious to health, like verdigris and Schules green, the use of which, in paper-hangings, is extremely dangerous.

BREAD IMPROVED BY MAGNESIA.

Mr. EDMUND DAVY, of the Cork Institution, has communicated the following important facts to the public.—“The carbonate of magnesia of the shops, when well mixed with the new flour, in the proportion of from twenty to forty grains to a pound of flour, materially improves it for the purpose of making bread. Loaves made with the addition of the carbonate of magnesia rise well in the oven ; and, after being baked, the bread is light and spongy, has a good taste, and keeps well. In cases when the new flour is of indifferent quality, from twenty to thirty grains of the carbonate of magnesia to a pound of the flour will considerably improve the bread. When the flour is of the worst quality, forty grains to a pound of flour seem necessary to produce the same effect.—As the improvement in the bread from the new flour depends upon the carbonate of magnesia, it is necessary that care should be taken to mix intimately with the flour, previous to the making of the dough.—A pound of carbonate of magnesia would be sufficient to mix with two hundred and fifty-six pounds of the new flour, at the rate of thirty grains to the pound. And, supposing a pound of carbonate of magnesia to cost half-a-crown, the additional expense would be only half a farthing in the pound of flour.

WATERLOO SUBSCRIPTION.

The Waterloo subscription fund now approaches very near 500,000*l*. an evidence of national spirit and gratitude worthy of the occasion. Out of this sum, annuities to the amount of more than 18,000*l*. have been voted to widows, children, and to privates who have suffered the loss of limbs ; and upwards of 140,000*l*. given in donations, including sums voted to our Allies.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

My attention this month, April, has been frequently arrested by Cholera Morbus, a disease which is very rarely met with in numbers at this season. It is characterized by violent and continued vomiting and purging of bile and acrimoious humors, accompanied with more or less of pain in the stomach and bowels. It more commonly forms a part of the epidemic constitution of autumn ; and, from this circumstance, has been ascribed to the excessive use of fruit. This is clearly a mistaken notion, as a great proportion of the cases of the last epidemic occurred in persons who had not eaten it. It seems to be an effort of Nature to dislodge from the stomach offensive accumulations, from whatever source they may arise ; hence we find solitary instances do occasionally present themselves without any seeming connexion with atmospheric influence.—I am acquainted with a lady who regularly, about once in six weeks, has an attack of this complaint : the matter, which is rejected in considerable quantities, is actually more acid than vinegar : during the interval of the vomiting, the patient labours under symptoms indicating a diseased state of the secretions of the stomach, and especially a degree of giddiness, which renders her incapable of sustaining an erect position. As this disease is really an effort of Nature, its course should be arrested with great circumspection ; the safest practice is to administer copious draughts of chamomile-tea, or even warm water, until the offensive matter is freely evacuated, which may be known by the fluid which is taken being rejected unmixed : after which the irritation may be allayed by opium from 20 to 30 drops, which should be

given in the smallest possible quantity of liquid, and may be repeated every six or eight hours, according to circumstances. Though Cholera be highly distressing to the patient, and often alarming to the bye-stander, it is rarely difficult of cure,---and Nature generally effects this for us; it may, however, be useful to add a simple prescription of a Scotch physician, published seventy years ago; and which he affirms to have been followed by wonderful success in cases that resisted all other treatment:---after giving warm fluid three or four times, to evacuate the contents of the stomach, he prescribed a decoction of oat-bread, carefully toasted as brown as coffee, but not burnt. The decoction should have the appearance of weak coffee; it is said to be exceedingly grateful to the patient; and no case is recollected by the prescriber where it was rejected. J. WATT.

CURIOUS KNIFE.

A knife has been made at Messrs. Travis Senior and Co.'s shops, at Manchester, containing seventeen articles, viz. three blades, button-hook and saw, punch and screw-driver, box cork-screw, hook and gimblet, two phlebotomes, picker and tweezers, two lancets, with a ring at the head; the knife is only 11-16ths of an inch long, and weighs one penny weight, fourteen grains.

SPURRED RYE.

M. VIREY, in a communication to the French Academy of Science, (formerly the Institute,) states, that the spur of the rye is not a *champignon* of the genus *Sclerotium*, as M. Decandolle had endeavoured to prove; but, that it is a real disease of the grain; since there are to be found in it all the peculiarities of organization of the rye, a degeneration as yet unknown in its nature, amylaceous fecula, and, probably, all the immediate materials of the Cerealia.

NEW CURE FOR THE STONE.

The *Chelmsford Chronicle* gives, on the authority of Mr. Partridge, a respectable farmer at Springfield, the following method of cure for stone:---A good handful of the fibres of garden leeks (not the leek part, but the fibres only), boiled in two quarts of water till it is reduced to one quart: of this take half a pint twice a day when the stomach is most empty; a perseverance in taking this medicine will reduce stones in the bladder, so that they will come away, and greatly relieve persons who are afflicted with that dreadful complaint; and by a due repetition a perfect cure is expected.

TRULY HEROIC ACTION.

The Royal Humane Society have granted their silver medal to Thomas Robson, of Houghton-le-Spring, pitman. A detail of the circumstances attending the case of this hero in humble life, is well deserving attention:---On Friday, June 2, 1815, the inflammable gas in a colliery near Newbottle, exploded. At that time, 72 persons and several horses were in the mine! The state of the air in a mine after explosion makes it a matter of most serious danger to venture into it; and, though the pitmen are very ready to risk their lives to save their countrymen, in this particular instance it was considered nearly certain death to make the attempt. Two hours elapsed before Robson arrived; he found many persons at the mouth of the pit, waiting in dreadful anxiety to know the fate of their relatives. Some persons had gone down the shaft, but none of them had courage to venture into the recesses of the mine where the sufferers were. Robson dauntlessly pushed forward. Few know how to appreciate such conduct; in all human pro-

bability, before he had gone 20 yards, the carbonic acid gas would have stupefied him, and he would have fallen down never to rise again. The air of the mine was in a dreadful state, yet he persevered, and in a short time came to a place where lay seven horses miserably scorched. Proceeding forward, he found four men and a boy; these he examined; they were all dead; the air was now bad to excess. He soon afterwards found eleven more, all with life, but in a state of insensibility. He took one up, and carried him to the shaft; he returned immediately to the recess of the mine, and carried out two more. He waited some little time to recover himself, and again ventured, when, however, his aid came too late; the remaining eight were no more! On this he went to other parts of the mine, and on examination of the bodies of the other unfortunate people, the vital spark was extinct in the whole of them. This intrepid fellow was thus employed six hours almost every minute of which his life was in the most imminent danger.

DEATHS.

The Baroness de Stael Holstein expired at Paris on the 14th of July, a victim to the painful malady which had so long occasioned the liveliest alarm among her numerous friends. She was 53 years of age. Madame de Stael was the daughter of Neckar, and of Susan Curchod, the object of the early, and perhaps the only passion of Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire. The genius of this conspicuous and celebrated woman was rather splendid than useful. Her writings, which are voluminous, may be considered as indicating more knowledge than they impart---her reasoning, are ingenious and sometimes profound---her thoughts frequently original---her imagination, active, brilliant and profuse, now and then perplexes the subject, which it is the province of imagination to illustrate. Her power of luminous and eloquent expression, must give the works of Madame de Stael a passport to every cultivated circle---but they belong much more to the class of luxuries than of sound and healthful diet for the mind. Her moral system must be searched for among the folds of rich and voluptuous sensibility with which she has invested it---and we are not sure that it will always bear the light. Few people, we are persuaded, have risen from her compositions with their taste purified, or their principles strengthened. The debt which the present generation owes to the alluring author of "Delphine" and "Corinne," bears some resemblance in character, though not in amount, to that which was imposed upon the age preceding, by the sentiment and sophistry of Rousseau. Where she counsels the reader to virtue, he does not feel more virtuously disposed---as, where she professes to treat of literature, she adds little to the common stock of learning. Madame de Stael was well known in England, where she mingled in the best and highest classes of society, and where her tone of conversation, though somewhat restless and authoritative, was admired for its elegance, vivacity and power. She is said to have left several valuable MSS., one a parallel between the Revolutions of England and France.

On Friday the 13th of June, at Edgeworthstown, in Ireland, aged 74, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, esq. author of many interesting works, well known in every part of the civilized world as a philanthropist and practical

philosopher: and father of Miss Edgeworth, whose genius has augmented the literary reputation of the age. His gentleness, affection, and fear of giving trouble, continued till the last moment of his existence; and he was perfectly master of his mind till it quitted his body for ever. He died as easily and as happily as possible, his understanding being clear and bright, and his affections strong to the last. The day before he died, he said, "I leave this world with the soft sentiment of gratitude to my friends, and of submission to the God who made me." He was formerly a member of the Irish parliament, and distinguished himself by his warm attachment to the interests of Ireland, and by his opposition to the systematic corruptions and flagrant abuses of the administration of its government. His labours in perfecting several mechanical inventions, in reducing to a science the construction of roads and wheel-carriages, in spreading improvements, agricultural and social, through his neighbourhood, were incessant and crowned with success. He was also the author of many valuable papers in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and other Dublin societies; and of many interesting papers spread through the series of the Monthly Magazine, from its earliest even to its last number; and he published at different times the following works:—*Rational Primer*; *Harry and Lucy*, part 1; *Explanations of Poetry*; *Readings on Poetry*; *Essays on Practical Education*, (by Mr. and Miss Edgeworth,) 2 vols.; *Professional Education*; *Essay on Bulls*, (by Mr. and Miss Edgeworth); *Letter to Lord Charlemont on the Telegraph*; *Speeches in Parliament*; and an *Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages*. He was four times married, once to Miss Ellers, the mother of Miss Edgeworth; secondly, to Honoria Sneyd*; thirdly, to her sister, Elizabeth Sneyd; and fourthly, to Miss Braufort, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Braufort, who survives him. He has left children by each of these ladies; and, as no man could be more devoted to his family, or more beloved by them, so the state of affliction in which his death has left them, can only be conceived by those who were intimately acquainted with the domestic happiness which resulted from his amiable character.

At Brighton, Joseph de Mendoza Rios, F. R. S. a native of Spain, and well known in the literary world for his writings on nautical astronomy, 54.

At Manchester, Catherine Prescott, a native of Wales, 108. She retained her faculties in a wonderful degree, having learned to read her bible, without spectacles, partly in the Lancasterian School, and partly in a Sunday School, in Manchester, since she was one hundred years of age.

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Miss Jane Shotton, 23. Her death was occasioned by taking laudanum, with which, by one of those criminal acts of carelessness which have lately been too frequent, she was served at a chemist's instead of tincture of rhubarb. In such a case as this, would not a corner's jury be justified in returning a verdict of manslaughter? The consequences of such a verdict would certainly produce a little more attention on the part of those who deal in deleterious substances.—Induced by the melancholy fate of Miss Shotton, a lady in the neighborhood of Durham informs

the public of a certain antidote against the dangerous effects of laudanum when taken in excess, by mistake or design. Let the patient as soon as possible drink a table spoonful or two of vinegar, or the juice of lemons, and should the person even have dropped asleep, a little vinegar may, *with caution*, be poured down the throat by means of a funnel. She also recommends it to those who take laudanum as a medicine, and feel affected next day with a head-ache or faint sickness as a consequence, to drink the juice of oranges or lemons. —La confirmation of the efficacy of the above recipe, she asserts, that she had the felicity, under Providence, to save the life of a friend, who had taken a dessert spoonful of laudanum in mistake for the tincture of Rhubarb. In about an hour after, as soon as she reached the house, she administered two table spoonfuls of vinegar, and so happy were the effects, that neither sickness nor propensity to sleepiness were at all evinced, and next morning the gentleman rose perfectly well.

Aged 53, the Rev. William Cowherd, the founder and minister of Christ-church, Salford, Manchester, which was opened for public worship in the year 1800. He possessed transcendent talents, and was indefatigably zealous in his ministerial duties: he preached the word of God gratis, and supported himself by the practice of physic. He established an academy near the church, where young men are educated for the ministry, and in 1807 built Christ-church in Hulme, which is conducted on the same principle as that in Salford. Attached to no sect, his creed was the Bible only, and his followers are designated, "Bible Christians." He observed, and zealously inculcated, during the last seven years of his life, the duty of abstaining from animal food and all intoxicating liquors; and about three hundred of his hearers have been induced, by his example, and the authority of Scripture, to adopt a vegetable diet. Respecting the doctrine of the Trinity, which he taught from Scripture, it may be well to give his own words, extracted from the preface to a Selection of Hymns compiled by him, a new edition of which was lately published:—"The following hymns, corrected and enlarged for the use of 'Bible Christians,' represent the Trinity, not as consisting of three visible beings, or personal subsistencies, somewhere localized in a heavenly 'mansion,' but as three combinations of Spirit in one united kingdom. In this Great Spirit of Heaven the inmost is the Father, or essential Divine Spirit; the second, effluxed by, and every where combining with, the Father, is properly the Son of God; and the third, assumed by the Father and the Son, in and around human or angelic individuals and societies, is, as properly the Son of Man,—taken by the Son of God into union with the Father, when the atonement, or 'at-one-ment,' between God and men was fully effected, according to the obvious meaning of the Redeemer's prayer: 'As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us!' Accordingly, treating of God as 'a Spirit,' and 'honouring the Son as they honour the Father, they exhibit the glorified Redeemer, now constituting a 'place prepared' for Christians, as there the infinite human Spirit—the word that was 'with God,' the Son of God 'before all worlds,' concentrating himself finally in an assumed human Spirit from our earth—the Son of Man 'born in time;' displaying there, as 'Like-

* This was the lady to whom the unfortunate Major John Anra was attached.

ness as the appearance of a Man—the Likeness of the Glory of the Lord;’ and beaming thence from the indwelling and embosoming Father (that fills also and embosoms the universe) a threefold Holy Spirit, in which He—the true object of all Christian worship, unitedly comes to men, according to promise, ‘in his own glory, in his Father’s, and (in that) of the holy angels.’ This Trinity of Spirit, in any of the ‘Father’s mansions,’ is represented, according to the Scriptures, as omnipresent in miniature, both within and before the eyes of every angel or spirit of ‘just men made perfect,’ in what has been invariably called ‘the beatific visions.’ Thus, ‘it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.—No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared (or manifested) him.—’ He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.—The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.’ In this way, that ‘glorified’ and visible Mediator of the otherwise invisible God, from a heaven as before an angel, is every where the ‘express image of the Father’s person—the image of his Glory.’—Ascribing the all of salvation to this Christ of God and Man, they account external knowledge and moral works as of no avail, unless influenced and enlivened by divine mercy and grace. In a word, they bear testimony to this gospel-truth, ‘If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.’—Such ideas of Christianity being taught only by the Bible, at a Conference held in 1802, in Christ-Church, Salford, Manchester, it was unanimously agreed, and published accordingly by the Rev. W. Cowherd, and his associates in religion, “that they did not form a Sectarian Church under any particular denomination from Man; that they wished to be, simply, ‘Bible Christians’; that they held all the doctrines, but not all the ideas, of all the Christian sects—so far as they are respectively grounded on the literal expressions of sacred Scripture; that they labour not, with Pharisees, to be esteemed good, but to depart from all evil, as sin against God; that they are in perfect union and connexion with the sincere conscientious lovers, in all the various denominations of Christians; that they presume not to exercise any dominion over the faith and consciences of men; and that all who wish to join them in avoiding the common evils and vulgar errors of the world, and in appropriating to life the real truths and precepts of the Bible, are freely admitted, under God as members of the true Christian church.—It is now also further ordained, that, among the ‘Bible Christians,’ every minister should, morning and evening on the Lord’s day, instead of a sermon from a single text, regularly read and expound a portion or chapter from the Old and New Testaments.”—He requested the following epitaph might be inscribed on his tomb :—“ALL FEARED, NONE LOVED, AND FEW UNDERSTOOD.” J. BROTHERTON.

At Heckingham, aged 65, Mr. Samuel Jessup, an opulent grazier of pill-taking memory. He lived in a very eccentric way as a bachelor, without known relatives; and has died possessed of a good fortune, notwithstanding a most inordinate craving for physic, by which he was distinguished for the last thirty years of his life, as appeared on a trial for the amount of an Apothecary’s bill at the last assizes at Lin-

coln, in which Mr. Jessup was the defendant. The evidence on the trial affords the following materials for the epitaph of the deceased: in 22 years (from 1794 to 1816) the deceased took 126,924 pills supplied by a respectable apothecary at Bottesford; which is at the rate of 10,806 pills a year, or 29 each day: but as the patient began with a more moderate appetite, and increased it as he proceeded, in the last 5 years preceding 1816 he took the pills at the rate of 78 a day, and in the year 1814 swallowed not less than 51,590. Notwithstanding this, and the addition of 40,000 bottles of mixture, and juleps and electuaries, extending altogether to 55 columns closely written of an apothecary’s bill, the deceased lived to attain the advanced age of 65 years.

In the New-road, Mary-le-bone, LADY DOUGLAS, wife of J. Walton, esq.; she was burnt to death under the most cruel and frightful circumstances, in her drawing-room, while in the act of sealing a letter with a wax taper, and by omitting, as we have so often recommended, to lie down, the flames ascended to her face, head, &c. and destroyed her partly from injury, and partly from fright, in a few minutes.

It affords us great satisfaction to know, that another lady within the month was saved by our plan. She was endeavouring to fly into the street, when a person threw her down, and extinguished the flames at his leisure, and with trifling injury to the lady.

At Kensington Gravel-pits, 75, WILLIAM THOMPSON, LL.D. a literary veteran, author of the *Life of Philip the Second*, and many years proprietor, editor, and almost sole author of the *English Review*. He was a man of extensive learning, and possessed of a strong and vigorous intellect. He was contemporary of the late Gilbert Stuart, whose life he wrote, and was intimately connected with the literature and eminent literati of the age.

At Rome, the celebrated CARDINAL MAURY; who was in some measure, under Buonaparte and during the captivity of the Pope, the Head of the Catholic Church. He fancied he saw a change in the colour of his lips, that denoted his having swallowed poison; and, by taking counterpoisons he killed himself. He lived the life of a miser, and persuaded himself that he was conspired against by all mankind. He was born at Vaurias, near Avignon, 23 June, 1746, and had been created a Cardinal by Pius VI. 21 Feb. 1792. Altho’ rather in disgrace since the downfall of his master, and the restoration of the Pope, his funeral was attended by all the Cardinals. His riches are left to a brother, who is in the church, and resident in France.

At Bultih, the brave veteran Sarjeant DAVIES, of the 59th regt. of foot, aged 91. In 1785 he was at the taking of Louisbourg. Gasprey, and Mount Louis, in Cape Breton, America; in 1759, was at the taking of Quebec; in 1760, was at the taking of Mount Royal; in 1761, was at the siege of the Havannah, when he was taken prisoner, and carried to the island of Hispaniola, and removed to Brest. Lord Howe gave the challenge that Sarjeant Davies should charge and discharge his musket officer in a minute than any soldier in the battalion, which he did, and gained a considerable bet for his commander. He has been known to kill 70 brace of woodcocks in the season.

At Paris, Alexis-Marie Rochon, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, astronomer to the navy, &c. He discovered the property of double refraction possessed by crystal, and hence originated the ingenious micrometer of his invention.

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